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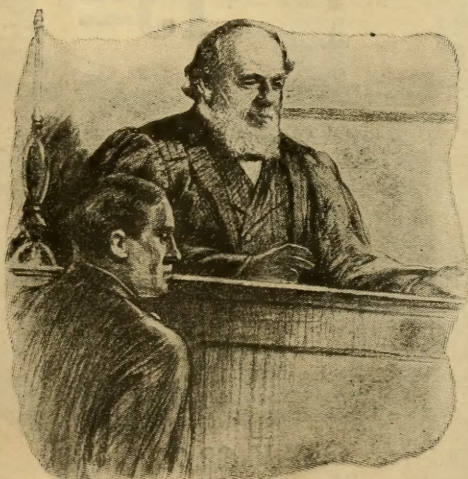
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THE INGLENOOK

A MAGAZINE OF QUALITY

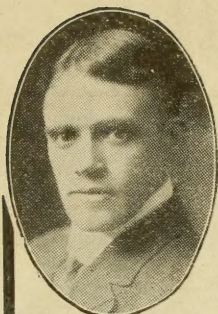


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ELGIN,
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July 4, 1911

Vol. XIII. No. 27



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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

A BETTER INGLENOOK



WE have adopted a new form for the INGLENOOK which will make it more convenient for the reader and will give it a standard magazine size. It is our purpose to improve the magazine from week to week and give our readers the very best that is available. A large number of manuscripts come to our desk every week which are rejected because their only excuse for existence is the bit of sentimentality which they contain. We always welcome well-written manuscripts on live topics, which will be of value to our readers. It is not the policy of the INGLENOOK to scatter sentiment but to present living facts as they exist all about us, and to arouse thought and action on the part of the reader. We are working for better community relations, cleaner civic life and higher moral development. This can only be brought about by intelligent coöperation on the part of all the members of the INGLENOOK family. We stand for higher ideals in home life, a keener sense of moral obligation and a greater realization of civic duties. We ask the hearty support and assistance of our readers in working for a betterment of men.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

July 4, 1911.

No. 27.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Dance Halls of Chicago.

THERE are few other causes which lead to social degeneration, that are more far-reaching than a lack of sufficient recreation. Something has already been said in these pages about this need in the country. However, it is felt just as deeply and perhaps more so in the cities. This may seem strange when we consider the varied means of amusement—parks, concerts, parades, exhibitions, museums, theaters, shows, moving pictures, entertainments, saloons, dance halls, clubs, etc.,—but these are only makeshifts. The variety is great enough. We are not finding fault with that. It is the kind that is a matter of much concern among social workers in the cities. The city of Chicago has a Juvenile Protective Association headed by Mrs. Louis K. Bowen as president, and this organization has made an investigation of the dance halls of the city during the past winter. They employed married couples as officers to make these investigations. Statistics usually tell us that the moving picture shows are the most largely attended amusements, but in Chicago only 32,000 children attend the moving pictures as compared with 86,000 young people who are attracted by the dance hall every evening. As Mrs. Bowen says, "They crave the excitement of the dance, which affords an outlet for their emotions, forgetfulness of their fatigue, and a safety-valve for their surplus energy." The State Law has a provision by which dance halls may

be licensed and in such halls, the law states that no minor is to be allowed unaccompanied by parents. That law, like all other such statutes, is valueless without adequate police supervision.

Chicago has 306 licensed dance halls and at least 100 which are not licensed. These halls are used by the various pleasure clubs, and by private enterprises. The halls are usually near or in connection with saloons, frequently upstairs and reached only by a dark stairway. Drink is easily obtained because the city offers few if any restrictions in this respect. The officers of the Protective Association visited 328 of the 400 or more dance halls and attended 278 dances. Such a thorough investigation ought to give results that are worth some consideration. At only 158 dances were policemen present and these officers made no interference whatever with the indecencies carried on unless they resulted in extreme situations. This is no surprise to those who are acquainted with the personnel of the average police force. The investigating committee visited these 328 halls from one to seven times so that observations could be verified. As an illustration of the importance attached to these dances in some districts, the committee states that they saw in one place handbills announcing Sunday dances being distributed among the people leaving the churches. In the majority of the halls the average age of the boys was found to be from sixteen to eighteen and that of

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the girls from fourteen to sixteen. This age seems rather low; however, we must remember as the men become older they seek other forms of amusement that the saloon provides. The committee found a close connection between most of these halls and disreputable houses. In fact the management was frequently the same. Innocent and helpless girls who have come to the city to find work are lured into the dance and from there to worse places. The same is true of boys. Agents of houses of prostitution attend these dances with the one purpose of finding victims. Mr. Williams, who is secretary of the Humane Society of Cleveland, says, "One out of every ten children in Cleveland is born out of wedlock. In nine out of every ten cases that we handle the mother tells us, 'I met him at a public dance.'"

In order to eradicate many of the evils resulting from the public dances a number of city ordinances have been suggested, but such provisions give only temporary aid. What is really needed by Chicago and by all other large cities, is some system of healthful recreation which is sufficiently exciting as well as substantial to appeal to the young. I believe that the information here given is sufficient to make us realize that social salvation has many phases. It is the purpose of these notes to be as comprehensive as possible and from week to week to give the readers news concerning the more important welfare movements.

Restricting the Use of Opium.

The miserable situation in China caused by the extensive use of opium has been before the public for many years. Those conditions in China more than anything, I believe, have brought about the present international movement for the suppression of opium production. There was held an International Conference on the Opium Problem at the Hague on July 1 and the United States sent three representatives to this con-

ference. This congress was called chiefly through the efforts of our government because of the rapidly increasing use of opium in the Philippines and also in this country. Concerning this restriction in the production of opium I shall quote a very interesting paragraph from *The Survey* for June 3:

"That restriction in the use of opium is possible, has been demonstrated in China itself. In 1906, the government determined to suppress the traffic in ten years. To this end England was urged to put a stop to the exportation to China from India, but refused, partly on account of commercial interests and partly from the conviction that the plan of the Chinese Government was a Utopian dream. A compromise was effected, however, by which the exportation to China was to be reduced 5,100 chests a year for three years. Moreover, so successful have been the efforts of the government to restrict poppy growing in China and to create a public opinion against the use of opium that vast tracts of land have already fallen out of cultivation. Even with this decreased home supply, the importation from India has fallen far below the amount available. In 1909, China, hoping to do away with native production entirely by 1912, requested England to quit exporting from India by that time. This was again refused, but an agreement has been made by which England consents to a trebling of the duty on opium in Chinese ports, and agrees to desist from sending the commodity when all Chinese fields shall be out of cultivation."

Expectorating on the Streets.

There may be some who think that the health authorities in this country are over-strenuous in the matter of spitting on the streets and sidewalks, yet our physicians are not the only ones who see the dangers in such carelessness. Last winter I was in a small town just after the council had passed an anti-spitting ordinance, and what a stir it made

among the street-corner loafers. They thought their private rights were being interfered with. Several openly boasted that no one could prevent them from spitting their foul tobacco juice all over the pavement or any other place. However their boasts were not carried out except in one or two instances which were promptly disposed of.

Under the name "Dr. L. M." a writer in the *Cosmos* discusses the conditions and regulations as they exist in several cities, especially Paris, in which he says: "It is necessary to safeguard the condition of the streets; this is a matter of esthetics as well as of public health. They should be swept and sprinkled; filth must not be allowed to lie where it produces dust charged with germs of disease. The harmful role of germ-laden dust is today well known: circulars, printed notices and illustrated post-cards remind the public that tuberculosis is often transmitted by expectoration dried and converted into dust. We are warned not to spit on the ground, and this warning is emphasized in railway stations, in omnibuses and in public places. What is a matter of warning with us has the force of law in many foreign cities. A great number of these municipalities have their streets, tramways, stations and public buildings provided with notices on paper or enameled iron which inform the passer-by of the penalty to which he subjects himself in spitting on the ground. The fine is large enough to compel one to be careful. Some of the figures collected by M. Blanchard here

follow. In Austria fines imposed upon those who spit upon the pavement range from two to two hundred crowns (40 cents to \$40), and imprisonment for from six hours to fourteen days may be added. In order that all may take warning, the notices are printed in several languages. Liverpool imposes a fine of forty shillings (\$10) upon anyone who spits in a tram-car.

"In New York, Jules Huret has remarked upon a notice in the street cars, which he translates thus: 'Spitting on the floors of the cars is forbidden under a penalty of a \$500 fine or of imprisonment for one year or of both of these, by order of the Board of Health.' This is enough to show with what severity punishment is bestowed upon those who spit on the ground in public places in those free countries that call themselves Great Britain, Canada and the United States. No one dreams of complaining; every one submits to these regulations."

We wish that the writer had visited several other of our cities and towns for I am sure that it would have given him a wider view of our conditions. The writer continues to say: "At the club, in hotels, in offices, the Yankee makes up for it: monumental spittoons—generally of polished brass, like a row of Dutch saucepans,—occupy the place of honor in the middle of the room. Jets of saliva flash through the air, from all sorts of distances, to fall with marvelous precision in these works of art, whose shape often reminds one of the productions of Greco-Roman faience."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Radicalism From a Senate Committee.

A STRONG and drastic campaign publicity and anti-corrupt practice bill has been approved by the Senate committee on privileges and elections. Amendments have been incorporated which better the instructions of the House.

The measure to be reported will provide for publicity before elections, for reports by committees as well as by candidates, for publicity regarding promises of candidates, and so on. It applies to primaries, conventions and elections.

Manifestly the Lorimer scandal and

the shocking disclosures in Adams and Vermilion have had their effect on grave and conservative senators. The *Record-Herald* suggests, where honesty and decency in nominations and elections are concerned the most conservative man cannot be too radical. There is nothing for the people, there is nothing for any right-minded, law-abiding citizen in secrecy, fraud, bribery, chicanery. Only crooks and demagogues thrive on silence, division, graft and fraud in elections.

In free government, government by discussion, all processes should be simple, open, above suspicion. Pitiless publicity is essential to good government.



The Trail of Big Business in Politics.

THE trail of sawdust and lard was early discovered when the Chicago *Tribune* turned the searchlight of publicity upon the malodorous Lorimer election. That trail has become cleared as time passed. But the trail has broadened as well as lengthened. Besides the activities of the agents of lumber and lard, there have appeared more and more plainly the interests of railroads in the Lorimer affair. Lawyers known in this State and some known, at least of late years, throughout the country in connection with railroad affairs were found to be busying themselves in this scandalous matter behind the scenes. Another phase of the situation has developed lately. The *Tribune* recently has said that action respecting Edward Hines by the directorate of the Union League Club was a matter for that body to determine without interference. It now transpires that various railroad officials of prominence and also men interested in railroad supplies are as busy in the interest of Mr. Hines as if they were working upon a legislature. This development is worthy of prayerful consideration by the American people. Lumber, lard, railroads, and their allies—why do they rally all along the line to the defense of Lorimerism? How far do the tentacles of this devil

fish extend? Does it involve every branch of big business, every great corporate interest? Where does this noisome and dangerous web end?



Religious Liberals and Peace.

AT the Third Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, held in New York, April 26-28, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"The Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, meeting in the city of New York, where in 1815 was founded the first Peace Society in the world, expresses its profound satisfaction at the signal advance as the centennial approaches of the effort to supplant the system of war by the system of law. The members of that first New York Peace Society were all members of churches and the illustrious founder's memorable book bore the title, 'War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ.' We call upon all members of churches and all religious men today for more resolute and more definite leadership in the war against the war system, which stands condemned by every principle of religion, of humanity, and of real statesmanship. We rejoice in the resolution of Congress in behalf of action for the limitation of armaments and the transformation of the rival national navies into one coöperative international force to preserve the world's peace; and in the declaration of President Taft in behalf of the reference to arbitration of all disputes whatever between nations not settled by regular diplomatic negotiations. We rejoice especially in the prospect of the submission of such an unlimited treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, and we urge all religious and patriotic Americans to unite with their British brothers in earnest efforts for the success of the proposed treaty, confident that it must prove the first of many such treaties and the opening of a new era in a wise movement."—*Advocate of Peace.*



—Record-Herald
The New Investigating Committee in the
Lorimer Case.

Losing Party Lines.

GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON in a speech at Lincoln, Nebraska, said:

"It is probable that the partial obliteration of party lines so commonly remarked upon today is in part due to this increased and increasing activity of the State. The questions which affect their internal interests do not often square with the questions which divide national parties from one another. It is difficult to translate the particular interests of an individual State and its people into terms which will sound like a Democratic platform as distinguished from a Republican platform. Men are beginning to realize that patriotic endeavor in these fields is not a matter of partisanship but a matter of intelligent information, and that it requires a kind of action from which it is possible to shut out party feeling altogether. Civic activity is hard sometimes to translate into party terms, and what is interesting men in America nowadays more than ever before is the detail of civic duty. They are more and more displaying their anxiety to comprehend the needs of the communities in which they live and to meet those needs in as candid

and unselfish a way as possible. I say 'unselfish,' and yet it is not altogether a matter of unselfishness, either. The best indication of enlightenment of any community is that its business men begin to realize that nothing benefits them individually so much as the uniform and equitable development of the communities in which they live and of the whole country. What will bring us out into a new day, if anything will, is the growing perception that the common interest is synonymous with individual interest; that a free, comfortable, happy, energetic people are the best capital that a country can possess, and that only those things which stimulate the general body of the people and do them justice will make business in the narrow sense truly prosperous and profitable."



Mexico Made Over.

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, former President of Mexico, sailed with his family from Vera Cruz on May 31 for Havre, France, on his way to Spain.

New provisional governors, appointed by Francisco I. Madero, Jr., are being placed at the head of various important States, among them Sonora, Sinaloa, Queratarario and Durango; also Chihuahua, though Federal troops still maintain guard in that State. It is expected that before the month is out there will be new governors in nearly all of the twenty-seven States. The installations of the new governors are to be followed everywhere by State elections, according to Madero's plan. The Mexican Congress brought its spring session to a close on May 31 with the appointment of the permanent commission, composed of members of both houses, which will represent the body during the recess. The fall session will begin Sept. 15. The law providing for election of President and Vice-President was rushed through and passed under the terms of peace signed at Juarez. The election will be held on October 15.

EDITORIALS

To Our Readers.

WITH the next six months before us for making a better INGLENOOK, we ask the hearty support of all our readers, that we may work as a united family for the largest possible results. The magazine belongs to our readers and we are eager to supply what will be of the highest value to them. We believe our present change will be an improvement and we wish to thank the friends who kindly suggested the change. Thanks are also due to Mr. R. W. Senger who is the author of the cover design.



New Minds.

"BE ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." Growth everywhere neutralizes decay. When growth ceases stagnation begins and decay sets in. So long as we keep growing, renewing the mind, constantly reaching out for the new and progressive, the deteriorating processes cannot be operative. There is a law of perpetual renewal, a recreation constantly going on in us which is only interfered with by our adverse thought and discordant mental attitude. Most of us have had sudden renewals of mind which have driven away the clouds, filled us with sunshine of joy and happiness, and changed, at least for the time, our whole outlook on life. When we have been discouraged and everything looked dark, some jovial friend whom we have not seen for a long time has called upon us, or some good fortune has come our way or we have taken a little trip and all our little mental hurts have been healed by the soothing balm of suggestion. This is an indication that we can have some control over our minds if we take the pains to become master of them. Some people have a notion that the limits of the brain are fixed by heredity and all we can do is to give it a little polish and culture. There are plen-

ty of examples where people have become master of themselves and have completely revolutionized portions of their brain and made strong faculties from those which were weak at birth or deficient from lack of exercise. It is the faithful "I will" that overcomes every obstacle. The bull-headed tenacity never accomplishes much beyond developing an ugly face and a set of vise-like teeth, but patient, faithful effort brings gratifying results and keeps the mind fresh, vigorous and healthy and is always responsive to the new stimuli that are brought to bear upon it.



The Boy on the Farm.

WHAT is to be the future of the boy on the farm? During the past we have looked for our great men to come from the farm because since the early colonial days the farm has been the best place for the development of wholesome manhood. How shall it be in the future? We now have some factors to reckon with that did not confront the farmer boy of yesterday. Today the farmer possesses wealth undreamed of by the farmer of yesterday and a large part of that wealth will lie at the disposal of the farmer boy of today. Rapid transit conveniences and comfortable traveling accommodations bring all the temptations of a city to the very door of the farmer boy. Shall these things be the making or the unmaking of the man of tomorrow? That depends entirely upon the training given the boy of today. The farmer boy who has no mental equipment and development and has a large farm turned over to him is likely to result in a sport equal to the city boy who has grown up with no discipline nor training, and has all the money he cares to spend. The boy whose mind is not stimulated by wholesome reading is likely to turn out the same, regardless as to whether he has been raised on the farm or in the city. Wealth in the hands of ignorance is a wonderful factor for evil, and generally

results in the destruction of the individual. Mental development must keep pace with the added conveniences for farming or the fair names of the present generation of farmers will be lost in the idleness of tomorrow. The farm is still the best place to raise boys, but the fond parents on the farm need to reckon with the new conditions with which they are confronted and see that their boy receives the proper mental development to enable him to cope with the situations with which he will be confronted when he comes to manhood. Ignorance is the greatest evil abroad today and needs to receive a death blow from the hand of every one who believes in a high standard of manhood.



Quacks versus Professional Medical Men.

IN an editorial on "The Illinois State Medical Society" in the issue of June 6 we made a few statements which did not convey our full meaning and as a result have been somewhat misinterpreted. We do not in any way sanction nor encourage an inferior grade of work on the part of medical students nor lend any support nor protection to the hundreds of one-horse medical colleges which are scattered over the country turning out so-called graduates on the unsuspecting public. Who has a right to establish medical colleges and turn out graduates to care for the public health? At present every quack who gets a bright idea assumes this right. In reality the right to determine such a matter should belong to the State and every institution proposing to offer medical training should be obliged to meet the most rigid requirements both in equipment and mental qualifications. It is time for the doors of the colleges offering easy snaps for the chap who has plenty of money to be closed and the wealthy lad to be sent to his father's back yard and taught to pull sand burs, instead of sitting in an office with his feet cocked on his desk, puffing a cigarette. The protection of

public health belongs to the State and proper authority should be vested in it so that it can determine who is qualified to serve the public. No one school of medicine has any right to demand protection at the sacrifice of any other. Originality of thought should be given every advantage for development regardless of its source and if it has any merit it should be given full consideration as a help in protecting public health. The State Board of Health acting on these questions should be unsectarian, giving every school of medicine an equal chance. The requirements from the students should be nothing less than a Liberal Arts education followed by four years of faithful work in an accredited medical college, after which they should be passed upon by the State Board of Health. We demand the protection of the public and to secure this we believe that every school of medicine which has any merit should be fostered and given protection and that every school which fails to be properly qualified should not only be denounced in the most scathing terms but should be prohibited from teaching as well as from practicing upon the public. The quacks of our land have not only been economic parasites but they have sapped life and vitality from the public and thousands of curable diseases have proved fatal under their treatment. We ask our readers to discountenance everything that comes short of the best.



Fourth of July.

I WOULDN'T give much for a boy that does not care anything about the Fourth of July nor I wouldn't give much for the boy who wants to throw his hat into the air every time he sees a flag. There is such a thing as a sane celebration and an intelligent demonstration of patriotism and national loyalty. The significance of Independence Day need not be underestimated nor the making of noises overestimated. There are positive dangers in

the promiscuous use of explosives by children and every year there are hundreds of them crippled—many of them for life—because of the careless indulgence of parents. There are other forms of activity that boys like fully as well as shooting firecrackers that are not nearly so dangerous to life. A properly chaperoned picnic to a park or a river is not a bad thing when the hot July sun is shining at its best, and need not be nearly so tiresome as parading the crowded streets with noise of every description all about you. The boy will feel just as patriotic at the close of the day as if he had been popping firecrackers all day, and will not have been exposed to the dangers of losing his eyes or a limb or perhaps losing his life.



Eccentricities in Public Speakers.

OCCASIONALLY we hear some one hurling criticisms at public speakers who have a few marked eccentricities. The public speakers who are worth while are those who have something to say and not those who are the product of a finishing mill where they have learned what to do with their hands while they are delivering the address that has been composed by some one else. The speaker with a message is not before an audience to show off, but to convince his hearers. The hearers may sometimes

say he is uninteresting but that does not in any way diminish the value of the address. An audience that must be entertained by the speaker, and pronounces him a worthless speaker if he does not entertain them, is not made up of independent thinkers. The speaker who condescends to do nothing more than entertain them is doing them a double injury. He not only caters to their whims but he handicaps their development. There are times when the mind needs entertainment and recreation but when it gets to the point where it can endure nothing but entertainment it belongs to the fickle class and needs enough discipline to arouse it to action. When some one says a certain speaker is not interesting, it is not necessarily a reflection on the speaker but it may be an indication that the hearer's mind is of an inferior quality and has not been developed to the point where it is able to grasp the significance of the address. Fools generally expose their folly by talking too much about things that they have not fully comprehended. It is generally a good thing for a man to keep his criticism of other men under his own hat instead of parading it too much before the public. Public speakers with a message should be given a thoughtful hearing and those without a message should cease appearing before the public.

CONCRETE ON THE FARM

M. F. Hale

IN this age of high prices, it is necessary to study well any project that we may undertake. When grandfather moved to the wooded farm in Indiana he selected the choicest trees to build his barn. The lumber was worth very little on the market, so walnut that would be considered too expensive to put into a common dwelling now, was used in the construction of that barn.

Times have changed and lumber is

now so expensive that it is necessary to look for some other building material. In the selection of this new substance several things must be taken into consideration: Will it serve the purpose? How long will it last? Is it too expensive? These are a few of the more important questions concerning the selection.

The substances that are taking the place of the expensive lumber are paper,



A Cement House.

iron, concrete, and many others. Each of these could be made the basis for an article so we shall confine this one to the subject of concrete.

The making of this compound dates back many years. The Romans used it 2000 years ago, and some of their structures are in a perfect state of preservation. The present method of preparing cement is undoubtedly better than that used by the Romans, and time will tell how long concrete made from our best cement will last. It would seem that the lasting quality of concrete would favor an extensive use of the material.

The answer to the question whether it will serve our special purpose depends upon what that purpose is. Concrete has been used in many ways from the building of a hen's nest to the completed dwelling and barn. We possibly try to use it in ways that are not profitable but it has been successful in so many constructions on the farm and in the city that it is worthy of a careful consideration.

Possibly its first cost is the most serious objection to its use. This would seem more striking to the farmer who has his own wooded section where he can go for his lumber necessary for any structure. But to the man who must go to the lumber yard and pay the present advanced prices, the difference does not appear so great, and if the durability is taken into account, the concrete has a very decided advantage.

Concrete is, in reality, a manufactured stone, and is composed of a mixture of small stone, sand, and Portland cement.

The stone used should be perfectly clean, as the cement will not adhere to them readily if they are covered with a layer of soil. The size should vary with the kind of structure to be built. In a heavy wall the stones should be not more than two or two and a half inches in diameter, while in a thinner structure three-fourths of an inch in diameter is much better.

The sand, like the stone, should be clean, and if the hands feel like they are covered with loam after handling the sand awhile, the material should not be used until thoroughly washed. The sand should not include pieces larger than one fourth of an inch in diameter.

Sometimes the sand and larger stone can be taken from the same gravel bank; but in this case they should be screened, because you would hardly get the right proportions. If you are in the region of a rock quarry you will find crushed rock very satisfactory for the larger pieces.

The proper proportions for ordinary work can be obtained in the following manner. Fill a box with the larger stones, then pour in sand until the spaces between the larger rocks are all filled. It is necessary to shake the mass some to get the lower spaces filled. In the same manner the spaces between the particles of sand must be filled with dry cement. The proportions will vary some according to the size and shape of the stones, but an average is about 1 part cement, 2 parts sand, and 4 parts larger rocks.

Sometimes a richer mixture is desired and the proportions can be changed a little to,—say—1 bushel of cement, $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of sand, and 3 bushels of the larger rock. For work where strength is not so important use a mixture of one, three and five.

The platform for mixing should be tight so as not to lose any of the cement and water. The sand should be placed on the platform, and the cement spread over the top, and then thoroughly mixed sand are covered with the cement. It with a shovel until the particles of the

is well to wet the larger stones before shoveling them into the pile of sand and cement so that they will be completely covered when mixed. Water should now be added until the whole mass is mushy. It should be thoroughly mixed at this time to distribute the water evenly. It must now be quickly shoveled into the forms prepared for it as it does not take very long to harden or set after the water has been poured on, and, after it has hardened it cannot be softened with water.

Care must be used that the water is clean, as foreign substances are liable to hinder the cementing of the parts.

After the concrete has been placed in the forms, it should be thoroughly tamped to fill in any openings that may be formed between the larger rocks. A 2x4-inch scantling can be used. The concrete should be left in the forms until it is thoroughly set, and the time will vary according to the bulk of the material. Four or five hours is all that is necessary in a very small form.

The forms are not very difficult to make. In most cases, simply nail together a box the size and shape that you need the form, and leave the top open for tamping the concrete.

To build foundations for buildings, dig

down as you would for laying a wall of stone and place boards along the outside to keep the concrete in place before it sets. It is better in this case, to make the bottom of the trench some wider so as to avoid settling. In all cases of foundations the wall should be placed on solid ground.

A splendid hog trough can be built by omitting the coarse rock and using about one part of cement to three parts of sand. The form should be made square for the outside. A level place can be made on the ground and stakes driven down to hold the outside boards in place. The space between the boards should be as wide as you wish the trough. To make the inside of the trough make a V-shaped trough 3 or 4 inches narrower, 3 inches lower and about 6 inches shorter than the inside of the box and turn this upside down on the ground in the center of the box. The concrete is then carefully tamped above the V-shaped trough until the box has been filled when it is smoothed off carefully and allowed to set. It would leave a better surface to grease the boards where the concrete touches them. After the concrete has set and the forms have been removed the inside surface should be whitewashed with a thick coating of cement and water to make it waterproof.

HOW CAN WE SAVE THE NATION?

Paul Mohler

SOME recent developments indicate that popular government is still in the experimental stage. Government of the people, for the people, by the people, is all right when the right kind of people are working it, but not otherwise. When the people that take the trouble to do the governing are deficient in moral integrity, you might as well have any other form of government as a republic. You may answer that if our officers do not govern us well, we can

arise in our wrath and elect other officers who will do right. Yes, maybe you can; let me call your attention to a few recent events.

Some time ago, the Legislature of Illinois elected Wm. Lorimer United States Senator. Later, evidence of bribery appeared, and several members of that Legislature were implicated. At least two have been brought to trial and their guilt proved by overwhelming evidence, but they have been acquitted. In one

case, the evidence of jury-bribing was so clear that action was brought against one of the attorneys for the defense. He was tried, and the evidence was complete, but he in turn was freed. Apparently it is impossible to convict a criminal in some communities if he has either money or influence.

This alone is a most alarming symptom, for it proves that the jury system, one of the bulwarks of Anglo-Saxon liberty, has not escaped corruption. The jury is the one part of our court machinery that is kept close to the people. When it shows corruption, it is worse than bribery of the bench can be, for it indicates that the common people, the backbone of the nation, have become corrupt.

But I am not done with my story. These men, whose infamy was published far and wide, had the effrontery to run again for office. No convention of old-time politicians would have dared to nominate them again for office, because they would have feared defeat for the whole ticket. But Illinois is up-to-date. She has a primary election law. So Browne, Broderick, and others of their tribe appealed to the people for renomination at the primaries, and the people nominated them, and what is more, **elect them!**

Now what does that mean? I wish I knew all it does mean. One thing I am certain of, it means that a large proportion of the people are at least indifferent to the honor of the State. I suspect that they are indifferent to questions of morality except when they affect their pocketbooks. Let the party in power manage financial matters well, and it may do as it pleases about other things. Trusts and combines are freely condemned, not because they are wrong, but because they have raised the cost of living. There is as much hypocrisy among those who are demanding clean politics as there ever was among the Pharisees.

We had a clear demonstration of the

moral indifference of the majority of the voters in the last Chicago election. The campaign preceding this election was one of the hottest the city ever had. The leading candidates made their strongest appeals to the voters for support. It was interesting to note their estimate of the people. Each of them denied any intention of restricting immorality in the city. They both declared for open saloons for Sunday and every day regardless of the law. At the same time, they promised everything good they could think of in material things, which means that they expected Chicago to care more for money than for manhood. How far did they miss the truth?

It will not do to say that Chicago is exceptional in her corruption. I used to think city politics to be very corrupt indeed, but I know now that the same corruption exists everywhere. Farmers sell their votes and country towns keep men of the lowest moral character in positions of trust. It looks now as though to clean up the government one must clean up the people too.

Now why isn't that a good idea? What is the use of trying to clean up the politicians as long as the people are corrupt? If we wish to save the nation from corruption, must we not save the people first? Moreover, when I have succeeded in arousing the conscience of my neighbor, I have not only made him a better voter, but a better man as well, and vice versa. Indeed we don't need to think of our fellow citizens as being voters at all; let us look on them as men in need of light and give them that light. When they have accepted it, they will at least quit voting for bad men and bad measures.

A great thing in favor of this method of saving the nation is that everybody can work at it, women and all. Some Christian people think they are out of place if they enter politics even a little bit, but they can't object to this program. We all owe something to the nation.

Agriculture in the Common Schools

H. K. Ober

THE silent yet refining influence of nature on the unfolding life of the developing child has long since been recognized by the thoughtful educator. During the last few years emphasis has been laid upon an education which shall tend toward, and result in, a many-sided interest. The study of plants and animals has always proved an easy approach to the child heart and mind. The wise teacher knows that the child who finds mathematics or grammar difficult and uninteresting can almost always be interested in the study of living things. The growing grass, the unfolding blossoms, the ripening fruit, and the bird babies—all are great gateways to the heart as well as to the mind of the child, to the alert and sympathetic teacher. The human mind can not estimate nor comprehend the silent, soothing, cultural influence of nature upon the plastic and responsive heart and mind of the child. As sunshine helps to bring the mellowness and ripeness into the fruit, so the influence of lovely nature helps to change the rude greenness of the coming citizen into a tender-hearted and noble-minded member of society, whose value cannot be estimated.

There is no place on all the earth where nature has so great a chance to assert its influence upon the young life as it has on that calm and peaceful spot—the farm. The charm of the farm is not an illusion but a substantial reality. The reason why the large majority of our most truly great men have been born and reared on the farm is a fact which bears investigation and finds its explanation in the psychology of their boyhood days. The real country boy or girl has the opportunity of learning early in his or her life the amount of toil there is in a single dollar. This alone is an inestimable asset as a means to help him to appreciate

the petty experiences all through his later life. In addition to this, he has learned how to do things, how to accomplish an undertaking. Victory is a sweeter word to him because he has learned the price thereof. Rest has a richer meaning to him because he has seen many phases of it. Sympathy has a larger place in his heart because he has known what it means to suffer. Thus we see that these great and fundamental principles, upon which broad, helpful, and sympathetic manhood and womanhood must be founded, he has had an opportunity to experience and realize in the plastic age of his childhood by being born upon the sunshiny acres and greenly-carpeted fields which are called the farm. With these fundamental truths in mind let us proceed to the discussion of what the emphasis of agriculture in our common schools will mean.

The literal meaning of the term agriculture is the culture of the field. How well named and how poorly practiced! Farming like teaching is rapidly being recognized as both a science and an art. The time is coming speedily when the idea that any one, even without qualification or training, can farm, will be abandoned. We have learned instead that scientific knowledge of the materials with which the farmer deals is needed and an accurate application of the laws of life and growth as well as the laws of chemistry and physics is necessary to the successful achievement of the possibilities of the soil. This the common school can teach. In the first place it can stimulate and foster the spirit of experiment, of close and accurate observation, and of clear and definite reasoning. From this it is self-evident that the school does not aim to teach the *how* of plowing. The boy learns that on the farm. But the school can teach him the *why* of

plowing and the boy will soon solve the *how*. By the sympathetic direction and the quickening influence of the teacher the boy will take keen interest and delight in planting seeds into two different boxes containing the same kind of soil. He will watch with rare animation the peeping through of the first blades. He can readily be taught to stir well and frequently the soil in the carefully-labeled box, while leaving the soil in the other box untouched. The plantlets will tell him the rest of the story. Now by following this with a simple and accurate explanation of the effect of nitrogen on the soil, the mingling of air with the particles of soil, he will have the simple secret of careful cultivation well thought out. Following this by judicious suggestion to cultivate frequently several rows of potatoes or corn at home on the farm while several adjoining rows are left only poorly cultivated on his father's farm, and he will have learned more of the real science of farming than many farmers who have spent many days on their farms with little thinking and much less experimenting.

Following this by a simple study of the roots and rootlets of plants, the pupil will soon see that the soil which is the home of the roots ought to be deep, rich, and mellow. By a little experiment in capillarity he will soon see the reason for pulverizing the soil as a means of keeping as much moisture in the soil as possible, as well as making the most comfortable home for the tiny rootlets. When a boy on the farm is in possession of these simple facts he will soon learn to harrow effectually and will find more real joy in his work.

Testing of the vitality of seeds and determining the percentage of seeds having strong vitality is such a simple experiment for the average boy or girl that it simply is surprising how few farmers practice it. What a simple test it seems to count out one hundred grains of clover seed, of wheat, corn, oats, or rye, to place them carefully between moist-

ened cloth and keep them moist at a temperature of from sixty to seventy degrees several days. At the end of the third or fourth day to look them over, carefully counting the number of seeds which have started to sprout, gives you at once the percentage of vitality of the seed. This fosters the spirit of experiment in the pupil and can be done with little more than interesting suggestion on the part of the teacher.

Studying the different methods of propagation of the various trees, flowers, and grains, furnishes much interesting matter for the live teacher. By taking a peach seed and placing it into soil in a can and burying the can in the fall of the year on the school ground at a place where it will not be disturbed, the interest of even the dullest boy can be awakened. After the ground has been frozen for some time, about a month or so, have the children take up their cans and bring them into the schoolroom where they are thawed slowly and where the soil is moistened and kept in the schoolroom temperature. Proper care and a little attention will bring a tiny peach tree up from the soil. The teacher will explain how the tiny seed needs the aid of Jack Frost to burst the hard shell. Next he will explain how the desired variety of fruit is obtained in the peach tree by the process of budding. This the teacher can show by taking almost any twig having a diameter a little larger than a lead pencil, and by soaking it in water for a day or so the bark can be cut and be loosened sufficiently to insert a bud. The method of cutting, as well as inserting, the bud can be shown, and although it cannot be done neatly, the idea can be thoroughly given. The country schoolteacher can also demonstrate the process of budding in the early part of September or April by taking the twig on the tree. The children will learn with keen delight that a peach tree grown from the seed will not bear the kind of fruit in size, color or flavor as was the peach from which the seed

was taken. They will be much interested in learning that a bud of the desired variety of fruit has to be inserted upon this little seedling. The *how* of this whole matter can very plainly be taught. So can also the method of grafting. On the coldest winter day the live teacher will be able to bring a branch of any tree into the schoolroom, saw it off and split it carefully; can show how the scions should be cut and how they should be inserted. If he has no grafting wax he can use ordinary putty to serve this purpose of demonstration, and even the boiling of regular grafting wax can be made the occasion of spending a delightful evening by having the interested pupils pulling the wax in the same manner as ordinary taffy is pulled. The principal other methods of propagation, such as layering, as illustrated by the grape vine; growing from slips, as illustrated by many fruits, quince twigs, California privet; the strawberry, by means of its runners, the raspberry by its stolon, etc., all furnishing many interesting moments of investigation and observation for the active child mind.

The selecting of seed corn and other seeds also furnishes an interesting topic for discussion and investigation. Too few families have learned the value of selecting proper seed from the proper stalk, so as to give the largest and most profitable crop. By explaining to the child the value of looking for the proper characteristics in the seed-bearing plant, such as vigorous growth, disease-resisting power, capacity for yielding, etc., he will understand matters which the careful farmer will notice in the selecting of his seed. The young men and women want to learn that by continual, careful selection of seed from a stalk which will bear regularly its two ears of corn, the nature of the corn crop can be greatly improved and that by and by the power and tendency to bear two ears will be fully transmitted. So in the selection of seed wheat as well as all seeds care should be exercised in all of these

points while the plant is in growing condition. This shows at once that the prevalent method of selecting the largest and best-looking ear from the pile in the field, after it has been husked, is far from the best method. This simple fact the live teacher will and can impress effectually.

The farm garden is a subject which will interest most of the children. The teacher can aid the parents very much in getting the children interested in growing the different garden vegetables and berries. No farm garden should be without its strawberry bed, raspberry patch, currant and gooseberry row and blackberry patch. The live teacher will quicken the interest in this line of work and will paint such vivid pictures of the luscious fruit that the pupils will take up this interest in a practical way and years later they will thank the teacher for directing their attention along this line which will have proven a great source of joy and even profit.

Farm machinery has a place in a boy's observations, and this ought to receive the attention of an interested teacher. The study of the different forms of plows, with their special use, will be interesting and helpful. The different forms of harrows, with the special points of usefulness of each one, makes a very interesting field of investigation. All of this work will tend to foster an intense interest in the farm and will in this way help to keep the energetic country boys and girls thinking in this direction. The grain drills and various planting machines, together with the mowing and reaping machines, make an interesting study, and in these days of photography and lithography the teacher can have at his disposal good pictures of a full line of agricultural implements. In addition to this the country schoolteacher has the farmers all around him who will be glad to let the school examine their machinery.

The subject of animal life on the farm is one of great interest to the pupils. Here the teacher has a rare field in which

his thoughtful and sympathetic suggestion and instruction will continue to bear fruit in the lives of the pupils long after their public school days are over.

The children will gladly take up the study of the different strains of poultry breeds, learning the different characteristics, markings, etc. The structure and arrangement of a practical henhouse, with its scratching pen, its sand pit, its nests and its roosts will make a very charming subject of investigation, especially for the advanced pupils.

In like manner the study of the different breeds of swine and sheep will also be largely enjoyed by the pupils and can be made very helpful and instructive to them by an interested teacher. So also the study of the dairy type and the beef type in cattle. By giving the pupils a clear concept of these types they will be taught to observe more closely and will form the habit of sizing up animals at a glance. The proper care and treatment of the farm animals furnishes splendid opportunity to touch the finer nature of the child in making it more thoughtful and considerate of all animals.

Horses will interest most country boys and girls so that a study of their types, natures and characteristics will be welcomed by the children. The earnest teacher will often find that the horse or some other animal is the real gateway to the heart of the dull boy or girl, and having discovered this he will enter triumphantly through this gateway as a kingly conqueror.

When the study of practical agriculture is thus taken up by the energetic and sympathetic teacher the gap between the home and the school will have materially decreased if not been entirely removed. Since most of our country boys and girls are reared on the farm they will naturally be easily approached on this important matter.

The helpful influence which the proper presentation of this subject in our pub-

lic schools will wield upon the coming citizens cannot be estimated. It will have a tendency to foster a love for nature, a high regard for labor, a sympathetic spirit toward plants and animals, and a strong sense of appreciation. The strong and efficient teacher will ever aim to have his pupils interested in agricultural life. He will get them to observe accurately and experiment thoroughly. He will endeavor to teach them the why of the farm operations and when they see the why most of them will solve the how. In this way the real teacher will very materially help to solve the problem of having the boy or the girl decide to remain on the farm. He will ever keep before them the beauty and healthfulness as well as the kingly and queenly dignity of farm life. The public school may thus help its pupils to feel and live the spirit which Sam Walter Foss so beautifully voices in the following lines from "The Tree Lover: "

"Who loves a tree he loves the life that
springs in star and clod,
He loves the love that gilds the clouds
and greens the April sod,
He loves the Wide Beneficence. His soul
takes hold on God."



PRESIDENT TAFT AS A JUDGE IN PATENT CASES.

IN the white light of his present high position, we are in some danger of losing sight of the great ability exhibited by President Taft as a patent jurist, as evidenced by his decisions when sitting as a federal judge. Many of his decisions are notable, and had the bench been so fortunate as to have retained President Taft, there is little doubt he would have attained a celebrity as a patent judge equal to that of Justices Blatchford and Bradley. His facility and clearness of expression are shown in *Thomson-Houston vs. Ohio*, in which he says:

"From the earliest times, all who take part in a trespass, either by actual participation therein or by aiding and abetting it, have been held to be jointly and

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HARRY THE RUFFIAN

Mrs. Mary Flory Miller

HARRY lived in the tenement district of New York. Because of his cruelty, cunningness and pugnacious traits he was known among the boys as Harry the Ruffian. He took great pride in establishing such a reputation and did his best to live up to it.

Early one cold morning as he crawled out from his usual sleeping place,—a large dry goods box in a back alley,—he thought of an excellent place where he might possibly find a breakfast. He had run on to it by accident one day when out on a tour among the garbage boxes picking up odd bits of cast off food and clothing. It was a large mansion, set well back from the street, belonging to a wealthy society lady who was either very careless or extravagant in the management of her household affairs, as her servants consigned much food to the garbage box which in Harry's opinion was quite a treat compared with what he usually found.

This morning, however, he was angered to see that some one was there before him. Another boy was leaning over the box in his earnest search for dainties. As Harry came nearer he saw it was Tim Jones, a fellow who was considered rather a sneak among the boys. Tim was suddenly surprised by a blow from behind which landed him sprawling on the ground.

"I'll teach you how to interfere with my possessions," said Harry.

"Your possessions!" Tim replied, leaping to his feet in a rage with his fists doubled. "They're no more yours than mine."

"They are not," Harry sneered in reply. "I'll show you if they are not."

Tim stood his ground manfully in the fight which followed, but Harry was too much for him and soon landed him a blow

which leveled him to the ground, his nose spurting blood freely. "Now I guess you'll know better and let me alone after this," said Harry, roughly. Tim did not reply but cast such a look of hatred at Harry as would have made a more cowardly boy quail, but Harry only laughed and proceeded to enjoy his breakfast.

After finishing breakfast, which to Harry was above the average, he started out to see what mischief he might get into. Passing a large fruit stand he saw the owner busy in making a sale to a lady at the other end of the stand, so watching his chance when the owner turned his back for just a moment, he skillfully conveyed a banana to his pocket, then made his way down the street in a leisurely fashion.

When he was safely out of sight, he proceeded to enjoy his banana, keeping an eye peeled for the ever watchful cops.

The banana was finally finished to Harry's regret, and the idea occurred to him of having some fun, so dropping the banana peel on the sidewalk, he secreted himself in an alley near by to watch passersby slip on the banana peel. He had not waited very long until a slender little lady, pale and lovely in a neat fitting suit of black, came walking along and not noticing the banana peel, slipped and fell heavily upon the stone pavement, crushing her left arm under her as she fell. She lay so still and white that Harry was greatly terrified, fearing she was dead. Coming out from his hiding place he ran for a doctor's office near by. "Come quick," he said, "a lady out here has fallen on the street and hurt herself so that she can't get up." The doctor hastily secured his medicine chest, hat and coat and followed Harry out on the street.

When they reached the spot where the



"He was angered to see Tom before him."

lady had fallen a crowd of people had collected around her. The doctor ordered them to stand aside while he examined the patient. Administering a restorative, the lady soon recovered from her swoon, whereupon the doctor made a hurried examination and found that the left arm and ankle were broken. The lady gave her address, a carriage was ordered and she was at once taken to her home.

When Harry was left to himself he felt very sorry to think that he had caused the pretty lady to be hurt so badly. He never thought of causing anything so serious as that but only wanted to have some fun. He tried to dismiss the subject from his mind in a revel with his pals that night but he did not wholly succeed.

The next day he was very much terrified when a hand was laid on his shoulder

and he turned around to see a burly policeman beside him. He thought at once of the incident of the day before and shivered. Perhaps they had found out what he had done. "Come with me," said the policeman. "I have orders concerning you."

"Orders concerning me," thought Harry. "I suppose he means that he is going to put me into jail." Tremblingly he followed the policeman, who called a cab and told Harry to get into it. He gave some orders to the driver and then got in himself keeping a strict watch on Harry all the while.

After they had gone what seemed a long distance they stopped in front of a large, cheerful looking dwelling, where the policeman alighted, instructing Harry to do likewise.

"What does this mean?" thought Harry. "I don't see why he is bringing me here."

Ring the doorbell, the policeman and Harry were met at the door by a trim looking little maid who ushered them into a pleasant, sunny living room. Here Harry saw the lady whom he had caused to be hurt the day before, sitting in a large easy chair with her left arm in a sling and her bandaged ankle resting on a cushion. She greeted him with a smile, motioned to him to sit down and for the policeman to withdraw. Harry was very much embarrassed when he found himself alone with the lady and cast his eyes about the room as if seeking for some means of escape, the lady all the while observing him closely. Finally he became conscious of the fact that she was speaking to him.

"My name is Mrs. Benton," she said. "May I ask what is yours?" Harry's tongue seemed glued to the top of his mouth but he finally managed to speak his name something above a whisper.

"Harry, that is a pretty name," said Mrs. Benton, her soft brown eyes suddenly filling with tears. "Now I will tell you why I sent for you. The doctor,

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

JONATHAN THE TRUE.

D. E. CRIPE.

JONATHAN, the son of King Saul, occupies a unique position in sacred history. He is the first man we have any account of that really loved his enemy—or the one whom any other prince would have counted an enemy, because he knew that David, in the providence of God, would bar forever his own advancement, and shatter his hopes of a throne. He is also the first, perhaps the only man, who literally fulfilled the promise, "One man shall put to flight a thousand."

The friendship of Jonathan for David stands out preëminently from the annals of history as the one perfect ideal of true human friendship. It embraces in its compass unselfishness, self-denial, steadfastness and constancy, that were proof against all the trials of circumstance and time. This friendship was a free, spontaneous outgrowth of Jonathan at a time when it could not possibly offer any selfish reward.

Yet this friendship was not the result of some thoughtless fancy. At this time Jonathan was a mature man, well seasoned by many years of the hard life of a soldier. Notwithstanding the fact that it is generally supposed that David and Jonathan were boys together when they became such true friends, Jonathan was at this time a mature man, having for about thirty years been a leader of a portion of the army of Saul. Neither did they become such staunch friends the first time they met. Years before, David, the musical shepherd, had played before Saul, and Jonathan certainly must have met him, but nothing is said about their friendship at that time. Jonathan was a very brave man, and it took a bolder stroke than that which brought music out of the harp to gain his friendship. It was after David had slain the giant

Goliath with the smooth pebble from the brook that Jonathan was drawn towards him and "loved him as his own soul."

Jonathan was a faithful, dutiful son. It would not be easy to find a son who served a father more ably and steadfastly than Jonathan served Saul during the changing vicissitudes of his long and stormy reign. But when he had to decide between standing by his friend or literally obeying the mandates of the half-crazed king, he was always true to David, without being false to his father's best interests. He never failed to speak boldly and fearlessly for his friend, despite the flying javelins of Saul, yet he spoke with such wisdom and tact that, save for a few angry moments, he was the trusted right arm of the king even to the gloomy end.

Jonathan sacrificed much for his love of David. He divested himself of all his garments, his girdle, his sword and his bow, and put them upon David. By this act he typified the entire resignation of every earthly hope and aspiration to the throne of his father. It was a great sacrifice. When one considers the wisdom and the talent, the grandeur and the beauty of the character of Jonathan, one cannot but regret that there was no earthly throne and no crown awaiting him. Of all the royal sons of Israel no uncrowned king ever had more of the qualifications which make a ruler great and beloved, than were lost to the world when Jonathan came to his tragic, pathetic end.

David in return loved Jonathan, and it would have been a cold man that could have done less. He was faithful to his vow, and showed mercy to the family of his friend. However, this monumental friendship was far more the outgrowth of the love of Jonathan than of the love of David. But David never found a second Jonathan. Few in this world ev-

er find more than one Jonathan, and here, too, some grim Saul of fate seldom permits much commingling, and generally separates far and wide the David and the Jonathan of friendship.

The bravery of Jonathan when he, almost single handed, put thousands to flight, when he himself was a young man—perhaps before David was born—deserves more attention than it generally receives. With a little handful of men Saul and Jonathan were encamped on one side of a valley, while on the other side was a large army of the hated, dreaded Philistines. Unobserved, alone with his armor bearer, Jonathan went down into the valley, with the view of attacking the enemy singlehanded. With no more positive assurance that the Lord was with him than the words of the enemy, which he took as a sign, "Come up here and we will show you a thing," he fearlessly climbed the steep rock to the Philistine camp. The annals of history record no braver deed than this—foolhardy it would have been if it had not been for the implicit trust that Jonathan had in the Lord's help. One cannot but admire the true-as-steel faithfulness of the armor bearer, who followed close behind and said, "I am with thee."

As soon as Jonathan reached the Philistine camp, without waiting to "be shown a thing" he began the battle, and his armor bearer slew after him. The Philistine soldiers seemed to have forgotten what they were going to show him, and were much more concerned about opening the road towards the homeland. In their effort to get each other out of the way, many more were killed than Jonathan and his armor bearer could have slain. It was a great, a decisive victory for the Lord, won through the instrumentality of two brave men.

The vast difference between the pettish—almost childish—King Saul and the brave, straightforward, honest Jonathan, is nowhere shown to better advantage than in the incidents of the pursuit of

these routed Philistines. Jonathan, ignorant of the king's foolish command that no one should eat or drink, had, while in hot chase after the enemy, tasted a little honey he had picked off the ground. Therefore Saul said, "Jonathan must die." One cannot but wonder how much of the king's decree that his son must die was inspired by the insane jealousy lest Jonathan should receive more honor for the great victory than he himself. Jonathan, again under the shadow of death, brave in every danger, said not a word. But the people, wiser than their king, said, "Jonathan who has wrought this great victory, shall not die," and saved his life.



THE MEANING OF PRAGMATISM.

WE reprint from *The Independent* a definition of pragmatism given in words of one syllable:

"A subscriber asks us 'to define pragmatism in words of one syllable so I can understand it.' We gladly comply with his request for such a definition, but we cannot guarantee that he will understand it any better than when longer words are used. For the short words of our language have been in circulation so long that they have worn smooth and slippery. It is the long, strange and new-coined words which are most clear and definite in their meaning. But Confucius wrote his immortal works in words of one syllable and we will not let ourselves be beaten by a Chinaman. So here goes:

"The one way to find out if a thing is true is to try it and see how it works. If it works well for a long time and for all folks, it must have some truth in it. If it works wrong it is false, at least in part. If there is no way to test it, then it has no sense. It means naught to us when we cannot tell what odds it makes if we hold to it or not. A creed is just a guide to life. We must live to learn. If a man would know what is right he must try to do what is right. Then he can find out.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

FRUIT AS A FOOD.

MRS. FRANCES BELL.

THE food constituents most abundantly represented in fruits, are the carbohydrates, sugar and pectin, which is a substance somewhat similar in its properties to starch. It is because of the pectin in fruit juice that we are able to make jelly. More or less starch is very often present in fruits. They also contain acids and mineral matter which have a particular value.

Because their nutritive value is not high, fruits are as a rule not estimated at their true worth. When rightly used they are wholesome and palatable foods and have an important place in the diet. Their use is justified from this standpoint, but they also have a hygienic value.

Most fruits are laxative in effect; probably due to the considerable amount of water which they contain, to the salts in solution, or to the irritating crude fiber, small seeds or other indigestible matter present. They supply the necessary bulk of waste material for aiding in intestinal movement.

The acids present in fruit stimulate the appetite for food and aid digestion. The fact that fruits supply the body with iron and other mineral matters is also a matter of importance. A diet which is found to lack some mineral constituent may be supplied with the one thing needful if fruits are added to it. They will not materially add to the nutrients and energy of a diet already abundant in these respects.

To obtain the real value of fruit it should not be eaten under ripe, over ripe, nor immoderately. When of a good quality and eaten in moderate quantities, it rarely hurts any one.

The fact that some people can not eat certain fruits without distress or digestive disturbance is due to some personal idiosyncrasy.

Principles of Canning and Preserving.

In the preservation of foods by canning, preserving, etc., the most essential things in the processes are the sterilization of the food and all the utensils and the sealing of the sterilized food to exclude all germs.

The spoiling of food is caused by the development of bacteria and yeasts. These micro-organisms exist in the air, in the soil and on all vegetable and animal substances. They grow very rapidly under favorable conditions which are warmth, moisture and proper food. Their process of reproduction is simple and rapid. It has been estimated that one bacterium may give rise in 24 hours to seventeen millions of similar organisms. Yeasts grow somewhat less rapidly.

Molds do not ordinarily cause fermentation of canned foods, so they are not as injurious to canned goods as are bacteria and yeasts, but they will grow upon the surface and if given time will work all through any suitable solid substances which contain moisture.

Jellies or preserves will not spoil nor ferment as fruits canned with a small amount of sugar, and possibly no mold will grow upon them; however it is always better to seal them and not run the risk of the mold germs falling upon them and making a growth. Mold spores are floating about in the air continually. When these invisible spores, which are of a vegetable nature, fall upon a warm, moist surface they immediately begin to grow, sending out branches and new cells and thus form a network over the substance they are using as a food. To prevent their growth pour melted paraffine or wax over the top of the jellies and preserves when they have cooled. To destroy the mold spores which may have fallen upon the jellies while cooling, before sealing with melted paraffine wipe

the surface with a damp sterilized cloth or cover with a paper cut to fit, and dipped in alcohol.

If the glasses have covers put them on, if not cut disks of paper, about half an inch in diameter larger than the tops of the glasses. Wet the paper covers with a mixture of one white of egg and a tablespoonful of cold water beaten together, then put them over the glasses pressing down the sides well to make them stick to the glass; or the covers may be dipped in olive oil and tied on the glasses. In the latter case the paper covers should be cut a little larger than when the white of egg is used.

The covering of jellies and preserves is not only necessary to keep out the mold spores, but also to prevent evaporation. When left to stand uncovered the moisture in the sugar passes off into the air and the sugar begins the process of crystallization.

Methods of Canning Fruit.

Canning is from all points of view the most desirable method of preserving fruit. It is the easiest and most economical way and no doubt the most digestible. It is wise to can the principal fruit supply and make only enough rich preserves to serve for variety.

The success of canning depends upon absolute sterilization. There are several methods of canning, and the conditions under which the housekeeper must do her work must necessarily determine the method to be used in her case. The three methods which are considered the best and easiest are: cooking the fruit in jars in an oven; cooking the fruit in jars in boiling water; and stewing the fruit before it is put into the jars. The first method is considered the most preferable as the work is easily and quickly done and the fruit retains its color, shape and flavor better than when stewed before putting into the jars. To can fruit by this method it will be necessary to place a sheet of asbestos in the bottom of the oven, on which to set the jars. The as-

bestos is cheap and can usually be obtained at a hardware store or plumber shop. If asbestos is not available, shallow pans in which there are two or three inches of boiling water may be put into the oven and the jars of fruit set in these.

First sterilize the jars and all the utensils to be used. Make the sirup (for proportions of sugar and water, see table given) and prepare the fruit the same as for any other method of canning before cooking. Fill the hot sterilized jars with the fresh fruit and pour in enough boiling sirup to come up well in the jar, but do not fill full as the fruit makes some juice when it is cooked in the oven and it may cook over. It is a good plan to set each jar in a pan of hot water while filling it, as this keeps the jar hot. Before setting the jars in the oven, run a silver knife around inside of the jar to avoid air spaces. (Metal of any kind should not be used in contact with the fruit. Enamel and wooden utensils or some ware that the acid will not affect should be used.)

Have the oven moderately hot when the jars are placed in the oven, close the oven door and cook ten minutes; then remove from the oven and completely fill the jars of fruit with boiling sirup. Wipe, seal and place on a board out of a draft of air. When screw covers are used, it may be necessary to tighten them after the glass has cooled.

Large fruits such as pears and peaches will require about a pint of sirup to each quart jar of fruit. Small fruits will require a little over half a pint of sirup to each quart jar. The amount of sugar to be used for the sirup should be regulated according to the kind of fruit that is to be used.

Table for Making Sirup.

1 pint sugar to 1 gill of water: Use for preserved strawberries and cherries.

1 pint sugar to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint or 3 gills water: Use for preserved peaches, plums, quinces, currants, etc.

1 pint sugar to 1 pint water: Use for canned acid fruits.

(Continued on Page 649.)

HARRY THE RUFFIAN.

(Continued from Page 643.)

Mr. Woodward, whom you called, told me how speedily you came for him yesterday when I was hurt, and I want to thank you for your kind help." Harry was dumbfounded, he could scarcely believe his own ears. He would not have been surprised if he had received harsh treatment and have been put into prison, for he was accustomed to that, but this was a new experience. In spite of his roughness, there was a soft spot in Harry's heart but he had always been knocked about so much that it had no chance to develop.

"She does not know what I done," thought Harry. "When I tell her how badly I have treated her she will be very angry with me." It was hard for Harry to do it but he finally mustered up courage and said manfully, "I don't deserve to be thanked, Mrs. Benton. It was my fault that you fell and hurt yourself yesterday, for I threw the banana peel on the walk which made you fall. I only meant to have some fun and never meant to hurt any body, honest I didn't."

Harry was afraid to look up after this confession, and was very much surprised when Mrs. Benton called him to her side and said, "We will forget all about that. It was wrong but you won't do wrong any more. Do you know," she said, "I had a little boy about your size and his name was Harry, too, but I lost him nearly a year ago and now I have no little boy and my house seems lonesome and dreary."

"Oh," Harry cried, "I am so sorry that I hurt you."

"You see now that it is very wrong to have fun at the expense of other people's feelings, don't you, Harry?"

"Oh, but I have done lots worse things than that," said Harry, beginning to sob. "I have even stolen little things sometimes when I was hungry, or just to be smart."

"But you will not do those things any more will you, Harry? How would you

like to forget all about those bad things which are not good to do or to think about and become a respectable boy with a house like this to live in?"

"That would be heaven," Harry exclaimed, with glistening eyes. "But I am not fit to live in such a place."

"You can become fit," said Mrs. Benton. "How would you like to be my boy and live here with me always?" she said with a smile.

"Oh," gasped Harry, scarcely believing his ears. She who he had thought would hate him when she knew how bad he was, wanted him to be her boy and live with her in this lovely house. Falling on his knees beside Mrs. Benton's chair, he sobbed pitifully.

"What is the matter, Harry?" said Mrs. Benton, gently laying her hand on his head. "Don't you want to be my boy?"

"Oh, yes," said Harry between sobs, "but how can you be so good to me when I have been so mean to you? I don't deserve it. I am not fit to touch you."

"That," said Mrs. Benton, "is because of the love of our Heavenly Father and our love for others. If you stay with me I will teach you much about him and he will help you to forget all the mean and bad things of your past life and aid you to be a good, noble and useful boy in the present and future. I love you, Harry, won't you love me as your own mother?"

"I love you better than any one else," said Harry. "You are the only person that has ever been kind to me. I don't remember my father and mother, for they died when I was small. Ever since then I have been knocked about from one place to another, till I did not care what I did and tried to see how bad I could be. But now I am going to try much harder to see how good I can be," he said earnestly, his eyes flashing with a new-born hope and conviction. "I promise you I shall never disgrace you, mother," Harry said, smiling.

FRUIT AS A FOOD.

(Continued from Page 647.)

1 pint sugar to 1½ or 2 pints water: Use for canned peaches, pears, sweet plums and cherries, raspberries, blackberries, blueberries and strawberries.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 203.

The second method of canning, is cooking in a water bath. In this case the fruit and sirup are prepared as for cooking in the oven. Have a wash boiler clean and ready, and a wooden rack which will fit down into the bottom of it. (The rack should be made beforehand out of a few strips of wood nailed together in such a manner as not to allow the jars to touch the bottom of the boiler.) Put enough warm water in the boiler to come to about four inches above the rack. Place the jars filled with fruit on the rack in the boiler so they will not touch each other. Lay the covers of the jars on loosely, then cover the boiler and let the fruit cook ten minutes from the time the water surrounding it begins to boil. If the jars strike each other pack clean white rags in between them. When the cooking is finished, draw the boiler back and remove the cover. When the steam has passed off, take out one jar at a time and place in a pan of boiling water beside the boiler, fill up with boiling sirup and seal. Finish in the same manner as the first method.

The third method of canning, where the fruit is stewed before it is put into the jars, is more familiar to most people.

The sirup may first be prepared as in the other methods of canning. When ready it should be drawn back or set where it will keep hot but not boil. A layer of fruit is then put into the preserving kettle and covered with some of the hot sirup. When the fruit begins to boil skim it carefully. Boil gently for ten minutes (suit the time according to the kind of fruit and degree of ripeness), then put into hot sterilized jars and seal. The fruit should be so tender when cooked that it may easily be pierced with a silver fork. It is best to cook

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only a small amount at a time, then the fruit does not mash up so much and while one batch is cooking the next may be prepared.

In canning such fruits as pears and quinces, if the fruit is very hard it should first be cooked in water alone until soft, then finish cooking in sugar sirup.

Tomatoes should not be cooked long. After they are thoroughly scalded they should be removed from the fire and canned, as they mush up when cooking is continued. They are very nice when cooked in the jars as they keep their shape much better. Almost any soft fruit keeps its shape better when cooked in the jars.

Preserves and jellies will be discussed in next week's issue of the INGLENOOK.



President Taft as a Judge in Patent Cases.

(Continued from Page 641.)

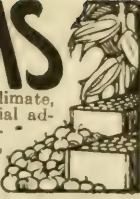
severally liable for the injury inflicted. There must be some concert of action between him who does the injury and him who is charged with aiding and abetting, before the latter can be held liable. When that is present, however, the joint liability of both the principal and the accomplice has been invariably enforced. If this healthful rule is not to apply to trespass upon patent property, then, indeed, the protection which is promised by the constitution and laws of the United States to inventors is a poor sham. Many of the most valuable patents are combinations of non-patentable elements, and the only effective mode of preventing infringement is by suits against those who, by furnishing the parts which distinguish the combination, make it possible for others to assemble and use the combination, and who, by advertisement of the sale of such parts and otherwise, intentionally solicit and promote such invasions of the patentee's rights."

Judge Taft's decision in Stearns vs. Russell is a leading one on the important subject of double use while that of Christy vs. Seybold is one frequently quoted today.—*Scientific American*.

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Vol. XIII. No. 28

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By JOHN T. DALE

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

July 11, 1911.

No. 28.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Shorter Hours for Women.

DURING their last sessions the Legislatures of nine States passed new laws regulating the number of working hours for women. Other States may have made some changes also, but as yet I have not been able to get a report. The past season has been a very fruitful one for progressive social legislation and there are many things that we would like to mention in these pages as the weeks go by. Those of us who are interested in social progress can surely feel optimistic.

South Carolina passed a law limiting the working hours of women to sixty per week, in mercantile houses and the textile mills, of which there are so many in the State. The law is not what many would like, but it is a start in the right direction. Ohio and Massachusetts have done better. In these States a fifty-four hour bill has been enacted. The Ohio bill applies to everything excepting hotels and mercantile establishments. Utah and Missouri have also passed nine hour laws. The ten hour law which the Legislature of Illinois enacted in 1909 is enlarged so as to include practically every kind of establishment where women are employed. Wisconsin has established a fifty-five hour week, excepting night work, which is less. Minnesota has strengthened its ten hour law by extending the penalty for violation so as to include manufacturing and mechanical establishments. The States of Washington and California have done still better, since they have passed eight-hour day laws for women. The law of Washington applies to the usual mercantile and mechanical establishments, restaurants, hotels and laundries, but the California act applies also to telegraph, telephone, express and transportation offices.

"Don'ts" for the Babies.

Something has already been said in this paper about the Child Welfare Exhibit that was held in Chicago some time ago. The chief purpose of the exhibit was to arouse an interest in reducing the death rate of infants. The proper ways of feeding and caring for infants were explained in various

ways so that all could understand. All reports say that it was a decided success. It aroused the Department of Health of Chicago to increase its efforts in certain directions. It has published a special "Baby Bulletin" in which are contributions by specialists on the care of children and children's diseases. The **Survey** has selected the following points as worthy of note, which we quote:

Writing on the Care of the New-Born Baby, Dr. Effa V. Davis finishes with the following instructions:

"Don't rock them.

"Don't feed them every time they cry.

"Don't take them up and hold them every time they cry.

"Don't let visitors and relatives pinch and poke and boo at them to make them notice or laugh until they are older.

"Don't let all the children of the neighborhood visit them and kiss them, for fear of contracting contagious diseases.

"Don't take them out, while very young, into public places where many people congregate, for the same reason.

"Don't feed a new-born baby on anything but its mother's milk till the physician in charge gives his permission, no matter how much the mother's milk seems not to agree from your point of view."

Dr. Joseph Brenneman says that out of every one hundred babies born in the civilized world, twenty-five die in the first year, and that the vast majority of these deaths are due to improper feeding and so are preventable.

Dr. Frank W. Allen epigrammatically argues for open-air exercise thus: "Nothing makes the blood course through the veins as does exercise."

As wood in the stove without draughts open, so is food in a child without fresh air.

The baby sleeps more soundly out of doors,—try it.

Open air and exercise do more to make good blood and make it show in the glow of the skin than anything the children may do.

Dr. John M. Dodson summarizes his em-

phasis upon the importance of breast feeding in the sentence: "Give the baby mother's milk; God pity the baby who cannot get it." Dr. A. Cotton pleads also that babies have their natural food. For the cases of poorly fed, overworked, or worried mothers where breast feeding is impossible he points out the necessity of an absolutely germ-proof handling of baby's milk.

Dr. Isaac A. Abt and Dr. Frank X. Walls give further reasons for clean and wholesome food and fresh air for very young children because of their lower resisting power against infection.

Dr. W. Belknap warns against thinking that because the baby shrieks with pain there cannot possibly be anything else wrong with it than cutting a tooth. "If baby does not have two teeth at the age of eight months," he continues, "look for some error in food. The average healthy baby has two teeth at the age of six months. Many a poor baby has suffered for days from abscess in the ear when the pain and restlessness have been ascribed to the teeth. Other ills too numerous to mention have been overlooked because baby was cutting a tooth."

Perhaps all mothers will not agree with everything that the physicians have said above, but all will have to admit that there is much sound advice given.

New Ideas in Education.

Are we out of our sphere when we discuss a fundamental problem in education? In this department we are dealing with the development of the individual as a social being, which development frequently touches educational issues. In our public schools there is so much attention paid to the instruments of education and to courses of study that it is a relief to hear that some have tried with success the personal method, the method that develops the individuality. I refer to several college teachers and ministers who have taken the education of their children into their own hands and have educated them far in advance of the usual course of study. In the July number of the *American Magazine* Mr. H. Addington Bruce gives a very interesting account of several of these cases.

One case is that of the family of Rev. A. A. Berle consisting of four children. The eldest one is only sixteen years of age and is a sophomore at Radcliffe College; Adolph, age fifteen, is a sophomore at Harvard; and Miriam and Rudolph, twelve and nine respectively, are in a Cambridge High School. Here are the exact words of Rev. Berle as given by Mr. Bruce: "Mrs. Berle and I talked the matter over and decided to see what we could do for our own children. Lina, our oldest child, was just three years old when we began to educate her. First of all we undertook to teach her to express herself in several languages. We be-



Lina Wright Berle.

A sophomore at sixteen in Radcliffe College, Miss Berle is the oldest of four children, all of whom display remarkable mental ability as the result of especial training.

lieved that by training her to speak correctly and fluently in different languages we would at the same time be training her in habits of attention, concentration, observation and quick and correct thinking. We began by teaching the little girl to repeat the Lord's Prayer in English, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and after she had mastered this we taught her some Greek prayers and Hebrew psalms, which we translated into English for her. Gradually we enlarged the language lessons, and when she was between three and four years old, we began to give her some mathematical training, teaching her definitions of circles, angles, etc., in scientific terms. . . . Nor did Lina lose any of the joys of childhood. She had her dolls and other toys. She played games with her little friends, she was full of life and vitality."

Another case is that of Norbert Wiener, son of Prof. Leo Wiener of Harvard. Norbert is now only sixteen years of age and is studying for his Ph. D. degree at Cornell University. Concerning his method of instruction Prof. Wiener says:

"Above all things I tried to avoid what I consider the great defect of the ordinary school education. As matters now stand, the schools put a premium on memory. It isn't the child who thinks best but the one who remembers most that gains promotion. As a consequence the thinking faculty is starved and stunted. My contention is that the way to teach a child is to train him first, last and all the time, how to

think; to ground him in the principles of reasoning, so that he can utilize them in the study of any subject. When Norbert was six I set him to learning languages and history. When he was seven I engaged a tutor from Harvard to give him lessons in chemistry. Between seven and nine I myself taught him algebra, geometry and trigonometry. I thus varied his studies because I did not want him to develop in any one-sided way."

Such methods are diametrically opposed

to the present methods as used in the public schools and yet I do not think that they are so far removed from the latest results in psychological research. It all resolves itself into this, whether we are going to continue in the so-called evolutionary process by trying to bring the child up through a series of racial stages or accept conditions as they are and teach the child as we now have him and as we would like to have him. Aside from the scientific implications, I believe that the illustrations are of interest to the general reader.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Decline and Fall of Insurgency.

CERTAIN insurgent Senators are indignant over stories that represented them as having decided to support Taft for a renomination. It is now reported that not seven, nor five, but only two of the militant progressives in the Senate are avowedly for the President. The others are still against him, and are urging LaFollette to announce a rival candidacy.

In sober truth it is a matter of no consequence whatever whether five, two or none of the insurgents are with the President. It is a matter of interest psychologically and politically that the insurgents should be blind to the great change that they have unconsciously helped to bring about and to the salient facts of the present situation. Insurgency has declined and is vanishing as a serious factor. The rank and file of the Republican party are as progressive as they were a year ago, if not even more progressive, but they no longer look to the insurgents for leadership, inspiration, guidance. The progressive sentiment is now with or behind Taft, while the insurgents are like generals who have lost their armies.

How and why has this extraordinary transformation been brought about? One observer suggests that it is reciprocity that has broken down the fighting front of the progressives. This is true, but it is not the entire truth. As

regards reciprocity, Taft has been stanch, independent, courageous and consistent, while the insurgents have been timid, weak, lame and insincere. But reciprocity alone would not have killed insurgency. What is fatal to it is the lack of a reason for existence. Taft has proved himself so good an all-round progressive that further talk of "revolt" would be ridiculous. His attitude on arbitration, the trust problem, Mexico, law reform, piecemeal tariff revision, conservation, etc., has been so enlightened, so judicious, so high-minded that the voters see nothing to criticise and much to approve and indorse. What grievances have the insurgents now? You cannot prosper by exploiting little personal matters or correcting mistakes of others; issues must be real and vital. On the questions now current Taft is thoroughly sound, liberal and candid, and the average progressive citizen likes his ways and methods as well as his aims and views.

The sooner the perplexed insurgents take stock, realize what has happened and adapt themselves to the new situation the better for their own prospect. Taft will get a renomination because he has deserved it and the voters have learned to appreciate his solid qualities. —*Record-Herald*.



Surviving Feudalism.

THE assertion of Dr. Eliot, that "no

remnants of the feudal system remain," may be taken as literally true if applied to the outward forms of feudalism. When, however, as happens in many cases, a workingman is obliged to give each week two days' labor for the privilege of living upon land held by another man—that is, when rent costs a third of his income—it can hardly be said in fairness that "no remnants of the feudal system remain."



High Tariff Declared Graft.

FORMER GOVERNOR FOLK of Missouri, in speaking of tariff said:

"A tariff other than for revenue is merely legalized graft. Let the Democratic Party take an unmistakable stand on this question and invite everyone of all parties opposed to the system of protection to unite with it in the fight, then there can be a square issue between privilege and equal rights. A battle over tariff schedules claiming that some are too high, and others should remain as they are, does not involve any principle, and can only result in a sham fight. There should be no tariff at all merely for the sake of protection. The congressman who votes for protection on wool produced in his district can not deny the demands of other congressmen for a larger share of the tariff plunder for their districts.

"The doctrine of equal rights should be made a living, vital, controlling force in government. The doctrine opposes the privilege of subsidies, bounties and all forms of governmental favors to a few at the burden of the many. The government has no more right to take from one man indirectly to add to the wealth of another, than it has to compel one man directly to contribute to the fortune of another.

"When such governmental favors are conferred they go to those of wealth and influence enough to secure them, and are beyond the reach of the average man. If one of you were to engage in the manufacture of some article and were to go

to Washington, you would receive scant attention unless you had means sufficient to employ legislative agents enough to obtain consideration from the powers that be. Such governmental favors usually are denied those who have not the money and time to obtain them, but are granted to those who are powerful enough to secure them. The beneficiaries of privilege keep their agents constantly infesting the halls of Congress, influencing the legislators in order that they may reap where the many sow. If these favors benefited all alike, no one would want them.

"It is because they give a class privileges denied to others that those few clamor for them, and it is for this reason the rest of the people should not submit to such discriminations.

"Privilege bestows upon its holder some monopoly of opportunity and gives him some advantage over other men. As privilege increases opportunity must diminish, and as opportunity diminishes the rights of the individual are destroyed. That is the reason why under the republican system the classes are becoming more opulent, and the masses are finding the opportunity for individual effort growing less as the years go by."

OVERHEARD IN THE JUDGES' STAND



Concentrated Control of Wealth.

SPEAKING at Harrisburg, Pa., in a gathering of Democrats, Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, said:

"The plain fact is that the control of credit is dangerously concentrated in this country. The money resources of the country are not at the command of those who do not submit to the direction and domination of small groups of capitalists who wish to keep the economic development of the country under their own eye and guidance. The great monopoly in this country is the money monopoly. So long as that exists our old variety and freedom and individual energy of development are out of the question. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities, are in the hands of a few men. Even if their actions be honest and intended for the public interest, they are necessarily concentrated on the great undertakings in which their money is involved and who necessarily, by every reason of their own limitations, chill and check and destroy genuine economic freedom. This is the greatest question of all and to this statesmen must address themselves with an earnest determination to serve the long future and the true liberties of men."



Trouble Over Tariff Ruling.

THE law can make a great fool of itself when it insists on being taken literally. The new customs court, not finding anything better to do, issued a ruling on a phrase in the Payne-Aldrich law which makes it so that if you take any animal out of the country, you must pay duty on it before you can bring it back. Congress was not quite so foolish as to intend anything like this, but there it is in black and white, and it goes. So saith the customs court. Under this decree travelers returning from Europe are having to pay duty even on their pet poodles. "You might as well put a

tariff on me," exclaimed a young lady who was held up for \$15 for a specimen that looked more like a worn-out mop than anything else. Great annoyance is being caused by this new strict construction of the law. All along the Canadian border teams are constantly being driven from one side to the other, and the law says that if an American drives his horse over the line he must pay duty on it when he comes back. A merchant in Detroit who sends a delivery wagon across the river by ferry must likewise pay, and it is the same all along the border.

The horse-racers have been able to have an exception made in their case, as they claim that their horses are taken out "for exhibition purposes," and animals so exported are allowed to be brought back duty free. The only way to remedy matters now, therefore, until Congress sees fit to amend the law, is for the custom-house officials to wink at the law—as they know so well how to do—and construe that all animals taken out are "for exhibition purposes." Even Chief Justice White, the highest judicial official in the United States, will be nipped by this ruling if it is enforced, for he has a summer home in Canada and takes his horses back and forth every season. Usually some way is found to beat such a law as this.—*Pathfinder*.



The Portuguese Republic.

WHEN the ancient little monarchy of Portugal turned herself into a Republic last October, Theophile Braga was created Provisional President by his Republican compeers. On the 21st the recently elected Constituent Assembly itself elected Anselmo Braamcamp President of the Republic. Mr. Braamcamp has not been a member of the Provisional government, but has been holding the position of President of the Municipal Council of Lisbon. His full name is Anselmo Braamcamp Freire, but in common practice the "Freire" is not used.

EDITORIALS

Boost.

Boost something. Boosting is a wholesome tonic for tired nerves, a helpful curative, for a deranged liver and a valuable stimulant for a dispeptic stomach. A man ought to boost something every day of his life just for the pleasing sensation which comes after it is all over. He creates a wholesome atmosphere while he is doing it and makes himself feel better. The man who is always knocking pollutes the very atmosphere for those around him and lies down at night feeling like a dime with a hole shot through it. The knocker is so completely down and out that he can't see anything worth while and is always getting into somebody's way while the booster wears a smile, finds good everywhere and believes right will finally triumph. There is something in every community that is worth boosting and deserves the hearty support of every healthy minded citizen of the community. Boost your neighborhood, boost your school, boost your church, boost somebody or something somewhere just for the fun of boosting. Try it for a week and see how much better you feel. I don't mean brag, for there is a remarkable difference between bragging and boosting. Bragging makes you feel like a knocker and spoils all the fun of boosting. If there are any knockers around boost them till they can't knock any longer. It is remarkable how quickly an entire community can be changed by the work of one good booster who believes in large possibilities for his community. Quit knocking and boost till you feel better.



Protection.

The criminal often assumes protection under the very wing of the law and makes it serve the very opposite of what it is intended to serve. He uses the law to protect the dollar and to enslave the man. A distinguished judge, a man who knew well the methods of the boss, the machine, and the interests, said, "The fierce commercialism of the age, which has tended to enthrone the dollar and to enslave the man, has lowered the standards and has covered the land with corruption until corrupt concentrations of money, wielded by unscrupulous men, have acquired such a complete control of the governments, national, State, and municipal, that the people are almost helpless. Laws destructive to the interests of the people are passed by bribery, and laws necessary for their protection are kept off the statute books by bribery. To meet this new and unfortunate condition it is necessary that the people be given the power in certain emergencies to legislate direct, either by a popular vote to put specific acts on the

statute books, or to declare certain specific acts already on the statute books to be null and void. This would destroy bribery, because it would render the fruits of bribery worthless. No corporation would buy a legislature or a city council if the acts of the legislature or the city council would be nullified by the people." In other words, this judge advocated the policy of the initiative and the referendum which has already been adopted by several States. When the people take authority into their own hands where it properly belongs the public officials will be more likely to bear in mind that they are the representatives of a constituency that cannot be bought nor sold. The senators will be more likely to remember the fact that they are public servants and will be less likely to speak of their constituents as a "clamoring mob." When representatives cease to represent they need to be subject to the recall of the people who elected them. No liberty-loving people will make any unjust demands from their representatives if they have power in their hands, and it will serve as a check for the man who would otherwise be likely to misuse the power entrusted to him by the people.



New Cults.

We are far from the day when new cults and isms will have no followers. There are always plenty of people who are looking for something new and novel to follow. They welcome anything so long as it is different from the established practices of the past, and has a tinge of strangeness about it, which will place them in a class separate from those of their community. They have a quiet longing to belong to something and often are not very particular about what it is. Curiously enough, when some man who has found a bright idea comes along and tells about it they are ready to accept it and become his devoted disciple. Generally the fundamentals of the new teachings from these men are based on truth, and it is this truth that attracts the followers. This in itself is not a bad thing, because truth should be welcomed regardless of its source or origin. Where the new cults and isms fall down, however, is in overemphasizing a few minor truths and throwing them entirely out of their proper perspective and thus minimizing other truths which are really of more importance. Dowieism was based upon some important elements of truth but it left other fundamental factors out of consideration and as a result it is now practically dead. It has served its mission in the world by calling attention to a few phases of social existence that had not generally been recognized before. The contribution to the great onward sweep of progress has been made, but the cult itself is already almost forgotten. Thousands of others must share the same fate—the length

of their existence, of course, depending upon the universality of the truth upon which they are founded. God's vital concern with the world is the welfare of the human race, not the perpetuation of any one cult, clan, ism or creed. That creed which contributes to the great onward sweep of the betterment of human welfare will exist so long as it continues to be a vital contribution, but when it ceases to do this it must submit to the inevitable, the same as all others that have sprung up, and sink into oblivion.

Braggadocio.

Edmund Spenser had no monopoly on the Braggadocios when he wrote the "Faërie Queene." The world is still full of them. One braggart will stand and denounce another roundly and straightway turn and boast of his own achievements. He measures the whole world with his own little spy-glass, generally the big end turned toward himself, and makes more noise than three band wagons coming down a stony hillside. What he believes is the only thing worth believing and any one who disagrees with him is denounced as a narrow-minded worldling. His work is the only honorable occupation and his interpretation of questions is the only one that needs any consideration. He is severe and exact in his demands from others and shows no regard whatever for the feelings of those who are thrown in contact with him. All this is merely the result of an abnormal degree of confidence in his own judgment. Such a man is principally bluff. Analyze his thinking ability and there is nothing there. He belongs to the English gentlemen type who existed on the reputation of his blood. Such a man, of course, is past the period where he can be reformed. He must be endured as an undesirable member of society. It is a wonderful art to learn how to live with such men in your community and extend to them all the courtesies that belong to a gentleman, and still retain your rights as a civil member of your community. Right finally triumphs and the Braggadocio when he falls, falls hard enough to bring lasting results. Every man has a right to think for himself but when he thinks he has done all the thinking that is worth thinking, his neighbors think his thinking dome has turned into a public nuisance.

Public Interests.

The public opposition today is not against wealth and organization, but it is against predatory wealth and against monopoly. The people would not despoil their neighbor of his wealth but they would despoil him of the power to monopolize any of the avenues of trade or to control any of the functions of government. The popular de-

mand is not the regulation but the complete overthrow of monopoly. It should be the purpose of all liberty-loving people to afford every encouragement and protection to all honest and legitimate business, be it large or small. In this, there should be no discrimination. Let every vested interest be protected, but let every smaller interest be protected also in like manner. When, however, through bribery and the debauchery of public servants, and when through the securing of unwarranted favors they become detrimental to public interests, it is the duty of all liberty-loving people to raise a voice of protest and demand justice for all classes. There must be no favoritism shown whereby one class of interests is able to cripple, crush and kill any other class of interests. Earnest demands for justice must be continually repeated, for all about us we have a body of rich men who individually and collectively conspire for their own quicker and greater enrichment, by deliberately violating some fully-established law. Many times they are not even molested. If, however, they are tried and convicted they are generally let off with a trifling fine — \$5,000 or \$10,000, or in rare cases \$25,000. If an employee of one of these corporations has filched from his employer a few hundred or a few thousand dollars, or if he has filched from the city or the State, he is immediately arrested, speedily tried and sent to the penitentiary for a term ranging from two to twenty years. Why not fine him a certain small per cent of what he has stolen? If he has taken five thousand make him pay five hundred and call the matter square. If it is right that the man who has taken a small sum should be sentenced as a criminal then it is right that the man who takes large sums should suffer like punishment. The small business has as much right to the protection of the law as the large business.

Perjury.

It is a credit for a man to be able to carry on a great business so long as it can be done honorably, but under our present system of economics many men do not value honor very highly. When Mr. Tilden, president of the National Packing Company, went before the Lorimer Investigating Committee he had a wonderful ability for forgetting points that to the average man would be of prime importance. When Mr. Hines, president of the Hines Lumber Company, went before the same committee he flatly denied charges that were brought against him from reliable sources. When Mona Rees was on the witness stand in the See trial, in Chicago, she refused to answer questions of vital importance in the trial. All of these cases show considerable evidence of perjury on the part of these witnesses. To a man of honor perjury is an infamy too vile to blot his name.

The United States and Germany

Karl von Lewinski

IN contemplating the common commercial, intellectual and social features of America and Germany we have to consider the two countries as they now stand: the United States since the beginning of her imperialistic politics, Germany since she has developed into a leading exporting and naval power and into an industrial and manufacturing center.

Each is indebted to the other in important respects for the numerous features in common, with prospects of a still more combined growth.

The United States' indebtedness to Germany might be measured by the five to six millions of German immigrants and the characteristics impressed by them on their adopted fatherland.

Greatest in numbers, the German farmer, driven first by religious intolerance, later by oppressive social conditions, found shelter here, from the Mennonites in 1682, who established themselves and their customs in Pennsylvania, to those who during the last century settled in New York State, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Well informed in their profession, not without means usually, they brought and held their own.

Next came the skilled workmen, forming an important element in the growing manufacturing centers of the East and Middle West.

Accustomed to be subjects at home, wanting only freedom in the pursuit of their work and simple pleasures, they did not try to change existing conditions; but so great were their numbers, that many rural districts and many city quarters bear striking similarity to such found in Germany today.

A particular class among the German immigrants was formed by the so-called Forty-eighters, political refugees, who

were as a rule highly educated, lovers of philosophy, art and music.

The German-born population of the United States in 1900 was 2,663,418, against 1,615,459 Irish and 848,513 English. New York City alone numbered in 1902, 785,035 inhabitants of German descent, so it is not hard to understand why the United States and Germany show in so many points a greater similarity than any other two countries.

In trade and commerce the preëminent features of both nations are a universal optimism, great daring, a far-sighted spirit of enterprise and a growing influence of single powerful personalities.

While this has been true of America from the beginning, only in the last decades the old Hanseatic spirit has overthrown a too cautious, almost narrow-minded conservatism in Germany. Now we find her trade expanding from Asia to South America, while the whole of Europe has been made the United States' market for raw materials and even for some manufactured articles.

However, a difference is shown between the countries in the preparation for the practical work. Though both have excellent commercial, industrial and technical schools, the Americans are still not inclined to devote a great length of time to theoretical study before entering the field of real business. Among them the restless impatience and eagerness for present results still prevails, while in Germany the necessity of a more thorough extended course as set forth by the curriculum of the schools turns its students out more broadly and theoretically prepared.

Common to both countries is the immense increase of foreign trade in the last decades; different, however, its character. The United States is still mainly an agricultural and mining country; her



A Line of Hearty Maids.

A Happy Family of Germans.

industry works principally for the domestic market. Her export of manufactures, although growing, is still comparatively small, while the exportation of raw materials has reached an immense height. Germany, on the other side, is now an industrial country, and although more than one-third of the population is still engaged in farming, the immense army of industrial workmen must be fed partly on imported grain and the factories supplied with imported raw materials. Germany's export consists chiefly of manufactures. Like the United States, however, she has a great domestic industry-market, and her factories do not depend on the foreign trade alone.

Germany buys at the present time much more from the United States than she sells to her. In 1907 the United States imported from Germany \$161,543,556, in 1908, \$142,935,549 worth of merchandise. The export in the same years valued \$256,595,563 and \$276,922,089.

Among the goods exported to Germany, cotton, copper, pork, lard, corn, oil and wheat rank first; among the imports from Germany, cotton and silk goods, ceramics, gloves, toys, chemicals, beet sugar, skins and paper goods.

We find that the United States and Germany both follow the protectionist system. Different, however, are their opinions as to the degree of protection

necessary. Under the old tariff laws about 60 % of the German goods have been dutiable here, against 50% of the American goods on the other side. The rates on dutiable goods have been twice as high in America as in Germany. The new tariff will increase the rates on about one-quarter of the goods imported from Germany, and will affect 4.5% (paper goods, cotton and silk manufactures) nearly prohibitively.

In spite of that the trade between the two countries will as a whole in times of prosperity hardly decrease, because the American and German merchants will find new openings to continue their commercial relations.

Large concerns in different branches of industry and trade organized in order to exclude competition are found in both the United States and Germany. The Sugar Trust, the Kali Syndicate and the Steel Trust are German examples of this class. Germany has, upon thorough investigation, so far not considered it necessary to issue any anti-trust laws. She follows the principle often emphasized in America—that large business concerns as a whole are an unavoidable and healthy stage of development, and that the state is only called upon to prevent abuses of the powers concentrated in them.

Not long ago the American considered as the main intellectual feature of Germany a weak, almost sentimental ideal-

ism, while the German formerly looked at the American as a pure materialist. Since both nations know each other better, they have learned that these opinions are unjustified, although there is some truth at the base of each.

The great ideals of liberty and justice are equally dear to both nations; if we, however, consider idealism as the habit of seeing something else in life besides success alone, of spending part of one's life in training the mind for the enjoyment of beauty and greatness in nature, art and literature, Germany has something to teach America.

The American is accustomed to make the best of his strong, practical sense. He throws all his life into his work, all his energy and all his time. The German, although not less one-sided in his general business, takes his leisure and devotes part of his life to pleasures of a high order. It is apparent, however, that this difference is now at the vanishing point, partly because of the lower tide in the rush of business, partly as a result of broader education and of journeys to foreign countries, partly through the influence of the German-born population and their descendants.

That the Americans are not less capable of idealism than any other nation is clearly shown in American university life, where everything that has proved good and beautiful in the world's culture is taught by broad-minded professors and readily understood by clear-eyed and warm-hearted students. We will find that German humanism is playing just as important a part here as across the water.

Since 1820, it has become an ever-increasing habit of American students to visit German universities. Today many hundreds yearly listen to German professors, not enumerating the thousands who go for research and to study the arts. It is natural that in the course of so many years German ideas have been transplanted by enthusiastic American scholars to the home soil. Free,

independent research, the shining gem in the fame of German universities, is now not less deeply rooted in American science, and more and more German students cross the ocean yearly to study at the centers of American learning.

One thing emphasized with equal force in American and German general education is patriotism—one of the most preëminent qualities of both nations, powerful and similar at the same time. Fifty years ago the German patriotism was rather morose; it had to look back with sentimental veneration at past greatness. Now the German is proud of the present power of his country, a pride which counts in a man's life and work. It is the same kind of patriotism which grows in the United States, and both nations will understand and honor the pride of the other, because it is backed not by vain enthusiasm but by strong reality.

The intellectual features of the United States and Germany have found their true personification in Theodore Roosevelt and Emperor William II., two men of striking similarity, both of the highest optimism, gifted with a broad sense of practical philosophy, a faithful belief and a tireless energy in advancing the good, and with a universal interest for anything that might help the world's development.

The social conditions of the United States and Germany are necessarily widely affected by the different forms of government.

The main feature of the old monarchy was its firmly built classes-system, which did not permit the lower to rise, while the Republic grants a fair opportunity to everyone. The Germany of today is no more a monarchy in the above sense; the boundary lines are more laxly drawn and a democratic spirit is pervading the people. Noblemen are becoming merchants, the lower classes send their sons to the bar and the bench and even the army no longer reserves its officer's sword for the nobleman. American in-

dividualism, granting the proper place to the fittest man, wherever he comes from, is becoming more and more the rule in monarchic Germany.

A consequence of the former class-system has been the growth of the social-democratic party, the "workman's party," the open program of which is to abolish the monarchy and to establish a republic on the principles of public ownership, public supervision of education, work and reward. The party's old hatred against the monarchy and the ruling classes is no longer justifiable under the now changed circumstances and in view of Germany's workman's insurance laws. There are signs that the social-democratic party will leave its old, merely negative standpoint, and proceed to an active work for public welfare side by side with the liberal parties and with the government itself.

The United States has no social-democratic party in the German sense and will never have one, because the principal reasons—monarchical system and class-rule—are missing. The natural struggle of the workingman for better conditions is fought by the trade unions within the frame of their special branches, a sound method in which also the German workman will fight his battles in the near future.

This short survey shows that besides many similarities there are a great number of differences in the general conditions of America and Germany. However, they are all of an internal nature and not apt to cause any antagonism between the two nations.

The possibilities of friction lie on other grounds.

Competition in trade is not likely to cause serious difficulties. They could only arise about the export of manufactured goods to Europe and from Germany to the United States.

The latter's European trade in this branch is still very small, and does not endanger any German industry. The present German competition in the Unit-

ed States will probably decrease temporarily as a consequence of the new tariff; as, however, the German industry will certainly be able to find new markets, this fact may cause temporary but not permanent ill-feeling.

Americans contemplate sometimes as more serious the "German invasion" of South America—less the supremacy of German trade than the expanding German settlements. As a matter of fact, in Latin America there are not many more than one million Germans, spread over an area of eight million square miles, occupied by a native population of more than forty millions.

Only a few of these settlers are German subjects. Most of them are citizens of their adopted countries, and the experience of the United States herself has shown that German immigrants, although they keep up their Germanism for ornamental and recreative purposes, soon become most thoroughly amalgamated.

It has long been an American trait to see in the strength of another nation not a peril, but an increased guarantee for the peace and the progress of the world. It is most desirable that this wise and far-sighted view should be received as a leading principle everywhere. That it is the true expression of Germany's attitude towards America has been well voiced by Emperor William II., when he said to Mr. W. W. Phelps, then Ambassador in Berlin: "From childhood I have admired the great and expanding community you represent. Among the many conspicuous characteristics of your fellow citizens the world admires in particular their spirit of enterprise, their respect of law and their inventiveness. Germans feel themselves the more drawn to the people of the United States because of the many ties that inevitably accompany kinship of blood. The feeling which both countries entertain most strongly is that of relationship and friendship of long standing, and the future can only strengthen this."

THE CALL TO ARMS

William L. Judy

THE true measure of a nation's strength is the valuation it places upon the virtue of its citizens. History is replete with the downfall of powerful nations of the past, not by foreign armies without, but by insidious foes within. Luxury conquered the Egyptian, debauchery the Persian, and immorality the Roman. Empires, which today are but memories of antiquity! Large armies and costly navies are not the guarantee of a nation's existence, for only that nation whose foundations are built upon virtue and righteousness can endure.

Its birth in a war for liberty, its inception in equality, its founding in justice, our own nation has had a glorious past. Today it is the prey of a monster whose slimy coils entwine with an ever-tightening grip millions of her citizens, whose poisonous fangs sting to death its miserable victims, whose foul breath taints every nook and corner, in whose trail are left ruined homes and broken hearts, disgraced men and shameless women, widows and orphans, poverty and disease, crime and immorality, poisoned bodies and lost souls—these are the devastations of the licensed saloon! This foe gnawing at the very vitals of the nation, sucking out its life-blood, is more to be feared than invading armies or hostile fleets. When will the country's manhood and womanhood arise in its might and slay this insatiate monster, to raise over its prostrate body the banner of truth, of purity, and of virtue!

Government exists to secure the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Life must be protected, liberty guaranteed, and the pursuit of happiness, which includes health, peace, good order, safety, and morality, must be provided for. Public welfare is the great criterion. Whatever is con-

trary to the general good is an enemy of the state. Let us place the saloon in the scales of public welfare and see if it be found wanting.

Who purchases votes with treats of beer? Who bribes public officials that they may wink at violations of the law? Who is the great friend of the boss? Who is the ally of civic corruption? Who makes his place of business headquarters for ward-heelers, thugs, and repeaters? I ask—who is it? The answer comes back—the saloonkeeper.

I see five million homes blighted, the women in rags, the children crying for bread. I see the poorhouses, the asylums, the penitentiaries, yes even the murderer's gallows—all filled to overflowing. I see a horrible traffic in white slaves carried on without a blush. I see the army of paupers, the filth of the slums, the shame of the brothel. I see deserted homes, shattered ideals, and ruined characters. I ask, what has done it? Again the answer comes back, the saloon.

The drink bill of the American people for last year was \$2,006,233,408. Add to this the cost of our penal institutions, 90 per cent of whose inmates are put there by drink. Add to this the charity that is expended to care for the misery resulting from drink. Add to this the lessened earning capacity of the workman. Add to this the wages for the years by which his life has been shortened because of drink, and you will have, according to expert estimates, a grand total of \$5,000,000,000. For the same year the entire liquor revenue was \$335,000,000, or for every one dollar paid in by the saloon, sixteen dollars were paid out to take care of its product!

Give me the money that is spent, yes worse than wasted, for alcoholic poison, and I will put a church on every hill

fatal appetite in them, that the innocent boy may take the place of the refused toper. They are continually carrying on a campaign of deception. They ask: "Do we not pay a great part of your taxes? Do we not create business for your town? Is not our trade on an equal footing with that of the merchant and banker? Does not every man have the personal liberty to drink or leave it alone?" With these and other like sophistries they have deceived many people into believing their business necessary and respectable.

The same flag that floats over our schools and churches floats over the saloon and confers equal protection. And why? For a few paltry dollars of revenue the stars and stripes have been befouled with infamy and disgrace; the red of liberty has become the red of bondage; the white of purity, the white of immorality; the blue of virtue, the blue of shame. To license the saloon is to sanction its evil. But what is morally wrong can never be made right by law. Nor has any man the inherent right to sell intoxicating liquor at retail, because a government established to secure life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness cannot consistently place its stamp of approval upon an institution that destroys them. Why punish law-breakers when the mill that grinds out the grist of criminality is protected in its work? Why maintain public order when the disturber of the peace remains unmolested?

Why protect public health when its destroyer is permitted to flourish?

The need of the hour is an arousing of the public conscience. Once awakened it will rise up in its indignation and wipe out the curse. Publicity and agitation must bring this to pass. United action is required to meet the organized foe. The call to arms has gone forth to every man, woman, and child—a call for God and home and country. Courage will come from the remembrance of the brave souls who in the past stood against the scoff and scorn of their time. Never has there been a more favorable hour. State after State is sweeping into line. Now is the time to strike for the iron is hot.

I see before me two armies. The ranks of the one are filled with men fighting that they may continue their nefarious trade; they are relying on the millions of money secured at the terrible cost of manhood and even souls, to win the victory for them. The other army has heard the call to arms. Blessed by the prayers of a thousand mothers, enthused by the power of a righteous cause, strengthened by the courage of conviction, they go forth to meet the enemy. The outcome will not be doubtful. The curse shall be lifted from the land; its withering blight shall be known no more. Another victory of Christian civilization shall have been gained, and virtue shall have triumphed.

WALTER'S CONVERSION

L. W. Hamlin

WALTER MAYNARD sauntered down the wide, dusty road, dejected, moody and unhappy. That morning, as he left for school, his mother had been compelled to severely chastise him. He was a handsome lad, good natured, and possessed the complacent expression of the unambitious

young man who has had no thoughts for anything but himself. He kicked savagely at the little dog that ran playfully at him, barking.

Soon he came in sight of his home, an old-fashioned house, of impressive colonial style. There was a large yard in front and one in the back, set with

stately elms, which cast weird, ghostly shadows over the homelike structure below their branches. A kitten scurried across the yard as he entered the grounds, but the cozy scene apparently was void to him, for he gazed neither to the right nor to the left.

"Ella," he shouted angrily to the young girl who stood at the well with her back towards him.

"Sis! can't you hear?" he repeated, roughly, when she appeared not to hear him.

As the girl turned at his second call and noted the unpleasant expression on his face, she gazed silently for a moment with a look of disgust on her pretty face.

"Brother," she said, with a little break in her childish voice, "have you come home grouty tonight? Why don't you stop such foolishness and make things more pleasant for mother and me? She has been so unhappy today just because you were so saucy to her this morning."

"Oh, I don't need any of your preaching, sis," he returned, with a decisive shake of his head. "Go into the house and get me something to eat," he added with a gesture of command.

His unpleasant demand, however, was met with scorn from his sister. But for his uncalled for demonstration, and harsh words, she would have willingly enough consented.

"Ella, I am waiting for that water, dear," called Mrs. Maynard, from the doorway, and seeing her son, greeted him smilingly.

"I'm coming, mother," she answered, as she started for the door, and in passing her brother she playfully patted him on the back.

"I don't need any of your sympathy," he exploded, as he gave her a rough push.

"Do you call that a gentleman's way of using his sister?" asked Mrs. Maynard.

He did not answer, but turned quickly and entered the shed.

"What would I give if Walter would discard that unpleasant disposition," was the thought of the pale-faced woman, as she took the proffered pail of water from her daughter's hand and went back into the kitchen.

"Ella, will you get me some milk from the cellar?" she asked, as her daughter followed her into the kitchen.

"I cannot understand why Walter acts so unfeelingly towards me," she exclaimed, as her daughter returned from the cellar with the pan of milk.

"Just because you are all so old maidish with me," broke in Walter, as he came tramping loudly up the steps from the shed.

"You should be able to see that I am old enough to be shown some respect instead of treating me like a kid," he continued.

"My son, don't you know that a lad sixteen years old is nothing but a child? If you realized how nearly you have exhausted my patience by your foolishness I think you would try to—"

"Say, ma!" he interrupted, "if you will let me go to the circus the fifteenth I'll try and do better. Perhaps a circus would be good for the mollygrubs."

He arose and moved towards the door, speaking not a word, only looking at her inquiringly. She stopped him with a gesture of the hand.

"Walter, I've done everything in my power for you. Since your father died this has been a sad world to me. Instead of being a comforter for me in my sadness you have ignored my every request. Even with tears in my eyes I've begged you to wait on me, but you've repeatedly ignored my requests. You now ask me to let you go to the circus. Walter, you have promised to do better in the future if I let you go. You may go."

Circus day dawned bright and fair, one of those halcyon, summer days, that seem to fit the occasion. From early morn from all points of the compass numberless wagons and buggies, filled

with old and young, made their way along the dusty road leading to the little village. As the noon parade slowly moved down the principal street, the aggregation that lined the sidewalks were amazed at the apparition of a veritable chariot of fire. Its golden body gleamed in the brilliant rays of the noonday sun. It rolled slowly along the road, drawn by six snow-white horses, who, with prancing steps, seemed to keep time with the quick, gay music that rose from within the interior of the burnished equipage. Following, at short intervals, came the cages of wild animals who made the air hideous with their varied noises.

The parade had been witnessed by the largest crowd that ever assembled in the pretty village of Vernon. In front of the huge canvas tent the dusty, gaping multitude pushed and crowded their way towards the gilded ticket wagon. Almost the entire population of the little town were at the grounds, and Walter Maynard was one of the foremost among them, fighting for his chance to get a ticket.

How it happened no one seemed to know. Suddenly, there was a crash. The huge pole that supported the center of the monstrous tent toppled and fell, crashing its way down through the high rows of seats around the ring. Walter Maynard had heard the splitting and tearing and heard the screams of frightened women, and then all was dark and still.

Walter slowly opened his eyes, bewildered. He gazed blankly, at first, and as his mind gradually cleared he saw that he was in a snowy bed, in his room. At first he could not understand the uncontrollable grief of his sister and the weeping of his grief-stricken mother. At the head of the bed he noticed the village doctor, who watched him closely.

His mother was the first to see that he had opened his eyes. Quickly stepping to the bed, she tenderly took one of his hands, and smoothed back his hair. His



"Walter slowly opened his eyes."

sister, sitting down on the edge of the bed, grasped the other hand, her eyes flooded with hot tears.

"Walter, my son, does your head pain you much, now?" she asked compassionately.

At first the injured boy did not answer.

"Tell me, Walter," she repeated.

The scene had now become more clear to him as he lay gazing, first at his sad, tear-stained mother, and then at his sobbing sister. Why were they so grieved simply because he had been injured? Did they care as much as that? For the first time in his life he now comprehended what he was to his mother and sister. He saw vividly how ungrateful he had been for the unceasing kindness of his mother; her untiring devotion; long nights of vigil at his bedside during two spells of sickness: all these, and others, persisted in appearing before his troubled mind.

"Mother." He could stand it no longer. Hearing his weak, troubled voice call her, she quickly stepped to his side.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"I want to tell you both how sorry I am. Will you forgive me? I am going to do different in the future." He threw his arms around their necks, and burst into a torrent of tears. A new life opened to them.

A LOST OASIS

Hellen Coale Crew

MARGARET PANNER wearily climbed to her third-story room, and threw herself down into a chair, too tired to take off her hat or draw the shabby cotton gloves from her hands. She had only moved in yesterday, for a recent three weeks' illness, with its accompanying doctor's bills and the necessity of paying a substitute to hold her place at the store, had compelled a change. And only the day before she had given up her pleasant room on Grant Avenue and had taken this smaller, shabbier one on Lyons Street, farther away from her work by five long blocks, and higher up by a flight of stairs. She looked about her, with a dull resentment, at the meager bed, the bureau with the clouded glass and sagging pincushion, the washstand hung with unwholesome gray towels, the painted floor with its two small squares of faded carpet. Two dreary pictures hung unevenly upon the walls. At the foot of the bed stood her trunk. The hot August breeze puffed through the cheap lace curtains at the window, and the green blind flapped noisily at the upper pane.

Presently she rose, laid aside her hat and gloves, and stood for a moment before the mirror, smoothing down the dark hair, threaded with gray, that hung about her moist, hot face. The eyes that looked back at her were misty with tears and the lips trembled. If there were but one single little thing in her life that was interesting, she thought, nothing else would matter, for she was used to living alone. But everything was so hopelessly dull. The mist in her eyes condensed into tears, but she brushed them resolutely away and turned to the window.

Below her ran a wide alley, directly across which stood a livery stable; to

the right of the stable a garage, to the left a dreary tenement. In desperation she raised her eyes—roofs everywhere, a veritable desert of roofs. But oh, what is that? Lifted above the tenement roof, high, cool, green, rose the top of a great tree. It held her fascinated gaze. The branches spread fanlike above the gray roofs. She could not tell whether the tree was just in the next street or several streets beyond. She drew her chair to the window and looked long at the grateful green.

When the dinner-bell rang, she went slowly down, and endured as well as she could the ordeal of the first dinner at a strange boarding house. No one spoke to her, however, beyond a few perfunctory remarks, and she withdrew into her shy inner self. When she pushed back her chair, kindly Mrs. Boehm spoke to her:

"Do sit in the parlor a bit, Miss Panner. I am afraid your room is hot, up there under the roof."

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Thank you, but I'll go right up." Then, after a pause: "There's a tree over beyond the roofs to the east; the only tree in sight. Do you know what kind of a tree it is?"

"Bless you," said Mrs. Boehm, "I never noticed any tree. I s'pose, though, it's an elm. They're all elms in this neighborhood."

Margaret climbed up the two flights of stairs, trying to recall some once familiar lines about elms. Presently they came to her mind:

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Perhaps her elm—already she claimed it for her own—had once harbored doves. Perhaps even now it held birds' nests within its leafy bosom.

She sat at her window and watched

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

CONTACT WITH A VITAL FORCE.

A. G. Daniells.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

This request was made by the disciples to the Master. They did not merely ask to be taught how to pray, but they asked the Master to teach them to pray. They wanted to be taught the value of prayer, the blessing of prayer. They had seen him spend whole nights in earnest, prevailing prayer. They realized that there was something mighty in prayer. I suppose those disciples were busy people like we are. I presume they felt the weariness of labor, the pressure, as we feel it, and found themselves neglecting prayer continually as we find ourselves neglecting it, and so they experienced the same defeat as we experience, the same loss. And they came to the place where they felt they could not go on any longer that way, and they cried out: "Lord, teach us to pray."

There is no new way now for triumph; it is the same old way—prayer and communion with God. It is prayer that puts the human heart into touch with the Almighty.

Is Your Trolley Connected With the Wire?

The trolley car stands on the track. It is made for a purpose. It must serve that purpose in order to be worth the making, but there must be a connection with that vital force overhead before it can move. There must be something to make the connection.

Friends, we are just like that car. As the car can not serve the purpose of its maker except by a connection with that vital force in the wire above, no more can we serve the purpose of our Maker except by communion with him. How can that be done? By prayer. It sends vital force and power down from him to human beings.

An All Night's Struggle.

We have an example left us of personal victory through prayer. Jacob was a supplanter. His name indicates his character—one who gets the best end of the bargain in a deal, one who is long-headed. That was Jacob, and you see how he got on with his brother. He stole his father's blessing from his brother Esau by killing a goat and putting the skins on his hands and neck so his father would think he was Esau, because Esau was a hairy man. He went in to his blind father to get Esau's blessing, but his father said: "This is a strange thing. The voice is that of Jacob. Come up and let me feel of your hands. It is Esau all right." And so he got the blessing. But Jacob had to suffer for that sin many years.

The poor boy was driven from home and never saw the face of his mother again. He went down and lived with Laban, his mother's uncle, and had his wages changed ten times. He was cheated out of marrying his best girl, the daughter of Laban, and had to serve fourteen years to get her. His uncle cursed him, and yet Jacob came out ahead every time—he knew how to do it.

That was a trait in Jacob's character that he ought to have overcome long before. It was not right, and he could not go to heaven with that fault. This went on all those years he was down there with his uncle, and finally, after his mother's death, he decided to return to the old home.

Esau still had that revenge in his heart, and when he heard that Jacob was coming he took a band of 400 men and started to meet his brother. "He will never see his father's face, never see his home, never live to enjoy the fruits of his stolen blessing," said Esau.

Word came to Jacob that Esau was coming. That was the real crisis in his life. His own life was at stake, his whole family in peril. First of all, when Jacob heard that Esau was coming he tried to meet the situation as best he could by diplomacy.

He picked out the best of his cattle and sheep and put them right in front of everything, and he told his men that when Esau came up and asked what it was they should tell him it was a blessing from Jacob to his lord, Esau, and thus help to meet the situation by softening Esau's heart.

Jacob then put the rest of his cattle next, and then the part of his family that he thought the least of, and those he loved the most at the very last of his caravan. But after doing all this his soul was not at ease. Somehow he felt that all his family would be slaughtered and that he would be cut down. So when the night came on and darkness hovered over the earth he went back by a little brook that he had passed over and fell on his knees and looked up to God and asked him for deliverance.

While he was there praying before God this is what he says: "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob."

Jacob, the supplanter! What a train of thoughts and circumstances must have arisen then! The angel wanted to bring up that feature of his character, and Jacob owned up that he was a supplanter. Then the angel said: "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince

hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." Gen. 32.

That was the grandest hour of Jacob's life, the triumphant hour in all his career. There, that night in prayer, Jacob got a personal blessing that he had needed all his life, and that he might have secured long before if he had done exactly like he did that night—had gone alone with God and prevailed with him in prayer. So when the angel said, "Let me go, you have struggled and begged all night long and here comes the daylight, I must be gone," then Jacob threw his arms around him all the closer and said: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." There was expressed a deep yearning of the soul for victory, and the angel stopped right there; that was the end of the struggle; it was all over.

Let us follow the story: When Esau came up the result was just what we might expect. When he saw Jacob, his wives, his children, and his flocks, his heart was made tender. He advanced to him and put his arms around his neck and wept. They clasped hands as brothers and a feud of twenty years' standing was swept away in a minute's time. God gave him victory and triumph there by that brook in that critical moment of his life. How did Jacob get that blessing? He got it through interceding with God.

This simple story has been of inestimable blessing to me. During the years I have been carrying on gospel work I have come in more than one crisis and have laid hold upon this experience and have believed that the God who gave this victory there could give it to man today. It has never failed once. That shows what an individual can do through prayer. Jacob might have gotten straight long before and thus kept his life from the wrongs that went into it during those twenty years. He might have had it before he stole that blessing from his brother.

Young men and young women, you can have that victory over prayer before you make crooked paths for your feet. You do not have to wait twenty years until you get a record up there in the books of heaven that you do not like. Why not get the victory now that will save you from that record and that will lead you to make another record—one that you will be glad to meet?

Now, I bring to you this very practical lesson today with the hope that it will appeal to you and that you will turn aside as the disciples did and look up into the face of God and say: "Lord, teach me to pray."
—The Life Boat.



A LOST OASIS.

(Continued from Page 673.)

the daylight fade and the stars blossom. And when at last the noisy garage became quiet, and the horses in the stable

ceased their restless stamping, and the tenement-house voices were silent, she still sat there, and watched the tree as it faded into the darkness, and darkened again upon the faint glow of the dawn. And she was rested.

All the next day, as she stood behind the ribbon-counter in the big store, doing her work quietly and deftly, she had the feeling that now there was something for her to go home to. Home! How long the word had been an empty one for her. Twenty years ago she had stood, a girl of fifteen, beside her parents' graves for the last time before leaving the quiet country village for the unknown terrors of a great city. Now, as she remembered those graves, she was glad to recall that a tree had spread its branches above them.

When she reached her room that night, she went at once to the window. The splendid tree stood there, remote, serene, and so lifted above the heat and squalor of the streets that she could not believe that it was rooted in common earth. After dinner she made the discovery that when she lay down upon the bed and turned her face to the window, the buildings across the way sank out of sight. Only the ridge of the tenement roof and one red chimney were visible, so that her window became a square of heaven's own blue, with the tree, a thing ethereal, green upon it. Always after this she was the first to leave the dinner-table, and, once in her room, she undressed and lay down upon the narrow bed, and raised her eyes—yes, and her soul—to the one gracious and beautiful thing that she knew. And while her body lay still and rested, her spirit grew.

August passed and September came, and the green foliage of the tree grew yellow and brown. She knew that the leaves must fall, and it hurt her cruelly, as though a friend's death were near at hand.

But one evening as she lay on her

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

FRUIT CONTINUED.

MRS. FRANCES BELL.

Preserves and Jellies.

IN the making of preserves larger quantities of sugar are used than in the canning of fruit. Equal quantities of fruit and sugar are the proportions most generally used, and the two are cooked together until rather thick and jelly-like in consistency. Some fruits make nice preserves by lessening the time of cooking and setting in the sun to thicken. Strawberries, white currants and sour cherries are nice prepared in this way. Prepare the fruit the same as for ordinary preserves. When it has boiled fifteen minutes, counting from the time the fruit begins to bubble, pour the cooked fruit into platters, having it about two or three inches deep. Cover the platters with glass (window panes do nicely) and set in the sun for two or three days, stirring occasionally. A sunny window free from dust will answer the purpose. The fruit will grow plump and firm, and the syrup will thicken almost to a jelly. Store the fruit preserves cold into jars or glasses.

Fruit preserves are on the nature of marmalades, but they are not cooked as long, so retain more of the natural flavor of the fruit. This is a nice way to preserve small, seedy fruits. Pick over the fruit carefully, taking out all leaves and stems and removing decayed portions. Remove the skins and stones from peaches and plums. Rub the fruit through a sieve. To each quart of strained fruit add a pint of sugar. Put the fruit and sugar into a preserving kettle, heat gradually to the boiling point thirty minutes, counting from the time boiling commences. Put into hot, sterilized jars and seal at once.

Marmalades require greater care while cooking, because no moisture is added to the fruit and sugar, and they are

cooked for a much longer time. If made from berries the fruit should be rubbed through a sieve to remove seeds. Large fruit should be washed, pared, cored and quartered. Measure the fruit and sugar, allowing one pint of sugar to each quart of fruit. Rinse the preserving kettle with cold water to give a slight coat of moisture on the sides of the kettle. Then put alternate layers of fruit and sugar into the kettle, having the first layer fruit. Heat slowly, stirring frequently. While stirring break up the fruit as much as possible. Cook about two hours rather slowly; then pour into small, sterilized jars.

Jellies are usually made with equal measures of fruit juice and sugar. A less amount of sugar is sometimes used. Nearly every housekeeper is familiar with the process; however, we will give a few recipes that may contain helpful suggestions.

Currant Jelly.

Clean and pick over the currants. Put them into a preserving kettle; crush a few with a wooden vegetable masher or spoon; heat slowly, stirring frequently. When the currants are hot crush them with the wooden masher. Put a fine sieve or strainer over a large bowl and over this spread a double square of cheese cloth. Turn the crushed fruit and juice into the cheese cloth and let it drain as long as it drips, but do not use pressure. To hasten the process take up the cloth firmly by the corners and move the currants about; also lift it up from the sieve a little. After this, put the cloth and its contents over another bowl, twist and press out as much of the juice as possible. Use the juice obtained by pressure, separate from the other for a second quality of jelly. The clear juice may be made into jelly at once; or, if a very transparent, clear jelly is desired, it may first be strained through a clean

white flannel bag, prepared for that purpose. In either case measure the juice and put it into a clean preserving kettle, allowing a pint of granulated sugar to every pint of juice. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then place over the fire and watch closely. As soon as it boils draw back from the fire and skim, then put back on the fire again. Repeat this process until it has been skimmed three times, then pour into glasses and set on a board in a sunny window where there is no dust. Let it stand until the jelly is set, then cover by one of the three methods described under "Principles of Canning and Preserving," in last week's issue of the *INGLENOOK*.

Raspberry and blackberry jelly may be made in the same manner as the currant jelly just described.

To make strawberry jelly use the preparation of two quarts of currants to ten quarts of strawberries; then proceed as for currant jelly, with the exception that the strawberries and currants must be boiled fifteen minutes.

Grape Jelly.

Remove refuse from the grapes and wash, or the grapes may be washed while still on the stems and save waste of juices. Crush the fruit; heat to the boiling point and keep at that temperature until cooked soft, when the seeds will begin to separate from the fruit. Then strain through cheese cloth without pressure. Measure the juice obtained and add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar to each cup of grape juice. Put over the fire and cook (boil).

Try the following tests to determine when it is of the proper consistency:

- When a drop can be separated on a cold plate.
- Two drops coinciding on a cold spoon.
- A drop jelling on a cold plate.

When these tests are fulfilled the jelly is done. Remove from the fire and skim. When the bubbling ceases pour into hot, sterilized glasses, filling them. Wipe the glasses clean; label and set aside to

cool. In twenty-four hours the jelly may be sealed and covered. See "Principles of Canning and Preserving" for methods.

The jelly should be quivering and tender, but hold its shape, showing clean-cut, sharp edges when cut with a knife or spoon.

Quince and Apple Jelly.

Prepare quinces and apples for jelly, using equal amounts of each. Wash them very thoroughly. Do not pare, but cut out imperfections. Cut the apples into medium-sized pieces and quinces into very small pieces. Measure the fruit and place into a kettle to cook, adding one-half as much water as there is fruit. Measure the water. When the fruit is cooked soft, strain the juice from the fruit through a square of cheese cloth. Boil the juice five minutes to concentrate it. Then strain again and measure, adding $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar to each cup of juice. Now put the juice and sugar back on the fire to boil and finish in the same manner as grape jelly. This makes a very clear jelly.

Note.—Straining the juice twice makes the quince and apple jelly very clear and sparkling. This is not so necessary in preparing grape jelly, because of its darker color.



LADY FINGERS.

- 2 eggs,
- 1 cup of sugar,
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter beaten to a cream,
- 4 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk,
- 2 tablespoonfuls of baking-powder,
- Enough flour to stir stiff with a spoon,
- Flavor with vanilla.

Flour your molding board, take a little piece of dough, roll with your hands as large as your finger, cut off in four-inch lengths, and put on buttered tin pans.

Bake in quick oven to a light brown.
—*Sister Mary K. Brumbaugh, West Milton, Ohio.*



FALSE IMPRESSION.

THE impression that men will never fly like birds seems to be aeroneous.—*Lippincott's.*

A LOST OASIS.

(Continued from Page 675.)

bed watching, a miracle took place, so exquisite that her heart beat and her breath came quickly, so quiet that the stillness of it blotted out for her all the discordant sounds below. Up from behind the ridge of the tenement roof, up through the branches of the tree, golden, majestic, rose the great harvest moon. Breathless she watched the noiseless uprising; and in her heart she knew that never before had the moon risen. So perfect a thing could not happen twice.

It was on the following morning that Mrs. Boehm said: "Why, Miss Panner, you look bloomin' today. I declare, you've been getting younger ever since you've been here."

But Margaret only smiled, and asked: "Mrs. Boehm, shall you mind if I take down the lace curtains from my window? It will give me more air and—and view." Several times she planned to walk about the block and find where the tree grew, but something always held her back. Could she bear to see it growing out of sordid surroundings? No; she would rather imagine it in a garden such as was befitting, a quiet, secluded garden where all sweet-smelling flowers grew, and where there might indeed be "moan of doves" and "murmuring of innumerable bees." And beyond the tree there should be a house, warm and red, with tall white pillars before the open door, and within—ah, within there should be life and love and laughter, things she had never known!

Early in November the tree was bare. Not a leaf of all the whispering myriad was left. There had been storms, before which the tree had bowed and bent, its stark branches straining and fretting; but always it had reared its head again when the storm was spent. In December came a succession of splendid crimson sunrises, and over the royal glow—a delicate tracery, strong yet fine—spread the bare black branches of the tree. At sunset the clouds behind the branches



"O Tree, I worship your beautifulness."

were rose-tinted; at night, moon-silvered. At night, too, the web was filled with stars, like goldfish caught in a net. No matter how hard the day had been for Margaret, how wearisome the endless measuring of endless yards of ribbon, she had her quiet hour at the window, from which she turned away rested beyond measure. When it snowed, she leaned out to feel the soft, cool touch upon her cheek, and wondered what message these silent flakes, so many winged Mercurys, brought to the tree—as silent as themselves now, without its green tongues.

And how she changed! The thin cheeks rounded and took on a faint tinge of pink, the tired eyes brightened with an inner flame. She smoothed her hair with defter fingers and donned her simple garments with a daintier touch. Good Mrs. Boehm attributed the change to her own cooking, and the girls at the store winked knowingly and hinted at a "beau." Of their hints she knew nothing, for as spring approached she was absorbed in the one desire to see the putting forth of tender green upon her tree.

But this came late. April came and went and the tree showed no sign. Margaret grew anxious. She walked out of her way in search of other trees to see whether any had budded. To her distress she found many quite full-leaved. Should she find where her tree grew and see if aught was amiss at the root? This she could not bring herself to do. Could she desecrate her picture of the happy garden where the bees hummed and

fragrance arose like incense from an altar? No, it had become too real. She drew back from a possible shock at the discovery of the actual setting.

By the end of the first week in May, however, she observed that the sky about the tree appeared blurred. The branches and twigs were no longer sharply defined. It was life! Life uprising through the stark branches and spilling over into bursting buds!

That day the floorwalker sharply reprimanded her for her absentmindedness and inattention to duty. When she turned upon him her vague, sweet smile, he wondered at the look in her eyes.

Four days later she knelt at her window, her whole soul in her eyes. The sun was setting in such splendor that the eastern sky, a tender blue, was filled with soft pink ravelings of the glory. Ah, but the tree! You should have seen the tree! Blushing, brilliant, splendid with spring, it had clothed itself with rosy life to the end of every tiniest twig. The tree glowed within its soft veil like a bride; it stood silent, regal, like a queen crowned.

Margaret laid her two hands together upon her bosom.

"O God," she said, simply, softly, "I thank you!"

Next day at the store she "took stock," a long and wearisome business, wherein her patience was strained almost to the breaking point. As she turned home, after six o'clock, she wondered what new beauty would clothe the tree tonight. The western sky was yellow, but she would not look eastward yet. "And oh," she thought, "how lovely the garden must look, with new flowers blooming." Then she laughed, half wistfully, at her own imaginings.

In her room she took off her outdoor wraps with trembling fingers, then knelt at the window with closed eyes. She would pray first. Then, like any pagan, "O tree, I worship your beauty, and I love you!"

When she looked, only the soft saf-

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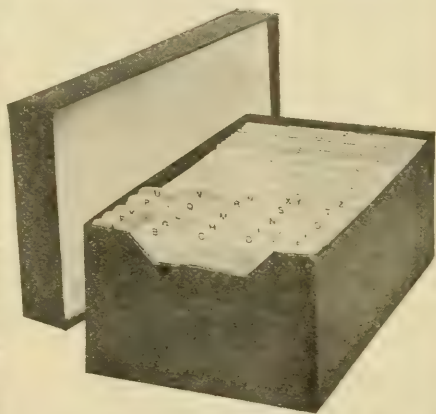
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from clouds upon the blue met her eyes, and it was some time before the truth reached her consciousness. The tree was gone. Do you understand? *It was gone!* There was no tree there. Not anywhere. The sky was empty. The sky? No, life was empty. Why, then, should she go on living? The noises of the alley below arose insistently. There was nothing now to keep them down. But oh, it couldn't be! She would seek the garden. But wait! If there was no tree, there was no garden. What *was* there left, anyway?

She rose dazedly from her knees and slipped downstairs. Dinner was in progress. She could hear the hum of voices and the clatter of dishes. She turned to the front door. Mrs. Boehm, catching sight of her, went out into the hall with a dish of smoking potatoes in her hand.

"Why, Miss Panner, you ain't going out again without any dinner, be you?"

Margaret turned a white face. "The tree is gone. I must find it," she said dully, and went out, closing the front door softly.

Reaching the street, she ran swiftly. She must hurry. Maybe they were still cutting the tree down. If she hurried she might save it. She *must* save it. Else why go on living? At the corner she crossed diagonally to save time. But she did not see the heavy motor-car turning sharply into the alley toward the garage.

A shout of warning, a rush, a roar, earth slipping away—then darkness.

Two days later Mrs. Boehm stood at the foot of a white hospital bed.

"Yes," said the nurse, "she has been happy, evidently. She talked of doves and bees and trees in a garden, as though she loved and enjoyed them all."

"And all alone in the world, poor child," sighed Mrs. Boehm.

"No, not now," said the nurse softly.

For the slender form upon the little white bed was still.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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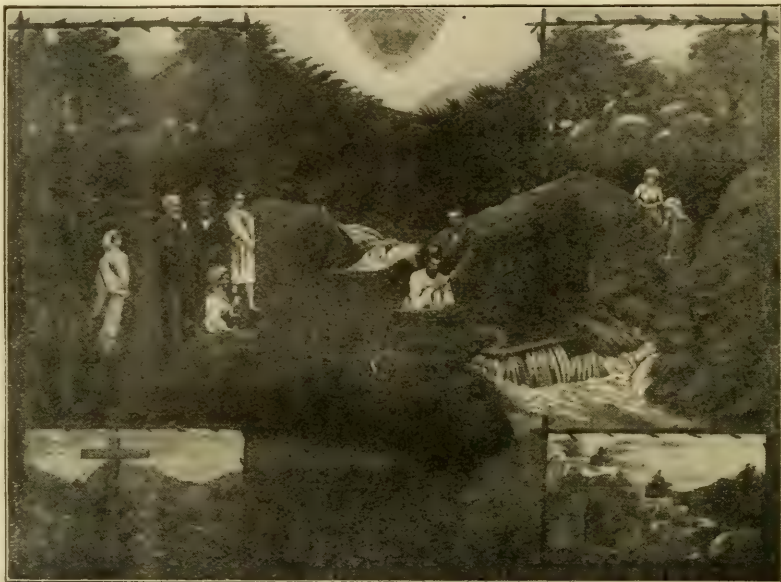
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RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The College Graduate as a Social Worker.

DURING the last few years a new profession has made its appearance. It is that of the social worker, one who is busy at some kind of philanthropic or welfare work. A large percentage of these workers are college graduates and sometimes they hold the higher degrees.

It would be quite interesting if we were able to look ahead several years and if we had some way of knowing just what attitude the college graduate of the future will take concerning the social situation. But we know the future only as it is indicated by the present. In this matter we are very optimistic for we firmly believe that instead of the college graduate being looked upon as an artificial and useless portion of humanity he will be one who does practical things. We are indebted to the college graduate for the present social settlement movement, for organized charity work, for industrial legislation, for the modern care of orphans, for the evolution of child labor, for the building of playgrounds in the cities, for the formation of social centers, for tenement regulations and dozens of other efforts more or less organized. We say we are indebted to the college graduate for those things even though the actual work is sometimes done by mere politicians, because the ideal which is the most important thing after all had its origin in a well trained mind.

The interest in social work has been growing remarkably for several years. There seems to be a world-wide demand for information concerning the lives of our fellow-men. At first only a few universities ventured to give courses in Sociology, but now no college that makes any attempt to keep up to the times is lacking in these courses. I remember very well that the scientific magazines several years ago were full of articles discussing the possibility of

such a science as Sociology. Many seemed to think that the subject was too vague and too poorly defined to be called a science. There is certainly no vagueness about the subject now. Sociology deals with the everyday, the most concrete, the most vital problems we have. It deals with the fundamentals of our well-being. If one were to compare the classes in Sociology and economics with those in any other department of our universities I am sure that he would find them the largest. Why should students be interested in these subjects above all others? We shall not attempt to give a direct answer here. We simply know this, that there is an intense interest in the study of any of the human sciences. Only a small fraction of these students in Sociology will do actual social work after they have finished their college course, but they will furnish the backbone upon which we must depend in the future for philanthropic sentiment. They will be the privates in the army.

There are several lines of social work that require college graduates. Perhaps one of the most important institutions which depend upon the college students for its workers is the social settlement. In fact it is frequently a working part of the Sociology Department of a university. Without a university education it is impossible to be a well equipped social settlement worker. Another branch of work that is being supported largely by college graduates is the organized charity of the larger cities. Most large cities and a great many smaller ones have their charity work organized so that there is no indiscriminate giving to everyone who happens to ask for alms. The officers of these organizations should be well trained. Did you readers ever stop to consider by what class of men our jails and penitentiaries are being superintended? Perhaps you did not. But do you think it is wise that a man

whose only qualification is his ability to get the office should have charge of our jails where the younger criminals are kept? And if crime is a disease that can be cured in many cases do you think that it is best to have a politician in charge of our penitentiaries? Is such a system conducive to lessen the number of criminals? We believe that our jails, penitentiaries, and reformatories should be in charge of a professional social worker who is entirely independent of politics. A college graduate who is thoroughly trained in the social problems and who has a sympathetic attitude for the work is a much better qualified person to have charge of criminals than a politician who is frequently a criminal himself. The more we study the situation the more absurd our present system will appear to us. The future generation will demand trained men and women for these positions. And we firmly believe that the ambitious young person who desires to do something to help his fellows can do no better than to take up some phase of social work. We will have to depend upon the college graduate and it is encouraging to know that so many students are becoming interested in the study of the social sciences.

Schools of Philanthropy.

This issue of the *Inglenook* is a special college commencement number and it will be read by a large number of college graduates. Nowadays, a four-year college course is generally looked upon as a ground work upon which to build a professional training, whether it be law, medicine, engineering, or something else. In the above notes we have mentioned something about social work as a profession. There has been such a demand for that kind of professional training during the past ten years that a number of schools of philanthropy have been started in the larger cities. As an entrance requirement to the regular courses they usually insist upon a bachelor's degree from some college of good standing. According to the reports, the demand for trained social workers is greater than the supply. Such positions do not usually offer a very large salary but it is generally a living wage so that the work can be put upon about the same basis as that of the minister or missionary when it comes to the matter of money.

The school in Chicago is one of the most centrally located and is known as the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy. Professor Graham Taylor is the president of the school. Here are a few of the

courses that will be offered during the coming year:

Social Functions of Local Government.

Principles and Methods of Relief.

Municipal Control of Health and Housing.

Administration of Institutions: Charitable and Correctional.

Industrial Conditions and Relations.

Social Legislation: Family Law, Marriage and Divorce, Parent and Child.

Immigration.

Physical and Psychical Factors of Dependency and Delinquency.

Public Care of Children.

These courses are taught by members of the University of Chicago Faculty and by various prominent social workers who are doing practical things.

An Example.

We have been talking in general terms thus far and it may be that some are becoming anxious that we give some concrete illustrations of a social worker. We have in mind giving life sketches of some of the more prominent workers at some time in the future. For the present we have selected a worker that has gained but little public recognition and died a pioneer in the cause. A college training was largely the source of her inspiration. From the Survey for June 24 we read the following sketch: "On an evening in May Sarah Wool Moore addressed an audience in White Plains, N. Y., in characteristic fashion. She told her hearers how much a complete set of garden implements would help the labor camp school at Valhalla, N. Y., and proffered the privilege of providing them. During the following night she was stricken at the labor camp in Valhalla, and died there May 19, aged sixty-five years.

"She possessed not only the imagination to conceive a magnificent ideal, but the perseverance to achieve it in the minutest detail. These qualities of mind and character were cultivated and strengthened by an art training under the best masters in Italy, Germany and Austria, and by nine years of teaching in the Art Department of the University of Nebraska. . . . Her studies in Italy had brought to her a keen appreciation of the valuable contribution the Italian character might make to America. Observation in this country convinced her that only the industrial value of the immigrant was being considered. These considerations led to her efforts for the formation of the Society for Italian Immigrants on what were then new lines—not

only to assist the immigrant but to foster a commerce in real values of character and temperament between our country and its Italian element. For a long time she served as its secretary, but because of failing strength she decided, as she put it, that 'some one else can do more.'

"Everybody was talking about the assimilation of the immigrant but she went where he was, shared with him the loneliness of the labor camp of a great construction work, and there devised and began to carry out an educational program which deserves to be made a part of every State Department of Education. She opened the first labor camp school in 1905 at Aspinwall, Pa., the site of the great filtration plant of Pittsburgh. Subsequently schools were organized at Wappinger's Falls, Stoneco, Ashokan, and Valhalla. The practicability of school work among adult foreigners in immigrant camps has been recognized by Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey, and is being considered by the New York Assembly. A primer which she was engaged in revising at the time of her death will be of great assistance to such an educational system."

A fuller account of Miss Moore and her work will be found in the Survey for June 4, 1910. The widespread social awakening, the desire to make this a good world to live in, will call out hundreds of men and women, college trained, who will open new roads of progress.



Opportunities for Educated Women.

Though there are no formal bars, social or economical, to woman's entrance into any profession, yet many considerations operate to prevent opportunity from turning into actuality. Self-support, with many young women, is but an interlude, a temporary makeshift preceding an expected marriage. The ephemeral nature of such ambitions and such needs tends to narrow the demand for female services and to restrict the economic outlook for all women.

In order to widen the general field for the educated woman and to find for her other openings than such as are offered by the overcrowded ranks of the teachers, a number of college clubs in New York have recently formed a bureau of occupations for women. The object is to give help both to college graduates and to others with special qualifications, toward finding work for which they are particularly fitted.

The functions of such a bureau are neces-

sary and praiseworthy. As the college woman multiplies in the West the problem of providing her with adequate opportunities and of securing for the community such services as she is qualified to render will doubtless make the establishment of such an aid desirable and necessary for Chicago. In such cases a fair and exact adjustment profits both sides.—Record-Herald.



Higher Degrees.

The honorary degree of doctor of laws was conferred by the University of Michigan upon President Harry Pratt Judson, of Chicago University, Governor Chase S. Osborn, of Michigan, Judge Rufus Thayer, of the United States Court for China, and Henry Prout, of New York City, formerly a colonel in the Egyptian army and governor of the equatorial provinces from 1874 to 1878.

In recognition of the advance of preventive medicine the honorary degree of doctor of public health was introduced by the university regents, and was bestowed for the first time up Dr. W. A. Evans, of Chicago, and Dr. Guy L. Kiefer, of Detroit, who have been identified with the public health department of Chicago and Detroit respectively.

The honorary degree of master of arts was conferred upon Allen B. Pond, of Chicago, Irving K. Pond, of Chicago, and Earl Babst, of New York.

President Judson, of the University of Chicago, delivered the commencement day address. Nearly 900 graduates participated in the preliminary campus procession, and after the address marched across the stage of university hall to receive their diplomas from President Harry B. Hutchins.



How Nebraska Treats Its University.

Nebraska's Legislature has got along to the final consideration of appropriation bills and is worried at their amount. The appropriations threaten to be a large increase over 1909. According to the Lincoln State Journal, the Nebraska appropriations in 1905 were something over 3½ millions per annum, for 1907 nearly 4½ millions and for 1909 5½ millions. This year they will go higher. The appropriations by the Kansas Legislature this year were higher than ever heretofore, and yet were two million dollars less for the two years than the appropriations in 1909 in Nebraska, a State not as wealthy as Kansas and not as populous.

(Continued on Page 710.)

EDITORIALS

Eleven Colleges.

In this issue of the *Inglenook* the colleges will have an opportunity to speak for themselves and let our readers learn what they have been doing during the last year. Something of the spirit of the college halls will be carried into the various homes in this way and we will have a more vital interest in the institutions that we have learned to know largely by reputation. The eleven colleges are all church colleges and should be recognized as such in every section of the country. They all exist for the same purpose and all have the same ideals before them toward which they work. Their primary object is to make better men and women from their student body and to prepare efficient leaders to take up the responsibilities of church government. Since they are church colleges they are directly interested in the best interests of the church and direct their attention to her most wholesome growth and development. The colleges are equipped with men who have the best interests of the church at heart and are wide awake and responsive to her needs.



Education.

Education is the child of the church. When a child is small the parents show their affection for it by fondling and caressing it, because it is quite helpless. As the child grows older, however, it no longer cares to be babied and petted but takes some delight in showing its strength. While it is growing, if conditions are normal, its affection for the parents increases, its love, respect and regard develop in a degree entirely beyond the possibility of the babe. The parents still have the same affection, and perhaps a stronger one, for the child, but they must express it in a different way than they did when it was smaller. The same is true of education and the church. There should be a strong bond of coöperation between the two. Each must recognize the other as an important factor and each should consider the wishes and feelings of the other in a way that will be of mutual benefit. Education has grown to manhood and must be recognized as an intelligent force in handling the problems that are of vital importance to society, to the church and to the world at large.



The Homecoming Student.

I have known hundreds of students who have gone to their home community after being away to college for a year and were almost at a loss to know what to do with themselves. They are looked upon as proud, stuck up, etc., etc. There may be rare cases where this is true in students but it

is not the rule. When they come home they are conscious of the fact that all eyes are turned upon them and they are being watched in every move they make and as a result they do not mingle so freely as they did before they went away. When they come to your community do not treat them in this way, but give them the same warm welcome you did before they went away. Give them something to do and you will be surprised how faithful they will be to their duty. To be sure they have some different ideas than they had when they went away but that is what they went for. Treat them kindly and you will find they will have a high regard for your feelings. They are the same young men and young women who went from your community last fall only they have returned with an overwhelming interest in the possibilities of your community. They may have an over abundance of enthusiasm, but don't be alarmed about that for in a short time it will find a normal level. The principal thing is to give them some work where they will have some responsibilities placed upon them. Every year there are valuable young men and young women driven from their community to seek employment in a less desirable place because they are misunderstood by their friends. This is a heavy loss to the rural communities because these people are all needed at home and they should be kept there by putting them to work and keeping them interested in the problems of their own neighborhood. There is room in every community for every honest worker who will put his shoulder to the wheel and help to make it a better place to live than it has ever been before. If, perchance, sometimes a worthless student comes from college, remember that he was likely a worthless chap before he went away and the college is not responsible for what he is. If the parents and the community could not make him amount to something before he went away it is hardly fair to expect the college to make much out of him with not any more to start on. True worth of character in young men and young women should be nourished and fostered to its highest possibility and should be given every encouragement that will lead to healthy development.



The Graduate and His College.

A large number of graduates have gone from the colleges this year. During the past four years they have been getting valuable help from the college which they have been attending and in a small measure have paid for what they have received by paying the regular tuition fees charged by all colleges. This, however, does not nearly pay for what the student has really received. It cannot be measured in dollars and cents, but it is found in a higher degree of efficiency and a larger field of usefulness

for the student. His experience as a student has fitted him to become a more useful member of society than he could ever have been without a similar training. Leaving the college walls to take up the active duties of life does not in any way sever his connection with his Alma Mater. He now has a larger obligation toward her than he has ever had before. It is now his college in reality. He must be interested in the future welfare of the institution that has given him the first taste of the larger things of life. He owes her his hearty coöperation and support. Every student who graduates from any institution should not let a single year go by without in some way showing his appreciation towards his college by sending her a remembrance of some kind. When first starting out after leaving college he may not have a fortune at his disposal with which he will be able to endow the whole institution, even though he feels the need of this ever so keenly. He may have high ambitions as to what he is going to do for his college when he has made his stake. I have known a lot of fellows who started out with just such intentions and some of them have made a small stake but I have never known any of them to do anything for their college. It will be far better for the man and far better for the college if the student will send a small gift every year, even if it is not more than five dollars, than to wait till he entirely forgets his obligations toward his college. If every student who has ever attended any one of our colleges should send five dollars per year to his Alma Mater to be applied on an endowment fund the schools could in a short time be placed on a financial basis that would enable them to offer the very best that is available in the educational field. Every student owes something to his college after he leaves and he should be glad for an opportunity to do something for the institution that has in a large measure been the means of his success. Do something for your college. Don't wait for some one to come and solicit you, but surprise the management by sending them a free-will offering to be added to their endowment. Do this every year and your college will grow with you and you will never need to be ashamed of her.



Which College?

Hundreds of young men and young women are just now trying to decide whether they will attend college this year or not and hundreds of others are trying to decide where they will go and which college they will attend. To those who have not fully decided, we would say it is an important consideration. Not everybody should go to college and you must decide whether you are one of those who ought to

go or one of those who ought to stay at home. If you want to decide, take an inventory of yourself and see whether or not you think your head is worth several hundred dollars. If it isn't don't spend much time nor money on it. If you are a pretty steady fellow you are the chap who ought to treble his worth by a careful course of training. If you are something of a sport and inclined to be stubborn and lazy the college is absolutely no place for you. You ought to get a hoe and spend the rest of your days hoeing down cockleburrs, and digging rag weeds. I remember one time in speaking with a father about his son's education he replied: "My boy is pretty steady. He don't need any education, but my neighbor's boy is pretty wild, he ought to go to college." The colleges are no reformatories and have no time to train boys who can't be handled by their own parents. They are engaged in the work of increasing the worth and efficiency of men and women who have stamina and the foundations of character. Children who go to college without these fundamentals have gotten into the wrong place and will not be profited to any very great extent. If they are to be valuable men when they leave college they must have some real worth when they enter. Our eleven colleges are all engaged in the work of making better men and women from their students and in pointing out the larger and better things in life for them. It is their purpose to help the student to learn how to interpret the Bible and how to think, act and live for the best interests of all with whom he comes in contact. The colleges are all equipped with able men. If they were not able men they would not be there very long. They deserve the respect of those who come into their care. Look the field over carefully and decide where you are going to enter college and then remain loyal to that institution throughout your entire college career. Being loyal to your college is never expressed by knocking about any other college. That is a dirty little trick and should be beneath the dignity of all respectable men. Be loyal by supporting your college and speaking good of all the other colleges. Every institution has its friends but being a friend to one need not make us enemies of the others. Speak well of all of them.



How Can You Go to College?

Any young man or young woman who has an ambition to go to college can do so providing they have the push to take themselves there. The one who never gets there is the one who is afraid or ashamed to be seen in work clothes. If you want to go to college roll up your sleeves, clench your fists, wade in and get there.



Juniata College.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT JUNIATA

O. R. Myers

THE thirty-fifth annual commencement of Juniata College brought to her campus an unusually large number of old friends and visitors. Many came for the entire week, while others, who were not able to be away from their work so long, were glad to come back for a day or two that they might exchange greetings under the shade trees of their Alma Mater, with the men and women of former days.

The events of the commencement season opened regularly on Friday evening. At that time one of the three literary societies of the college gives a reunion program. This year, the Lyceum varied the exercises by rendering, in addition to several other literary numbers, a scene from the Greek poet, Sophocles. The program proved very interesting to a large audience.

On Saturday, following the regular evening exercises, two events of importance took place. The first was the president's reception to the senior classes. Professor and Mrs. Brumbaugh always prove genial hosts, thereby making this a social function, which means much to the young people who are entertained.

While the seniors were having their good time at Prof. Harvey Brumbaugh's the rest of the college family, took a trip through southern California. This was made possible through the kindness of Prof. J. A. Myers, whose illustrated lecture proved a treat to us all. In addition to the western views he showed a number of local scenes, several of which had considerable historical interest.

Sunday was a full day. It opened with Sunday-school, after which Bro. J. M. Blough, of India, preached a forcible sermon to the Christian associations of the college on the theme, "The School of Life." At 3 P. M. the graduating exercises of the Sunday-school teacher-training classes were held in the college chapel. Fifteen young people received the State diploma; and eight others, the International diploma. Pro. A. H. Haines delivered the address of this occasion.

Seldom does one hear given to young people more wholesome advice, or more sensible admonition than that contained in the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday evening. Dr. T. T. Myers took for his subject, "Opportunity," and showed that it lies with us whether we succeed or whether we fail. If we find our place and fill it we shall succeed.

The graduates' recital in the music school on Monday evening brought out a large audience. The singing of Miss Crownover in five languages, was so simple, so unaffected, and at the same time in such full, rich tones as to reflect great credit upon both herself and her teacher. The assistance of Miss Snively on the piano and Mr. Cram on the violin added variety to the program.

On Tuesday evening the Bible School had its commencement. There were three graduates, and after they had delivered their orations the address to the class was given by J. H. Cassidy, of Johnstown, Pa. It contained much excellent advice.

From some points of view Wednesday is the biggest day of the commencement week. Everybody seems interested in the class day programs. Consequently, the audiences are large. This year was no exception. The forenoon program was rendered by the seniors of the teachers' school. In some respects it was the best and most original ever given by any class in this department. Academy afternoon has always been full of good things, so there turned out again a house full of people to hear this year's class. As in the morning there was much variety in store for them.

In the evening, as the sun was sinking behind the mountains, all interest centered on Round Top, for there was to be held the distinctly religious service of the day. A great meeting it was—one in which every loyal Juniata rededicated himself in song, in speech or prayer to the unfinished work so nobly begun.

We came down from the hill just in time for the class day exercises of the college. Candidates for the A. B. degree are expected to render a more scholarly program than students finishing one of the preparatory courses. The marked attention paid to each number showed that the members

of the 1911 classes were equal to the occasion.

Then followed the campus social—a time when students, guests and faculty mingle freely for an hour or more on the beautifully illuminated campus. It is the last night together; a time when one's love for the college and her ideals is most keenly felt.

The sun rose clear on commencement day. We had had good weather throughout, but this day was the climax. No one suffered from heat throughout the exercises, so that the address by Dr. Yocum, head of the department of pedagogy in the University of Pennsylvania, on "Educational Change," was a treat for us all. Then followed the presentation of diplomas and conferring of degrees. There were fifty-five graduates in all,—seven in the college, ten in the academy, eleven in the school of education, three in the Bible school, one in the school of music, and twenty-three in the business school.

Space forbids an account of the alumni meeting, except to say that nearly one hundred and fifty sat down to the banquet.

"Long live the college whose colors we wear.

Hurrah for the blue and the gold."

COMMENCEMENT AT BRIDGEWATER COLLEGE

William T. Sanger

THE finals this year at Bridgewater began Friday evening, June 2, when Miss W. Aurelia Byerly, a graduate in the four years' piano course, gave her public recital. A large audience was present and responded enthusiastically to every selection given. Miss Byerly is the winner of a scholarship in a conservatory of music in the middle West and will continue her studies there next session.

Saturday was a busy day on the campus. A chief point of interest was the tall flag pole previously erected by the class of 1909. It was given a coat of white paint and striped half way to the top with the colors of both the 1909 and the 1911 classes—striped with the colors of the former class because that class erected and donated the pole and with the colors of the latter class because this year's seniors presented the college with a handsome, handmade,

woolen United States flag, six by nine and one-half feet in size.

On this day, too, the seniors put in the class brick. For a number of years it has been customary for the graduating classes to remove a brick from the entrance to Founders' Hall and substitute for it a marble one bearing the class numerals. This year's brick is of gray marble, with these plainly chiseled Gothic letters and figures: "Class 1911."

On Saturday evening the Virginia Lee and Victorian Literary Societies gave their joint program. A pleasing feature of this was the scenes from Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.,"—scenes in which King Henry, Queen Catherine and the cardinals play the leading roles.

The Class Prayer Meeting held Sunday evening at 6:30 was led by Miss Ella Elizabeth Miller, president of the class. "Gift



Graduates from Bridgewater College.

to God" was the subject discussed by a number of seniors previously appointed. The finest interest was manifested and a stimulating, helpful spirit prevailed. The new resolutions Godward, made that evening, will lead the toiling graduate a long way towards higher spiritual achievement. After the prayer meeting President John S. Flory preached the baccalaureate sermon in the chapel. The crowd was so large that not all could be seated. In his discourse Dr. Flory contrasted, in the historical development of the Christian consciousness, the superior possibilities for right living and masterful service in this generation as over against similar possibilities furnished by earlier generations since the day of Jesus. He held before the graduate his spiritual duties, responsibilities, obligations and fields of active work most tellingly, most helpfully.

Monday was Class Day. This year, like last, the usual program of history, prophecy, last will and testament, and typical presents, et cetera, was not given. Instead, Dr. A. M. Frazer, of Staunton, Va., delivered a thoughtful, stirring address to the class and general public at 2:00 P. M. He showed the antithesis between life in college and life in the teeming world beyond college, pointing out two particular dangers—one to the graduate who has led his classes and may be content to rest upon past successes, and the other to the graduate who has never especially courted opportunity in college and may never do so out of college. The literary material that under other circumstances would have been

presented by the seniors, on Class Day, will appear in the commencement number of the college magazine, the Philomathean Monthly. At the class social, a week before the finals began, the faculty was presented with "funny presents," the inventions and contrivances of the seniors. Along with them was given the parting good will of the class. At the same time the president of the class gave, in the name of the candidates for graduation, a beautiful senior pillow to be used upon the splendid leather upholstered couch which had been presented previously to the parlor when the class were freshmen.

At 10:00 A. M., Tuesday, the Alumni Association met in business session and at 2:00 P. M. the annual celebration of the association was held. At the opening of the afternoon program a very large college pennant was presented to the institution on behalf of Prof. O. W. Thomas, the pennant having been designed and made by him. Dr. John W. Wayland, B. A., '99, was the orator of the occasion. Mr. W. R. Hooper, B. A., '10, also made an address. The inaugural of the president of the association and special music were other features of the afternoon. Following this program at five o'clock came the alumni banquet in the gymnasium. Many prominent graduates were present and both the meal and toasts were thoroughly enjoyed. The finest enthusiasm for Alma Mater was felt anew and the younger graduates deeply impressed with her truest worth of life-nourishing gifts.

The music department, Tuesday evening,

rendered the well-known cantata, "Saul," to an unprecedented audience. The work of both soloist and chorus was alike appreciated. The witches' scene was particularly impressive.

Before the final commencement program Wednesday morning at a meeting of the graduating class the snug sum of about five hundred dollars endowment was subscribed. It has been the custom for some years for classes thus to contribute to the endowment of the college. Other classes have contributed more than this year's class, but never with a keener sense of the needs of the institution and a deeper concern for her welfare.

After this early morning class meeting, the graduates were led by President Flory before a large waiting audience in the chapel. Eld. Geo. S. Arnold, of West Virginia, opened the exercises with Scripture reading and prayer. Then followed a program of orations and music by the representative graduates from the different departments of the college. Twenty-six seniors, from California to Virginia, numbering graduates in seven distinct courses of study, received diplomas. Until 1908 Bridgewater had never graduated a young woman with the degree of bachelor of arts.

This year Miss Ella E. Miller was the second young woman to receive this degree. She, too, was honored with the presidency of the class. The day, moreover, is near when numbers of young women, like the young men, will be graduated with the full college degree; the young women are ceasing to drop out of college proper at the close of the freshman or sophomore year.

After conferring the degrees Dr. Flory mentioned in his closing words the exceedingly helpful, coöperating spirit in the student body this year and the unanimity of sentiment among the faculty. Further, he spoke of the plans of the college for next session and of the additions to the faculty, among them being Mr. Frank J. Wright, M. A., University of Virginia, and Prof. Edward C. Bixler, Ph. D., University of Pennsylvania, formerly president of Manchester College. President Flory also said that the number of rooms engaged in the dormitories for next year is larger than ever before: about three-fourths of the present students definitely reëngaging their rooms for another session. This bespeaks the growing wish and resolution to secure higher education—a wish and resolution of which this generation is justly proud.

Thus, in brief, passed commencement week, 1911, at Bridgewater College.

TWELFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF DALEVILLE COLLEGE

C. S. Ikenberry

THE incoming of friends and former students reminded us more vividly that we were at the threshold of another commencement. These days are always looked forward to with pleasure, being a conclusion of months of hard study, yet a feeling of regret is mingled with the experience because of a thought of separation.

The beginning of the end was a final meeting of the Christian Workers of the school on Thursday evening of May 18. Our memories of the past spiritual meetings were refreshed as we sang informally a medley of old familiar hymns. Our truest devotions are in such meetings where there is a unanimity of spirit and purpose. As we sang "Blest Be the Tie that Binds" we thought how true the tie of unbroken friendship in these verses:

Unkind words shall ne'er be spoken
Within these sacred walls.

"Amici usqua ad aras,
Graven on each hand,
Shall be found unwavering true
When we from life shall part."

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Eld. J. A. Dove on Sunday evening, May 21. His theme was, "A Purpose in Life." How timely the theme, when so many are drifting with every wind that blows. A fixed purpose always wins, even against adverse circumstances.

The Senior College Society rendered a most interesting program on Tuesday evening: Orations with such subjects as: "The New Patriotism," "Resurgam," and "Non Omnis Morior," showed scholarly thought and careful preparation. An interesting feature of the program was the rendering of the college songs recently adopted as a

"Our strong band shall ne'er be broken,
Formed in college halls.



Daleville College.

result of a college contest. Both the words and the music were original with our college boys. This closed the first year of the College Society. Its work through the sessions has been characterized with interest, and has been the means of establishing college spirit in our school.

On Wednesday evening the street was lined with autos and carriages. Our spacious chapel did not contain the crowd. The variety of vocal, piano and violin music made the program most interesting.

The strength of any institution is its alumni. The annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held on Tuesday afternoon. In the business session aggressive steps were taken by the association which will more strongly unite them to their Alma Mater, and at the same time, will support a much-needed move for the institution. The annual banquet followed, which was largely attended.

Thursday the Academic Literary Societies rendered a joint program—the Columbian and Aristotelian. Both pose for higher culture. Their work throughout the year has been a credit to the institution. They jointly edit the Daleville Leader, our

college journal, and thereby have encouraged their members in original productions.

The annual commencement program was rendered on Friday at 10 A. M. Rev. W. F. Powell gave the annual address and led us interestingly into the subject, "New Visions,"—visions of material success in which one is made to see commercial values. The difference between the pauper and the millionaire is that one sees no further than the horizon of his daily routine of tramping, while the other has visions of unforeseen divine laws and relations; visions of love which make ambitious youths cling tenaciously to the principles instilled by a mother's love, which make him true to the best interests of home and church and state; visions of faith which give us reality of success and make our doubts vanish; which assure us of Divine help and guidance when material things fail.

Thus the years come and go—each fraught with labor and sacrifice. As we close a successful year we have new visions of the future and more and more realize that our church school stands for the highest interest of the church in training our boys and girls for Christian service.

Daleville, Va.

MOUNT MORRIS COLLEGE

M. M. Sherrick

ON the sixth of June Mount Morris College passed the seventy-second milestone in its history. Age, which has tinged "Old Sandstone" with gray, has added a character and dignity to

the school, so that now, while the enrollment does not often exceed three hundred it is nevertheless permanent, and those who have the management of the institution know what to reckon with.



Graduates from Mount Morris.

D. L. Miller Chas. V. Taylor A. E. Myers R. C. Clark
 Lola M. Swift G. W. Kleffaber Emma Whisler Shively

As Rock River Seminary, to whose tradition we have fallen heir, and as Mount Morris College, which has made no mean addition to the history of the school, both in the quality and in the amount of work accomplished, the institution has an enviable record. In other words, Mount Morris College has a past to which reminiscences both grave and gay cling like the ivy to her walls, but that is another chapter in the story. We who are in the storm center of her activities are too busy with the present to glory in the past. Neither does the future give us undue concern. To be and to do the limit of our power for righteousness in the living present, is our chief aim.

The development of the department of liberal arts is especially gratifying. This year seven students completed their course and received the A. B. degree. In all the departments over fifty were graduated.

The college is fortunate in its trustees, a majority of whom have been students in former days. At the head of this board is Eld. D. L. Miller, one time president of the college itself. All are active in the interests of education, and it is largely due to their influence that the district owning the institution is giving the question of education a permanent place on District Meeting Programs. The board has, during the year, taken all the legal steps necessary in rechartering, which will make it possible to obtain lower rates of postage on printed matter sent out from the institution. A successful effort is also being made to increase the endowment.

While not affiliated in any sense with a university, Mount Morris College has for twenty years kept in close touch with the

University of Michigan, at which place four members of the present management have graduated. The entrance requirements of that institution are considered standard, and the courses of the M. M. C. Academy are made to conform to them in the main. Other universities represented on our management and faculty are DePauw, Chicago, Illinois, Leland Stanford and Wisconsin.

It is the policy of the president and his collaborators to make and keep the board of management a strong central body in the school. The board at present numbers six, the addition this year being Levi O. Shively, a great-grandson of Eld. John Metzger, whose influence is thus perpetuated in the church to which he devoted his life. The qualifications sought in these men are, loyalty to the highest interests of the church and Christian scholarship. In fact, in every department, the first requirement in the teacher is Christian character. The year just closed has been fortunate in its faculty, its religious spirit, its conversions, and in the character of the students who have gone forth as representatives of the college, aglow with the best things in education and in life.



Too Great a Price.

There is many a self-esteem'd strutter
 Who passes, a stranger to shame,
 Where men discontentedly mutter:
 "We were happy before he came."

There is many a man who is trying
 To win what the worthy should claim,
 Where a woman is secretly sighing:
 "I was happy before he came."

—S. E. Kiser.



Graduates from the Bible Department.

Reading from left to right, Mrs. W. M. Ulrich, W. M. Ulrich, G. L. Wine, Jesse Byerly, T. D. Butterbaugh, Rosa B. Wagner, D. W. Paul.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT MANCHESTER COLLEGE

Lois Thomas

FOR the sixteenth time, the doors of Manchester College opened on May 25, to send forth a class of graduates. The class of 1911 numbered thirty-two students from the various departments.

According to college custom, the week preceding the commencement was filled and running over with "doings." That one was a lucky and also a very rare person who found any spare time in this week. Nearly every conversation, of however short duration, bore the stamp of the hurry and skurry. "Too busy," "No time," "So rushed."

The special Bible program was given Friday evening, May 19, in the chapel. This was a particularly inspiring program to

our earnest Bible Society workers, though the work of the society during the entire year has been very spiritual.

Immediately after the program the juniors gave a reception in the commercial hall to the seniors. The latter declared themselves excellently entertained; possibly because they were requested to help entertain themselves, in the way of toasts and talks.

Saturday evening occurred the joint program of the Adelpian and Lincoln Literary Societies. Representatives from both sides gave readings, essays and orations. A special feature of the program was "Glances Backward," reviews of the work of each society. This year the societies

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ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE

D. C. Reber

THE first year of the second decade of the history of this school closed June 15, 1911. The year's work was characterized by unity, efficiency and progress. The total enrollment was two hundred and four students, an increase of sixteen over last year.

Commencement week opened with the baccalaureate sermon to the class of 1911 on Sunday evening, June 11, by J. W. G. Hershey, of Lititz, Pa., who is a member of the board of trustees. The text of the sermon was Matthew 20: 26, 27, and his theme was "Service." On the evening of June 12, the music department under the direction of Prof. and Mrs. Wampler gave a musical program consisting of vocal and instrumental selections by the graduates and students of music. The commercial program was rendered in the college chapel on Tuesday evening. Prof. J. Z. Herr, principal of the commercial department, and his assistant, Miss Anna Wogelmuth, teacher of shorthand and typewriting, had charge of the preparation of the program. Several commercial graduates gave orations. The music for the occasion was rendered by the

college music department. The chief address was given by Dr. H. M. Rowe, of Baltimore, Maryland. The speaker is a man of broad, educational training, and inspired the commercial students with a higher aim in commercial education.

The class work closed on Wednesday noon. At two o'clock the class day exercises, in charge of the senior class, were held in the college chapel. These exercises consisted of president's address, class history, recitation, class prophecy, and the presentation of a forty-volume edition of Shakespeare's writings, to the college library, an excellent custom established by the graduating classes of the school several years ago.

Many alumni were present on the Alumni Day. The alumni supper was held at 4: 30 in the college library. The supper was attended by a hundred alumni and invited guests. Afterward a business meeting of the Alumni Association was held. The chief item of business was concerning the alumni endowment fund. The alumni have started to raise one thousand dollars as a

(Continued on Page 707.)



Elizabethtown College.



Graduates from McPherson College.

Reading from left to right. Bertha Colline, Homer Lichtenwalter, Louie Beyer, Jewette Russell, Ernest Vaniman.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT McPHERSON COLLEGE

E. L. Craik

THE commencement season at McPherson College began Sunday, May 21, and ended Friday, May 26. In spite of the inclement weather a good audience was in attendance to hear the baccalaureate sermon. Acting-President S. J. Miller preached the sermon, using as a text, Joshua 1: 9,—“Be strong and be of good courage; be not afraid, neither be dismayed.” The address was strong and presented an urgent appeal for capable leadership. Joshua was held up as a model leader. Aside from the Savior himself there is no other leader mentioned in the Word of God whose character passes with absolutely no derogatory remarks. He was a man of faith. Joshua had difficulties to encounter and objectors to meet, but he was a man of intense conviction and motive. The church and the state need leaders of the Joshua type; mere intellectuality will not suffice, for some of our intellectual giants are moral cowards. A man who goes through college without becoming a Christian only increases his capacity for wickedness. The educated man must have intellectual training plus moral conviction. There is absolutely no danger when God thoroughly dominates the life.

The musical recital took place Monday night, May 22. Prof. Muir's department has never shown up to better advantage. There were both vocal and instrumental numbers interspersed with readings. The audience was keenly appreciative of the musical treat.

There were seven graduates in the expression department. The program was given Tuesday evening before a crowded

house. The class was very strong this year, owing to the fact that several of the members are students of high collegiate rank. The readings that were given were all of a very high type. Two selections of music served to diversify the evening's program. Wednesday evening occurred the faculty reception. This is an annual event, and its purpose is to bring together in a social capacity the students, patrons, and faculty. It was a purely informal affair this year, no program being given.

Class day exercises were very interesting. The music was excellent and inspiring. The oration took up the problem of the home and gave it a deserved treatment. The essay on “Our Debt to Pure Science” was logical and well received. The closing remarks were directed to the students and alumni and appealed for a more intense loyalty to the college and her interests. A closing song, “O Alma Mater, O,” was a fitting climax to one of the most interesting programs of the season.

The alumni reunion was held Thursday night. A short program was rendered followed by a business session. It devolves upon the new board of directors to provide a room to serve as headquarters for the association. It may be of interest to know what our alumni are doing. The Annual published this spring by the junior class has this to say: “Forty of them are teaching in the public schools, thirty-seven are teaching in high schools and colleges, twenty-nine are ministers, sixteen doctors, fifteen students in institutions of higher learning, twelve bankers, ten merchants, seven in government positions, six lawyers.

six missionaries, five music teachers, three editors, three college presidents, two lecturers, two expression teachers, two real estate men, one dentist, one county superintendent, two artists, one civil engineer, and forty-eight in various other occupations."

There were thirty-four graduates this year. One received the A. M. degree, five graduated from the college, four from the normal course, seven in expression, eleven in the commercial school, and six in stenography. One member of the collegiate and one of the normal class have done part of the work in absentia. Four of the college graduates will be college teachers and one will practice medicine.

The graduation address was delivered by Dr. Blackmar, dean of the Graduate School of Kansas University. It was scholarly and yet practical throughout. He spoke upon the subject: "Higher Education in Relation to Public Welfare." In substance he said: "Our American system is strong enough in adapting people to their environment, but it is notably weak in adapting people to each other. With all the introduction of manual training, domestic science, etc., into the school the standard of education has been lowered. It is hard to revert to the simple life in the midst of complex conditions, but we must conserve the social energy. Our great educational problem is to invest life where it will yield the very greatest returns. College education only educates generally; a specific education must necessarily complement it. Our nation has many good laws, but where are the men to execute them? Take for example the juvenile court law: It is unquestionably beneficent and just, but where are the paternal judges to see after the boys? The test of the law is whether it will

improve conditions. Every college graduate is a center of social improvement. It is just as bad to hoard knowledge as to hoard wealth."

The board of directors of the college met recently and elected some new teachers and officers. To teach in the academy they have secured Ernest D. Vaniman, B. S. D., A. B., who is awaiting appointment to the mission field in China. Professor Vaniman is a teacher of several years' experience and is an alumnus of McPherson College. John A. Blair, B. S. D., formerly of Blue Ridge College, will head the commercial department. The faculty organization has been completed by the election of J. A. Clement, A. M., candidate for Ph. D. at University of Chicago, as president, S. J. Miller, A. M., to the vice-presidency of the college and H. J. Harnly, A. M., Ph. D., to the position of dean.

The board has also selected the site for the auditorium-gymnasium. It will be located immediately west of the track and on the north side of the campus. It is planned to begin work on the structure within a few weeks and to have it fully completed by the beginning of school in September.

Aggressive plans have been made for the summer canvass for students and the school's territory will come in touch with the men who are to be at the helm on College Hill. Prospects are good, and with the strengthened faculty we need make no apologies. It is hoped that many will avail themselves of the chance afforded by our Bible department. Great things are to be expected also in the line of expression and music, for we are getting in this line two teachers who have helped to make Bethany Bible School a power in our Brotherhood.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT BETHANY BIBLE SCHOOL

Marie Jasper

THIS was Bethany's first commencement. The year just closed witnessed the going forth of her first graduating class. Especially strong work has been done by the members of this class and much may be expected from their lives of service in the fields to which they are being called. The eight who have completed the course are: B. F. Heckman, J. M.

Moore, Hettie Stauffer, Paul Mohler, J. Homer Bright, Fannie Hershey, Lizzie Shirk and Ora Nine.

Very timely and vital was the message of the baccalaureate sermon delivered by Bro. E. B. Hoff on Sunday preceding the close of school. His subject, "The Responsibility of Knowing," was taken from the words of Luke 12: 48, "And to whom



Bethany Bible School.

they commit much, of him will they ask the more." Taking a general view of the subject it was seen that in every vocation the leaders are the people who know. With increased ability, knowledge brings larger opportunities with a commensurate responsibility. So also in the field of Bible knowledge since: "To know God's Word is to know God—his power and majesty.

"To know God's Word is to know man as he was in God's ideal of place and condition. Again it is to know man fallen into deepest sin and to know how God would save him."

"To know God's Word leads us to know the world field with its multiplied millions of the lost. And knowing this the responsibility is upon us. How will we meet it?"

The Home Bible Class Rally is an annual event of rare interest. It was held on Monday evening under the direction of Bro. S. S. Blough. The dining hall, cleared of tables, was fitted with chairs for the occasion. These were arranged so that each class with its teachers formed a group while the groups touched each other around the room forming a series of rows around with only a small space in the center of the room.

The text for the evening was "Thy Word have I hidden in my heart that I might not sin against thee." The program was as nearly informal as possible, consisting of hymns, Bible stories, verses and recitations contributed by the classes as gleanings from their regular lessons. These were

given as each class arose with its teacher in response to the roll call. Many testimonials were volunteered as to the value of the work. Many had found Christ through the Word in the Bible class. One recently converted said, "Our Bible used to be buried under a stack of newspapers and magazines, but now it lies on top of the pile and is read first." About twenty classes have been held in homes this year, thus touching at least one hundred and forty-five lives.

We were much interested in a summary of the year's practical work as given by Sister Eva Trostle, superintendent, at the last Wednesday chapel service. Following is a very conservative estimate of the number of persons with whom Bethany workers have come in touch in some definite way: Bible classes as noted above with the addition of a class of railroad men numbering over one hundred, held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., but with our teacher one night each week. In the hospital, at least two thousand were visited regularly while they were there and a number are being visited yet by the Gospel Messenger. Rescue workers reached about one thousand sin-wrecked men. The Chinese Sunday-school had an enrollment of sixty during the year. In the Jewish work, home classes and Sunday-school, two hundred and fifty were taught. And the number under the instruction of Bethany students in the different Sunday-schools was not less than five hundred. There is yet the work in prisons and Boys' Reformatory with that

of the street preaching, also the help given in the midnight mission for which we have not the data for a report. So, while we rejoice that a few thousand weary souls have been thus touched for God we are burdened with the thought, "What are these among the multitudes?"

A program was given by the members of the graduating class on Thursday evening. This service consisted of a short talk by each of the graduates—except Bro. Bright, who could not be present—one the topic, "What Bible Study Has Done for Me." As real life experiences these talks were most interesting and impressive.

One said, "I have learned that a real student of the Bible is not necessarily one who knows every thing about the Bible but he must be one who not only discovers truth but translates it into life." Another, "Bible study has made the world brighter for me. I have learned that God rules at all times and everywhere, that there are no problems of the nation but God has worked out a solution, no danger to the Christian or the church but God can and will save."

Two were impelled to take up the course by feeling the need of aid in ministerial efforts, and bore testimony to having found an unsearchable mine of treasures in the Word where they can dig out for themselves and others. Two volunteers for the foreign field found the helpful preparation

they sought. All agreed that Bible study had brought an increased sense of responsibility for the world's salvation and a longing to share the blessings of the Gospel.

The closing address on Friday evening (April 29) was given by Bro. J. M. Blough, of India. His subject, "The School of Life," was based upon Psa. 119: 33. In this very effective discourse Bro. Blough treated a subject which was not new, in a most telling and appropriate manner. Briefly sketched the message was: Life is a school supplying the innate longing of man for higher guidance. The Teacher can be none other than God, who knowing life, man and all problems, being perfect in method, sympathy and patience is skilled to teach the dullest. The supreme subject is the "Way of the Lord," while the Bible is the only Textbook. There must yet be the consecrated, receptive learner, then is the school perfect.

Bro. G. W. Hilton's missionary appeals for China and Bro. Blough's for India, of which each delivered several during these closing weeks, gave definite calls to the spirit of consecration, while special services of sacred song carried the inspiration and deepened impressions of truth. Altogether this commencement season will tell in the greater enthusiasm, consecration and courage of those who go and those who stay.

COMMENCEMENT AT BLUE RIDGE COLLEGE

John E. Dotterer

FROM May 28 until the 31st, the twelfth annual commencement at Blue Ridge College, Union Bridge, Md., was celebrated. The exercises of this year were especially good, excelling those of all previous years. The fact that this institution is growing very rapidly is shown by the constant increase, both in numbers and in the mental standing of the graduating classes from year to year. 1911 has been the crowning year so far.

On Friday evening, May 26, the instrumental music class gave a very creditable program. This department is very large and is constantly growing. Five pianos are kept in constant use. A number of students

are doing good work on the violin. Four young ladies graduated in pianoforte this year.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached on Sunday evening, May 28, by Prof. Yount, dean of the college. Great interest was manifested in this service. The subject of the evening was "Temptation," from James 1: 12-14 as his text. The discourse was very practical in its nature. Man is given many opportunities to achieve greatness in life, but along with these opportunities come the greatest temptations. The possession of riches is a great opportunity, but causes the downfall of many who are incapable of directing it. Even knowledge



Graduates from Blue Ridge College.

Reading from left to right, J. H. Lawson, H. H. R. Brechbill, R. A. Nusbaum, Marguerite Garner, G. E. Roop, Bertha Keeny, Edna Fuss, E. F. Long, Nellie Jennings, Anna Snader, Alice Barto, P. E. King, Pearl Starr, Marguerite Amders.

itself brings temptation to its possessors and is a blessing only if properly used. We must pursue one of two courses: (1) Use these opportunities for good, or (2) allow these temptations to drag us downward. God places a protection about our lives if we but permit him to do so. Satan can not harm us unless, by our own free will, we give him permission. A well-balanced mind is necessary for success in life. Our wisdom must be seasoned with wisdom from above. We should devote much time thinking about our Heavenly Father's business. He closed by exhorting graduates ever to remember the kind instructions and tender influences of their Alma Mater, while fighting the battles of life.

The department of elocution sent out five graduates this year. These students rendered an excellent literary program Monday evening, May 29. They gave evidence of having acquired marked skill in reading and impersonating. The program showed that careful pains had been exerted by both pupils and instructors during their two or three years of preparation. A further manifestation of our progress in elocution was the recitation contest of Tuesday evening. There are two great contests offered at this school: The Stoner oratorical contest, given at the close of the winter term, and the Senseney-Anthony recitation contest of commencement week. There were eight contestants, all of whom did most excellent work. It seemed as though

all reciters deserved a prize. Prizes were awarded to the best two reciters. The literary contest spirit is rapidly growing at Blue Ridge. Students who gave little evidence of literary ability a year or two ago have done most creditable work in the tests of this year.

The class day exercises were rendered Tuesday morning. This program contributes the amusement and spice for commencement week. The graduates were reminded of their peculiarities in a most ridiculous manner. The class orator chose as subject for the class motto, "Astra Castra, Muner Lumer," "The Stars Our Camp, the Deity Our Light." The class poet recited an excellent poem of his own composition.

The final commencement exercises were rendered on Wednesday morning. The assembly hall was thronged with visitors eager to witness these closing events of the session and hear the ideals of the graduates, as expressed in their orations. The program was very interesting and instructive, as nearly all the topics were questions of modern importance. "The Advantages of Reciprocity With Canada" was very ably discussed by one of the preparatory graduates. "The Tradition of a People" was the subject of one of the college theses. The burden of this topic was to show how a nation's past history and traditions serve to bind it together and give it durability. Another important topic was "Tendencies in American Literature." The

writer looks forward to the day when America may have a more distinct and original literature of her own, as well as individuality in all other fields of activity. The subject of another thesis was "The Closing Opportunities of a Continent." The theme pointed out the many great problems which are confronting the American people as a result of our growing population and complicated commercial activities. These topics suggest that the minds of our students are pursuing modern lines of thought.

The degree, bachelor of arts, was conferred upon four young men. There were twenty-five graduates in all departments. The graduating class will be much larger next year, 1912, according to present indications.

Another feature of commencement week must not be overlooked. The Alumni Association met on Tuesday afternoon for its regular business meeting. A new constitution was adopted at this meeting, enhancing the opportunities of the organization for further work. The alumni association of this institution was first organized

in 1904, and has been growing rapidly ever since. A considerable sum of money has been raised by the organization. The fund is rapidly increasing. It was decided at this meeting to celebrate our tenth anniversary of the organization by making a very liberal endowment to its Alma Mater. All efforts will be put forth to increase this fund to the largest possible amount by 1914. A very enjoyable banquet followed the meeting.

According to the interest and enthusiasm manifested at this commencement, the future prospects of Blue Ridge are very promising. The plans for 1911-12 are now practically completed. The faculty for next year will be much stronger than ever before. The college department is growing rapidly and promises great things for the future. The enrollment of this session was much larger than that of the previous years. The students will practically all return for the next session, except the graduates. There are prospects for the enrollment of a large number of new students next session, which will make our enrollment the largest the institution has yet had.

HEBRON SEMINARY

I. N. H. Beahm

OUR commencement was held May 25. We had one graduate from the two years' English Bible Course, Bro. D. H. Miller, of Oakton, Va. Bro. and Sister J. F. Graybill, of our school family, go to Sweden under the direction of the General Mission Board. We regret to lose them. Yet we rejoice, for we do not lose them. They have been very faithful workers at Hebron.

Our prospects for 1911-12 are good. Like all our schools in the first decade or two, great sacrifice and patience are needed. We are thankful to the Lord that he has enabled our trustees and teachers to exercise these graces. Our board of trustees are strong Christian men. Our teachers are painstaking and efficient. Special stress is given to the spirit and church phase of school life. We have had no intercollegiate ball games. We have no competitive games of any kind with outside teams.

Hebron is not a new school. It was founded in the spring of 1897 at Brentsville, Va., as the Prince William Normal

School. It did a fine work. Certain brethren had a partial interest in the school. Later the work lay quiet for two years, when the community awoke to what they had lost. Then, in 1909, the work was re-organized and located at the railroad, Nokesville, Va., only six miles from Brentsville, in the same congregation of Brethren. The church assumed control and set the school up anew in a good home, and it was rechristened Hebron Seminary.

Two sessions of much interest and success closed with the work May 25 past. The session of 1909-10 enrolled eighty students. The session of 1910-11 enrolled eighty-nine. We have great reasons to be encouraged with the quality and quantity of work already accomplished.

Nokesville is a growing village on the main trunk line of the Southern Railway, forty-one miles southwest of Washington City. For further information send for a new catalogue. The graduate output promises to be much better for the 1912 commencement.



Lordsburg College.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT LORDSBURG

Verile Dredge

WEDNESDAY, at 12 M., May 31, closed the school year of 1910-11 and students gave each other good-bye for a short season. The commencement week was opened by the junior music and expression recital on Saturday evening, May 27. Sunday evening Brother W. F. England preached the baccalaureate sermon.

Monday evening occurred the first oratorical contest of Lordsburg College. The event was made possible by E. T. Kieser, who hopes to make it a permanent affair. R. E. Ebersole won first prize of ten dollars; Chalmer Shaver, second prize of five dollars; J. L. Miller, third prize of one dollar.

On Tuesday morning at 7: 30, the junior class entertained the seniors at breakfast, another new feature of the week.

At 9: 30 the class exercises were held, at which each class sang its class song and gave its yells. Immediately following this event began the field day,—racing, jumping, finals of the tennis tournament and a baseball game, were a few of the sports which held the attention of the people the remainder of the day. The day was closed by the music and expression recital.

The commencement day proper took place on Wednesday. Dr. E. C. Kenyon gave the address after which the acting president, W. F. England, gave the diplomas. Then he announced that Prof. Edward Frantz, of McPherson, Kansas, had

been elected president, and J. P. Dickey vice-president.

All the exercises were well attended and everything indicates a very prosperous year to follow.



COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT MANCHESTER COLLEGE.

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have been more nearly equal than formerly, and the standard of work has been very high. The students look back upon the year's work with a great deal of satisfaction, and also with the realization that it has meant much to them. The societies surely afford a good opportunity for the development of talents along literary lines.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Prof. P. B. Fitzwater at the Church of the Brethren on Walnut Street. He urged the life worth while, the life of service. A large audience followed his splendid address.

The executive board entertained the seniors on Monday evening. The music recital on Tuesday evening was well arranged and well given. The alumni banquet on Wednesday evening brought together many old friends and former students, who in a number of toasts recalled the old days when they were students here. There is a growing spirit of loyalty to the college among the alumni.

Thursday morning was taken up by games of tennis and baseball played by the seniors and juniors. The games were

exciting, but a spirit of good will was manifest by all.

The Class Day exercises in the afternoon were very interesting. Many relatives and friends of the graduates were present. There were probably more visitors present at this commencement than at any other in the history of the college.

On Thursday afternoon, too, the stairs of college hall were in use by a constant stream of people going to and from the art exhibit. Pictures in oil, water-color, pastel and crayon were tastefully arranged on the walls of the art room, and in the center of the room were several productions from the manual training department. The museum, too, was open, and received much attention.

In the evening was the commencement program. After several productions by the graduates, Dr. Palmer, of the M. E. church of North Manchester, delivered an address on "Substance and Display." The thoughts were pertinent and the words beautifully chosen. Dr. Bixler then presented the diplomas and conferred several degrees. A small admission had been charged, and when the exercises were over a copy of the class annual was given to each person. The Aurora of 1911 is a neat little booklet, well gotten up and finely illustrated. It has been arranged for many friends of the institution to receive a copy of this annual.

Such, in brief, were the events of the week. Yet, underneath all, was something deeper and nobler than appeared on the surface: the spirit of loyalty to the school, and of fellowship to each other.

It was an ideal week. The beautiful campus was at its best. Merry groups of visitors and students sat in the shade of the newly leaved oaks every day. The mountain, just established, delighted and rested the eye. The children from the college training school played in and under the trees, and were happy and carefree as only children can be. Thursday, the grown-ups came very nearly being children in this respect. In the words of the class song all might have said:

"Nothing to do just now but be glad;
Not for a moment will we be sad."

You see we willed not to think of the morrow, when the visitors and many of the students would go to their homes again. Some we knew would soon go to distant lands to give their lives in service for others. Manchester is rich in missionary spirit, and today many on the foreign and

home fields look back to Manchester as their Alma Mater.

The past year in Manchester College has been a successful one. The college department is rapidly coming to the front, and the prospect is brightening all along the way. The school has an enviable position as a training school for teachers in the State, and each year sends out its number of promising teachers. Manchester is also a firm church school and stands out boldly for the principles of the church. As we think of the great work the school has already done among our young people, we hail the future gladly.

Old Manchester, New Manchester,
Days of Old, and days to be;
Weave the story of thy glory,
Our Manchester! Here's to Thee!



ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE.

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fund to assist worthy young people to finish courses in this institution. The class of 1911 consisting of twenty members joined the association as active members and pledged themselves to pay the interest of seventeen hundred dollars annually to this fund. The Alumni Literary Program was rendered in the college chapel in the evening at 8:00 o'clock. These exercises were presided over by the president, A. G. Hottenstein. The alumni orator was George H. Light, of Hatfield, Pa. Miss Floy Crouthamel, of Souderton, was the reciter, and J. F. Graybill, formerly of Nokesville, Virginia, who, accompanied by his wife, intends sailing for Sweden next fall as a missionary, gave a thoughtful address on the theme of "Social Service." The college now has one hundred and thirty-nine alumni scattered from California and Alaska to Chicago, Virginia, India, and the Philippine Islands.

The commencement exercises were held June 15 at 9:00 o'clock A. M. The devotional exercises were conducted by Elder John Schlosser, of Schoeneck. There were thirteen orations representing six departments in the institution: classical course, two; pedagogical course, four; scientific course, three; college preparatory course, three; music teachers' course, one; agricultural course, one. Diplomas were granted to these and six commercial graduates as follows: Complete commercial course, two; stenographic, three; banking course, one. A diploma was granted to a lady finishing the English Bible course, making a total of twenty diplomas together with ten

certificates of proficiency to ladies completing the sewing course.

A notable feature of the commencement was the graduation of two students who completed the classical course of four years. Lacking a total holding of half a million dollars, this college is not empowered to grant the degree of bachelor of arts, but the work of the college has been recognized by long-established colleges in eastern Pennsylvania and these students received their degree at Ursinus College a week prior to receiving a Latin diploma from this college. One of these young men will enter the college faculty as teacher of English, Latin, and French in the fall of 1911. For the first time the institution graduated students in the industrial department. One young man completed the course in agriculture and ten young ladies the sewing course. Considerable work has been done to develop the agricultural work which is in charge of Prof. H. K. Ober. Nearly an acre has been planted in strawberries. Several acres of the twenty-acre campus are planted in fruit trees consisting of apple, peach, and pear. About ten acres are cultivated and the college raises its own potatoes, sweet potatoes, and other garden vegetables. Provision has been made for keeping hogs and chickens by the college.

Other features of interest of the current year have been the cataloguing of the library and maintaining a lecture course with Edward B. Perry, the blind pianist, Dr. F. J. Stanley, Dr. W. Quay Rosselle, and Dr. A. B. Van Ormer as lecturers. The organization of the Homerian Literary Society for students in the classical course was effected, the pedagogical course was lengthened to four years and a three years' commercial course was adopted.



NOW IS THE TIME TO SWAT THE FLY.

If you see a fly walking over the food and dishes, or alighting on your baby's face, remember that he is a messenger of disease and death, says the *July Woman's Home Companion*.

The rules for dealing with the fly nuisance, published by the Merchants' Association of New York, and widely circulated by them, are worth reprinting. We suggest that an excellent work for any live woman's club would be to reproduce these on cards and distribute them broadcast.

Keep the flies away from the sick, especially those ill with contagious diseases. Kill every fly that strays into the sick-room. His body is covered with disease germs.

Do not allow decaying material of any sort to accumulate on or near your premises. All refuse which tends in any way to fermentation, such as bedding straw, paper waste and vegetable matter should be disposed of or covered with lime or kerosene.

Screen all food. Keep all receptacles for garbage carefully covered and the cans cleaned or sprinkled with oil or lime.

Keep all stable manure in vault or pit screened or sprinkled with lime, oil or other cheap preparation. See that your sewage system is in good order; that it does not leak, is up-to-date and not exposed to flies. Pour kerosene into the drains.

Cover food after a meal; burn or bury all table refuse. Screen all food for sale.

Screen all windows and doors, especially the kitchen and dining-room.

Burn pyrethrum powder in the house to kill flies.

Don't forget, if you see flies, that their breeding place is in near-by filth. It may be behind the door, under the table, or in the cuspidor.

If there is no dirt and filth, there will be no flies.

If there is a nuisance in the neighborhood it would be advisable to write at once to the health department.



THE PRODUCT OF FILTH.

INSECTS play a large part as mechanical carriers of disease germs—the greatest menace of all in our daily life being the common house fly. It is not a biter, like the horsefly and some other flies, or like the mosquito, but has its own way of carrying infection. It breeds in manure and it feeds on the sputum of diseased throats and lungs, on typhoid dejecta, and refuse of all kinds, and by means of its hairy feet and legs it carries about and distributes particles of these vile beasts, which frequently contain living germs capable of producing a new case of disease. In still another way does the fly spread disease—disease germs taken into its body in food are known to remain alive in the intestines and also for days after they are ejected in the "specks," i. e., the fly excrement. By recent experiments with animals this has been proved.

due of both the tuberculosis and the typhoid bacillus, the germs in the "speck" having actually given the disease from nine to fifteen days after it was voided by the fly. Also the eggs of worms that draws into its body with water that drinks are known to remain alive and hatch after being ejected.

The case against flies is well proved, and yet they are allowed to infect the point of meat exposed for sale by the butcher, the bread and sweetmeats of the confectioner's counter, berries and other fruit, the edge of the milk pail, the kitchen table and utensils, and the food of our table. They are shown to be the principal carrier of the typhoid fever which attacked 20 per cent of the United States soldiers in the Cuban war and furnished 56 per cent of the deaths.

We are far too tolerant of the presence of this filthy and dangerous insect. Its breeding grounds should be the first point of attack. The Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture has given a great deal of attention to the matter. On the authority of this Bureau it is stated that at least 95 per cent of the town and city flies are bred in heaps of horse manure left in roads, yards and stables. The remedy proposed is stricter enforcement of the laws governing the cleaning of streets, and the covering of all manure pits in town and country, with occasional spraying with kerosene petroleum. The manure pile and the barnyard are the fly breeding ground of the farm.

To urge the housewife to work for public measures to insure such sanitary reforms is not asking her to go too far ahead. In her own house she will endeavor by the use of screens and fly paper and similar means to protect herself from this dangerous insect. But she will wage an unequal battle unless the root of the evil is attacked, and this can be done by removing manure and other refuse the breeding places of the fly.

Catechism of the Fly.

An allied movement has been started in

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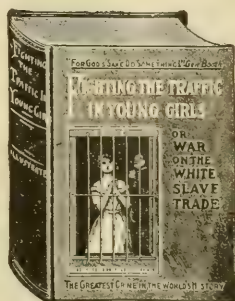
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North Carolina, where the following "fly catechism" is distributed to the school children:

1. Where is the fly born? In filth.
2. Where does the fly live? In every kind of filth.

3. Is anything too filthy for the fly? No.

4. (a) Where does he go when he leaves the manure pile and the spittoon? Into the kitchen and dining room. (b) What does he do there? He walks on the bread, fruit and vegetables; he wipes his feet on the butter and bathes in the milk.

5. Does the fly visit the patient sick with consumption, typhoid fever, and cholera infantum? He does and may call on you next.

6. Is the fly dangerous? He is man's worst pest, and more dangerous than wild beasts or rattlesnakes.

7. What diseases does the fly carry? He carries typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and summer complaint. How? On his wings and hairy feet. What is his correct name? Typhoid fly.

8. Did he ever kill any one? He killed more American soldiers in the Spanish American war than the bullets of the Spaniards.

9. Where are the greatest number of cases of typhoid fever, consumption and summer complaint? Where there are the most flies.

10. Where are the most flies? Where there is the most filth.

11. Why should we kill the fly? Because he may kill us.

12. How shall we kill the fly? Destroy all the filth about the house and yard. Kill the fly with a wire screen paddle, or sticky paper, or kerosene oil.

13. Kill the fly in any way, but kill the fly.

14. If there is any filth anywhere that you cannot remove, call the office of the board of health and ask for relief before you are stricken with disease and perhaps death.—Cooking Club Magazine.



How Nebraska Treats Its University

(Continued from Page 689.)

Nebraska has placed its university on a tattered financial footing by setting aside a fixed levy of one mill, thus avoiding the necessity of going into the details of university budget in hurried ways means committee meetings at every session of the Legislature, and the necessary "bribing" by the chancellor. A mill levy the University of Kansas would look like godsend to Chancellor Strong, who is compelled to come to the Legislature because of the needs of his institution, and yet accused by small politicians of lobbying invited to go back to Lawrence and attend to his official duties.

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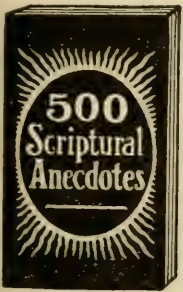


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7. MARKETS. These cities all right at our door, with their industrious population, furnish remarkable markets. Large proportion of the food that is now being supplied has to come over the mountains from the middle west. This keeps prices high all the time and insures the farmers on our lands, not only that everything they can raise will be eagerly taken, but that the prices will make the returns from their labor much greater than ever before known.

8. TRANSPORTATION. The main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, runs the entire length of our land. It offers remarkably fine passenger and freight service, and gives direct access to all the markets on the Pacific Coast. In addition to this the Northern Electric R. R. also cuts our land from the ex

FACT ON THESE PAGES

TO THE FEATHER RIVER VALLEY, OFFERS YOU:

extreme north to the extreme south. Its great five and seven coach electric run trains offer ideal passenger service and its freight service not only constitutes an ideal transportation system itself, but in competition with the freight service of the Southern Pacific keeps the rate always at the minimum.

In addition to these two well equipped lines, a branch of the Southern Pacific and a main line of the Western Pacific both lie within a few miles to the west of our land. There is hardly a section even in the most populated States of the Middle West and East where better transportation facilities could be enjoyed.

9. SCHOOLS. For years the State of California has been a model on which many other States of the country have based their public school system. The two great State Universities, one at Palo Alto, and the other at Berkeley, each within 100 to 150 miles of our land, are among the three or four most famous in the entire country. Every town and township has a fine free high school, two being located on the lands taken up by the Brethren. Every district also has its free common schools, which offer ideal educational facilities for your children—in fact, facilities that are seldom equalled in Eastern States.

10. CHURCHES. Under special arrangement with the Brethren authorities a plan has been devised by which a certain amount has been set aside from the sale of every acre of land under this project for the building and maintenance of churches. This insures a good church home and puts the religious life of the community on a firm footing from the beginning.

11. TERMS. But best of all this land and these opportunities are offered you on terms which are easily within your reach. I've spoken before of the different plans by which it is possible for any man to acquire some of this wonderful land. But the great majority of Brethren are coming out here on the half-crop-payment plan. Each man simply pays a small deposit down to show his good faith and then lets the land pay for itself, by turning over to us half the proceeds of his

crops. If there are no crops, there are no payments. But as crop failure is unknown this need not be taken into consideration. This plan insures a man with a limited amount of money a chance that he would otherwise not be able to afford. It also shows our faith in our land, for we get our pay only as you get your profits.

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SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says

that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardiest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

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THE INGLENOOK

A MAGAZINE OF QUALITY



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July 25, 1911

Vol. XIII. No. 30

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND POETICAL MUSINGS ON SEA AND LAND

BY GEORGE D. ZOLLERS.

The author of this book is dead, as we reckon life on the earth, but the influence of his life remains. And this volume, which gives an account, from his own pen, of the wanderings of his earlier years, embracing his life in the army, and especially his experiences on the rolling deep, will continue doing the work of an evangelist though the author's tongue be silent.

The object in giving an account of these incidents to the world was to impress the spiritual applications drawn from that which he witnessed and experienced. Brother Zollers' graphic and impressive way of telling the story of his life, and his aptness in citing spiritual lessons, make the book one of deep interest and great spiritual uplift.

The book is in two parts,—“Thrilling Incidents,” a recital of incidents and experiences written in prose; and “Poetical Musings,” a collection of the author's “poetical ponderings.” The former contains 411 pages and the latter, including also “Sermons and Writings by the Author and His Comrade” (Rev. George H. Wallace), contains 129 pages.

“Poetical Musings on Sea and Land” is also published in a separate volume. The book is now in its seventh edition, which indicates its popularity. If you do not have a copy you certainly want to get it, and now is the time to send in your order before the edition is exhausted.

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EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

July 25, 1911.

No. 30.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

City Boys on the Farm.

SEVERAL weeks ago something was said about the scarcity of farm labor in these notes. The truancy department of the Milwaukee schools has been sending boys to the country to work on the farms for the past four years with remarkable success. Many of the boys remain on the farms and some that were sent out three years ago are now earning twenty-five and thirty dollars a month. In the Breeder's Gazette for June 21 the truancy department, through Mr. B. E. Buckley, asks the farmers to lengthen the term of employment, if possible, since under the present system the boys return to the city in the autumn when there is an over supply of labor in the cities. He says, "If we can give the boys promise of permanent employment, if they prove worthy, we can do much to relieve the labor situation in the country by attracting the better class of boys to become farmers. We hope to send out 100 boys the latter part of June, school boys ranging in age from thirteen to sixteen years. Many of these have been out last vacation while some are going out to serve their first apprenticeship." There has been a strong sentiment growing that farmers should make more of an effort to hire labor for as long terms as possible. We cannot expect the farmer to pay out wages to a high priced hand when there is no work to be done; because the farm is not a missionary enterprise. Since more interest is being taken in dairying and stock feeding year after year, and since more machinery is being used, this drawback of securing labor may right itself. There are a large number of farmers who do not care to bother with city help, thinking that too much time would be spent in teaching and showing how. The same objection has been offered to the employment of student labor. Thousands of college students would be glad to spend the summer on the farm in order to build up physically and in the meantime save some money towards their school expenses, but they have difficulty in securing an agreeable place. There is a

prejudice against student labor in many localities, for reasons that are difficult to explain. Some people think that if a young man goes to college a few years he is fit for nothing when it comes to physical labor. In a letter written to the Breeder's Gazette on this subject we read, "If that green hand has the nerve to tackle a job on the farm and he has really been taught to use his head at college he is going to do his best to watch and try to learn from his employer as quickly as he can. There are some farmers who, like some teachers, know enough about their particular line of work, but have not the power of imparting it to the person they are teaching. It is for this reason that many of our students who want to work on the farm are looked upon as simply bookworms, men with book learning minus the practical experience." Every college, practically, has young men who would gladly spend their vacations on the farm if they could find a job.

An Active Civic Club.

The other day we received a copy of a very comprehensive report of the Civic Club of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. It is a report of the labors and accomplishments of this club for the past fifteen years together with a list of the officers, members, and its constitution and other regulations. To read the report is truly an inspiration. The club has taken active part in about seventy prominent movements that have had to do with the social betterment of Allegheny County and the State at large. Naturally most of their work was centered around and in Pittsburg. Here are a few of the things at which the members of the club busied themselves: The erection and regulation of billboards, child labor, the selling of cigarettes to minors, down town libraries, expectoration in street cars, care of garbage, pure milk, pure water, public baths.

In order to give the readers a better understanding of the association I shall here give an extract from their constitution: "The object of this association shall be to

promote by education and organized effort, a higher public spirit, and a better social order. For a better execution of its objects the club shall be divided into departments, representing its different line of work, namely: government, education, social science, and art. Any respectable citizen of Allegheny County may become a member of the club by having his or her name proposed and acted upon at any meeting of the Board of Directors. Annual dues of two dollars shall be required of each member."

The building of public bathhouses has been made a prominent part of the work and thus far they have erected two houses which they also control. The People's Bath was placed in a permanent building in 1907. The baths have been in operation for thirteen years and the capacity has been limited, but even at that, 846,539 men, women and children have availed themselves of the privileges. The bathhouse is self sustaining, which shows efficient management.

The second bathhouse which the club maintains in the city of Pittsburg is called the Soho Public Bath, and in 1909 its building and equipment were completed at a cost of something near \$120,000. "It is a beautiful cream-colored brick and terra cotta building, fronting three stories on Fifth Avenue, five stories in the rear, and with an added entrance on Forbes Street. The first floor contains 40 showers and 4 tubs, men's and women's waiting rooms and toilet rooms; the second floor comprising a living apartment for the superintendent, a directors' room, and a large assembly hall which is used for neighborhood entertainments. On the third floor are two apartments which may be used either as living rooms by the attendants or for settlement classes, adult reading rooms, and the like; in the basement are two needle baths, twelve showers, two tubs for children, a public laundry for use by the women of the neighborhood who have no facilities for washing and drying their clothes at home, a private laundry for the use of the institution, and the boiler room; the sub-basement contains the unfinished swimming pool, dressing rooms and lockers, constituting as a whole, one of the most complete bathhouses in the country.

The superintendent reports the following number of baths from date of entry, August 1, 1909, to November 1, 1910:

Men,	38,422
Women,	1,623
Girls,	482
Boys,	1,630
Free,	3,359

Total baths,45,536

Number of women using the laundry, 581
Number of hours the laundry was used, 2,050

A children's branch of the Carnegie Library is located in this building, and numerous classes for boys, girls and women are conducted.

Besides the work mentioned above the Civic Club was instrumental in organizing the Associated Charities of Pittsburg, the Child Labor Association of Allegheny County, and the Juvenile Court of the County.

Such are the achievements of a band of men and women who are interested in the social betterment of their county and city, and who are sufficiently unselfish to contribute their time and money to the cause.

Philadelphia's Milk Show.

There are a few health officers in our larger cities who are vigorous in their campaigns for better sanitation. Dr. Joseph S. Neff, director of the Department of Health of Philadelphia, is one of them. A year ago he found out that the milk supplied to the Quaker City by the various milk dealers was unfit for use because of uncleanness and carelessness. Instead of waging a petty sentimental warfare he made investigations so that he could back his arguments by figures and statistics. Where such conditions exist it is necessary to arouse the public and create sentiment by some means of education. With that end in view, those who were interested in having a better milk supply planned a milk show this year. This milk show, which was quite extensive, was a very successful exhibition in every respect. It was the purpose of the management to enlighten, not to frighten, the people concerning the contaminated milk. Whenever a defect was exhibited the remedy was also shown by some illustration. For instance, there was an exhibition of a filthy, carelessly-kept cow stable, and beside it a model of an ideal stable and stable yard. Directions for taking care of refrigerators were also given.

During the show, ten thousand pupils of the eighth grade were given half holidays by the school board and the traction company furnished them free transportation to attend the exhibit with the teachers. Besides these school children there were twenty-five thousand visitors.

The campaign of education in the matter of securing pure milk has had its effect upon the public. There has been a marked increase in the demand for clean milk not simply as a luxury, but as an everyday necessity. It has aroused and in many respects remade the public conscience.



COUNTRY LIFE PROGRESS.

The first annual conference of the Illinois Federation for Country Life Progress opened at Bloomington, Ill., with nearly every county in the State represented. The principal address was delivered by Rev. Matthew McNutt, pastor of the Baptist church at Plainfield. By introducing social and educational life for the young people he transformed a decrepit institution into one of the most flourishing in the rural districts of Illinois.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Perjury in the Lorimer Case.

THE *Pathfinder* suggests that the beautiful ballad in which occurs the refrain "Somebody lied" might appropriately be sung to the witnesses who have appeared before the special Senate committee investigating Senator Lorimer's election. C. S. Funk, general manager of the harvester trust, testified to the story which had already come out at the investigation in Illinois, that Edward Hines, the lumber trust magnate, had asked his company for \$10,000 to help pay for getting Lorimer elected. Hines, he declared, had told him after the election: "Well, we put Lorimer over, but it cost \$100,000 to do it." Funk said that he had refused to give any money for any such purpose. W. H. Cook, a lumber man, testified that Hines had told him that things were going bad in Washington; that after he got old Stevenson (Senator from Wisconsin) elected, he went down and worked for free lumber. The southern Democrats, said Hines, were "the worst of the whole lot," if he would have them all fixed up one day, the next day they would flop. Cook also swore that he had heard Hines telephone to Springfield that he was coming down with all the money needed to elect Lorimer.

Mr. Hines, when put on the stand denied all this. He had never suggested anything to Funk about contributing to a Lorimer election fund; on the other hand, he said, Funk had himself proposed to give something to Lorimer to help pay his election expenses, but as Lorimer had assured Hines that he had no election expenses the matter was dropped. Hines also denied all the statements of all other witnesses to the effect that he had in any way used money to secure Lorimer's election. It was obvious here of course that either Hines or Funk, Cook and others had

been deliberately lying. The Senators on the committee were indignant and Senator Kenyon of Iowa declared that some one ought to be punished for perjury. Hines made some interesting revelations on his side. When the Illinois Legislature was hung up over the election of a Senator, he said, he had been at Washington and had frequent consultations with leading Republicans. Senator Aldrich was very anxious to see a Republican elected, as every vote was needed to carry come schedules of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. Aldrich had gone to President Taft and the latter had also shown great interest in the situation, and expressed the belief that Lorimer was the man. Hines testified that they had urged him to see Lorimer and get him to put his name before the Legislature. He denied, however, that there was any undue influence used in his election.



One-Cent Postage.

ONE-CENT letter postage will probably be inaugurated by the United States postoffice department as its next important reform, according to the belief expressed by officials of the National One-Cent Letter Postage Association. The prediction is based upon developments in the postal department during the last two or three months.

Early in May Postmaster General Hitchcock announced that the annual deficit, which was as high as \$17,000,000 last year, had been wiped out and that the department this year would show a surplus of at least \$1,000,000.

Coincident with the announcement that there would be no deficit this year, facts were given out by the department which tend to show that an even greater saving will be effected during the coming year. For the ten weeks ending July 1, the department heads have been conduct-

ing an exhaustive series of experiments and tests at various important postal centers regarding second-class mail matter.

At St. Louis, for instance, it was demonstrated beyond argument that the government could effect a great saving by shipping the larger part of its second-class matter on freight cars rather than in mail cars, as had been the practice heretofore. It is intended to begin on semi-monthly and monthly publications in the Eastern States and bring them to six main distributing points in freight cars. The six points are Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Paul and Omaha.

It is claimed by St. Louis postoffice officials that it costs nine cents a pound to carry mail matter from New York to St. Louis by the present methods. Under the new system it is expected to reduce this to one-half cent a pound with only one or two days' delay. At St. Louis alone, according to B. R. Billings, the clerk in charge of the railway mail service, the saving to be effected will exceed \$800,000.



Crowning King George V.

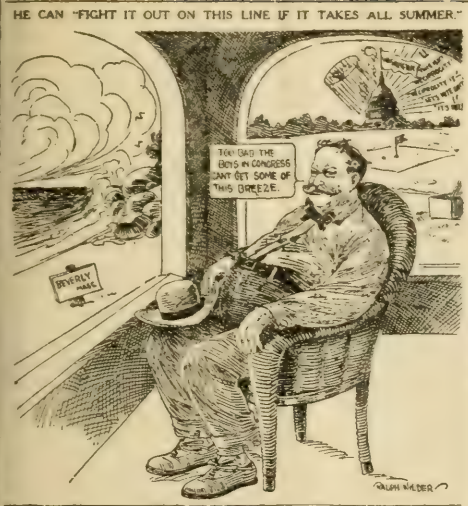
THE current number of the *Review of Reviews* gives a brief summary of the coronation in England. Americans are always interested in the coronation of British sovereigns as a splendid, impressive pageant. There is no feeling that monarchy dominates the ceremony, as might be the case in Russia, or even in Germany. We know that the British people, in their ideas and mental attitude, are as democratic as ourselves. When, therefore, on the 22d of last month, George V. was formally crowned King of Great Britain and Ireland, with impressive ceremonies in Westminster Abbey, the many Americans and other foreign visitors who were present felt they were witnessing, not the official, formal confirmation of one man to rule over others, but simply a gorgeous ceremonial pageant on the part of a self-gov-

erning people to mark the induction into office of what one great Englishman has called Britain's life president. The reports of eye witnesses indicate that the multitudes of Britons present on that occasion also regarded the celebration chiefly as a gorgeous show performance. The religious significance of the assumption of the crown and the ancient custom of anointing a king have apparently been lost sight of in the pomp and pageantry of the ceremonial.



Significance of the Rite.

ENGLISHMEN themselves regard the occasion as a public dedication of the sovereign to the service of the realm over which he nominally rules. In reality he will be the amiable and dignified royal figure which British sovereigns have been for a generation, with much less active power in the administration of government than that possessed and exercised by the President of the United States. Now that the ceremony of coronation is over, political and other affairs will go on in Great Britain as they have been doing since the death of King Edward. The Premier, the Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, will be the real ruler of Britain. He will continue to tell Parliament, in the King's name, what it ought to do. He will go on appointing officials, diplomats, and ecclesiastics in the King's name. The Home Secretary will exercise the King's pardoning power in the name of the King, but by the authority of the Premier. The Lord High Chancellor will appoint judges; Mr. Birrell will rule Ireland, and Lord Morely will govern India, all in the King's name, but by the authority of Premier Asquith. The real ruler of Britain will continue to be the Prime Minister. Whatever prerogatives and rights King George possesses, he acquired when he took the oath of office on the death of his father. Undoubtedly he will make an acceptable monarch. He and his amiable consort, Queen Mary, are popular with their peo-



—Record-Herald.

ple. They have the quiet, sturdy strength of the best that is in British character, and on the whole, are excellent types of the English lady and gentleman. The coronation ceremonies extended over all of last month and a part of May. There were many vast historical pageants, and the unveiling of a number of important monuments, including the Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace. Royal etiquette forbids the attendance of monarchs upon the coronation of brother monarchs, and, therefore, the German Emperor, as much as he loves a pageant and a trip to England, was not present when King George was crowned. He and the Empress, and their daughter, the Crown Princess, made their visit late in May and were present at the unveiling of the monument to the Kaiser's revered grandmother. Many eminent personalities were present, none more interesting to the world than the grisdled soldier and sailor heroes of Japan, General Nogi and Admiral Togo, who acted as the personal representatives of the Mikado.



Commission Cities.

THE commission form of city government continues to gain ground through-

out the country, although here and there it meets with an occasional setback. The most important advance of the past month was the appointment, by Governor Tener, of nine business and professional men to serve as commissioners under the new charter of Pittsburg, Pa., succeeding the city councilmen turned out of office by the operation of the charter bill. Of these nine commissioners appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania, not one is a politician in the ordinary sense of the word, although all nine are said to represent the choice of Senator Penrose, Governor Tener, and the State Republican Organization. The successors to these appointed commissioners will be elected at large next year. As great public projects are under way in Pittsburg, it was important that the government of the city should be in the hands of representative citizens. On June 5 the voters of Mobile, Ala., which has recently celebrated its bicentenary, adopted the commission form of government by a substantial majority. During the two hundred years of its history, the city of Mobile has lived under five flags,—French, Spanish, British, the Stars and Stripes, and the Stars and Bars. During the past twenty years the city has increased rapidly in population, and with a progressive form of government it should have an active and prosperous future. Last month the cities of Norwich, Conn., Lansing, Mich., and Bayonne, N. J., rejected the commission plan by popular vote. Bayonne was the first of the New Jersey cities to take action under the provisions of the law passed by the Legislature last winter. One June 20 Trenton adopted the plan by a substantial majority. Similar votes will be taken in other cities of the State.



BRYAN thinks Folk, Wilson and Clark are the most prominent candidates for the Democratic nomination in 1912. Evidently Mr. Bryan does not recognize the necessity of nominating some good Ohio man.

EDITORIALS

Chicago the Cattle Center.

During the last six months considerable changes have taken place in the cattle market, and feeders have been forced to sell fat cattle at a heavy loss. M. F. Horine, statistician of the Union Stockyards and Transit Company, made the following statement regarding the cattle market:

"A remarkable cattle situation exists in the United States. Until recently all markets were full of fat cattle. Now the supply situation shows a radical change. Ohio, Pennsylvania and Kentucky have marketed their crops of fat cattle and eastern points are not getting enough good cattle to supply their local needs.

"The character of receipts at Missouri River points shows the western supply of fat cattle has been cleaned up, which leaves Chicago about the only place on the market map of the United States where buyers can get adequate selection, and that is likely to be the case for a long time to come.

"The present situation had its origin in the drought conditions of last summer, which forced all the regions west and southwest of the Missouri River to prematurely market young and growing stock, which was largely absorbed by Illinois and surrounding States. Then followed a magnificent crop and a splendid winter feeding season, resulting in abundance of fat cattle. This will make Chicago from now on until the next crop is fed the chief and almost the only supply point for fat cattle."



Labor Bureaus.

Massachusetts and Illinois have for several years maintained labor bureaus in various cities, having for their object primarily the distribution of farm labor, but which have been extended to cover all classes of labor seeking employment, both skilled and unskilled. During the years in which the Massachusetts bureau has been in operation, from 30,000 to 50,000 persons have applied annually for positions, and a large number of them have found places. The expense to the State has been found about \$25,000 each year. During the ten years in which the bureau has been in operation in Illinois more than 450,000 people have found employment through its good offices and the expense to the State has been about \$38,000 annually. If we consider the earning power of an individual at as low a figure as even \$200 a year, the placing in remunerative positions of the estimated 100,000 idle of the State would mean increased earnings of \$20,000,000 annually and in the aggregate a vast decrease in the amount necessary for their maintenance in public institutions and in the demands upon private charity. It

should be the first duty of the State to assist in lifting up and bettering the condition of even her humblest citizens. Mr. Riddell reported that in five and one half years, through the intervention of his bureau more than \$6,500,000 has been paid as purchase money for old farms in the State of New York, ranging in price from \$5 to \$75 an acre, by people from Germany and other European countries, from Canada and various parts of the United States.

This result has been accomplished at an insignificant cost. The total appropriation for both bureaus has averaged less than \$10,000 annually. The appropriation for 1910 was only \$6,800, and that for 1911 was only \$8,000. It would be difficult to find any government agency in this or any other country that has accomplished so much good in so short a time with so small an expenditure.



Increase of Vagrancy.

During the past few years there has been a gradual increase in the number of tramp and vagrants while the scarcity of farm laborers is becoming a more and more perplexing problem. Last year the number of able-bodied men who asked for relief at the Municipal Lodging Houses in New York and other cities increased 100 per cent. They now average more than 15,000 a day in New York alone. The number of applicants in the spring and summer months of 1911 is larger than the number in January, February and March of previous years. General employment conditions in the large cities are as good as they ever have been and the demand for labor outside of cities has never been so great as it is to day. Wherever one goes, the same story is told, that both men and women are needed in large numbers for every variety of employment, especially for domestic service and farm labor. Yet fifteen thousand able-bodied men are asking for relief in New York City alone. Practically all of these men are professional hoboes who are looking for food and not for work. The New York State Board of Agriculture has in charge of an employment bureau through which they try to transfer the vagrant from the large cities to the interior of the State. Last year 4,944 people were selected by that bureau and sent to work upon farms. This is an increase of 1,061 over the number obtained in 1909 and of 3,829 over the number obtained in 1908. Included in those sent out last year were 122 families consisting of 366 persons who have found good homes, as inferred by the fact that they remained there contentedly. Since the bureau was organized in 1905, 23,421 farm laborers and five hundred families have been placed into good positions on the farm.

Back to the Farm.

Mr. William E. Curtis, in the *Record-Herald*, shows that there has been an encouraging movement back to the farms. The interest in agricultural education, the number of students in the agricultural colleges, especially from the cities and towns, and the increase in the value of farm property and other signs, show that the cultivation of the soil and the breeding of live stock are becoming a more popular as well as a more profitable occupation than formerly.

This movement has been very largely promoted by official agencies, such as the Board of Agriculture in the State, the agricultural department at Washington, and the agricultural colleges.

In 1905 the Legislature of New York adopted an amendment to the law authorizing the commissioner of agriculture to organize a bureau of information and statistics of farm land and labor.

Its work for five years has been that of gathering and giving to the public authentic information concerning the cheap farm lands of the State, the advantages they offer to home seekers because of the ease with which they can be brought back to a state of fertility and their convenience to the markets of the large cities.

C. W. Larmon is entitled to the credit of inaugurating and developing the enterprise. So rapidly did its usefulness increase that in less than one year it became necessary to divide the work, and on January, 1906, R. R. Riddell was placed in charge of the sale of farms, and Mr. Larmon continued to direct newly arrived immigrants from Ellis Island to the farms of the State, either as purchasers or as laborers. During this time the State has found valuable citizens in the German and Scandinavian immigrants who had settled in New York only temporarily and were easily induced to take up farm life as a more wholesome means of rearing their families.

Dainty Weavers of the Air.

The net making and weaving work of the spider is of perennial interest to those who study the minute wonders, as well as the great facts, of nature. We have all seen, in spring and again in the late autumn, the pale filaments of gossamer floating in the sunshine, and most of us know them to be a kind of spiderweb. But not so very long ago their origin was a complete mystery, even to scientists. Writing less than a hundred years back, Lamarack, one of the most eminent naturalists of his day, gravely pronounced them to be of meteoric origin; and the popular belief of ages before Lamarack's time was that the delicate filmy shreds of fabric, that were to be seen early and late in each year, were really particles

set adrift at these seasons for the admonition of man.

It is not difficult to understand how this idea arose, when once a near examination of a piece of gossamer has been made. It is seen to be not a mere web, but actually a woven substance, and that of so incredibly fine a texture as might well appear miraculous to one living in the days before education had dissipated the poetry of ignorance. What is really difficult to comprehend is how earnest and enlightened investigators like Lamarack could have remained so long without a knowledge of the true nature of gossamer.

If you go into the fields on almost any warm morning in May, and intercept one of these floating particles, you can easily resolve the mystery. For then the filament of gossamer at once reveals itself as something of a kind at present very much in the popular ken—a veritable airship; and there, in a fold of it, sits the gossamer spider herself, vastly surprised and alarmed at the sudden termination of her voyage.



Treasures of Sacred Lake.

Ten thousand feet above sea level, in the mountains of Colombia, not far from Bogota, lies the Sacred Lake of Guatavita, in a huge cup surrounded by hills. An English engineer, with the assistance of a body of natives is making a search for valuable treasures in this lake, supposing that the natives, when about to be driven from their land, threw valuable vessels into its waters. They are only in the beginning of their work, but "finds" have been made of a description sufficient to prove that the old tales of hidden treasure are not mythical.

There have been recovered up to now: A gold bowl, numbers of emeralds, two gold snakes, a gold band, golden images, curiously carved stones and several articles of pottery.

According to the stories of the historians these are parts of the gifts which the inhabitants of Colombia were accustomed for centuries to make in propitiation to their gods. The Chibcha Indians, under the leadership of their chief and high priest, assembled periodically on the shores of the sacred lake, the chief having his body covered with gold dust. There they placed their offerings of gold, precious stones and household treasures on a rude craft which, when it was heaped up with the priceless cargo, was rowed to the center of the lake by the chief. He then washed off the gold dust from his body and the treasure on the raft was tossed into the water, while the spectators danced and sang on the shore.

After the Spaniards invaded the country the natives are said to have thrown countless treasures into the lake to prevent them from being seized by their conquerors. The latter made some attempts to recover the gold, but met with little success.

THE PROBLEM OF SELECTING A VOCATION

E. L. Craik, A. M.

THE nineteenth century will ever stand out in the ages as one of unparalleled progress in science and invention. The chief characteristic has doubtless been that of material development and the application of inventions to personal comfort and happiness. In this respect society has been completely revolutionized and the most extravagant hopes of the thinkers of the first decades of the century have been gloriously realized and are now commonplace realities. But the century was more than one of mere mechanical devices; it was one of theories and of the sounding of principles. Psychology and education were studied with new meaning after the days of Spencer.

But the one great principle which marks the nineteenth century is that of evolution, which, though hinted at by various thinkers of other times was stated in modern form by Darwin and Herbert Spencer. These thinkers applied the term to the realm of biology exclusively, and probably never thought of its wider meaning. The past half century has seen it in its relation to other forms of life,—to the educational and sociological, or in short, the institutional life in general. These are seen to be component parts of the whole scheme of human existence and activity; everything is in a state of change with a slow but sure tendency towards that which is the harder and better.

With this as a basis, it is interesting to study the development of vocational activity. In the primitive home the father was literally a factotum, a jack-of-all-trades. Labor was undifferentiated; all men did practically the same things. Conditions were primitive. The soil

was new and there was plenty of it. Intensive agriculture was yet in the future. But gradually this system yielded to a new one. Inventions were made, new desires created, man's whole environment was changed. More skilled workmen were now required to do what was formerly done by each household. Thus began specialization in what were at first called the crafts, and thus was taken the first step towards industrial efficiency. Crafts grew in number, divided, and then subdivided, thus increasing the degree of specialization by limiting the field of operation. In such a state of division of labor the efficient laborer is rightly supposed to have a thorough and complete knowledge of his own province, leaving in a large measure all other activities to other specialists. We are now living in a day of marvelous specialization and it is hard to find any avenue of endeavor which has not its skilled laborers. In view of the multiplicity of vocations which consequently open up to the young man it is sometimes by no means an easy matter to select; the very number of useful and remunerative pursuits is bewildering to the one choosing.

One of the most discouraging features of the industrial world has been the tendency for men simply to drift into their life work. Ask almost any man why he is pursuing his own particular vocation and he is unable to account for it on any other ground except that of chance. But since the universe does not run by chance we are led to think that a purposeful and deliberative entering into a life work will be less wasteful eventually than the conventional drifting system. If we must conserve national

resources must we not likewise conserve personal efficiency?

To the questions "Why are you a farmer?" or "Why are you a business man?" the stereotyped reply has been, "Because my father followed that occupation." This is quite natural, and indeed, it is quite a tribute to a father sometimes to have led his son to follow in his footsteps industrially. But is the desire or inclination to "do as father did" one to be followed? Sometimes it does bring forth a genius. The Pitts were both statesmen, the Mathers were all preachers, the Adamses were all lawyers. The mooted subject of heredity enters in here, and we propose to steer clear of it, leaving it to the more psychologically inclined.

It is a pretty well defined principle that if a child be taken in hand at the proper time his inclinations in any particular line of activity may be accentuated. He passes through different periods, repeating, as they say, the epochs of the racial experience. Thus, at one stage he has the instinct or passion for collecting, at another that of memorizing, at another that of contriving mechanical devices. At one time he delights in the farm, at another in history and literature, at another in institutions. Now it is claimed that if the proper direction and encouragement were given at this psychological moment, an unbounded impetus would be given the child toward its life work. The example of the youthful prodigy at Harvard testifies to the fruits of such training. Professor Sidis in speaking of his son says that what he has accomplished lies within the power of any father who will proceed as he has done. Of course we do not argue for a crop of prodigies of this sort, but we merely emphasize the validity of bending a child in the way he should go.

But there comes a time when the boy must say for himself what he is going to do for the weal of society. What-

ever may have been his environments, when he is brought face to face with the proposition of taking his place as a man among men he must decide. The question is frequently raised as to the age at which such resolution should be formed. This probably cannot be answered without qualification. Looking about us we see men—successful men, too,—who found their true sphere as late as or perhaps even later than the age of thirty. It might be said, however, that these are not numerous, and that they have obtained success in spite of their late beginning rather than because of it. They are often the self-made men who can never be taken as the model or normal type. Then, too, there are men just graduating from the college or university who are yet undecided. On the other hand there are lads in the grades who form a life purpose and never swerve therefrom to the end.

It is safe to say that no definite time in years can be set in answer to the above question. In the case of the young man in straightened circumstances it is a decided advantage to know early what line to follow, thus saving unnecessary loss of time or energy. It is too expensive to try one's hand at several fruitless ventures. On the other hand, the person of more means may profitably broaden himself by travel and study to render his decision more mature and deliberate, but, although this class is increasing, it is still comparatively small. Most of us have to base our choosing on the basis of very limited experience. Still we can never make globe trotting a requisite for a man's settling down on a farm, or teaching school, or doing carpenter work; we merely mean to emphasize the function of education, which is the race experience, condensed and augmented by the individual experience, in relation to the commonplace duty of earning one's bread. Whatever culture, whatever knowledge, whatever prestige it may bring, it cannot neglect this fun-

damental. It must be remembered, too, that a man's ideals change from time to time, and therefore the thing that pleases him at sixteen may not appeal to him at maturity. He ought to be able to have the approval of his mature conscience upon the work which as a man he is to do, and ought not to spend a life reluctantly and heartlessly sticking to a task which in the nature of the case will be laborious and full of drudgery. Let us consider what qualities an occupation should have to appeal to a man, granted, of course, that he is a normal man of the right sort of character. We are not discussing the problems of social delinquents and the antisocially inclined or other abnormalities; our scope covers only those available for social service. The first thing to consider is that the calling be a legitimate one. Every man must find freedom enough for his labors within the pales of the law. This rules out of any consideration whatever saloon keeping, gambling, etc., because such things are usually considered destructive, and the moral attitude of the leading people is adverse to them even though statutory enactment has not yet everywhere stigmatized them.

A man should be convinced that society will need his product, that he will be administering to the legitimate and natural wants of the public by his service. The man who produces what nobody needs is on an equality with the nonproducer and is a parasite. The shrewd man will learn what avenue demands his labor most insistently, and listening to the promptings of his knowledge of the economic principle of supply and demand will cast his lot where his efforts will count for the most. Still there is some difference of opinion on this very point, some contending that one should enter the crowded profession so that the severer testing, incident to being there, may nerve him up and bring out his powers to the fullest, saying that the law of survival of the fittest must

obtain here, and that there is always room at the top. This would seemingly favor the extreme competition of our age, but one who considers the many who cannot possibly get to the top is led to advocate the step of moving out into some new line where the way is clear, applying in a way the injunction of the founder of the New York *Tribune*: "Go West, young man, go West." This latter course is adapted to calling forth originality, and the stupendous fortunes of our day as a usual thing date to men who were of this type. The new professions and pursuits are in need of men to develop them. The demand for manual training teachers and domestic science instructors today is an increasing one. Specialization of industry has also brought about an increased demand for laborers in some particular line. The call is not made for the jack-of-all-trades, but for the specialist who knows his trade better than any one else does,—the best is none too good. All of this division of labor, let it be remembered, has come about merely to meet current needs, which, called by the name acquired needs, have been laid by the process of education as an immense superstructure upon the unchanging and solid foundation of two primitive needs—self-preservation and race perpetuation. Let the young man be sure his toil will fall within the province of some one of society's specialized needs.

The pay proposition must not be overlooked. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." As a usual thing, too, if he proves himself worthy of it, he gets it. Really, one of the first questions usually asked upon contemplating a life work is, "What will this thing pay?" Some expect a Rockefeller fortune and work with no other standard or goal in view. Some will not start out unless a large salary is assured, oblivious of the fact that wealth is amassed not necessarily by big earnings but by rigid economy,—

that thing which in plain English means self-denial. But this is after all the manner of the fortune seekers, and this class of people is numerous beyond belief. There is another view to be noted, though. The first class usually experience great anxiety about the pay even before the services are rendered. Another class reverse the conditions exactly. The latter is the preferable attitude to take, and it doesn't mean improvidence, either: it insures that work be honestly and carefully done with full confidence of reward and a reputation for efficiency. The old cry about the "world owing me a living" is conditioned up the ubiquitous "for value received" clause, which, by the way, is antecedent in every case.

Next we may say that the man should find an occupation adapted to his capabilities, or stated otherwise, one to which his capabilities are adapted. This includes conditions of health, physical strength, etc. Color-blindness, weak lungs, deafness, lameness, and other ailments will thoroughly disqualify a man for some vocations while not interfering particularly in others. A painter or locomotive engineer dare not be color-blind; a deaf man ought rather to be a boiler mender than a piano tuner; and a lame man on the farm finds himself handicapped in many ways. One of the everlasting merits of the intense specialization of our day is that it provides for the employment of many of those who under older systems were disqualified by some infirmity. As a result the number of dependents has been lessened.

Lastly, it is essential that a genuine sustained interest pervade work. The meteor-like career of many younger men is doubtless due to the fact that immature interests have died out to be replaced by maturer ones, and the unfortunates have sought for a new occupation. Of course it is a different matter to know what will remain a perennial in-

terest throughout life, but that merely emphasizes what we have already said about the necessity of a deliberate selection of one's course. This abiding interest is the only thing which will lead one to drive his business from the proper motive; it springs so much from within that it betrays an approving conscience.

It was a great day when manual training made its advent into the school. It is as yet in its infancy, but its strides to the front are phenomenal. Without giving the movement any extended notice we may merely say that it has given a great impetus to technical training without breaking wholly with the literary studies. There is always bound to be a large class of pupils in our schools who are backward and show no promise of any literary talent or even of any tendency toward a definite calling. Now they must be appealed to in some way, and since the creative instinct is written so deeply in all human nature we cherish hopes that this particular class of pupils will be able to express themselves by means of tools. It is a primitive instinct that is thus appealed to, and lives of even the lowest order ought to respond, it seems: yes, indeed, they are responding. The scheme is a grand success and it is filling our social ranks with capable workmen. The moral and educative aspects of the movement are encouraging.

The tendency of the times is for a combination of that learning which goes by the name of literary education with vocational training, because it has been felt oftentimes that education really takes one from his proper sphere in society and renders him incapable of producing. The new education is seeking to correct this tendency, and we may expect that the youth of the future, educated under influences so favorable to industrialism, will at least have gained some insight thereby, which may direct him in the deliberate choice of a life work.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

Dallas B. Kirk

SINCE July 18, 1911, marks the one hundredth anniversary of this great English author, we will pause a moment and look at his life.

William M. Thackeray was born at Calcutta, July 18, 1811, where his father was a civil servant. His ancestors were Saxons. When William was five years old his father died. He was very devoted to his widowed mother.

His education began at the Charter House, with Dr. Russell as the teacher. Thackeray was nearing eighteen when he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, but he left without taking a degree. While there he probably helped to edit the *Snob*, the college paper.

His good health, strength and a fine figure were easily noted in this youthful literary genius, after his school days were over. He could read German and French, and spoke both with ease.

His chosen profession was that of an artist. To fit himself for this, he studied art for several years at Weimar, Rome and Paris. But he finally became convinced that this was not his life work, so he entered the journalistic field, writing under an assumed name at first.

He wrote articles for *Fraser's Magazine*, the *New Monthly*, the *Museum*, *Punch*, etc.

When Wm. Thackeray was twenty-six, he was married to Isabella Shawe. Three children blessed this home. Anne, Jane, and Harriet. The oldest is now known as Mrs. Richmond Richie, the author, whose books are in many English homes. The second child died before she reached womanhood, and the youngest married Sir Leslie Stephen. Her husband wrote a number of biographies. Among them are, "Life of Swift," "Pope," "Dr. Johnson," and "George Eliot." Mrs. Thackeray had poor health

and finally her mind gave way, when her husband was about thirty years old. This caused a great shadow to fall upon this home, and to make matters still worse, Thackeray's own health became shattered. Of his daughters whom he dearly loved he said,

I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were working,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me.

Here are some beautiful lines from his pen,

"O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable Vastness immeasurable! O name, that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are they now are so familiar with it?"

Sometimes he quoted: "It takes three generations to make a gentleman."

Here is a true statement found in a poem entitled "Jacob Omnium's Hoss:"

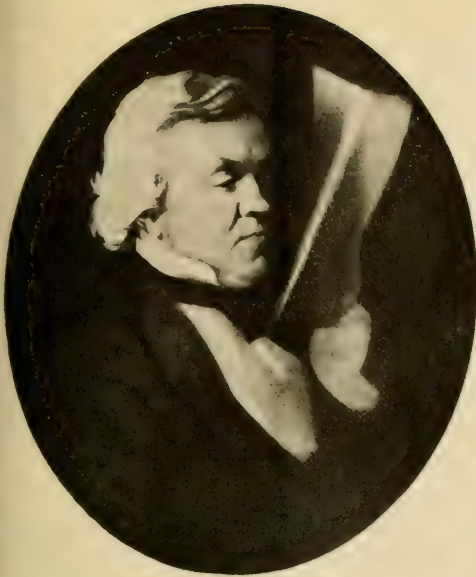
And go it Jacob Omnium,
And ply your iron pen,
And rise up Sir John Jervis
And shut me up that den;
That sty for fattening lawyers in,
On the bones of honest men.

At one time he wrote to Tennyson about his poems:

"I have been lying back in my chair and thinking of those delightful Idyls my thoughts being turned to you; and what could I do but be grateful to that surprising genius which has made me so happy."

Early in life Thackeray became acquainted with many noted people, having the friendship of Carlyle, Dickens, Tennyson, Macaulay, Goethe, Fitzgerald, Monckton, Mills, and Sydney Smith.

Thackeray had been writing for about twelve years before his masterpiece "Vanity Fair," appeared in 1846-48. He had devoted much of his time to this



Wm. M. Thackeray.

work. This book holds a position in the front rank of English literature. He said, "It was brilliantly illuminated with the author's own candles." One of the best descriptions which Thackeray ever wrote is found in this masterpiece, where he describes the Battle of Waterloo. His lack of superlatives makes his style grand and almost unequalled in literature. "Vanity Fair" found many interested readers, despite its numerous faults. One of the good things in this work is the large redeeming feature, that of teaching a good lesson from beginning to the end. The author has painted vice very plain, nevertheless it is not of the alluring kind, but rather lifts the reader above those disgusting things. It was after the publication of "Vanity Fair" that Thackeray gained a prominent place in the world of letters.

Space is too limited to more than briefly mention some of his other books. "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" was published in 1837-38. "Catherine Hayes" in 1839-40. "The Paris Sketch Book" in 1840. "The Irish Sketch Book" in 1843. "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo" in 1844. "Pendennis" in

1850. "Henry Esmond" in 1852. This is one of the best books in the English language, while some even say it is Thackeray's greatest book. "The Newcomes" appeared in 1854. His parody on Scott's "Ivanhoe" is a fine work.

There has been published a volume of his poems entitled "Ballads," but they are not all ballads. He does not rank as a great poet although some of his poetry is of a high quality.

"The Roundabout Papers" were first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which Thackeray was the editor for over two years. During his editorship, articles by such noted people as Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Stowe, Adelaide Proctor, Lord Houghton, Tennyson, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Dickens were published. Dickens succeeded Thackeray as editor.

At the time of Thackeray's death, December 24, 1863, he left unfinished a new novel entitled "Denis Duval." Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell are also in this class, since both left unfinished work behind them.

"The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" was a series of lectures which Thackeray delivered in England, Scotland and America. In lecturing he did not equal Dickens. The student will be interested in reading this collection of essays which include those on Fielding, Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, etc. Another series of lectures was on "The Four Georges." These were very popular in the United States, but they did not meet with such hearty approval in England, as they were very critical and strikingly true.

Thackeray belongs to the Victorian Age of English literature, and ranks with such writers as Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, Tennyson, the two Brownings, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Macaulay and Bulwer Lytton.

His fame did not reach its highest point until after his death. His later life was subject to moods and dark

hours. He had earned over again his fortune, which he had so carelessly spent in his early manhood. There is a sentiment in his books which clearly shows the vanity of much that is human.

Thackeray spent much time upon his manuscripts and they do not contain any great mistakes, being correct even to a small historical tale. However it was not an uncommon thing for his writing to appear late for publication. His art of conversation was limited, but his experience was very wide. He was a careful reader of biography, poetry, history and fiction. His style of writing belongs to the reserve class, and it was possibly due to this style that he did not equal Dickens' overflowing style.

The following tributes are given for what they are worth:

Some one has said of Thackeray, "A man in all the qualities of intellect, he was a child in all the qualities of heart."

Shirley Brooks, editor of *Punch*, said, "His life all wrought of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways."

And this one is from James Hannay, an Englishman who loved Thackeray sincerely: "It is long since England has lost such a son,—it will be long before she has such another to lose. . . . He will be remembered in due succession with these men for ages to come, as long as the hymn of praise rises in the old Abbey of Westminster and wherever

the English tongue is native to men, from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Mississippi."

Longfellow, the American poet, admired this English writer, and said, "He was so great, so honest a writer."

George William Curtis, another American writer, has said, "He seems to be one of all authors who takes life precisely as he finds it. If he finds it sad, he make it sad: if gay, gay. You discover in him the flexible adaptability of Horace, but with a deep and consuming sadness which the Roman never knew, and which in the Englishman seems to become almost sentimentality."

Tom Taylor, in *Punch*, wrote:

He was a cynic; you might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its
silver hair;
In those blue eyes, with childlike candor lit,
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to
wear.

There is a bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey, although this distinguished writer was not buried there. A collection of letters by Thackeray was published in 1887. In 1848 there was an article on Thackeray's works published in the *Edinburgh Review*.

A continued study of this author can be had by reading his works, and also by studying books of biography by Henry Esmond Phelps, Anthony Trollope, James Grant Wilson, and Mrs. Charles Fairbanks.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST

J. L. Switzer

GOOD-BYE, old Iowa. We are off for Kansas! It was the 15th of August, 1871. Twenty years of young manhood spent in old Maryland, three years in military training, eleven years of pioneer service in Iowa, and we were off on a missionary tour to the fenceless, treeless, trackless wastes of the great American Desert—the home

of the Indian, the buffalo, the wolf, the prairie dog and the rattlesnake.

There were four of us, the best young woman in Iowa, her little boy a year old (crowing in her arms), her brother-in-law and the missionary. A fine, sturdy span of horses, a new covered wagon, with beds, provisions and clothing complete the outfit. And now for the South,

and now for the West, and now for the adventure, and now for the pleasure and novelty of a long journey in the open air under the blue skies, and the raw, unschooled, untutored missionary took the reins, sang the old missionary hymn, and was off.

A few copies of the *Christian Family Companion*, edited by Bro. H. R. Holsinger, and the *Gospel Visitor*, edited by Bro. James Quinter and Henry Kurtz, together with an old English family Bible printed in 1812, in large type, and weighing about twelve pounds, with its voluminous commentary, historical records and numerous statistical tables, together with a hymn book, comprised the literary equipment of the outfit. The Bible was a present from my father-in-law, who emigrated from England and brought the precious old Book along with him when he came across the water.

He very justly reasoned that this was the best and most valuable wedding present that a father could bestow; and you may feel well assured that we prized it accordingly. But to the journey. It was a continual ovation, passing from one settlement of the Brethren to another through Iowa. We were loaded with apples and grapes and provisions and kind words and offices and good cheer and blessings, so much so, that our hearts were light and cheerful all the way along.

Hospitality in that early day in the West was as free and commonplace as selfishness is now. The early settlers everywhere hailed the traveler, the new comer was a friend, and made him welcome whether the dwelling had one room or five, whether there was one loaf or a dozen, whether he traveled on horseback or afoot. It only took five minutes to get acquainted, and from that on they talked first of questions, where from, destination, prospects, news, former history, habitation, experience, family connections, and a thousand things ran on in a stream till the host and hostess felt

well satisfied that they had received ample remuneration for their entertainment and generally sent the traveler on his way.

Arriving at the Missouri River, we ferried across at Plattsmouth, and were then in the domain of Uncle Sam, the homestead country of Nebraska. Much of the State was at that time homestead land, plenty of beautiful, fertile prairie, but the great desideratum was to get timber and water with the land; for fuel and drink were just as necessary, and more immediately so, than the land for a home.

The land office was at Beatrice, and thither we wended our way. There was not a congregation; there was not an elder; there was not a member of our church, so far as we knew, at that time living in Nebraska; yet a tide of emigrants was rolling in that blocked the roads and the streets and crowded the land office from early morn till late at night, all seeking new homes, all having cut loose from old associations, and were eager to form new ones in the new promised land.

We thought it an opportune time for foreign missionary enterprise, and so it was. We camped four days at Beatrice, but found neither the desired timber nor water. Then a storekeeper at Red Cloud, Peter Head, told us of fine land with good wood and water in Kansas, and we journeyed on to the Southwest. There indeed we found fine spring water and good wood for fuel. So we bargained with the government for a home, and thanked God for our prosperous journey.

Soon we had a shanty constructed. Then we advertised in the *Companion* that our latchstring was hanging out to welcome the Brethren. This soon brought Eld. Allen Ives, from Burr Oak, to visit us, and general home mission plans were discussed, projected and entered upon, right upon the heels of the Indians and buffaloes. The prairie was

strewn with buffalo bones. The surveyors' corners were marked with buffalo heads, and the wolves that had very recently stripped the meat from the bones serenaded us at night. Buffalo paths and buffalo wallows were still very distinctly visible in many places over the ground that they had so recently covered and grazed upon in herds of many thousands.

But we were also uncomfortably close to the Indians. A settlement of Swedes at Scandinavia, fourteen miles to the southeast of us, had only shortly before aroused their ire by some indiscretion, and they came swarming in from the west to avenge the insult. Arriving at the Swede settlement, near us, on White Rock Creek, they attacked a family of three brothers by the name of Dahl, and shot one of them through the body. He was not immediately killed, and the two brothers placed him on some kind of a stretcher which they improvised, and under cover of bushes along the creek and the approaching darkness, they carried him seven miles to the town of White Rock, where the Indians did not venture to come, and where he afterwards died.

At the same time they surrounded the cabin of another Swede. His name, I think, was Nelson. An Indian entered the house and in a friendly attitude showed Nelson his long range rifle, and

asked him if he thought it would kill a buffalo. Nelson said he thought it certainly would. Thereupon the Indian shot him through the head. The rest of the gay men entered the house and helped themselves to everything the family possessed, after which they took Mrs. Nelson along with them a prisoner.

By this time other families in the neighborhood were preparing for defense and the cowardly rascals made off, never again to appear in that neighborhood. The body of Nelson was buried and a long search was made for Mrs. Nelson, but she was never found. Some years afterward several miles up the creek the scattered fragments of a skeleton were found, which some supposed might be the remains of the missing woman, but nothing remained by which they could be identified.

A young man living with Nelson was providentially saved. He slipped out of the rear door of the cabin and secreted himself in a thick clump of bushes that grew on, or rather under, the bank of the creek where the cabin stood. As soon as the Indians were gone he ran out and gave the alarm, passing on down the creek to the town of White Rock, where they hastily got ready to receive them. But the Indians did not stand for a battle. They rode off to the west and were not seen afterward.

THE DESERTED FLORIDA ISLAND

C. D. Clough

THE islands along the lower coast of Florida are almost as numerous as the sands of the seashore. They are of all sizes from a small group of mangrove trees to a slightly elevated tableland, comprising several thousand acres.

The soil in some instances is rich, in others it is barren white sand—almost snow whiteness—which constitutes the soil for a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet. The vegetation on such soil is of little consequence. A short strawlike grass and stubby palmetto with a growth of short leaf

nine trees about embraces the entire growth and to make anything grow on such soil would be a useless task, for nothing in the vegetable kingdom could be persuaded to grow thereon even if the entire output of a modern size fertilizer factory was used as an inducement. Yet, to the surprise of many, on these seemingly barren islands further in the interior you occasionally find fruit trees of a wild species furnishing fruit in abundance.

While vegetation positively refuses to grow here, there are said to be many



Away from Civilization.

treasures on some of these islands yet undiscovered, buried beneath these sands no doubt by Spaniards and pirates years ago, before Florida was added to the Union.

Many men have parted with their hundreds trying to enrich their wealth by looking for and finding a buried chest or some box containing gold in immense quantities, only to find in the end that their searching was all in vain.

In the early part of 1896, I think it was, I formed a company of young people in my home town, Elizabeth, New Jersey. They were Charley Dimsey, Mike Holligan and myself. Each of the trio had had considerable experience as an amateur sailor, and having read a great deal about the Thousand Islands along the coast of South Florida, we decided to embark in a line of business somewhat different from the ones we conducted at home. In fact, we worked little if any in Elizabeth, as our fathers were well enough fixed in this world's goods to keep us going, and so long as our heads remained above water, we were well satisfied in a way, yet longed for adventure.

After prevailing upon our parents for the amount of cash that would be required to make the trip, we thought this would afford us enough adventure to last a lifetime, and that thought moulded into reality not many weeks later. All preparations complete, we boarded a Pennsylvania train one evening in the early part of March, 1896, and started on our journey, purchasing three tickets from the station agent good from Elizabeth to Punta Gorda, Fla., at that time the most extreme southerly point reached by rail on the west coast of the Land of Flowers.

We, as a matter of course, purchased Pullman tickets calling for a section from our starting point to Jacksonville. Charley and myself occupied the lower berth while Mike insisted on sleeping alone in the upper, due doubtless to his peculiar Irish notion. His selection, no doubt, was made possible for the reason that during repose he snored so loud and strong that a bed-

fellow with him would have had a difficult time getting any sleep at all.

As the train pulled out of the station, there were probably never three more anxious and adventurous souls in the world than the trio we have just mentioned.

As the fast train sped through Trenton, after a short stop, on and on through the Quaker City, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, down through the valleys of old Virginia, through the historic city of Richmond, and as time passed, the train heavily laden with human freight allowed us only to catch glimpses of the more interesting southern cities, such as Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., and numerous smaller cities and less significant towns that flourished along the line.

After about thirty hours' run we steamed into Jacksonville, and there partaking of a hasty warm supper in the dining rooms of the terminal station, we again boarded an Atlantic Coast Line train for Tampa. Here we again purchased Pullman tickets for Punta Gorda. Why we made this second purchase of the Pullman people is hard to tell, unless we desired to enrich their already well-filled coffers, for the same car that we boarded at Elizabeth went through to Punta Gorda, and had we secured tickets through to our railway destination it would have been less expensive than buying by piecemeal, as we did.

We only blamed ourselves for the error, and if we were handed the yellow rind sour fruit we presented it to ourselves, and would not in the least find cause to blame this gigantic trust for the mistake.

The next morning about five or six o'clock we awoke while our car was standing still on a side track at the town of Lakeland, which place is said to be the highest point on the peninsula.

After interrogating the porter and conductor of the Pullman it was learned that we would have to remain at this point about three hours for a train that would carry us through to our destination. The morning was a delightful one, and we gave our berths a rest by taking a look at the town nestled as it was among beautiful clear water lakes. The scenery reminded us of descriptions of sunny Italy.

We noticed the careworn features of the inhabitants as they walked to and fro, and our curiosity was much aroused over these sad faces, when we could not see any cause for anything but smiles for being citizens of such a lovely place, though it was not long until we learned that the great blizzard of only a few weeks previous had leveled to the ground the thousands of orange and other citrus fruit trees.

It had been a great ordeal to the Floridians. In a single night the chilling blast and high winds had made deserts out of beautiful groves and orchards.

(Continued on Page 737.)

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

LOVING THE UNLOVED.

MRS. A. S. STEELE.

"No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." I have sometimes told my children that the Lord gives us a chance to be a help to somebody every day, or, on the other hand, we may be a stumbling block to some one. It means so much to put ourselves by faith into the hands of the Lord and say "Now, Father, take charge of me." It is one thing to talk about leaning on the Lord and it is another thing to actually lean and lean hard.

Converted When a Child.

I was led to the Lord when I was a child. I lived at Chelsea, Mass., and went to school with children who attended theaters; I wanted to go too but my mother would not let me. I remember one day they had a ball and I teased my mother to go to it and she said, "No." I asked again and again. She said, "My child, does 'No' ever mean 'Yes'?" I said, "When I get bigger I will go all I want to."

After that I had a dream that I was in a terrible storm. Then there came a storm and my dear girl friend was killed instantly by lightning while sitting near her mother. I said to myself, "These are warnings to me; I do not know how much longer the Lord is going to wait on me." I was lazy, selfish, and had a fearful temper. If there is anything mean it is to serve the devil until you are old and ready to die and then turn around and say, "Lord, forgive me." I thought I had better love the Lord enough to try to please him while living.

I went to church and the minister quoted the text, "He that believeth not is condemned." The pastor showed that we sinners who are not converted were under condemnation. I had a most

wretched week. I remember the next Sunday the pastor preached from the text, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." I said right then and there, "Lord, write my name down in your book." I told the Lord that I would do anything he wanted me to do. I meant what I said, but I never dreamed it would be mothering a whole lot of colored children. It is an awful thing to lie to the Lord. But I had to leave it to him as to what he wanted me to do. I was transacting business for eternity. I had a high temper and I was afraid the Lord could not manage it. We must be clean vessels just emptied for the Lord to use.

The next morning everything looked so different to me—there seemed to be a halo about everything. I experienced the sweetness and joy which this world can not give or take away.

Bearing My First Cross.

The first week after my conversion as some of my schoolmates were going to school a couple of the boys got angry with each other and began to swear. I thought there was my time to speak for Jesus. I said, "Boys, boys, don't use God's name in that way." They looked at me and threw back their heads and just roared. They said, "My, Fatty is getting religious." I thought I could not stand that, but the Lord comforted me and showed me that he bore more than that for me.

Next a man was going to beat his horse. I stepped up and said, "Here, don't whip that horse again."

He said, "You get out of here or I will hit you."

Then I cried and cried, and that touched his heart and he said, "Why child, I didn't think you felt that bad about it."

Next I met a drunken man at the street crossing. I spoke to him. He said, "Sissy, what is that you say?" I told him about Jesus who could save him. Then he said, "I had a little girl once and I had a good mother." He cried, and I went away praying for him.

Carpenters are willing to lose lots of lumber to learn the trade; now why are we not willing to sacrifice something to get used to working for the Master?

I wanted to work for the Lord but did not know where to work. I loved children so I thought I would be a school teacher. My father said, "All right, I will make you a good teacher." I taught school seven and one-half years and then I was given the principalship of the grammar schools in that town. After my husband's death I took another school in an adjoining town. They began to crowd the Bible out of the school and I had no opportunity to speak for Jesus so I gave up my school.

I went to Chattanooga, where a large proportion of the town were colored people. I did not like their looks, and, I say it respectfully, if the Lord had only consulted me I would have advised him not to make any negroes. When I saw their condition I thought of Jesus' words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." There are ten million Africans here in America.

The more I thought of it and asked the Lord what to do the more I decided to open an orphanage for these children. I asked the missionary society if they would undertake it and they said no. Then they told me to get the good people of Chattanooga to do it. But nobody wanted my job. There is no salary in it, but the dear Lord gave me his blessing which is better than silver and gold.

I had a little money that we had laid by for a rainy day so I bought a piece of land, founded a home, and began with three little children. The Lord has per-

mitted me to be a help and a blessing to those whom nobody else has loved. I feel that I have received compound interest on all that I have invested. All the money that the Lord left with me is gone—gone into the stomachs and onto the backs of twelve hundred little homeless children.

I teach the children the Bible every morning and every night. I am so thankful that I have had the opportunity of going into partnership with Jesus. It is a blessed investment. He will never forsake us.



THE DESERTED FLORIDA ISLAND.

(Continued from Page 735.)

As our train moved on toward Punta Gorda we could see from the car windows immense orange and grape fruit trees, the leaves of which now were of a saffron color. Every vestige of life in the tree branches seemed dead.

We reached Punta Gorda about noon and were escorted to a modern sized hotel where we secured accommodations.

Looking about the landing on the bay front in search of some small sail boat that would meet our demands was the work of the afternoon. We were thrown up against the rough class of sailors, fishermen and toughs from all parts of the globe as is usually the case at all seaport towns. We failed to find a man who would agree to rent us a boat, therefore it was up to us to buy one, which we did at a figure that suited all concerned. We secured a second-hand sailboat from a dealer at a reasonable price, and equipping ourselves with enough provisions to last throughout the voyage of perhaps several weeks we were about ready to commence our trip.

We did not wish to make our trip public, therefore, had we embarked from some pier on Manhattan Island we would have shunned even the presence of a newspaper reporter. However, we experienced little difficulty at Punta Gorda in shunning the knights of the pencil pushers, as the town boasted of only one small weekly paper, and from a financial standpoint, the editor no doubt would not have been classed a modern Ananias had he spelled the word "weakly."

Charley and Mike as well as the first person singular, wanted to have all the good things to eat possible, so our smokehouse aboard the boat was bountifully supplied. We did not fail to provide ourselves with guns and ammunition as we did not know what strange things we would encounter on the trip.

We set sail the third day after our arrival in Punta Gorda and moved smoothly down the bay, the waters being calm and peaceful, scarcely a ripple on the deep. These conditions made progress slow for a while, but along about noon a slight breeze sprung up giving us a chance to use our sails to some advantage.

When night came on we found ourselves near the government lighthouse at Boco Grande. Here we ran near the shore and cast anchor, all turning in for a much needed rest, no watch being necessary as we were almost away from habitation save the lighthouse keeper and his family.

The next morning we made an early start, and experienced little difficulty in the day's journey. Night came upon us when we were a few miles out from shore and there being no breeze we were forced to use the oars in order to get near land for a night's camp.

The third day of our trip was a memorable one, and the events and horrors of a few hours told many deeds of a blood-curdling nature. After making our start in the early morning, we noticed the sky was being overcast with thick, murky clouds, accompanied by high winds, and no doubt, had we been near a weather bureau we would have seen storm signals displayed. But to us a forecast of the weather could only be determined by our own guesses.

Despite the bad aspects of the weather we sailed forth, though our progress was slow. As the day advanced, harder rains and stronger winds came on and the high seas carried our boat farther and farther from shore. When night came on we were out of sight of land entirely. How many miles away from shore we did not know, and our boat tossed upon the billows like a cork on a boiling spring. When darkness settled down upon us we were without a guide, as a compass and a small improvised chart proved of little benefit.

The wind by this time had gained such a velocity that it was playing havoc with our craft. The mainsail had been torn almost into doll rags and our only way of propelling the little boat was by means of the oars, and in a heavy sea like this they were of little advantage. The water poured into the vessel faster than we could bail it out, for it seemed that every bursting billow added hundreds of gallons of water to our supply.

Soon there was a crash that sounded above the roar of the winds, and that is about all we three remembered for a time. The boat was torn to pieces upon a rock, and the entire cargo of human freight and supplies was thrown into the sea. There was no time for planning, and as for conversation, there was none; it was every man for himself.

I didn't know anything about the swimming abilities of either Charley or Mike,

but as for myself I knew that I was an expert in this line.

A bright and vivid flash of lightning illumined the surroundings and enabled me to see remnants of our shattered boat, and my first effort was to secure a piece of the floating timber that might afford me assistance in reaching shore. I called for my comrades but only the sound of the wind and roar of the sea answered my appeals. There I was grasping hold of a piece of timber somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico without food or water and no visible way of reaching land, yet I held fast to my piece of timber and floated with the high sea.

I did not know then whether I was being carried out further to sea or slowly making my way to some island. The latter proved, however, to be the case, for about midnight I discovered by a flash of lightning that land was near me, and this of course gave me renewed hopes. The sea was still rough and it was not long until I was washed upon the shore, of what country or land I did not know, and considering my almost exhausted condition I did not care.

The first thing I did was to walk as far on the beach as I thought proper, in order to keep away from the high tide, and take a much-needed rest.

I was thirsty and tired, but I knew it would be useless for me to attempt to find any fresh water at that time, and so patiently waited until daylight. I built a fire, however, by gathering a few pieces of dead wood, for I had provided myself with a waterproof match safe before leaving home. In this way I managed to dry my clothing and of course felt more comfortable. When the first rays of light came I made a hasty search to see if Mike and Charley had yet arrived, but my hopes were all in vain.

I managed to find a spring of fresh water near by, but if there were any signs of habitation on the island I had been unable to locate them. There were no footprints or anything that would indicate that human beings other than myself dwelt on this bit of land.

There I was, hundreds of miles away from civilization with money in my purse, but no way to spend it.

The sun advanced above the horizon in a cloudless sky, for the storm had all passed and the sea was calm as a millpond. I had an excellent view of the wide space of water, but nothing like a vessel could be seen.

My hunger by this time was showing plainly on my overworked system, yet I could not see anything that I could eat unless I made a feast of some of the sea gulls which were numerous.

Time seemed more plentiful at this particular point in my life than it ever had been before, and suiting the action to the word I busied myself in investigating the surroundings more thoroughly.

The island could not be very large I

new, and as I was lost anyway, I could not see any way of making bad matters worse by penetrating the jungles of my new habitation. It was not long until I found fruits of different kinds, and this gave me hope, for I knew I could not starve while such food grew in abundance, feeling assured that some day I would be picked up by a vessel and carried to civilization.

I was, to say the least, never bored with a conversation or undesirable callers, for no human being lived on that island save myself.

I set to work to provide some means of shelter and with the aid of my pocket knife I soon secured sufficient brush to build an arbor to shelter me from the weather. I did not take the pains to make my house air tight, however, for in that warm climate I did not have need of much warmth. I kept a fire continually on the shore in the hopes that some vessel's crew might see the light by night or the smoke by day and rescue me.

This was my beacon light to the way-faring mariners, but fond hopes are often blighted, and such was the case with me, for no signs of a ship chanced to come that way. It seemed, however, this had been the case thus far anyway.

I had a revolver with me, as I carried it in a belt during our voyage together with several rounds of cartridges. I managed to kill enough game to furnish me with meat for a while, as small game was plentiful on the island, and so tame that often I could kill birds with bits of wood that I found here and there.

How long I remained on this space of ground I did not know until many days and weeks after, as I had no way of ascertaining the time nor dates.

One day as I was out on my lonely pilgrimage, walking along on the sands, my eyes rested upon something near the water's edge at low tide, the end of which protruded a few inches above the surface of the ground. By an examination I soon found it to be something like an iron box or chest. This discovery gave me something new to think about, and something new to work at.

I secured a limb or trunk of a small tree that had become hardened by the winds of perhaps many seasons, and one end being sharp I went to work trying to unearth my new find, but this I found to be slow work.

I dug and pulled, scratched with my hands and feet with might and main, but progress was poor.

I could only work a portion of the day with any speed for when the tide came up my treasure would be submerged, then I would have to wait until the water receded again.

Each time to my regret I found the sand had covered up a greater portion of my work, yet I was not to be discouraged, and instead of giving up my task I worked the

harder. At last, one day I succeeded in raising the chest a sufficient distance to see that I did not have a real pipe dream.

It was a reality. The chest was there, securely locked, and I knew that it contained something valuable for no sane man would have buried a heavy iron chest with nothing in it way down there on a deserted island.

Time had dealt gently with it for, despite the cakes of rust, the main body was firm and solid, showing that it was heavily and substantially made.

I had secured the piece of timber that helped to land me on the island, and by casting it into the water managed to tow it around to the place where I was now doing business, with doors open at all hours of the day, while the tide did not hinder me in my work.

This piece of timber afforded me means of turning the chest over and over until I had it well up on dry land where tidedater did not reach.

After my task of rolling the chest was ended the next thing for me to do was to break the lock and find the contents of the box. This took some time and exertion; the more I beat and hammered at the lock the harder it seemed to break. Finally I managed to burst the clasp and soon had the cover lifted open.

As I raised the cover I was gratified, at the same time surprised, and very agreeably too, for inside the chest in a heavy leather bag was gold. There were Spanish coins of various sizes.

There I was; made rich with no way nor means to spend the money. I was always a great admirer of the so-called filthy lucre, yet I would have given every cent of my fortune to be released from my island prison, and permanently deposited at some civilized American port, I cared not where, but this seemed all vain hope. I must wait for fortune to overtake me again, but this time it must come in the way of an escape from my own adopted prison.

I took out my gold and carefully counted it as well as I could, for to be exact was impossible, not knowing the value of Spanish money, yet I was perfectly confident that I could tell something near the value by the size and weight of the coin.

I felt assured that my newly acquired wealth amounted to many thousands of dollars. I placed it back in the leather bag and tied the string securely that had for years been perfectly preserved in this air tight, water proof chest. I kept my treasure by me, though I knew there was no chance of robbers calling on me at the present time. Days and weeks passed by without any signs of deliverance and my hopes, aspirations and air castles had about crumbled and gone. I thought of suicide, yet that insane idea would not do.

One morning as I was just arising from slumber, the gray streaks of dawn assum-

ing a lighter shade and another day beginning, I looked out upon the great deep and saw a skiff coming towards me, manned by two stout men. At first I thought of pirates and murderers, but upon second thought I knew that would not do, for in this land all such men have either died or been driven away, so there I stood upon the shore answering their salute by a glad wave of my hands. As the men and boat drew nearer I saw that the occupants were Americans who were no doubt trying to rescue me from my lonesome home which I felt I could leave with little regret.

As soon as the boat was run ashore the men wanted to know full particulars of my nationality, habitation and many other questions were asked of a minor nature which I answered the best I could. No time was lost in boarding the skiff. As soon as I went for my leather bag of gold I was ready to take passage. Carelessly laying my treasure at my feet when I stepped into the skiff that I might not arouse the attention of the sailors, we pushed off and were soon bounding over the waves like a race boat.

Before my discovery on the island, I had secured a lot of grass and carefully wrapped it around the gold coin so that it would not make any rattle when shaken about, realizing when I did this that some day I might find a way of escape and I could continue to own my treasure without fear.

It was not long before we rowed up to the vessel that lay in wait for us. I found it to be a large American schooner loaded with coal bound for Port Tampa, Fla. The reader can imagine how I felt on board that ship near civilization after weeks of imprisonment on that deserted island.

I had money in my purse as stated before and preferred to pay my passage despite the fact that the Marathon did not carry passengers, though an exception was made in my case. I was supplied with the best of food and furnished with a good bed. In a few days our vessel entered the port of Tampa and there was one glad heart and soul above all others among that crew, and the reader will have no difficulty in guessing who that person was.

I wasted no time in Port Tampa. Securing a ticket through to Elizabeth along with Pullman accommodations I boarded the first through train and two days later reached my home. It was on June 25 when I reached Elizabeth, and since our departure from Punta Gorda my home people knew nothing of my whereabouts. Many times I had been mourned as dead.

All along my journey I held tight to my leather bag, and its contents. After reaching home I took a flying trip down to New York and there deposited my coin in one of the leading banks. To my surprise my wealth reached the sum of forty-seven thousand dollars.

Little remains to be said now of my life as a treasure hunter. I have never heard one word of Charley or Mike. Poor fellows must have perished in the waves that eventful night in March and their own people deeply mourned their loss.

With my small fortune I entered business and have lived to see it grow and flourish until today I am glad to say I am a man of considerable means, surrounded by a family consisting of a wife and four children.



THE CHILDREN.

Charles Dickens.

They are idols of hearts and of households;

They are angels of God in disguise;

His sunlight sleeps in their tresses,

His glory still gleams in their eyes;

Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,

They make me more manly and mild,

And I know how Jesus could liken

The Kingdom of God to a child.

Ah, my heart grows weak as a woman's

And the fountains of feelings will flow

When I think of the paths steep and stony

Where the feet of the dear ones must go;

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,

Of the tempest of fate blowing wild—

Oh, there is nothing one-half so holy

As the innocent heart of a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones

All radiant, as others have done,

But that life may have just enough shadow

To temper the glare of the sun;

I would pray God to guard them from evil,

But the prayers would bound back to myself;

Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,

But a sinner must pray for himself.



A HELPING HAND.

If I should see

A brother languishing in sore distress,

And I should turn and leave him comfortless

When I might be

A messenger of hope and happiness—

How could I ask what I denied

In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might sing

A little song to cheer a fainting heart

And I should seal my lips and sit apart,

When I might bring

A bit of sunshine for life's aches and smart,

How could I hope to have my grief relieved

If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know

That day is lost wherein I failed to lend

A helping hand unto some wayward friend.

But if it show

A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,

Then do I hold the golden hour well spent,

And lay me down to rest in sweet content.

—Edith V. Brand.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Ort Wells, traveling comrade of George Ade, made his fortune as a broker in Chicago. After he had got enough money he quit and announced that he never intended to do another stroke of work as long as he lived.

Recently Wells was visiting Ade at Ade's farm in Indiana.

"Ort," said Ade, "take that bucket and go out to the well and get a bucket of water."

Wells took the bucket, walked to the well, dipped the bucket full and walked back to the house, leaving the bucket standing by the curb.

"Where's the water?" asked Ade.

"Out there in the bucket."

"Why didn't you bring it in?"

"No, sir!" said Wells. "Not on your feet! I was willing to take the bucket out and fill it, but I'll never bring it in. It's no exercise to fill it, but to tote it back is work. Go and get it yourself if you want it!"—Saturday Evening Post.



A college professor who is very absent-minded got on a crowded electric car not long ago, and had to stand up. As the conductor came to take his fare, the professor suddenly perceived a well-known society woman of his acquaintance. He at once put his hand into his pocket, took out a nickel, and handed it nonchalantly to the woman. Then, turning, he made an elaborate bow and shook hands cordially with the conductor.—B. H. Kinney.



A well-known revivalist whose work has been principally among the negroes of a certain section of the South remembers one service conducted by him that was not entirely successful. He had had very poor attendance, and spent much time in questioning the darkies as to their reason for not attending.

"Why were you not at our revival?" he asked one old man, whom he encountered on the road.

"Oh, I dunno," said the backward one.

"Don't you ever pray?" demanded the preacher.

The old man shook his head. "No," said he; "I carries a rabbit's foot."—Taylor Edwards, in Lippincott's.



There were introductions all around. The big man stared in a puzzled way at the club guest. "You look like a man I've seen somewhere, Mr. Blinker," he said. "Your face seems familiar. I fancy you have a double. And a funny thing about it is that I remember I formed a strong prejudice

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against the man who looks like you—although, I'm quite sure, we never met."

The little guest softly laughed. "I'm the man," he answered, "and I know why you formed the prejudice. I passed the contribution plate for two years in the church you attended."—Everybody's.



John D. Rockefeller went to Thomasville, Georgia, a few years ago to spend the winter. Soon after he arrived he hired a team of horses from one of his neighbors. No arrangement was made as to price and at the end of the first week the owner sent Mr. Rockefeller a bill for a hundred dollars.

Mr. Rockefeller was very indignant, returned the horses and refused to pay the bill. Roscoe Luke, who is now a candidate for governor of Georgia, was the horse man's attorney; and to him the man went with the matter.

After Luke had heard the story he said to his client:

"Look here, old man; it seems to me like you have overcharged him."

"Overcharged him your eye!" shouted the horseman. "I wasn't overcharging him. I fined him!"—Saturday Evening Post.



A man descended from an excursion train and was wearily making his way to the street-car, followed by his wife and fourteen children, when a policeman touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Come along wid me."

"What for?"

"Blamed if I know; but when ye've locked up I'll go back and find out why the crowd was following ye."



It is taking some time for the flood of stories about the discovery of the North Pole to sweep past.

The owner of a plantation said to a favorite dorky:

"Mose, they've discovered the North Pole."

"Deed!" exclaimed the old negro. "Where at?"



A mission worker in New York tells of a youngster who had never been to "the country" until the occasion of a "fresh air" excursion whereof he was a member.

One day this lad was seen closely examining a certain trim, well-made object on the farm. He stared at it for a while and then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking at, son?" asked the farmer.

"Where's the doors and windows?"

"Doors and windows? Why, that's not a house; it's a haystack."

"Excuse me, pop!" returned the youngster. "You can't string me that way. He doesn't grow in lumps like that."—Edward Tarrisse in Lippincott's.

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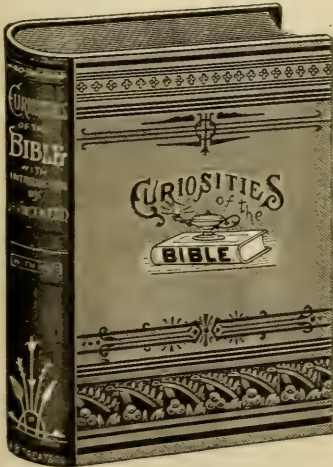
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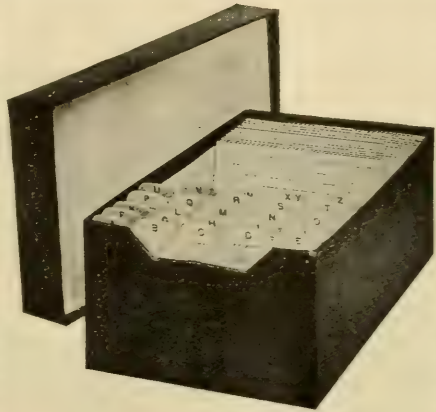
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7. MARKETS. These cities all right at our door, with their industrious population, furnish remarkable markets. Large proportion of the food that is now being supplied has come over the mountains from the middle west. This keeps prices high all the time and insures the farmers on our lands, not only that everything they can raise will be eagerly taken, but that the prices will make the returns from their labor much greater than ever before known.

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9. SCHOOLS. For years the State of California has been a model on which many other States of the country have based their public school system. The two great State Universities, one at Palo Alto, and the other at Berkeley, each within 100 to 150 miles of our land, are among the three or four most famous in the entire country. Every town and township has a fine free high school, two being located on the lands taken up by the Brethren. Every district also has its free common schools, which offer ideal educational facilities for your children—in fact, facilities that are seldom equalled in Eastern States.

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crops. If there are no crops, there are no payments. But as crop failure is unknown this need not be taken into consideration. This plan insures a man with a limited amount of money a chance that he would otherwise not be able to afford. It also shows our faith in our land, for we get our pay only as you get your profits.

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Montana Orchard

AND

Diversified Farming Lands

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says

that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardiest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

Big Timber, Montana

GLASS BROS. LAND CO.

or Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

A MAGAZINE OF QUALITY



RETHREN
UBLISHING
OUSE

ELGIN,
ILLINOIS

August 1, 1911

Vol. XIII. No. 31

Three Trite Truths

1 Apple Land is the most valuable land in the United States because no crop pays so well as apples.

2 MIAMI VALLEY lands are good apple lands.

3 YOU can own a commercial apple orchard in MIAMI VALLEY and share in the enormous profits from apple growing without leaving your present home.

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Development
Company,
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Farmers Development Company

**SPRINGER
New Mexico**

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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Terms: Issued weekly, 5 cents a copy, \$1.00 a year in advance in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, and the Philippine Islands; \$1.25 in Canada. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Elgin, Illinois. Subscribers may remit to us by postoffice or express money orders, drafts or registered letters. Money sent in letters is at senders' risk.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

- - -

Elgin, Ill.

70 Million Dollars Expended in Idaho

during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

The Story of the Agricultural Growth of Idaho

**The Fruits from
This Section
Cater to the
Markets of the
World.**

is a romance almost beyond belief, based on the legitimate harvesting of dollars from the dimes invested. The Snake River Valley, with its tributaries, is among the greatest and richest valleys of the Northwest. From it radiate a vast system of irrigation canals and laterals carrying life and productivity to green fields of alfalfa, sugar beets and grain; to areas of the finest potatoes in the land, as well as to great sections of fruit laden orchards.

There is still much land available in Idaho, but it is rapidly being acquired. You should go there now.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

August 1, 1911.

No. 31.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Militarism and High Cost of Living.

THE High Cost of Living" is a very favorite topic of discussion these days since nearly all of us have our complaints and we think that we do not have as much property as we should have. It is not a problem that concerns the wealthy, nor even the well to do, but those to whom it is of vital concern are the ones who know what it means to be hungry because they cannot buy enough food. When a man's wages do not reach around the table, even though he is industrious and saving, he has a right to ask the question why. It is usually taken for granted that the cost of living has been too high and a great many reasons have been given, such as, tariff, industrial trusts, general inefficiency and waste. Some time ago the State of Massachusetts appointed a commission to investigate the matter and in their report last year they gave a reason that is seldom mentioned. They said, "A most far-reaching influence in creating, fostering, and perpetuating high prices is militarism, with its incidents of war and waste and its consequences in taxation." Here is something to think about when we know that during our national existence the government has spent more for war than it has for activities of peace. The report continues, "This enormous drain upon the earnings of the nations is supplemented annually by many other billions to maintain huge armies and navies of men taken from industry, who are organized, trained and maintained for the day when they will again be hurled at each other, to duplicate the destruction of the past and pile up new and heavier burdens upon the thrift and industry of the world." It may seem incredible, nevertheless it is true, that two-thirds of the yearly expense of the Federal Government of the United States are for the army, navy and pensions. In the face of those facts and in the face of many other facts which he must certainly know our former President, Mr. Roosevelt, argues in favor of continuing our armament policy. See a recent number of the Outlook.

Reforming Women in State Prisons.

The newer method of treating criminals is to consider crime a disease and one that can be cured in a great many cases. Such an attitude places the emphasis upon reformation rather than close imprisonment. In the current number of the Review of Reviews we notice a very instructive article on the care of women prisoners by Jeanne Robert. She discusses the methods in vogue in the prisons at Auburn, N. Y., and South Framingham, Mass. In the Massachusetts prison the majority of the inmates are between the ages of twenty-five and thirty and many are under twenty years of age. The buildings in which they are confined, instead of being enclosed by walls, are "clean-swept by the winds, with courts and windows open to the health-giving sunshine." The women are kept busy at various kinds of work about the buildings, such as scrubbing, caring for the gardens and orchards, and besides making all their own garments they also make the shirts for the men prisoners of the State prisons. On Sundays they have undenominational services consisting of preaching and prayer in the evening. "The prison school gives instruction in both day and evening sessions and at present over one hundred women are enrolled in this department. Many of the women of foreign birth take this opportunity to perfect themselves in the use of English. One feature of prison education peculiar to the Massachusetts institution is the circulating library of pictures—Copely prints and others of distinct educational value. One picture is placed in each cell and remains there one week; then it passes on to the next cell and is replaced by another."

The Auburn prison authorities also keep the inmates busy at some form of work. In a well-ventilated shop they weave towel-ing, make mattresses and cane chairs, and manufacture all their own clothing. "The cells at Auburn are really not cells, they are small, sunny rooms with high ceilings and windows that open out on a grass-grown court. They are airy and sanitary, with no trace of any odor unless it be the fresh

soapy odor of absolute cleanliness. The white enameled beds are covered with white spreads and the pillows are concealed behind plain pillow shams. Pictures adorn the walls, books rest on the stand beside the beds, and striped rag rugs on the floors add a note of color." In the reason for those accessories Mrs. Welshe, the person in charge, said, "You cannot take away every evidence of refinement or of home life and expect a woman to respond to reformatory discipline." This prison also has a school for those who wish to enjoy its advantages.

"The causes that bring women to prison are seldom of personal or even of direct moral significance. Women seldom use their wits to break the law, nor do most of their crimes demand a quick intelligence. They are in the main the result of a lack of training in trades, inconsiderate marriages, ignorance, youth, friendlessness, the general unguided condition of girls, non-employment, low wages, overcrowding in tenements, nervous tension, and the high pressure life of the average female factory employé." In the same line Mary O'Reilly, Prison Commissioner of Massachusetts, says, "Women criminals are almost entirely the victims of parasitic season trades that by piece work and starvation wages drain the workers of life, liberty and happiness. The average wage of women is \$4.50, of girls \$2.50, and twenty per cent of the women workers in Massachusetts are always unemployed. Given idleness, hunger, anxiety, the ill concealed criticism of neighbors and the unendurable tension of nerve and muscle, and it is not long until we find the woman who comes before the court for offense against her womanhood."

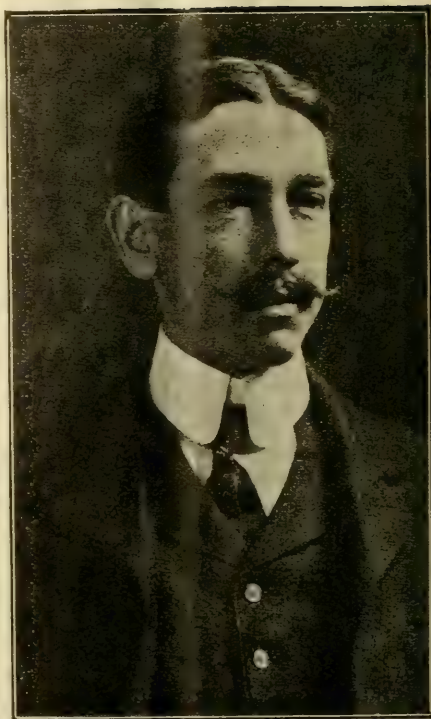
**Extracts from the Presidential Address of
Homer Folks at the National Conference of Charities and
Correction.**

"The primary institutions of civilized society include, besides the church and the school, the poorhouse and the jail. How are we coming on in making these two agencies humane and efficient?"

"The poorhouse has been improved chiefly by the process of amputation. We have removed from it the insane, or most of them; the children, or most of them; and a few of the feeble-minded."

"As to the jail I need but to mention the word. Here and there a jail has been constructed on better plans, or some minor reform assured; but in its gross aggregate of evils, it still stands without a rival."

"The latest estimate of the number of feeble-minded in the United States, made by careful workers at Vineland, New Jersey, places the number at 307,185, one in three hundred of the population. Of this number, the Vineland authorities state that



—The Survey.

Homer Folks.

President of the Boston Session of the National Conference of Charities and Correction. During the conference week Mr. Folks' alma mater, Albion College, Michigan, and Ohio Wesleyan University, both conferred on him the degree of L. D.

23,856 are in institutional care, 7½ per cent of the total. If in sixty years of effort we have accomplished the segregation of 7½ per cent of the feeble-minded, within what period of time shall we achieve our aim of complete segregation?"

"As to destitute children, our practice is much less in accord with our preaching. We have, in the course of sixty years, substantially achieved one great reform in their behalf—their removal from almshouses. In the care of wayward children we have shown far greater change than in the care of destitute children. The juvenile reformatories have made much more rapid progress in the cottage system and in modern educational methods than the orphan asylums. We have also developed, chiefly in the last decade, a new agency working side by side with the reformatory—the probation system."

"Among the reflections to which we seem to be forced in an effort to estimate the rate of progress are these:

"Progress has been very uneven, almost erratic. As to juvenile courts we lead the world; as to jails, the world leads us."

"The purposes for which we are working do not involve changes which need to come slowly. Their rapid accomplishment would in no wise endanger social stability or progress. Tuberculosis could be prevented, child labor forbidden, institutions reorganized on the cottage plan, infants' lives saved, jails reformed, and so on, and in a short time just as safely as in a long time."

"In charitable and correctional work, new methods, new ideas, new principles, however meritorious, find less prompt appli-

cation than in education or business."

"We need not be concerned as to whether we shall agree as to ultimate forms of industrial or political organizations, if there be ultimate forms. The accomplishment of our present objects and purposes will fully tax our utmost strength and resources for an indefinite period."

"The economic and social texture is tough. We may each, in our respective lines of social work, sound the signal, 'Full speed ahead!' without fear of danger from excessive movement."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Canadian Opportunities.

THE New York *Mail* sees in reciprocity with Canada a greatly enlarged field for the investment of American capital. Already close to \$500,000,000 of American money has gone into the Dominion for permanent investment, and the *Mail* feels sure that as much more will go when we have "reciprocity." Very likely that is what will happen. Vast sums of American money and vast numbers of American manhood will be tempted by cheaper and more fertile lands, the products of which can come across the border free of tariff duties. It is believed that within the next ten years, with free-trade reciprocity in full operation, a million American farmers will sell their holdings and with the money go with their families to the Canadian Northwest. They will invest, in purchase and equipment of their new Canadian homes, an average of \$5,000 to \$7,500 each. That means that from five to seven and a half billion dollars of American money will be exported to Canada.



The Trust Buster.

In these days of criminations and recrimination among divers factions in politics, all for the purpose of supplying campaign material for next year's great battle, the administration, which desires to be perpetuated, has not been entirely idle. The Taft administra-

tion has been piling up a record for trust busting, and, according to the signs, it is not going to hide its light under a bushel.

In fact, it is indicated already that the present term of President Taft will pass into history as the most pronounced trust-buster era since the Sherman act became a law, July 2, 1890.

A recapitulation of cases under the antitrust laws has just been made available, and it shows as follows for the five administrations since the law took effect:

President Harrison's administration—Four bills in equity. Three indictments.

President Cleveland's administration—Four bills in equity. Two indictments. Two informations for contempt.

President McKinley's administration—Three bills in equity.

President Roosevelt's administration—Eighteen bills in equity. Twenty-five indictments. One forfeiture proceeding.

Mr. Taft's administration—Ten bills in equity.—Sixteen indictments.

While the record of cases as shown above gives the Roosevelt administration a considerable edge over the present administration, it is to be remembered that the Roosevelt period covers seven years, while the Taft period so far extends only a little beyond two years. There are many cases still in embryo and the deduction is that when the four-year period rounds up the record will show that President Taft and his Department of Justice have set a mark that it will be hard to beat.

In any event it is apparent the Taft political managers expect to find a star part of their campaign material next year in the antitrust showing that has been made. It is expected this showing will go far toward offsetting and counteracting the charges of the administration's enemies that it has been reactionary. Meantime, it is the intention to go ahead along the lines already laid and add everything possible to the list heretofore tabulated.



Election Reform Measures.

THE most drastic campaign publicity legislation ever passed in either branch of Congress has been adopted by the Senate. Using the preëlection publicity bill passed by the House of Representatives as a basis, the Senate constructed a law with the following important features:

No candidate for the Senate or House shall spend in the election more than a sum equal to 10 cents for each voter in his district or State.

No senatorial candidate shall spend a total of more than \$10,000 in the primary and general election, and no candidate for the House shall spend more than \$5,000.

All general election expenses must be made public before the election, beginning fifteen days before the election and being given publication each six days until the election.

All promises of political jobs must be made public. The bill further makes it illegal to promise political places in order to obtain election support, or to aid in influencing the election of any member of a State Legislature.



The Arbitration Treaty with England.

WHEN the Senate of the United States refused, fourteen years ago, to ratify the proposed arbitration treaty with England negotiated by Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote and transmitted with the earnest approval

of President Cleveland, there was deep disappointment. At that time forty-three Senators voted for ratification and twenty-six against. The treaty, therefore, failed to receive the two-thirds majority required by the constitution. A change of three votes from the negative to the affirmative side of the question would have ratified a treaty, the first article of which provided for the submission to arbitration of all questions in difference between the high contracting parties which they might fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiation. The disappointment at the rejection of the Olney-Pauncefote Treaty was as pronounced in Great Britain as it was in the United States. The London *Spectator* thought that the rejection of the treaty was due to the element of our population that likes a fight and a flourish, that hates moderation and sobriety and prudence, and that cannot tolerate the notion of the fate of the country being in the hands of clergymen and professors, of lawyers and philanthropists. However that may be, the treaty was rejected, and not until the present time has any successful attempt been made to renew the undertaking then interrupted. President Taft's direct, unequivocal, and emphatic declaration as to the scope of international arbitration, and in particular as to the wisdom of an international arbitration treaty with Great Britain, has aroused the greatest enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic. The reception of his words in Great Britain has been, so far as one can judge, quite unexampled. Every element of the population and the leaders of all shades of political opinion have joined together in an enthusiastic reception of the President's splendid declaration. It is understood that an arbitration treaty with Great Britain, making no reservations as to the subjects of difference which are to be submitted for judicial determination in accordance with its terms, is soon to be submitted to the Senate for ratification. It is also understood that the prelimi-

THE FAME OF ILLINOIS ABROAD.



What the hotel clerk's used to say.



What they now say

—Chicago Tribune.

nary negotiations have been conducted with such discretion and tact and with such full knowledge on the part of the Senate that prompt and substantially unanimous ratification of such a treaty is assured.



President Taft to George V.

ON June 22, the day of the coronation of King George V., President Taft sent him the following message:

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, D. C., June 22, 1911.

His Majesty King George V., Buckingham Palace, London:

On this auspicious occasion, I take sincere pleasure in extending to Your Majesty cordial felicitations in the name of the people of the United States and in my own, and in expressing the cherished hope that under your guiding influence the British dominions may flourish and prosper. I assure Your Majesty of my best wishes for your personal welfare and that of Your Majesty's family, and for the continuance of the friendly relations existing between Great Britain and the United States.

William H. Taft.

In the President's wishes for the welfare of the King and his family and for the continuance of the friendly relations existing between Great Britain and the United States all loyal citizens of this country, without regard to race, nation-

ality, or political beliefs, will certainly join. It is of the utmost importance to the progress of the cause of friendship, fellowship, and peaceful relations among the nations of the world that it should be everywhere known that the two great English-speaking nations have made it impossible for war ever to occur between them.



Keeping Out Cholera.

NEW YORK's uneasiness, says the *Record-Herald*, over the possibilities of a cholera invasion may well be shared by cities that receive immigrants from southern and southwestern Europe, even if cholera, like typhoid fever, is communicable only "by actual contact through the mouth with discharges from the intestinal tract of the cholera victim," as Dr. Doty, the health officer of the port of New York, says, and is not transferable through the air or by means of clothing.

The danger from cholera is apparent when it is considered that in 1910 the deaths from it in Russia alone numbered 99,581, while there were 214,174 cases in that country. Italy, the land from which immigration now seems most dangerous, had 247 deaths and 656 cases. For Turkey in Asia 1,764 deaths and 2,552 cases were recorded.

The situation at New York enjoins prompt and efficient quarantine of all suspected persons. Fifteen patients now have the disease at Swinburne Island Hospital and steamers are being detained for examinations of passengers. Prompt coöperation between national and State officers there and at other ports where immigrants are received is, of course, necessary, while the health officers of inland cities should be watchful for the appearance of the disease.



OVERSEER VOLIVA, of Zion City, earned \$27,500 by kissing 286 babies in forty-eight minutes. Doesn't this establish a record?

EDITORIALS

The Cow.

The national census shows that the United States is fairly well fixed in the matter of livestock. With our 92,000,000 people, we have as many cows as Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Spain, Belgium and Holland with their total of 264,500,000 people. We have one cow for every 1.3 persons, one pig for every two persons, one sheep for every 1.6 persons but only one goat for every forty-nine persons. Horses are not yet driven out by the automobiles and flying machines, for we still have one horse for every five persons. Mules, however, are scarcer, having only one to every twenty-two of the population. In spite of the fact that we have more cattle in the United States than they have in Europe we pay more for beef than they do. The law of supply and demand does not work in the cost of beef.



South American Trade.

If the United States is to maintain and develop its present commercial position in South America a change from its policy, especially as regards the unofficial attitude of capitalists and their agents, is absolutely necessary. Unless a great change is made in the near future the United States will lose the natural advantages of its position. Foreign countries are rapidly stepping in and their representatives are already doing everything in their power to ingratiate themselves and otherwise get into friendly relation with the South American countries. The United States should have the bulk of the trade of these nations by way of accessory result of the Monroe Doctrine. The manner in which the United States is going after it is very much akin to exercising the rights of a conqueror. This method is a failure and if maintained in the future will throw South American markets open more and more to the foreign nations.

The German method, which is illustrative of that of England and France, is to study the situation carefully. Young men are sent from Germany to the spot to learn the Spanish language and observe the conditions. They are then taken back into the home office to direct the commercial exploitations of the various countries in accordance with the national and racial characteristics of the people with whom they are going to deal. The United States takes the attitude of superiority of government by armed force if need be; the Yankee does not study Spanish nor the peculiarities of the South Americans, and is bound to lose out in the fierce competition with England, France, Germany and the other countries in question. Commerce is a matter of give

and take and cannot thrive except on a basis of mutual good will. This the American seems to disdain, and as a result allows Germany and England, year in and year out to develop their South American commercial relations to the detriment of what seems naturally to belong to the United States, both from the standpoint of the Monroe Doctrine and of the geographical situation of the countries.



An Expensive Bible.

It is very fitting that the highest price ever paid for any book should be paid for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, the first important work printed from movable type. But there are other reasons why nothing short of \$50,000 would purchase the two splendid volumes of this edition. They make one of only seven known copies printed on vellum, nearly all of which are held by public institutions and can never come up for sale. J. P. Morgan is the owner of the only other one in America. About all that is known concerning its date is the fact that it was printed at Mainz, some time between 1450 and 1455. It has been disputed but never disproven that Johann Gutenberg actually printed it. To carry on the printing with movable types, Gutenberg secured several loans, principally from Johann Fust, who in the end took over the printing materials, after legal proceedings, to compel the payments of the loans. It is probable that the printing of the Gutenberg Bible was completed in Fust's home by another printer, but the materials and the process by which it was done were Gutenberg's, and the honor of having devised and utilized in the middle of the fifteenth century the means of making the modern book cannot be denied him. Printed in Latin, in Gothic type, the two folio volumes of the Gutenberg Bible contained 1,280 pages in two columns of forty-two lines hence it is called the "Latin Bible of forty two lines." Spaces were left for illuminated initials and marginal decorations in gold and other colors which were painted by hand as in the case of works of earlier periods left by monks who loved to beautify holy books.



A New Fad.

Deep mourning for pet dogs is the latest feminine fad. Very deep mourning among human beings to a certain extent has gone out of fashion. Deep mourning for dogs is taking its place. A London woman tells how, having advertised the loss of her dog she was surprised and shocked to receive on the same evening an envelope in mourning nearly an inch deep. Inquiring of her veterinary surgeon what it meant, she was told that mourning for dogs by memorial cards with deepest black edging, and even

wearing black clothes is becoming a definite fashion. In one instance a clergyman accompanied a dog to its burial, and a service of some kind probably would have been read over the animal had it not been that others were present. Many "smart" women now intimate the death of their dog by means of a mourning card. They use the deepest of borders, sometimes three-quarters of an inch deep, on their envelopes and have special mourning cards printed of the same pattern as those used where human beings are concerned. At present the cards merely state that Mrs. So-and-So deeply regrets to announce the death of her dear little dog, Fido, or something of that nature. One society woman dressed in black for a week when her pet dog died. When all expenses have been paid, the cost of memorial cards, coffin, grave and stone, the death of a fashionable woman's pet dog means, as a rule, the spending of \$100. Unhuman as it may seem, some women have declared they would rather lose their husband or their child than their pet dog.



Gold Among the Nations.

In ten years Russia has added \$310,000,000 to its stock of gold, raising the total in its treasury to \$704,000,000. At this rate she has far surpassed France which for a time was the leading nation in the accumulation of gold. In ten years France has increased its supply of the metal by \$229,000,000, raising the total to \$678,000,000. Italy has ranked as third in the accumulation of gold since 1900, its stock having risen from \$77,000,000 to \$194,000,000, a gain of \$117,000,000. Germany has gained only a little more than \$5,000,000, while the Bank of England's increase has averaged only \$3,000,000 per annum, or less than \$33,000,000 in all. Its gold supply today stands just under \$200,000,000, which is exceeded not only by Russia and France, but by Austria-Hungary, and is only \$5,000,000 above Germany's and \$7,000,000 above Italy's stock, while of course it is little more than half the amount held by the New York clearing house banks alone, to say nothing of the billion odd dollars that is held in the United States treasury. France twenty years ago held only \$263,000,000, Germany \$138,000,000, England \$113,000,000 and Austria-Hungary the insignificant total of \$22,000,000 against \$227,000,000 today. At home the New York clearing house banks and the Treasury Department have added \$782,841,275 to their holdings in ten years.



Hidden Gold.

Vain searches have been made for gold in the bowels of the earth where men have sacrificed their homes and often their lives to find fortune. Here is a new source for the fortune hunter that will not imperil the

lives of the seekers nor consume the substance of those who direct the search. Every one of our readers who raise ducks might make a search. Ducks coming from the William Farrell ranch, near Lynch, Nebraska, on a small creek that empties into the Niobrara River, have been yielding gold in its original state. When killed and dressed small nuggets of gold have invariably been found in the crops of the Farrell ducks. The largest of the nuggets weighed out fifty cents while there were any number that were worth from a dime to fifteen cents. This gives rise to the opinion that gold in considerable quantities exists somewhere along the Niobrara River and its tributaries in northern Nebraska. An investigation has shown that the portion of the ranch where the ducks roamed was a gulch through which a small stream flowed, and the idea is that while swimming in this stream the fowls picked the nuggets from the bottom where they had been washed from the surrounding hills. If you have any ducks you might take two or three of them and make a trip to the Niobrara and let them see what they can find. There is nothing like giving a new proposition a fair trial at least. If you fail don't blame the ducks for they will do all they can for you.



The County Fair.

There has been much waiting, much dreaming, much experimenting with respect to the modern county fair in different parts of the land. The important thing is that there has been a country-wide revival of interest in the matter. Here and there county fairs have been held which have been pronounced successful as to attendance, gate receipts and certain exhibits. The United States Department of Agriculture has been looking on with much concern. It is not entirely pleased. In a bulletin issued recently it declares that the full value of the county fair has not yet been developed. It commends many of the present features, but strongly recommends the elimination of features that detract from the moral tone of the exhibition. It does not intimate that the fairs should be stripped of amusements. On the contrary, it approves of trials of skill, acrobatic performances, trained animal exhibits, foot races, balloon and aeroplane ascensions. It would raise the level of the county fair to a high educational plane. It would bring it into closer touch with the agricultural schools and experiment stations, with the view of demonstrating and explaining new processes and movements in the different branches of the farmers' trade. And this is encouraging. For the county fair should not be allowed to degenerate. It ought to be regarded as an institution and cherished as such by the community, the State and the nation.

MOB VIOLENCE

A. Cline Flora

RIOTS generally originate in crowded cities or in districts where the population is principally composed of operatives. They are due mainly to two causes. First: the restlessness or peevish discontent of the working classes, who imagine that others are reaping large gain from their labors. Second: the plotting of demagogues and designing men too indolent to earn their bread by their own exertions who hope to receive power and profit, or perhaps notoriety. A third cause may be mentioned: the desire of honest but misguided men to obtain a better position for themselves and their families, who, brooding over real or fancied wrongs, finally resort to unlawful measures for redress. The actors in the first movement which finally leads to a riot, rarely, if ever, imagine that they are inaugurating one of these frenzies of popular fury.

A band of workmen who have banded together presumably for proper purposes, believing themselves to be imposed upon by their employers take measures to secure what they consider their rights. Sometimes one, sometimes another method is used, either of which causes a breach between the employers and employes. Then comes the strike. Perhaps the band of strikers are employed by some large railroad system, which spreads across the continent, operations cease, and the cars of freight and passenger traffic are frozen to the rails awaiting steam power to move them. Each individual striker has a small circle of friends which he influences; the circumferences of these circles touch each other, and thus commotion is spread over the land. Human sympathy always goes out to the oppressed. Strikers always represent them-

selves as being oppressed by the monopolizing corporations, hence they gain the sympathy of the community at large. Disorder begins and the baser elements of society now appear—the tramp, the burglar, the thief, the rogue—the elements that were once the outcasts of society are the rulers of the hour.

Or perhaps the general government in the time of exigency enacts an obnoxious law: mutterings of discontent are heard; the demagogue or the ambitious man, seizes the opportunity and foment the public agitation. From a simple disturber he becomes a leader of a mob, and attempts to rule the storm, likely having in view, however, his own personal gain. But to rule, he must unite the masses in a grand struggle for relief from a grievance. Again the passions of the mob are excited, and many peep from their hidden places who never before dared to face daylight. The wretches, by their presence and efforts, add to the fury of the rioters—not to redress their own wrongs nor the wrongs of others, but for the purpose of ravaging and plundering for the gratification of their baser passions—and scenes of anarchy and savage sweep over the country like whirlwinds.

Or, looking in the faces of their wives and children, and upon their abodes, and finding a lack of ordinary comforts of civilized life, a number band themselves together, hoping by the strength of union to secure these comforts for themselves and their families. They use no improper means at first; they intend to use none. The mere desire to better their conditions develops in time to a disregard for law, and a trampling upon the rights of others; they are carried away in their excitement by aspirations which they would not have entertained in cool-

er moments; the circle of discontent increases; others join the contest. Numbers add to the turbulence, and rascals appear, and again the same scenes are enacted as before described, and riot rules the land.

During the summer of 1908, while I lived in Roanoke City, Va., the following incident occurred. First, let me say, that during the last few years the Greeks have filled the city with the so-called quick-lunch stands, and are doing a flourishing business. One afternoon a little boy was insulted and received a stroke from one of the Greeks at a quick-lunch stand. Whether he was justified, I am unable to say. The news reached his father, who was a railroad man, and he became infuriated from the act of the Greek; this fury spread among his circle of friends, hence it reached a larger circle including his fellow railroad sympathizers, and from these a threatening band of rioters were started to action. They collected their forces and made their way to the downtown section where the Greek restaurants were located, and by this time the news was spread over the whole city of about 40,000 inhabitants. At each street corner as they advanced others were added in such great numbers that by the time the crowd had reached the Greek shops the rioters could not be counted by the tens but by the hundreds. The proprietor was run out and the restaurant was completely demolished, furniture and fixtures being absolutely destroyed. The mob of mad men had taken out its vengeance on the shop, but their fury was not abated, for they went from restaurant to restaurant ravaging as they went, until every Greek kitchen in the whole city was utterly ruined, and all their occupants driven away.

This is another instance where hundreds of good men allowed the passion of a few bloodthirsty men to lead them into error. Men who have lived a peaceful life allowed themselves to be overcome with the spirit of the gang till it

was too late to correct their error. These are no imaginary scenes. They have been enacted again and again in this country, and under similar circumstances will be repeated.

Truly Benjamin Franklin was right when he said, "A mob is a monster with many hands and no brains." Its only claim to jurisdiction is that of a mad dog, that of bloodthirstiness and brute strength. There are many instances in which the mob spirit, once aroused, has led to the pursuit of objects entirely foreign to that which brought it into being. A riot inaugurated in the name of race feeling may culminate in an assault upon soldiers merely because they represent the authority of the State to which the rioters owe allegiance.

W. T. Durbin, Governor of Indiana, says, "The sweep of the mob spirit through a community is like the rush of water through a sewer; it collects and tosses into the flood all that is vilest in its pathway, and before the course or the current is run the filth is on the surface."

The psychological truth is demonstrated in the workings of a mob, that man is not normal mentally but becoming excited over some real or imaginary injury he is no longer rational but brutal and rapacious. If for some cause the rioters are defeated in getting their victim, they lose sight of wisdom, and wreak their vengeance on perfectly innocent men. They are mad with passion which must be vented on somebody. The most of the men that compose a mob are usually cowards and will disperse if the proper resistance is given. The qualities needed in those who are charged with the duties of preventing riots, are coolness, decision, alertness, and courage. One fearless man is of more service in case of riots than a score of dilly-dallying mayors and governors, who read the riot laws, plead and persuade with their logical reasoning.

At Harrisburg, Pa., in 1877, while the whole country was in a state of un-

rest and riots were common, the streets of Harrisburg were filled with a mob. It seemed as though it would take a great power to allay the turbulent forces but a few daring policemen came out, faced the mob and by using a little courage and making a determined stand, the rioters were speedily dispersed and quiet was resumed. Also, during the same year, the city of Buffalo, N. Y., was completely ruled by a band of rioters. The city militia, the use of water by the fire department, and many other efforts could not stop them, but a few determined and dauntless policemen faced the howling mob and by their boldness and the skilled manipulation of their guns, they hastily dispersed the crowd that had taken full sway in the city for several days.

We need to remove the barriers which cause men to stumble and when getting

up find themselves in the midst of a mob. We need to so organize labor and capital that the friction between employee and employer will be minimized and naught but peace will exist. Our social institutions should be so organized that the antimob spirit will be disseminated and so thoroughly assimilated by individuals of society that the masses would lose the affinity for mob sentiment.

Psychologically we cannot hope for less mobs till the stimuli, which from time to time have incensed and incited men's passions, can be decreased. For so long as the environment remains unchanged one could hardly expect any kind of legislation to be effective. Men's minds should rather be led toward the ideal, in an attractive system of self-government, then prohibitory and penal legislation will be unnecessary.

THE CHILD--A PLEDGE OF LOVE IN THE HOME

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THE life of a child is so pure and undefiled. And oh, the mission it performs in the home! Who can tell of the joy it brings to the mother's heart? Who can know all the wholesome thoughts it enkindles in a father's life? No, of its enriching, ennobling power no words can ever tell. And how charming too is that innocence of childhood! How marvelously transforming is its influence upon parenthood! Who is there that can count the hopes and the plans and the anxious cares, numerous as the stars, of an earnest mother? Who ever could describe the deep and tender emotions as the dearest treasure looks out of its sparkling eyes into the sympathetic face of the one who gave it birth? What a father he would be who would not be willing to give ev-

ery energy he has to preserve the purity of its life!

This babe born to parents who are young is the supremest of human joys. Every day of its existence sweetens and softens the ways of this home. Every day of its development adds immeasurable richness to the happy little circle. Not even any sacrifice given by a mother or a good grandmother for its sake is ever too great. Its joy is the joy of all who have the sweetest privilege of serving it.

And, then, how sad, how sad it is, if in the midst of all these joys and plans this little light is instantly blown out. Its little active body can now no more respond to fond caresses. Its longing eyes can no more look up into the face of those who so dearly loved it. Oh

such paths as these are too mysterious to be explained! Oh, such heartaches as here appear, volumes cannot describe! It is so hard to understand, and oh, so sad, so sad, so sad! The tears would fill oceans if they could all flow out. Oh, why was the little one loaned to us for so brief a time?

Yes, its days seemed so few. It had not yet lived twelve months in this so big a world of ours. But its life, its influence, its smiles, its caresses, its joys, they will endure so very long; oh, so very, very long. And it is better, far better, that its little candle should have burned, then flickered, and then gone out, than that it should never have shone at all. By its graveside its parents knew it were better for it to have been born and then passed away than not to

have been born at all. But, oh, how hard to part that day when mother earth the body claimed!

What a wonder-working message of love such a little angel can carry from one parent heart to another parent heart! What a far-reaching message it surely will carry everywhere! For such a child as this, oh, the debt of gratitude we owe to the Creator of all things human and divine. Oh, the unspeakable debt we owe to human mothers who birth to all of us have given! Oh, what an inestimable gift to human kind is the little child that is the bearer of love in the world! Good-bye, dear little John, good-bye! You are one of the world's cheerful messengers who have borne along the message of love. Good-bye.

"THE SILVER GEM OF THE ALLEGHANIES"

John W. Wayland, Ph. D.

YEARS ago when studying geography in school I first had my attention called to Salt Pond. A young lady in the school asked me where it is. I could not tell her. She pored over the map with infinite patience, and finally announced to me, rather triumphantly, that it is in Giles County,—that is, Giles County, Virginia.

I always remembered the location after that. I carried about in my imagination the picture of a little, muddy, salty pond, akin in nature if not in size, to the great Salt Lake of Utah or the Dead Sea of Palestine. Its water, I imagined, was almost if not quite briny enough to bear an egg.

But alas for our fancies! How many of them go far astray from the mark of reality. A short time ago, while in the vicinity of Salt Pond, I met a gentleman who informed me that Salt Pond is not salt at all. It is not muddy either;

and it is not very small. Led on by these discoveries, I collected a number of facts about this remarkable body of water that may be of interest to the general public.

Salt Pond, or Mountain Lake, is in the picturesque Alleghany Mountains of southwest Virginia, forty-five miles west of Roanoke, and seventy miles southwest of the great Natural Bridge. It lies in a huge cup in the mountain tops, like the lakes of Switzerland. Its elevation is 4,500 feet above sea level, and it is hedged about by thousands of acres of primitive forest that clothe the mountain summits north and east. South and west the view is more open, and the visitor to the lake may look down in these directions upon the beautiful farm lands in the valley of the New River.

Salt Pond, Mountain Lake, or as it used to be called sometimes, the White Sulphur Springs of Giles, is about a



Part of Mountain Lake and Hotel.

mile long and one-third of a mile wide. Its surface area is 243 acres. It is as clear as crystal and as fresh and cool as a mountain spring. Near the northern end it reaches its greatest depth of 84 feet; but notwithstanding the depth, the waters are so clear that on sunshiny, calm days one may gaze far down and see the trout and black bass darting about, or discern the labyrinth of logs and trees which now lie in a confused embrace where once they grew in vigorous strength and beauteous hues.

For this lake is not a part of the original or even the ancient landscape. Just a little more than a century ago the huge cup in the mountain, now filled to overflowing, was only a deep green valley where the elk, buffalo, and deer, with now and then a horse or cow from the encroaching settlements, came to drink at the fine spring branch that flowed through it. The spring was at, or near, the head of the little valley. At



Mountain Lake, Giles Co., Va., 4,000 Feet Above Tide.

the lower end the valley narrowed to a rugged gorge, in which some giant hand had piled up a great barrier of rocks. This barrier was like a strong dam that Nature had built in the effort to imprison the rippling, sparkling, gurgling stream. But while the dam was strong from the beginning, it was not at first water-tight; and so the little stream crept cunningly through, and went leaping and laughing down the valleys below. But at last Dame Nature came back and repaired her work. In the spring and summer of 1804, it is said, immense quantities of leaves and other accumulated rubbish were washed down from the little valley and piled against the dam. As the waters rose, other rubbish on the surface of the waters filled



Rest Rock at North End of Lake.

the cracks and crevices higher up. Thus the little stream itself helped to build its own prison wall. A gentleman who visited the place in 1840 or thereabouts said that the waters had then risen full twenty-five feet. Since that time they have continued to rise until the huge mountain cup is full, and the surplus flows over the dam.

The water is not salt. The name, Salt Pond, grew out of other conditions. Some say it came from the fact that so many elk, buffalo, and deer came there in the early days to drink. More probably, it came from the habit of the white settlers of salting their cattle there. At any rate, the name, Salt Pond, has a



Cascade Ninety Feet High, Near Mountain Lake, Va.

history; while the names, Mountain Lake and White Sulphur Springs of Giles, are descriptive of the location and character of the lake. The most poetic name, and the one by which the many tourists and health-seekers who visit it every summer love to call it, is "The Silver Gem of the Alleghanies."

The fact that Pembroke, the railway station, is eight miles away contributes in no small measure to the enjoyment of a visit to Mountain Lake; for the long drive up to the big hotel at the water's edge is made rich with nature's beauties lavishly displayed. Right at Pembroke is Castle Rock, a towering headland that seems placed as a grim, silent sentinel at the New River Ferry. For the next three miles the road is bordered by the splendid farm lands of the river valley; then comes the narrower prospect of Doe Creek Valley, where the grade begins to rise. A noisy rivulet comes brawling down the mountain slope, flashing its spray in the face of the sun, and challenging the resentful

echoes hidden among the ferns. Higher and higher mounts the roadway, crossing the stream, playing hide and seek under the arching trees, dodging the mountain headlands, until finally the top of the ridge is reached, the edge of the forest is cleared, and the glorious prospect of mountain, lake, and blue horizon bursts full upon the view.

Just back of the hotel and lake shore the summit of Bald Knob rises four hundred feet higher than the lake level. From the piles of rugged boulders scattered over the summit of the Knob one of the finest views to be found anywhere in the Alleghanies may be had. It is said that landmarks are visible in five different States: Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina. The following splendid description was written by one who enjoyed the view from Bald Knob:

"The numerous parallel chains of mountains give the appearance of mammoth waves of green ocean rolling beneath the feet of the observer. Often in early morning the valleys are completely filled with masses of clouds, obscuring everything but the summits of the highest hills, which present the appearance of green islands projecting from the surface of a frozen sea. The sunrise and sunset from this elevation is one of the most glorious scenes ever portrayed by nature in all her loveliness and grandeur. The observer, literally above the clouds, sees the glorious rays of the morning sun illumine the summit



Castle Rock and Ferry at Pembroke.

of the mountain, and, as the mists are dissipated, the landscape becomes gradually visible. The gaps, where the New River breaks through the successive chains of mountains at several points, are distinctly visible, and the river itself is seen nearly three thousand feet below, glistening in the sunlight, like a silver thread. The Peaks of Otter are visible sixty miles to the east; to the south are the high ridges of North Carolina; north, the mountains of West Virginia; and west is Angel's Rest, at the foot of which lies Pearisburg, the county seat of Giles. From this vast expanse of hill and dale it is a relief to turn your gaze to the more peaceful aspect of the lake."

Five miles from the hotel is the Cascade, a beautiful waterfall ninety feet in height. Prospect Rock is only a mile away. Six miles from the inn and cottages is Barney's Wall, a rocky precipice rising perpendicularly for several hundred feet, and extending along the mountain side for half a mile. "For grandeur, appalling," says a visitor, "Barney's Wall would seem to transcend all else in the vicinity." Yet we should mention also Bear Cliff, the Twin Sisters, and Rest Rock at the north end of the lake.

The vegetation about Mountain Lake is profuse and full of variety. On three sides of the broad mirror is a glorious

border of rhododendrons, succeeded farther back by a dense forest of great oaks and hemlocks, through which the roads and footpaths thread their sinuous ways. There is a profusion of botanical specimens from early spring until frosty autumn; the ferns, laurels, and azaleas decorating the rocks and twining about the roots of the sheltering trees.

One of the most remarkable things about Mountain Lake is the low temperature. During the hottest days of summer the air is always fresh and cool, hardly ever rising above eighty degrees Fahrenheit. The average temperature for the season of 1908 was sixty-five degrees; maximum, eighty degrees; the average for 1910 was sixty-five degrees; maximum, eighty-two degrees.

Mountain Lake and vicinity are not without their stories of romance and tragedy. In 1774 a series of outrages by the Indians resulted in the death and captivity of a number of the white settlers. One young girl, taken prisoner by the Shawnees, was in captivity eighteen years. Escaping the attentions of an amorous young brave, she finally returned to Giles County and married a young man of her own race. The rejected suitor, as it frequently happens in story as well as in history, went off to the wars. He fell in the great battle his people vainly fought with Mad Anthony Wayne in 1794.

FOR LOVE OF HOME

Inez Clifton

A WREN trilled suddenly from the branches of an apple tree close by the tiny, shaded veranda, startling Ruth Golden from her happy reverie; then darted away with the song half sung, as Ruth's father came slowly around the house. With a tired sigh the old man dropped into the other rocker.

"Someway I feel like I had done a week's work today," he said wearily.

The eyes of the girl grew grave as she looked at her father. The tall figure was

beginning to stoop and tired lines were coming into his rugged, honest face. He was getting old; she had never realized it before. His hair was so much grayer than when she had last noticed! "Pa is wearing himself out. He is not able to work as he does," she thought.

"You have tried to do too much today pa. You'll have to take it easier," she said aloud.

"I don't see much chance for that. That Gordon boy who promised to be here to

morrow has gone to the city to work, and where I am to get anyone else I don't now. There's always a lot of big, lazy safers at the store every time I go, but you can't get a one of them to do a day's work. They always 'have a job for to-morrow,' or they 'have been pretty hard to work for some time and they believe they'll rest awhile'—always some excuse!"

Ruth did not answer. It was true, there was no one. If only he would let her help. There were so many things she knew she could do, but her father had always shielded his wife and daughter from outdoor work. "Women-folks always have enough to do in the house," he would say. "Out in the field is no place for them"—and Ruth knew it would be of no use to offer.

There was silence between them for a few moments. Robert Golden's eyes grew tender as he looked out over the little farm, beautiful with the perfection of June and rich in the promise of a bountiful harvest. The sun was just slipping out of sight behind the distant tree-tops, dark against the sky in their fresh garments of green; beyond the orchard, where long shadows lay across the deep grass, the wind waved a golden sea of ripening wheat; to the east the gray-green of the oatfield lay like a mist against the dark green of young corn, while in front of the house were meadow and pasture with their billows of fragrant pink and white clover. In the dooryard grew syringa and rose, honeysuckle and lily, and against the soft tints of the gray old fence glowed gorgeous trusses of climbing roses with feathery banks of fern at their feet.

In the father's voice was all the pain of renunciation when he spoke next:

"Sometimes I think I'd better sell the place and quit. Everybody tells me I'm too old to farm. All the farmers of my age around here have sold out and gone to town and I reckon I'll have to go too. Seems as if some of my neighbors can hardly wait for me to give the place up," her father said bitterly, "they want it so bad. Guess it will bring a good price."—He turned toward her as if expecting an answer, but for a moment the girl's voice would not come; then she tried hard to keep it steady, although her lips quivered.

"Pa, do you think any of us would be satisfied away from the farm? Can't you rent the land out and not tend it yourself?"

"No, the place is too small, the rent wouldn't bring enough for us to live on. It is to work it or sell it—and I am not able to work much longer."

"You would miss the calves and piggies and lambs, pa. You wouldn't be satisfied yourself." The girl's voice was pleading.

"Oh, I could be satisfied anywhere." He tried to speak lightly;—when one has to

strike his colors he might as well do it bravely.

"Poor father," thought Ruth, "does he think he can deceive me?"

They sat on in the deepening twilight, the lazy droning of a bee as it made its last trip to the honey-laden flowers coming softly to their ears. A deep-voiced frog boomed from the fringe of willows by the pond; high up in the air one could hear the lonely cry of the plover, and from the backyard came the sleepy talk of little chickens and turkeys as they sought the sheltering wings of their mothers.

A light breeze stirred the leaves, bringing a sweet breath from the clover, and Ruth repeated softly, reverently, to herself as she had so often done:

"Among the clover-scented grass
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are
born
Out in the fields with God."

"Out in the fields with God!" The words came to her with a new force—a deeper meaning. Already the scent of the clover seemed faint and far off, like the fragrance from the meadows of memory; in fancy she felt, like prison walls, the narrow life of the town, with its noise, its gossip, its slang, its false pride and ideas of life. Oh, it was so little, so narrow!—She could never be at her best there. This was "home" in its truest and best sense; there would never be any other.

That night after her father and mother had gone to bed Ruth stole again to the little veranda. The moon had risen and a long, silvery beam fell like a searchlight through the white branches of a sycamore full upon the pure, white blossoms of a Mary Washington,—the fairies' rose," Ruth always called it because the buds would come to perfection in the night. Sometimes when the moon was full, as to-night, she had sat up to watch them unfold. Bending over the beautiful buds she touched them softly with her lips, while the tears fell fast. Where should she be when they bloomed again? "My angel blossoms," she whispered, "will there be anybody to love you?" It seemed to the heartsore girl that the dainty buds mocked her as they swayed and nodded.

The soft thud of a horse's feet roused her. She slipped into the shadow of a tall syringa, and, as she stood motionless, above the noise of the rubber-tired wheels voices came to her distinctly: "Here's a little place that will be for sale some of these days." "Yes. Won't be long either. Pretty little place too. I've always thought I'd like to own it."

The voices passed on and Ruth went back across the dew-wet grass and sat again in

the willow rocker, very still, her hands over her eyes. What could she do? What could she do? Could she sit idle and see the dear old home pass into the hands of strangers? She knew in her heart that it was as dear to the old folks as to her—that it was the wish of her father and mother that their last journey on earth should be made through its gates. The tears fell through her fingers again at the thought.

A mockingbird sat on the topmost twig of the stately old elm—its form outlined against the moonlit sky—and it began to sing: first soft and low, as if trying the notes, then full and clear and sweet. She almost forgot her heartache as she listened.

Where had she heard the lines about the mocking bird?

"Trilling forth music upon the cool air

While in her soft nest his little mate swings

Tranquil and loving, as the notes banish care."

Now she remembered; the lines were her own, part of a composition written during her last year at school. She remembered that her teacher had praised her work in composition and rhetoric that year, and in their last chummy talk before school was out she had said, "Ruth, I am expecting great things of you. I see nothing to hinder you from becoming the writer you say you want to be, if you try." What had she done with her one talent, if she really had one?

She had thought herself hampered by her simple home duties; had even fancied herself called by ambition to leave them, but as the years wore on the call became fainter and less seductive, until ambition died and in its place a deep contentment had come to be hers. How foolishly blind she had been! Here was where the sweetest of inspiration was to be found, where her greatest opportunity lay, if she had but seen it. She had been an idler, a dreamer, and the sweetness of life had slipped away while she was dreaming. Was this, then, the price of her discontent? Could she call back the old ambition to create, put into words song and laughter and happiness for others, and so bring back her own? For it might be that the work of her brain might avail where that of her hands could not.

She sat thinking, thinking, until the stars grew pale and the bird song had died away to an occasional faint note. Then she rose softly and went up to her room.

With growing anxiety Ruth watched her father as he went on with his work through the long, hot summer. Up and down the corn rows the patient old man and the patient old horses went slowly, and Ruth's heart ached as she watched them. "Poor old horses," she would think, as she patted the sleek backs where there was never the

mark of a whip, "if the farm has to go I wish they could die before then."

The grain fields, of which her father had been so proud, had been the source of untold labor that year. After the wheat was in the shock there came a windstorm which left hardly a shock standing, and the oats, tall and heavy, just fairly beginning to ripen, were swept to the ground. There was only one way to save them, and through the dancing heat Ruth watched with misty eyes as the bent figure cradled and bound and shocked. The girl felt that if he knew of her own fruitless labors he would in pity have let her work by his side where, though homely the task, accomplishment, at least, would have rewarded her toil.

With darkened windows she sat late at night—plotting, writing, rewriting her stories. She had started out hopefully; so sure that if she put heart and soul into them they must bring reward, but she cared nothing for fame now—ambition had died and necessity was a hard master.

When her first story came back she tried hard not to be discouraged. There was a pleasant note of criticism, and she hoped to profit by it, so she puzzled over it determinedly; recasting, paragraphing, correcting, until she could find no fault, then sent it out again only to have it returned with polite regrets.

So it went, on through the long, weary summer; through the dreary autumn; to the first snows of winter, and the heart of the girl grew bitter with the centuries-old bitterness of the young writer. "Oh, they were cruel! Could they not feel her great need?" she would cry to herself.

There was one story she had never written—her own love story,—beautiful, brief,—to write it had always seemed sacrilege, but when her father began to plan for the next year's work she wrote her "heart-story."

Ruth picked up the morning's mail listlessly; her magazine, a letter for mother, a birthday card for father from a little chap who always called him grandpa. "Pa will be pleased with that," she thought—the paper, that was all. No—something else! Her breath came quickly as she caught sight of a long envelope lying almost hidden under the rest. Slowly she drew it out and opened it. Her heart story had come back to her for safe keeping.

She stooped and gently laid it on the fire, then stood with clasped hands as she watched the last tiny spot of white disappear.

She had lost. It had been all a mistake. She would tell her father it would be best to sell the old home. She would go back to her dreaming—to dream of golden wheat fields and June grasses and billows of pink and white clover; of moonlight and lilies and songbirds; of hazy Octobers and the snows on the hillsides. She would be brave

ough her father should never know of her cartache. He couldn't bear both of their burdens.

With fingers that tried not to tremble she tore the wrapper from her magazine. The book dropped open upon her lap and her eyes fell absently upon the printed pages. From the bottom of one of them the cruel, mocking words stared up at her: "Your opportunity is in your need; then bless the need, for it can give you larger opportunities." "It is not true! It is not true!" she cried bitterly. All the love for the old home, all the long, weary struggle, when her need had been so great and there had been no answering opportunity, came back to her, and, forgetting her bravery, she put her head down on the table and sobbed like a tired child.

At last she conquered herself and lifted her magazine from the floor where it had fallen, to put it away. She was too tired to read now, but, as she lifted it, half-way up the page she read: "Why not turn her attention to practical improvements—?"

Ruth sat up very straight; she read the paragraph again and again. Two red spots began to burn in her cheeks. That, too, was one of her forgotten ambitions. She took a small article from the table drawer and looked at it intently. Suddenly the fire of enthusiasm leaped into her face: "It is a good idea. I know it is! If I could only perfect this!" She looked hard into the fire for an answer to her problem. Directly she laughed, a little tremulously, to be sure, but it was a laugh. Her sky had cleared so suddenly she hardly knew whether she wanted to laugh or cry again. No less than a dozen miles away there was a successful inventor; a man whose fame was becoming worldwide. She would go to him.

Father and mother had wondered a little at this trip to the city. Ever since that evening in June Ruth had hardly left home for a day. When she had, on returning, she would glance quickly at each familiar object as if to see if it were still there. Now she seemed eager to go. Her father watched her anxiously. He remembered that once, in the old, happy days, she had said: "If I ever have to give up my home here I will make another for myself." No word of the future had been said lately, but it could not be long. Was she seeking to forestall it? It was not like Ruth, this unexplained trip to the city. He wondered uneasily what her mission could be. To lose the home for which he had labored all the strong years of his manhood was hard, but to be both homeless and childless—ah, old age was bitter!

Ruth looked back as the train swung around the curve. Her father had brought her to the depot; she could see his solitary figure as she stood watching the train out of sight. To the girl it seemed he looked pathetic and lonely. She felt that she

wanted to run back to him, to tell him that the peaceful, restful years he had more than earned were soon to be his. Just a few more months, and then for the care-free days of a second boyhood! But could her father believe it? No. It would be better to keep her secret awhile longer until for them there would be no weary waiting.

She had gone to the great man simply as a child would; telling him of her ambitions, her failures, her need of assistance; and the busy man had listened with interest. Just in this way he had gone in his penniless days to the man whose succor had meant much to him, and he had not forgotten. He examined her model carefully; asking questions, making suggestions,—until he became almost as enthusiastic as she was. It was a good idea, he agreed, and he felt sure he could help her.

People turned to look at the happy-faced girl as she went back through the town to the depot. "There is always a helping hand," thought Ruth, "but I almost failed to find it by groping in the wrong direction."

Her father and mother wondered again when she came home and went singing about her work, and they did not understand the full meaning of the motto she painted and hung in her room: "Your Opportunity is in Your Need."

Spring, and fulfilment of hope! Ruth's glance touched each well-loved object caressingly: the blossom-laden orchard, with the half concealed nests, from which would spring an orchestra of bird voices; the lambs at play in the pasture; the gentle old horses; the sunny garden.—It was theirs now "To have and to hold" for all time—this beautiful bit of God's country. She sat in the sun, idly dreaming. The bees droned lazily, as in that summertime which had, after all, been the best one.

A soft, rhythmic thud came from the garden. It was her father hoeing, and Ruth realized that she was selfish in her happiness. The apple blossoms showered her as she passed under them to the garden and stood by her father:

"Do you still want to sell the place, pa?" she asked, between tears and laughter. "Why, I don't know," he answered slowly, with an uneasy glance at the open letter in her hand. Why did people keep asking him that? If they thought he was going to give up so easily—

"Because if you don't," Ruth laughed, "we've five thousand dollars from the sale of my patent, and I think we can stay awhile longer."

The old man hoed for a moment in silence; then, "There's the finest bait," he exclaimed, a joyous ring in his voice. "Guess I've done enough today for a boy of my age. I think I'll quit and go fishing."

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

AN OPEN BIBLE.

THE Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D. D., in a discourse delivered in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York, placed strong emphasis on a study of the Bible as the foundation of progress among the English-speaking people. The study of God's Word *in the past*, the understanding of its truths, the observance of its ordinances, the respect for its prohibitions, the absorption and exercise of its inherent spirit, are what account primarily for every fine feature of our present civilization, and for the exalted and exceptional position which the English and the American hold in the regards of the world and as factors in the shaping of the world's history, so that when the closer bonds which are now in process of being cemented between us and England have been completely knit, the rest of the world will fall into line *and will have to*, by ordination of God, and a scripturally undergirded supremacy of national character.

But the serious point to which I would urge your attention is that what we are founded upon is not the Bible, is not the book. Some one has just given fifty thousand dollars for a single copy of it, the largest price ever paid, I believe, for any volume. The incident is interesting and will be perpetuated in history in association with the tercentenary occasion. But I repeat that what we are founded upon socially, politically and internationally is not the book, but the *past study*, understanding, appreciation and practical use of the contents of the book.

Moral and religious conceptions easily in the tercentenary celebration of the essential to the formal, from the reality to its outward shaping. Any American audience will applaud an eloquent eulogy of the Scriptures, and when Pro-

fessor Phelps of Yale University said that no English work of any literary repute had been written whose author was not evidently familiar with the Word of God, the enthusiasm of three thousand auditors broke forth into rapturous demonstration of delight.

But all that Professor Phelps' reference indicated was that the Bible is a power of illumination and inspiration to those who *know* the Bible, and who know it with the kind of knowledge that brings them under its dominance and gracious compulsion and uplift. And Mr. Bryce said, with an inflexion of anxious regret, that men are not studying the Bible in the way that they were fifty years ago. The quality of civilization that has been secured by our fathers' and mothers' study and spiritual comprehension of God's Word will not be maintained except as their sons and daughters persist in the same line of Scriptural studiousness, and personal assimilation of the contents of that Word. The possession of a fifty thousand dollar book is not worth a fifty-thousandth part as much as the interior possession of but a fraction of the contents of the book. We cannot individually or nationally sustain ourselves upon religious momentum. The Bible is valid only for the man or nation that knows it, that delves into its innermost intent and spirit, and that shapes thought, character and life by its gracious instigation.

Fifty years ago children were brought up on the Bible. They usually attended Sunday-school and their lessons were prepared with the same diligence and under the same parental supervision as were the tasks that were assigned them in the day-school. But whether attended upon the Sunday-school or not, they were nurtured on Scripture truth in the home. It was not always enjoyed by them, any more than were some of the

ther lessons which they were required to learn, but the essence of truth was absorbed into their systems and assimilated till it became an essential and indestructible element of their character.

It was not an unusual thing for ten and twelve-year-olds to commit to memory entire chapters and in some instances whole books especially in the Gospels. The words and phrases might in a course of time be forgotten, but not the spirit of which the words were only the sign and symbol. Morning prayers, which also comprised the reading of a portion of Scripture, were as constant a feature of the day's program as were rising and retiring and the three intervening meals. Some of it evaporated but some of it stayed and with the advancing years remained in the soul as the power of God over the life.

There was no superstitious reverence for the book itself, no encouragement to worship the material of the volume, its paper, binding, gilded edges, burnished clasps,—which usually were not there. In my home there was no fancy edition placed on the center table for ornament and to convince strangers that our family belonged to the company of the elect. The book was nothing, any more than the dictionary or the cyclopædia. But what was in it was the Word of God.

That is what the individual needs for the constitution of the most robust and durable type of character, and it is exactly that which in time past has been woven into the fabric of the national life of the United States and of Great Britain and which has been certified to in the Tercentenary celebration of the issuance of King James' version of the Scriptures, such as was held in Carnegie Hall, New York, and in Albert Hall, London, a month ago.

What I want you should emphasize in your own thought, is that it is not having the book, that strengthens and enriches our civilization, but studying the book till we understand its contents, and understanding its contents, till it becomes

to us a lamp unto our feet, a light unto our path and an inspiration unto our life. And that, as was regretfully confessed in the Carnegie Hall meeting, is not being so generally done as it was fifty years' ago. Like the Hebrews, we reverence and worship the symbol, but live less by the power of its innermost meaning. And because our existing institutions are the product of scriptural truths, known and practiced and lived by our fathers, does not guarantee that those institutions will remain permanent any longer than we in the same way fulfill the *conditions* of permanence.

It was a significant feature of the two gatherings already mentioned that they were dominated by the presence and addresses of officers of state, President, King, Premier and Ambassadors, and that they unanimously pushed to the front the way in which the practical use of the Scriptures in times past had been the means of securing to the two English-speaking nations the vigor and elevated governmental tone by which they are distinguished.

Now, if popular familiarity with the Bible has worked with such efficiency in the past, is there any satisfactory reason, which can be stated, why all who are patriotically concerned for the continued maintenance of that tone of national character should not insist upon the adoption of the Bible into our schools, colleges and universities? The Bible guarantees the character of the national life only as it first becomes an impulse in the individual life. And the people believe that. At the Carnegie meeting no utterance was received with such enthusiastic acclaim as this, that every session of public schools should open with the reading of a chapter of God's Word. I do not say this as a Hebrew, a Catholic or a Protestant, but as knowing what the Bible has done for our civilization, as realizing the significance of the words of the President and the King, who wrote not as sectarians, but as statesmen, who rendered tribute to the Bible.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

VEGETABLES.

MRS. FRANCES BELL.

VEGETABLE foods may be divided or classified into several general classes. These are cereals, legumes, tubers, roots and bulbs, herbaceous or green vegetables and vegetable fruits and flowers.

Practically all the vegetables except the herbaceous and vegetable fruits, are largely composed of one or the other or both of the carbohydrates, starch and sugar. All except the cereals and dried legumes contain a large proportion of water. Vegetables also contain some protein (nitrogenous matter), crude fiber, fat and mineral matter.

The cereals are rich in starch and are very valuable for bread making and breakfast foods. Corn and rice are the grains most commonly employed as table vegetables.

The legumes principally used as table vegetables are beans, peas and lentils. They contain a large amount of starch, but are also very rich in protein which makes them a very good substitute to sometimes be used in the place of meat if desired.

The tubers and roots have an important place among the table vegetables. The potato ranks first in its almost universal use. It contains a large amount of water but also a fair percentage of starch and a small amount of sugar, protein, fat and mineral matter. The sweet potato is rich in starch and sugar, the percentage of other matter is small.

The true roots most used are turnips, radishes, beets, carrots, parsnips and salsify. They contain starch and sugar in varying quantities. The onion is the bulb most generally used as a vegetable but other varieties of the same family are the leek, garlic, chive, etc.

The herbaceous vegetables: the cabbage, lettuce, spinach, celery, etc., are valuable for the salts which they contain

and the refreshing qualities which they give to the diet. Their food value is low because of the large amount of water which they contain. They should be used while young and tender.

The fruits used as vegetables are tomatoes, pumpkin, squash, cucumber, egg plant, okra, peppers and others. They are also valuable for their refreshing qualities.

Principles of Cookery.

When vegetables are properly grown and well cooked they are palatable and readily digested. When badly cooked and water soaked they are very often the cause of digestive disturbances. All green vegetables, tubers and roots should be crisp and firm when put on to cook. If a vegetable has lost its firmness and crispness, it may be restored by soaking in very cold water. New vegetables will not require long soaking to restore crispness, but old ones may require several hours. Such vegetables as cabbage, cauliflower and brussels sprouts, which grow in heads should be soaked with head turned down in salted cold water for several minutes to remove all vermin that may be present. A few spoonfuls of vinegar may also be added to the water in which the heads are soaked.

In cooking vegetables the best results are obtained by putting all except the dried legumes on to cook in boiling water, and the water should be made to boil again as soon as possible after the vegetables are added and kept boiling until cooking is finished. Green vegetables should boil rapidly all the time; tubers, roots and cauliflower not so rapidly as to break up the vegetables; green beans and peas when hulled just allowed to simmer, while if not hulled they should be cooked rapidly.

It is best to use only fresh, tender vegetables, but if green peas, beans, etc.

have grown a little old, a very small piece of baking soda added to the water which they are boiled will make them more tender. However too much soda injures the flavor, so great care must be taken to avoid using too much.

In cooking vegetables the structure of the vegetable and its flavor and juiciness must also be taken into consideration to determine the method of cooking.

When we have vegetables with tough cell walls such as turnips possess, they require long cooking to soften the tough cellular walls. Vegetables like spinach do not require long cooking as their cellular walls are much more tender.

The strongly-flavored vegetables such as turnips, cabbage and onions require a large amount of water in cooking to produce a delicate flavor. This water is then poured off when cooking is completed. The vessel in which they are cooked should also be uncovered during cooking so that evaporation may aid in dissipating the strong flavor, rendering it more delicate. More water should be added as needed; do not allow the water to nearly all cook away by the time the cooking is completed or the vegetables will be strong flavored. With delicately-flavored vegetables such as spinach, as much of the flavor should be retained as possible by keeping the vessel in which they are cooked covered, and cooking in a small amount of water. The water should be so concentrated at the end of cooking that it may be served with the vegetable.

RECIPES.

Note: Where a cupful is indicated a **level** cupful is meant, and a tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material means a **level** spoonful.

Scalloped Potatoes.

Cube or slice cold boiled potatoes, place in a baking pan and cover with medium white sauce. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake.

Medium White Sauce.

2 tablespoonfuls flour

1 or 2 tablespoonfuls butter
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoonful salt

Mix the ingredients together so as to make a smooth mixture. Cook five minutes, then pour over the potatoes.

French Fried Potatoes.

Prepare French fried potatoes by cutting potatoes which have been pared and washed thoroughly into eighths lengthwise. Dry the pieces with a soft clean cloth, then drop into deep hot fat at a temperature of 185 degrees centigrade. The proper temperature can be determined by first testing the fat with a piece of bread. If the bread browns just right in 60 seconds the fat is at the right temperature and is ready for the potatoes. Take out the potatoes as soon as they are browned and tender and lay on pieces of paper (crumpled paper napkins are nice for this purpose or heavy paper) to absorb the surplus fat. A piece of potato may be broken to determine if cooked tender. Sprinkle with salt after removing from the hot fat.

Potatoe Chips.

Potato chips are prepared in the same manner as French fried potatoes, only they are sliced thin on a potato slicer or by hand and do not require as long cooking. When cooked they should be very crisp and of a dainty brown color.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes.

Wash and pare six medium sized potatoes. Cook 10 minutes in boiling salted water, then drain, cut in slices or in halves lengthwise and put into a buttered baking pan. Bake until tender and well browned, basting often with a syrup made of ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoonful water and 1 tablespoonful butter.

Creamed Cauliflower.

Soak the cauliflower with head turned down for a few minutes or ½ hour before cooking to remove insects. Remove stem and waste but leave the head whole to cook. Cook with head up in boiling salted water until tender. (The head is

more tender at the top.) When cooked tender drain, separate into flowerlets and serve with hot medium white sauce poured over it in an attractive way. See recipe for medium white sauce.

Boiled Spinach.

Take the tender part, the leaves and also stems if tender. Wash carefully and put on to cook in a very small amount of salted boiling water. Watch carefully, keeping enough water on the spinach leaves so they will not burn. Cook as nearly dry as possible, when tender drain very dry and cut fine. Serve with a little vinegar.

Turnip Au Gratin.

Wash and pare as many turnips as desired. Cut into cubes and cook in a large amount of boiling salted water until tender then drain off the water. Place in a baking dish, cover with medium white sauce and sprinkle with buttered crumbs or grated cheese. Bake fifteen minutes.

Note: Minced parsley scattered through the turnips before baking improves both the flavor and appearance.

Creamed Onions.

Wash and peel the onions, then cook in the same manner as turnips, only cut in slices or if small leave them whole. The flavor will be more mild and delicate if two waters are used and poured off instead of one. Serve with hot thin or medium white sauce.

Note: Thin white sauce is made the same as medium white sauce only $\frac{1}{2}$ as much flour is used. For thick white sauce twice as much flour is used as for medium white sauce.

Creamed Carrots.

Wash and scrape the carrots. Cut in slices or cubes. Cook in a small amount of salted boiling water, allowing the water to concentrate so there will be very little present when cooking is finished. Cook until tender with the vessel nearly covered, leave open enough to let out steam, and serve with hot thin white sauce poured over them in an attractive way.

Note by the Editor.—In the article on "Preserves and Jellies," by Mrs. Frances Bell, in the issue of July 11, the following change should be noted. On page 676 the first line of the second paragraph should be changed from "fruit preserves" to "fruit purees."



WHISTLING GIRLS.

"Don't whistle, please," begged the girl who prided herself on not having nerves but confessed to a dislike for the penetrating sound that often came unthinkingly from her sister's lips.

"But I like to whistle," remonstrated the other girl, "and besides it shows I am not a victim of that dreaded ailment, neurasthenia. Now, you couldn't for the life of you stand up straight and whistle a merry tune. I'll bet anything you cannot even get an imitation of a whistle from your lips."

And she couldn't. Both tried it and found that only the whistler was free from the symptoms of neurasthenia as given not long ago by a noted physician who said, "Women who can stand erect, head held up and eyes closed and then whistle are perfectly normal so far as their nerves are concerned."

And the whistling girl went on to explain what an excellent physical exercise the annoying habit is.

"You learn to breathe properly when you whistle," she said, "and you acquire a control of the breath that nothing else except singing will give. You learn to breathe deeply, filling your lungs, and you learn the trick of nasal breathing, which is something American girls have not learned as thoroughly as they should."

"There is all the difference in the world in the way you breathe. Watch yourself some time when you have not been trying to follow a set of rules and if you are not a proper breather you will notice that you are not drawing in the breath beyond the upper section of the lungs. Persons who lose their breath quickly when running or climbing steps will overcome this defect if they will practice whistling.

"The happy worker is the one who

whistles. It may be that the whistling comes from the happy state of mind or the state of mind from the whistling, but if you are observant at all you must have noticed that men and women who whistle while they work are not only good workers but they like to do what they are doing."—*Health Culture*.



SALTING BABIES.

THE strange custom of salting new-born babies is still practiced in certain regions of Europe and Asia. The method varies with the different nationalities of the peoples employing it. The Armenians of Russia cover the entire skin of the infant with a very fine salt. This is left on the baby for three hours or more, when it is washed off with warm water. A mountain tribe of Asia Minor is even more peculiar in this regard than the Armenians, for the mothers are alleged to keep their new-born babies covered with salt for a period of twenty-four hours. The modern Greeks also sprinkle their babies with salt; and even in certain portions of Germany salt is still used on a child at birth. The mothers imagine that this practice brings health and strength to their offspring, and serves, as well, to keep away evil spirits.—*Harper's Weekly*.



NEWSPAPERS.

THE daily newspapers published in the entire world number between 5,500 and 6,000. Over 900 are credited to Germany, 250 to Great Britain, while Paris alone has more than London, New York, Philadelphia and Boston together. *Le Petit Journal*, of Paris, has the largest circulation in the world; but the native dialect papers of India have the greatest number of readers, because they are circulated until completely worn out. The *Post Zeitung*, of Frankfort, Germany, is the oldest newspaper in Europe; but the *Tsing Pao*, or *Pekin News*, is the oldest newspaper in the world, having been published for nearly 1,400

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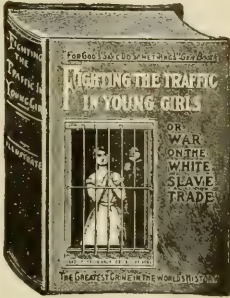
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Nursery Rhymes.

With International Variations.

"Jack and Jill."

By Harold Susman.

Chinese.

Lee and Hop

They had a shop

Where laundry-work was done;

They'd soak and scrub

And rinse and rub

From two o'clock till one!

Irish.

Mike and Pat

Decided that

They'd go away from Cork;

They crossed the seas,

And, if you please,

They're "coppers" in New York!

French.

Marie and Jane

Were both insane,

But harmless, never fret;

They went around

Absurdly gowned,

But lo, the styles they set!

—July Lippincott's.



Five-year-old Harold's older sister was in the habit of making a good many demands on him. Generally her requests for favors, usually the running of errands around the house, were prefaced by what she considered subtle flattery.

"Now, Harold," she began one day, "you're a dear sweet little boy, and you know I love you—" but Harold cut her short.

"Well, Ethel," he said earnestly, "if it's upstairs, I won't go."—Estelline Bennett.

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MISSION OPPORTUNITIES IN MEXICO



MEXICO was originally a prosperous kingdom extending from Oregon to Central America and numbered about 80,000,000 people. A friend who has traveled extensively through the Brotherhood, also throughout Mexico, in writing of this country says that he finds relics of the Egyptian inscriptions on them, also pyramids the same as in Egypt and he believes that they are part of the lost tribes of the children of Israel, but they worshiped the Sun and idols and practiced human sacrifice. They were overpowered by Spain and made slaves for over 300 years, at which time the church and state were united and a different religion was forced upon them. After 330 years of bondage they gained their independence. Now they are anxious for the Protestant religion. He says that he visited many of the missions and found them universally prosperous and that they were turning away Catholic children by the hundreds who were anxious to attend the Protestant schools. He further states that the Methodists and Baptists and other churches who have missions in nearly every land are getting better results in Mexico than in any other field but they are usually turning their attention to the large towns and cities of the table lands and support their mission and come in competition with the public schools. While he advises the Brethren to colonize in the country tropical districts which are practically without church or school privileges, where the Government gladly pays the Protestant missionaries for teaching, he urges the Brethren to improve the opportunity and not wait until it is past and gone and establish strong churches with mission schools, also to commence to prepare a class of Spanish in all the church schools throughout the Brotherhood to assist in this great work. He says that since the political strife is over that Mexico is bound to advance by leaps and bounds in great prosperity the same as did the United States after our civil War. He contends that mission work can be carried on and be nearly if not entirely self supporting and urges the mission board to thoroughly investigate. He also advocates a selection of teachers with the same care that is being taken with the ministers as it is the teachers that will lay the foundation for the future church and urges that only those who comply with uniformity of plainness and other principles of the church be selected.

B. A. HADSELL

Lititz, Pa.

Montana Orchard

AND

Diversified Farming Lands

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says

that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardiest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

Big Timber, Montana

GLASS BROS. LAND CO.

or Elgin, Ill.

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THE INGLENOOK

A MAGAZINE OF QUALITY



ETHREN
BLISHING
USE

ELGIN,
ILLINOIS

August 8, 1911

Vol. XIII. No. 32

Three Trite Truths

1 Apple Land is the most valuable land in the United States because no crop pays so well as apples.

2 MIAMI VALLEY lands are good apple lands.

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the attached coupon asking for our
booklet, "**YOUR OPPORTUNITY.**"

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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This Section
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THE INGLENOOK

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August 8, 1911.

No. 32.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Campaign to Kill the Flies.

THE next time you lie down to take your afternoon nap and are tormented by the flies make up your mind that you will do your best to help the fly-fighters get rid of the pests. Perhaps there is some benefit in having the flies around, having them crawling over the victuals on the table and floundering in the syrup, having them worrying the cows so that they will kick the milk pail over when you have it about full, and having them do hundreds of other similar stunts; but until we are better informed we will believe that the fly like the mosquito is of no value to us whatever. The question is, can we exterminate the flies? Many health officers say we can almost if not entirely. We know the life history of the fly, how it is hatched from eggs laid in filth of some kind, and the rapidity with which they multiply, one fly laying 120 or more eggs at a time. These eggs become maggots within about twelve hours, and it takes the maggot from five to eight days to develop into the pupa state which one finds buried in the earth or manure. The pupa state lasts about six days when the fly emerges fully developed. Flies breed very rapidly. If undisturbed the offspring of one pair would amount to thousands of millions in one season.

The American Civic Association is conducting a vigorous campaign against the fly and has a special fly-fighting committee of twelve members with headquarters in New York City. Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., who is chairman of the committee, will supply anyone with literature on the subject if they write to him at 156 Fifth Ave., New York. They issue a circular in which the following very vivid description is found: "Flies are born in filth; they feed on filth; they walk on filth; and then, with filth sticking on their feet, legs and bodies they feed and walk on the food which has been prepared for human beings to eat. It would disgust you, wouldn't it, if you saw a fly feeding on the filth of the street, the stable, the garbage can, or on something even worse, and then saw the same fly go through

the open door or window of your dining room and wipe his feet on the sugar, tangle his legs in the butter or take a bath in the milk? If you would watch every fly that comes into your house you would see that most of them come from such filth to the food on your table." The same circular tells how to make a fly poison. "A cheap and reliable fly poison, which is not dangerous to human life, is bichromate of potash in solution. Dissolve one dram, which may be bought at any drugstore, in two ounces of water; add a little sugar, and place about the house in shallow dishes. To clear rooms of flies use carbolic acid, heating a shovel and pouring on it twenty drops of the poison. The vapor will kill the flies. Flies pass the winter hidden in the cracks and holes in attics and cellars. Many of them may be killed in the spring by the method just described."

It is important that we keep the flies out of our house since it is impossible to prevent their breeding entirely. The more filth the more flies and it is possible to remove much of the filth and decayed matter that makes a breeding ground for the pest. They carry disease germs of typhoid fever, cholera infantum, tuberculosis, and many other dangerous diseases.

While writing this I happened to notice in the Chicago Tribune that Kansas City sends an encouraging report concerning the fly campaign in the State of Kansas. It says that the fly pest is lessening and along with it infantile paralysis. Last year the State began a vigorous campaign against the fly and this year the fight is continuing more energetically.

Celebrating the Fourth of July.

At home we children were never allowed a very generous supply of firecrackers on the Fourth and I remember very well how the first Fourth of July was celebrated when my pocket contained money of my own making. Firecrackers were bought, not the small variety, but the large cannon crackers that shook the town. Like other boys I wanted some boisterous and reckless

way of expressing myself and the big cracker seemed to fill the requirements. Because of the efforts of some public-spirited citizens we are living in a better time now, a time when people see not only the foolishness but also the danger of the fire-cracker. The campaign for the sane Fourth is bringing some remarkable results. In 1909 there were 44 deaths and 2,361 injuries on the Fourth of July. In 1910 there were 28 deaths and 1,785 injured; while this year there were only 24 deaths and 881 injuries. Before 1909 the figures were much larger when the butchery was wholesale and tetanus common. During the past year one large fireworks concern failed because so many cities have prohibited the use of fire-crackers.

Among the various organizations interested in the sane Fourth movement the Playground Association of America is very prominent, which makes us think of something. Why not have the Fourth of July for a great public picnic and recreation day? The President proclaims a thanksgiving for the whole country, why could he not proclaim a general picnic and outing day on the Fourth when it would be not only the privilege but also the social duty of each individual and family to spend the day in some form of recreation? In the country it would provide a day for neighborhood picnics, a form of recreation that is sadly needed in many localities. The truth of the matter is that we have no real recreation day that is truly national.

The Church and Social Problems.

The various denominations have been criticised by social workers in this that they have not had a sympathetic attitude towards the labor organizations and needs of the common people. Some ministers have resented the accusation while others have been stirred to positive action, so much so, that today several denominations are endeavoring to get back to the laboring man. We all know that the churches have been negligent in many matters of social progress. Whether we believe that the labor unions are justified in all they do or not, we must admit that they have brought about reforms which no church as a body has thought of; and furthermore these reforms are at the bottom of whatever social righteousness we possess. If Christ were living, he would certainly be interested in having the factory employé work under healthful conditions, in preventing the employment of small children, and in countless other things which have interested labor leaders. The methods of the labor unions have been unchristian frequently, but largely so because they have not had the sympathy of the churches.

The Friends, Methodists, Presbyterians, and the Unitarian Association have passed papers at their conferences encouraging

the members to take active part in all kinds of movements for social betterment. I should have mentioned the Congregationalists also since they expressed a social platform last fall.

In May of last year the Unitarian Association appointed a Commission on the Church and the Social Question to draw up a set of resolutions or a program by which the churches could work. The committee has made its report and it is one of the most interesting papers we have read for some time. Here are some of the most important sections: "The minister is naturally the leader of the church, and the attitude which the church may take towards the problem of society will depend in a large measure upon him. He should strive to know the social and industrial conditions, the educational and philanthropic agencies, the civic needs, of the community in which he lives. He should get his people to work on boards and committees of the local charities and interest them in the larger measures of preventative and constructive philanthropy."

"Each Unitarian church should establish connection with the nonsectarian philanthropies of the town or city by means of a social service committee. In the Sunday-school for the children, and in Bible study classes for older members of the congregation, place should be found for the systematic study and discussion of social questions. Unemployment, child and woman labor, the methods and morals of trade unionism, industrial accidents and insurance and the ways of adjusting differences between employer and employé are subjects which call for close and sympathetic attention, to the end that there may come a better understanding between the church and the workingmen, that wrong may be righted and justice established. To the churches in country communities we recommend an earnest and patient effort to make the church the community center in which every interest of the people, material, intellectual, and spiritual, shall have sympathetic attention. To this end we recommend (1) the federation of country churches and close coöperation with all the serviceable institutions of the community; (2) the promotion of village improvement, public hygiene, and intelligent recreation; (3) the encouragement of scientific forestry, and intensive and coöperative farm life; (4) the reconstruction of country schools by coöperation, transportation of pupils, and the centralizing of educational opportunities."

The report is not just what we would like to have but taking everything into consideration it is a great step towards something better. After the majority of the churches express themselves on the social problems we can hope for some united action on the part of all the religious bodies;

and are we too much of a dreamer if we say that the day is not far distant when all the Christian churches will stand as a

united body against corruption in politics, exploitation of the weak and uninformed and all our grosser sins?

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Canadian Reciprocity.

ON July 22 Congress concluded the business for which it was convened in extraordinary session April 4. The Canadian reciprocity bill was passed by the Senate, by a vote of 53 to 27. Every amendment was voted down by a larger majority than that by which the original bill finally carried. President Taft followed the votes on the various amendments and on the final bill with the keenest interest. He said, "I am gratified and delighted that the bill is passed. It indicates the increase of mutually beneficial relations between Canada and this country." This bill will mean a tremendous stroke toward breaking down the standpat protection and high tariff system which at one time served a good purpose but now is no longer needed for the healthy growth of trade.



Reciprocity Before the Canadian Parliament.

THE reciprocity bill has found obstructions in the Canadian Parliament as well as in the United States Congress. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, prime minister of Canada, flatly notified the opposition in the House of Commons that unless obstruction to a vote on reciprocity were abated and the government permitted to pass it he would appeal to the country in a general election.

W. S. Middleboro, conservative member for North Grey, Ont., complained that the government was seeking to represent the opposition as forcing an election before the West received the increased representation, by the enactment of a parliamentary redistribution bill, to which its increased population entitles it

in the House. The West expects to gain twenty-five or thirty seats.

Arising amid applause from the treasury benches, Sir Wilfrid Laurier replied:

"My honorable friend arose to convince the house and the country that the opposition is not obstructing the reciprocity agreement which has been before the house for six months. Yet he says let reciprocity wait. If he is not obstructing, why should not reciprocity go on? We don't want reciprocity to wait.

"We have heard the same argument before. One of the most respected members of the house prefaced his remarks the other day by saying there was nothing new to be said upon the question, yet he took three hours to say it. Redistribution is not before the house, neither is the census, but the reciprocity agreement is and we can go on with it.

"If the opposition wishes to prevent an election, let it go on with reciprocity, and there will be no election. I have nothing to hide in this matter.

"We are before the people, and if government becomes a farce there are judges over us. Surely these gentlemen do not object to an election! When we say we do not object, they cheer; but when we take steps to have an election, they find fault. But we understand all this. The very last thing they want is an election.

"If the opposition choose to go on with the tactics of obstruction as they have been doing we shall have to consider what is to be done. If in the last resort the only way is appeal to the people and ask them to pass judgment be-

tween us and the opposition we are quite prepared and ready for it."

The Statehood Problem.

THE attempt to deprive Arizona of Statehood, in order to gain three Republican votes in the electoral college from New Mexico, is a violation of the American spirit of fair play. The least the United States Senate can do, in all fairness and decency, is to admit both States and let them offset each other by their votes in the electoral college.

The New Railroad Law.

THE new railroad law supplements other laws already on the statute books. For a long time it has been the law in the State of Illinois that no one shall sell intoxicating liquor anywhere within its borders without license to do so. Our law makes no provision for a license to sell upon railway trains, and it is therefore unlawful to sell intoxicating liquor on any railway train and no liquor can be thus lawfully sold in any buffet car or dining car or any other car. In other words, wherever intoxicating liquor is sold upon any railway train, it is in direct contravention of the law in the State of Illinois.

But there has been no law heretofore prohibiting drinking or drunks. It has been perfectly possible for a man to load up with all the liquor he chose, fill his pockets with it, and then board a railway train and make himself a nuisance to his fellow passengers. This new enactment is for the purpose of supplementing the old law and making it not only unlawful to sell upon a railway train, but unlawful to drink or to be drunk thereon. The old law prohibits and punishes the sale, but the new law adds to that the prohibition and punishment of drinking and drunkenness.

Now this is the time for the friends of temperance to pay attention to the enforcement of this law. Let us start it off right. Whenever you note any infraction of the law, call the attention

of the railway conductor to it. It is his duty to arrest the offender. He is given police power for that purpose and is subject to fine if he refuses to do it.

For the information of the temperance people of the State, we give here the exact wording of the statute. Read it carefully and then cut it out and preserve it. It is as follows:

House Bill No. 262.

A bill for an act to provide for the punishment of any person who drinks any intoxicating liquor, or who is intoxicated, in or upon railroad passenger cars in use for the transportation of passengers, or in or about any railroad station or platform, and for conductors to make arrests therefor.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly: That any person who shall drink intoxicating liquor, or who shall

COMMENCEMENT.



—Chicago Tribune.

Gone forever—the soft June nights—
The campus bathed in moonlight—
The careless joy of youth—
The murmur of voices, indistinct
Beneath the shade of noble trees
The tender vow of love eternal—
The trusting eyes bedimmed with tears
The golden atmosphere of love—
The chapel bell; melodious call.
All gone to come no more,
The college days are o'er.

be intoxicated, in or upon any railroad smoking car, parlor car, day coach, inter-urban car or caboose car, in use, for the transportation of passengers, or in or about any railroad station or platform, upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars nor more than one hundred (\$100.00) dollars, or imprisoned in the county jail for not less than thirty (30) days, nor more than one hundred (100) days, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Section 2. Every railroad conductor, while on duty, is hereby authorized and empowered to exercise in any county of this State, for the purpose of enforcing the provisions of this Act, all the common law and statutory powers conferred upon sheriffs and it is hereby made the duty of all such conductors to enforce the preceding section of this Act, and to arrest without process any person who violates any provision thereof, and in so doing they shall be held to be acting for the State and not as employes of the company. Any person or persons so arrested shall be delivered by such conductor to some judge, justice of the peace, sheriff, constable, or police officer at some station or place within the county in which the offense was committed, or trial, according to law. Provided, that if the car on which such arrest is made does not stop within the county within which such offense was committed, then such conductor shall deliver the person so arrested to some sheriff, constable or police officer of the county wherein such car shall first stop after such arrest, who shall deliver the person so arrested to some judge or justice of the peace of the county in which the offense was committed, for trial.

Section 3. Any such railroad conductor who shall refuse or fail to comply with section two of this Act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than ten (\$10.00) dollars, nor more than twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars.

Section 4. The several railroad companies in this State shall, without unnecessary delay, cause printed copies of the three preceding sections of this Act to be kept in conspicuous places at all their stations along their lines of railroad in this State.

Every railroad company that shall neglect to post, and keep posted, such notices as required by this section, shall for each offense, forfeit the sum of fifty (\$50.00) dollars, to be recovered in an action of debt, in the name of the people of the State of Illinois.



Choosing a Candidate.

GEN. CHARLES H. GROSVENOR, in the *Los Angeles Express*, makes the prediction that if the national election were to be held right now and Taft and Har-

mon were opposing candidates before the people, Mr. Taft would win both in Ohio and in the Union. Mr. Taft will have no difficulty in beating Harmon in Ohio and elsewhere in 1912. With Governor Harmon as the Democratic nominee and Mr. Taft as the Republican, it would be a matter of indifference to hundreds of thousands of citizens whether Mr. Taft or Mr. Harmon were elected. They would be so indifferent that the day after election they would not even be moved to inquire "Who won?" There are many others who are zealous advocates of Mr. Taft's nomination who would be perfectly satisfied were Governor Harmon elected, and there are many supporters of Governor Harmon's candidacy who would be wholly content were Mr. Taft successful. As Jay Gould was for the Republicans in Republican counties and for the Democrats in Democratic counties, but for the Erie Railroad always, so there are forces in politics that are for Mr. Taft for the Republican nomination and for Governor Harmon for the Democratic nomination and always for themselves.

The progressives of the nation, who are progressives first and Republicans or Democrats afterwards, would not support Governor Harmon as against Mr. Taft, although little reason would exist to support Mr. Taft as against Governor Harmon. Neither candidate would be representative of their principles.

If it be assumed that Mr. Taft is to be renominated by the Republicans, the Democratic party, if it would enter the campaign with hope of success, must nominate a candidate who is known to be truly progressive, one known to be a champion of human rights as against property rights. Harmon is not such a man.



Great Britain has a squadron ready for an emergency and France and Germany have begun to get their armies assembled for business. Push the peace treaties.

EDITORIALS

William Makepeace Thackeray.

William Makepeace Thackeray, on his hundredth anniversary, deserves more than passing notice. He was one of those artists who looked at life with a sweeping glance and saw the world in large visions. He never isolated his problems and studied them with a long, close patience, but placed them in their proper perspective with the problems of the world and read them with the eyes of a man of the world. In writing he used no plot. To have confined his characters within the bounds of a technical plot would have introduced an element of unreality for him. The action of his theme generally centered around two or three characters with which he portrayed life as he saw it. He was the social historian of his age and was vivid and definite in his accounts of manners, habits and ideals of English men and women. One might say his chief theme was the family marriage. Over and over again he showed parents bargaining young women for the purpose of founding ambitious families. The founding of families was at that time the supreme social aim. He gave women a leading role in his writing, yet most of his women were submissive. They were important because of their relations to the family. Thackeray must always remain a great figure in English literature because of his services as a painter of a social period. He has given a remarkably coherent account of social England for more than one hundred years.

Good Health.

Good health is the normal condition of every human being. Men and women were not intended to be sick. If they are sick it is likely due to the fact that they have at some time broken the laws of well being. Many times we break these laws in thought rather than in physical reality. We think because our ancestors had certain ailments we are destined to have the same trouble. Our very thinking so makes it more probable that we will have the same weakness than the fact that our parents had any physical ailments. Fear is a poison to the system and any fear we may have that we are subject to sickness weakens the body and makes it unable to perform all its duty. The only natural consequence that can follow is disease. Thousands of people make themselves slaves to bodily disease by their weakness of thought. Hope, ambition, and anticipation are wholesome and help to prevent disease. New thought builds new cells in the body and makes it more able to resist all weakening tendencies. A continual complaining about our ailments is an evidence not only of weakness but that in thought, at least, we have sinned against

our highest opportunities. It is evidence that we are not living properly and are breaking some of nature's laws. We can be well if we will to be so. At least, we can be more nearly well than when we are continually complaining. A great many ailments are really not weaknesses of the body but weaknesses of the head. A wholesome treatment would be to make the machinery of the head turn out better thoughts and the rest of the body would be in better shape to withstand the real attacks of diseases. To be healthy, happy and successful we must be good and think right thoughts.

The Materialistic Farmer.

In this age of materialism the farmer has brought problems to his own door that need serious consideration. The value of the dollar has been overestimated and now the rural communities are suffering the consequences. The past twenty years have been a continual struggle for the accumulation of wealth throughout the country at large, and today thousands of men have possessions that a few years ago they never dreamed of possessing. As a result of all this the retired farmer holds a materialistic view of life and places the dollar above everything else. With the tremendous expansions of the material comforts and conveniences our intellectual and educational agencies are entirely insufficient. They have not kept pace with our material progress. Go to any country town and inspect its library. If you are successful in finding one at all it is likely to be so near a failure that no one of the inhabitants of the town knows where to find it. Its shelves have a meager supply of reference books and statistics most of which have been supplied by the government. This is a sad commentary on our rural life. Magnificent homes with meager equipment for intellectual development in the community are sure to bring evil results to the next generation. The ambitious young men and young women of the rural districts leave their homes to seek better opportunities in the cities. To be abreast with our material progress every village, town and city should be the owner of a library building that is in keeping with the homes of the community, and equipped with every resource for mental development. Public libraries in small towns are practically a failure and so long as they are allowed to be a failure fathers and mothers need not be surprised that their children are not contented in the rural communities. Suppose you make a visit to your own town library and see whether you consider it a credit to your community. Would it be good enough to have one like it in your own home? If it is not, make yourself responsible to help make it what it ought to be.

Specialization.

Children nowadays are taught to specialize before they leave the cradle. Parents often select a life work for their child and use every imaginable influence to make it follow that line of work. They insist that the child shall specialize for that one thing and follow the career of their choice. They forget that the child is a human being with personality apart from themselves and that it will have some inclinations of its own which must be considered. It is a thousand times more noble to teach a child how to think than to insist on what it must think. Too often the process of learning how to think is entirely set aside and the overanxious parents stunt the normal growth of the children by telling them what they must think. The child is a bundle of possibilities and it should be the pride of the parent and the teacher to help unfold those possibilities. Its first efforts in the cradle are to learn to distinguish between itself and the surrounding world and that search should be continued all through child life, through its career in the grades, in the high school, and in the college. Then it is ready to specialize. Why make a mere machine from a human being when there are so many thousands of interests in life that are worth while? Why rob the child of its greatest possibilities, in order to direct its path among the thorns and burdens of a monotonous routine of duties that may chance to appeal to the parent? To be sure, if the offspring is to be nothing more than a commercial consideration the parents will find little pleasure in unfolding the largest possibilities for the inquisitive child, but if it is to be the making of a life there must be untold gratification in helping it to find itself and its relations to forces outside itself.

The Quail Season.

The quail is found over a wider range of territory than any other useful bird found in America. It thrives from the New England States to the extreme southern border of the Gulf States. Early in the fall hunters begin killing the bird and continue throughout the winter, destroying them by the thousands. City sports spend their autumn vacation in hunting quails. A few farmers will not permit hunting on their land, but many of them have not yet learned the value of a good crop of quails on their farm. They are the farmer's best friend in destroying insects, as they will eat worms, bugs and insects of all sorts. One of the teachers of Clark University gives as a single meal of one of these birds 100 chinch bugs, 12 squash bugs, 2,500 plant lice, 39 grasshoppers, 12 army worms, 568 mosquitoes, 8 white grubs and 101 potato beetles. It has been estimated that the quails of Virginia and North Carolina consume an-

nually 1,341 tons of weed seeds and 340 tons of insects. The farmer should consider himself the protector of the quail against the ravages of the hunter who comes from the city for the mere sport of killing. At the present rate of killing them they will in a very short time become entirely extinct. The pleasure of the sport for a few city lads does not in any way compensate for the great loss, should the bird become entirely extinct. Every farmer has a right to prohibit the shooting of quails on his farm, and he should exercise this right for the sake of his best friend among the feathered tribe. The quails have never in any way been known to interfere with growing crops nor to disturb the ripened crop before it is gathered by the farmer. It has everything to be said in its favor and nothing to be said against it.

Just Judgment.

One of the hardest lessons in life is to learn not to judge. Perhaps ninety per cent of the criticism, comment, and judging of humanity is unnecessary and serves no useful purpose. It is not our business. It is simply an impertinent intrusion into the individuality of others. There are times in every life when we should judge, when we must judge, and when it is vitally important that we should judge wisely and justly. There are those closely associated with us in love, friendship or business where it may be important for us to understand their words, their acts, their motives, and their emotions in so far as they affect us. The very act of not judging until it becomes necessary gives dignity, calmness, poise, and fineness to these enforced judgments. The judgment that has been dulled by constant misuse, like a razor that has been used to sharpen lead pencils, is of little value in real need. The wisest judgment means the best head cooperating with the best heart. It is kind, honest, charitable and seeking truth, not the verifying of prejudice. It says ever in prefacing its conclusions on the evidence: "As it seems to me," "If I understand it aright," "So far as I have been able to reason it," "Unless I am mistaken," or similar phrases. These represent the suspended judgment with no tone of absolute finality. They show a willingness to modify the verdict, to soften the sentence, or to order a new trial if new evidence, new illumination, or a new interpretation can be produced. This is no evidence of weakness whatever, but it is an indication of self-control when a man is able to withhold his opinion and avoid passing judgment until the proper time comes. He will prove a valuable asset to his community and his advice will be sought by all who know him. It is always well for one to know more than one speaks and to be more than one seems to be.

A WORD ABOUT TURKISH WOMEN

Hester Donaldson Jenkins

THE Turk is little known in America, and perhaps least of all is the Turkish woman understood. I have lived for nine years in Constantinople and have learned to love both Turkey and its women. I have grieved with them over the dark days that are past, and have rejoiced with them in the wonderful transformation that July 1908 made in their land, and I hope with them for the happy future of Turkey. And for none do I desire this future more than for its women to whom a free government brings a chance for growth and more abundant life.

Would that I could give an adequate picture of my Turkish friends; that I could convey the charm of their simple, gentle natures, their gracious and graceful manners, their low, warbling voices, and their lovely, expressive faces; that I might waft over the seas the aroma of beautiful Turkish personality.

What are Turkish women like and what are their possibilities?

They are often not strong physically. They have known too little how to live, and careless and slothful habits have told on their strength. Nevertheless I see no reason why they should not, with proper training in exercise and knowledge of their own bodies become a vigorous people.

Dr. Nazim Bey, a remarkable Turkish patriot, a man who after receiving a fine general and medical education in Paris, assumed the disguise of a *hodka* or dervish and went all over Asia Minor arousing in people a hatred for the despotism of Abdul Hamid and a desire for freedom, and who was one of the organizers of the recent revolution in Turkey, has interesting views on the Turkish people. He told me that as a physician he had noticed that the mixed races were the strongest physically and

intellectually, and that he based his ardent hope for the future of the Turks partly on their being a young race and uninjured by the use of alcohol and absinthe. He said that the Turks had as yet given nothing to the world, that their native intelligence had been stifled by despotism, but that the time was soon coming when they would contribute to the world's knowledge and ideals. His ideas seemed reasonable and his fervor was contagious. "Mark my words," he said eagerly, "the world will hear from the intelligence of the Turks ere you and I are dead."

Others, Armenians and Europeans, agree with Dr. Nazim Bey on the native and undebauched intelligence of the Turkish peasant, and I see no reason why both men and women, once free to develop, should not form a fine race physically and intellectually. Women have not been regarded by the Turks as intellectually promising, as is shown by their proverb, "Woman's hair is long but her wit is short." But they are coming to take their place beside the men in intellectual work, as their success in writing, studying, and teaching amply demonstrates.

What occupations are normally open to a Turkish woman?

A Turkish *hanum** almost always marries, in which case, unless she be poor, she sits at ease and is tended by her servants, not even darning her husband's stockings. Of course if she be poor all the household drudgery falls on her. Nevertheless there are some single women, widows or unmarried girls or a very few who do not marry at all, who need to work. What can they do?

They may become servants, but only

*A common noun meaning "lady;" used also as a title corresponding to "Miss" or "Mrs."

in Moslem households; a Moslem would not work in a Christian house. They may sell sweets or fruit or *semits* in the woman's cabin or waiting room of the steamers, but they can never serve in shops for the general public. They may wait on women in the baths, and give massage or assist in the toilet.

There are no Turkish trained nurses, although there are some women who do a rough sort of nursing. After the granting of the constitution some women petitioned through the papers to be allowed to study nursing, and the best surgeon in Constantinople said he would admit a few women into his hospital for training, but the counter-revolution of April put a stop to all such movements for a time.

Another set of women petitioned Hamdi Bey, the curator of the Art Museum, to admit them into the so-called School of Fine Arts; he replied that it was impossible, as men were studying there and the accommodations were too slight to admit of women having separate rooms, but that he would arrange later for Turkish women to study drawing and painting.

Gypsy women tell fortunes and dance for money, but no decent Turkish woman would do this. I suppose some could sew for a livelihood, but all the ladies of my acquaintance get their clothes made by Greek or French dressmakers. Cooks, bath maids, laundry maids, wet nurses, coffee servers, secretaries, readers of the Koran, are found among Turkish women. Old women hawk articles of dress, jewelry, embroideries and cosmetics from harem to harem, and carry local gossip, as do the New England sewing women. In the royal palace the female officials include the Lady of the Treasury, the Private Secretary, the Keeper of the Seal, the Mistress of Robes, the Lady Water-pourer, the Lady Coffee-server, the Lady Pipe-keeper, the Mistress of the Sherbets, the Lady Wet-nurse and Lady Chaplain, and other ladies in waiting.

The best occupation for Turkish women is teaching. The Dar-ul-Malumat school turns out a good many teachers in a year who give private lessons, become governesses, or teach in the schools exclusively for girls. Of course, the schools being few, this is not a large field. Women also become matrons of schools and orphanages. I call to mind a sweet-faced elderly lady who is principal or matron of the Industrial School for Girls, and who, they say, is like a mother to the orphan pupils in her charge.

Doing embroidery and making rugs are trades by which a girl may make a meager living, and earn a little dowry for her settlement in life. There practically exist no mills or factories in Turkey. Professional match-making, buying and training girls for the rich harems, and guarding the members of the imperial seraglio, are all occupations along the line of housekeeping. A profession that is coming to the fore since the revolution is that of a writer, this being one which a married woman can best follow, and which will increase in importance with the years. Partly because there are so few trades for women, a very large number are driven to the lucrative employment of begging.

The moral character of Turkish harem women shows the same lack of training that marks their physical and intellectual nature, but also shows great possibilities. A Turkish wife and mother is very loving and devoted, although seldom intelligently so. She has been sharply trained to modesty, but not at all to self-control, and will cry aloud or scream, and let herself go on in a way that shocks our western ideas. She is naturally intensely loyal, and this quality easily develops into patriotism. She has a great deal of natural pride; in Turkey, even among the women, one never forgets that the Turks are the dominant race. In a mixed school the Turks and the English girls affiliate naturally, while the subject races form other groups.

A sense of truth has not been developed among Turkish women, for truth demands intelligence, and that the average Turkish woman has not possessed. That they can learn to regard truth very strictly is proved by my own experience with the absolute trustworthiness of Turkish women who have received an education.

In America the Turks have been judged, naturally but most unfortunately, by the cruel and tyrannical actions of their late sultan, Abdul Hamid II., and often also by the excesses of Kurds and Bashi bazooks, who, while they are Ottoman subjects, are not Turks at all. The world nevertheless has been forced to regard with surprise and admiration that wonderful bloodless revolution of July, 1908, by which they threw off the shackles of blighting despotism and in which they displayed not only heroism and power of organization, but such moderation and magnanimity as make the revolution one of the greatest national achievements. Again, when the treacherous sultan and his minions organized a counter-revolution in April, 1909, and bathed Cilicia in innocent blood, and imperiled the newly-won liberty of Turkey, the Young Turks were prompt, decisive, and able in putting down both uprising and sultan, and still showed themselves untouched by rancor, a spirit of revenge or bloodthirstiness.

The splendid qualities of the Young Turks displayed in these cases as well as in the period of suspense before the outbreak in July, are also possessed by the women of Turkey. They too have shown heroism, self-sacrifice, love of liberty and of humanity, intelligence in service and the lofty quality of devotion to an abstract cause.

I will here describe a little of the work they have done for their country. The conscious preparation for the Revolution took about thirty years. A handful of people in Paris, among them Selma Hanum working with her brother, Ah-

med Riza Bey, and another handful in Turkey, had to arouse the whole slumbering land to a sense of horror of the tyranny under which they were supinely lying, and to a hope in the power of the Young Turk party to save them from that tyranny. In this work of education, women took their part. Several Turkish ladies refused to marry and gave themselves to teaching that so they might enlighten and stimulate such girls as showed promise of intelligence, and win their adherence to the cause. When the Young Turk party was well organized, women served to carry their dangerous messages and papers from one harem to another, for a Moslem woman is never searched.

In Salonika, for years the headquarters of the Young Turk party, among the most disinterested and useful of these women was Gulistan Hanum. She had been educated at the American College for Girls at Constantinople, and when she married Asim Bey, a fine young man, she taught him English and became his friend and companion. She used to take a Boston journal, and culling articles from it that she thought would interest the Turkish women, translated and published them in Turkish journals in preparation for the revolution. Her work was recognized in Salonika, for when the constitution was proclaimed there, she was the spokeswoman for the Ottoman women of the city in an address to the leaders of the Young Turk party.

Women were used not only to carry messages but also to convert men to the cause. As an instance I will relate the story of a remarkable Turkish woman whom I count among my friends.

Halideh Hanum was educated in the American College for Girls in Constantinople. The government objected again and again to her taking a western education, and occasionally removed her from the college, but her father was so much impressed with her intellectual possibilities that he deliberately sacrificed his

own future to keep her in school. She was a conspicuously fine student, especially in philosophy, astronomy and literature, and early showed a taste for writing.

After finishing her college course with distinction, she married and became the mother of two boys. During these years she wrote a good deal, essays and sketches for the most part, but could never publish them, as all original writing was checked by the government. But her literary attempts cultivated her style, while her personal experience disciplined her character, and her studies in Turkish history and literature sharpened both her intellect and her patriotism.

With July 1908 came the opportunity to use these qualities. She was lifted up to the seventh heaven of joy by the revolution, and seizing her pen she wrote a poetical outburst entitled "Address of Othman to the Third Army Corps," in which Othman, the founder of the Ottoman Empire, is represented as glorying in the deeds of the Army Corps of Salonika that had accomplished the bloodless revolution. This article, so Oriental in its imagery and spirit that it is hardly translatable, brought her immediate fame. The editors of a newspaper, the *Tanine* or "Echo," destined to play a large rôle in Ottoman politics, immediately engaged Halideh Hanum as contributing editor, and she wrote for it regularly under the name of Halideh Salih, the latter being her husband's name. She wrote careful, intelligent articles on such subjects as woman's education and curricula for new schools; she wrote burning essays on the griefs of the Cretan Moslems, and later on the cruel massacres of the Armenians near Adana; she wrote historical sketches of women who have swayed Turkish rule and rulers; and the people read all she wrote and called for more. Her old manuscripts were gathered up into volumes and she was asked to contribute to seven papers and magazines.

Halideh Hanum's husband, an able

professor of physics in the so-called Turkish University, was put on the Ministry of Education with the avowed idea that he would speak not only for himself but also for his intellectual wife. She was asked to teach a new school, to organize women's clubs, to be an honorary member of men's clubs. The soldiery sent her word that they adored her. There was not a busier nor happier woman in the world than Halideh Hanum from July 1908 to April 1909, and few women have been more influential. Throughout all this period she kept moderate, sane, and unselfish, never leaving off her veil, nor behaving other than as becomes a modest Turkish lady.

When the counter-revolution of April 1909 burst upon the astonished city of Constantinople, Halideh Hanum was temporarily carried down by the flood that threatened to drown all progressive and enlightened Ottomans. The office of *Tanine* was wrecked and all the manuscripts were torn to pieces. She was compelled to fly from Stamboul, and with her children took refuge in her old college. There she showed such endurance, such heroism as one seldom sees. Her cry was "My country, O my country!" with no concern as to her own losses or danger. When the army of liberation marched into the city and freed it from the tyrant, and when Abdul Hamid was deposed forever from the throne he had abused, Halideh Hanum was one of the Young Turks who rejoiced solemnly over the restored liberties of Turkey. She has resumed her writing and will retain her eager, intelligent interest in Ottoman politics, as well as in the larger interests of humanity. Halideh Hanum, with her strong intellectual grasp, her trained pen and her beautiful idealistic character would be an honor to any country that she called hers.

Halideh Salih is not the only woman writer in Turkey. Ferideh Hanum has written for the papers; Niguar Hanum

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THE GROTTOS OF THE SHEN- ANDOAH

John W. Wayland, Ph. D.

THE hill country along the extended course of the Shenandoah River, which drains the beautiful valley between the Blue Ridge Mountains and the first ranges of the Alleghanies, is at many places literally honeycombed with caves. The subterranean galleries and apartments, hidden deep away from the sunlight, are found to be glorious with a splendid and variegated setting of gems when once the light of candle, torch, or electricity reveals them to the beholder's eye.

One of the most famous, and perhaps the most splendid, of all these groups of caves is that known as the Grottoes of the Shenandoah. It is located in the northeastern part of Augusta County, Virginia, near the line between Augusta and Rockingham. The nearby railroad station on the Norfolk and Western Railway is called Grottoes; the village about the station is familiarly known as Shendun; while the nearest station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, several miles to the west, is called Weyer's Cave, or Cave Station.

The Grottoes of the Shenandoah comprise three or four beautiful caverns. One of the first to be discovered was long visited by tourists and known as Madison's Cave. Thomas Jefferson is said to have written enthusiastically of this beautiful grotto. In 1835 was discovered in the vicinity another cavern that has been named the Cave of the Fountains; and about the same time still another known as Jefferson's Cave. All these are beautiful and wonderful; but for the last hundred years or more the majority of tourists and other visitors have been attracted to the place by the greatest and most wonderful of the entire group, namely, Weyer's Cave. This

cavern, extending for hundreds of feet underground in winding, intricate passages and vaulted chambers, is one of the great natural wonders of America, ranking with the Natural Bridge, sixty miles to the southwest, and with Niagara, 400 miles due north. It cannot, of course, be compared in size with the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; but for delicacy of formation and splendor of color tints it is probably not surpassed by any cave in the world. One writer, who has visited many caves, says, "The nearest approach I have ever seen is that of Bellamar, near Matanzas, Cuba;" another says, "It will, I think, compare without injury to itself with the celebrated Grotto of Antiparos."

Weyer's Cave is named after the man who found it. In or about the year 1804 Bernard Weyer, a tenant on the Mohler farm, was disturbed by some animal that persisted in attacking his hen roost. He set a trap one evening, and found next morning that it had been dragged away by some creature caught in it. Weyer followed the trail to the big hill nearby on the west bank of the river. Digging into the hole where the animal had taken refuge, he captured the marauder which proved to be a ground hog. He also discovered the entrance to the wonderful cave by which he is remembered. For some years, however, the curiosity was known as Mohler's Cave, since it was found on the Mohler farm.

I was told in 1902 by a member of the Mohler family that Bernard Weyer afterwards went to Ohio, and that the distinguished Senator Foraker was one of his descendants. This is a point of considerable interest, but thus far I have not found opportunity to verify the statement.



South Entrance to Weyer's Cave.

The formations in the cave embrace numerous and varied shapes and colors in both stalactites and stalagmites. Both are formed by water charged with lime dropping from above; but the stalactite hangs down like an ordinary icicle, while the stalagmite is built up from the floor—the drops piling up into pointed columns. Both form very slowly; and scientists frequently try to calculate how many thousand years old some of them are.

Near the entrance, as one goes into Weyer's Cave, are found the "Sentinels," very human-like stalagmites that must have been standing there waiting for somebody to come long before the Roman soldier at the gate of Pompeii was buried under the ashes from Vesuvius. Above the Sentinels, conveniently near, is the Guard Room. Then we come to the Cataract, a perfect reproduction of a stream of water, which, pouring over a ledge of rock, was caught and congealed by a sudden frost.

Farther on are Solomon's Temple and Treasure House, the Zoölogical Garden, the Persian Palace, the Armory, the Ball Room, the Senate Chamber, Robbers'

Den, the Shell Room, the Grand Canyon, Jefferson Hall, Pluto's Chasm, the Theater, and the Volcano of Vesuvius. To be sure, many of these places have to be aided by a strong imagination to seem real; but on the other hand most of them bear such a striking resemblance to the places for which they are named as to produce constant admiration and astonishment.

Among the particular formations of special interest must be mentioned the Queen of Sheba's Pillar, King Hiram's Monument, the Oyster Shell, the Giant Pagoda, the Cardinal's Canopy, and the Bridal Veil. The last is one of the most beautiful and remarkable formations in the whole cave.

I have reserved purposely for final mention the grand apartment known as the Cathedral. In both appearance and dimensions it is worthy of the name. The huge chamber is 260 feet long, fifty feet wide, and is thirty to sixty feet from floor to ceiling. About midway down the long apartment is seen a solitary figure, wrapped apparently in silent thought. It is the famous Washington Statue. The Cathedral used to be known as Washington Hall. As we approach



The Living Spring.



Treasure House of King Solomon.

nearer to the statue its resemblance to the Father of his Country becomes less marked; but we do not criticise the art of Nature, for our eyes are fascinated by the fluted towers, the mural drapery, by the bewildering array of banners, shields, tapestries, and winglike projections; and we almost start in terror as we glance upward and see the colossal figures of the Enchanted Moors, looking grimly down from their own particular balcony and vantage ground. The Cathedral, had it been known ages ago, would doubtless have been actually, like many an ancient grove, one of God's first temples. The semblance to a cathedral is carried a step further by a mammoth sunflower, richly and delicately colored, set high up where wall and ceiling meet, like a splendid rose window of fadeless hues.

Last summer a party of about seventy drove over to the Grottoes from the State Normal at Harrisonburg. We had a big tallyho, two stage wagons, and some eight or ten surreys. We turned off eastward from the Valley Pike at the tollgate just above Harrisonburg, and followed the old Port Republic road.

Seven or eight miles out we crossed the battlefield of Cross Keys, where on June 8, 1862, the Stars and Bars carried by Ewell's men met the Stars and Stripes borne by the soldiers of Fremont. Passing on by the end of Massanutten Mountain, a veritable Gibraltar of the plain, we came a little farther on to the celebrated little village of Port Republic, in the fork of the Shenandoah River, where Stonewall Jackson so narrowly escaped capture, and where he burned the bridge just in time to keep Fremont from sending aid to Shields on the day following Cross Keys. Three or four miles beyond Port Republic we came to the village of Grottoes, fourteen miles from Harrisonburg. By this time we were eager for our lunch, which we ate under the broad pavilions at the foot of Cave Hill, while the rain began to come down.

Lunch dispatched, we spread umbrellas and climbed up the picturesque path to the cave mouth. Having written our names in the register kept at the entrance lodge, and paid the small fee required of each one of us, we followed the guides, in successive groups, into the cave. The rain still came down—it lit



The Grand Glacier.

rally poured; but the roof of the cave was thick enough to shut out both the sound of the rain as well as the booming of heaven's artillery. The temperature of about fifty degrees Fahrenheit remained unchanged; and the walkways through the long subterranean passages remained so smooth and dry that nobody's shoes were soiled.

When we came out after two hours of admiring wonder, the rain had ceased, the clouds were breaking away, and the sun was flooding the valley again with golden light. The flushed and yellowed waters of the Shenandoah tumbled at a

quickened pace over the rocky channel at our feet; the trees and bushes on the side of the hill and along the river banks were dripping pearls; the broad level valley beyond the river was dotted over with pools and threaded with transient streams; and at the farther side of the valley the rugged peaks of the Blue Ridge still held fast on their summits white fragments of cloud and fog, while the green trees and fields on their slopes and lower summits were glowing in the slanting light. It was a scene to be remembered—a day not easily forgotten.

Harrisonburg, Va.

A TOY DOLL

Mary Flory Miller

AIMEE, don't you think you could find a better servant? This steak is as tough as shoe leather and the coffee as weak as dishwater," said Mr. Merton at dinner, pushing his plate back.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton were newly married people and had been keeping house only a few weeks, during which time Mrs. Merton had hired and discharged as many girls as an experienced housekeeper would probably never possess in a life time.

"Well, Herbert, I don't see what I can do about it," Aimee petulantly responded. "I have tried and tried and it seems that I can't get a girl who is worth anything. I don't see why it is. Mrs. Walton across the street has such a good girl that she has had for over two years, in fact, ever since they began housekeeping."

"Well, I am sorry," said Mr. Merton, "but I am afraid I can't stand the new girl's cooking very long at this rate. I hate to take my dinners down town but I see no other alternative unless the situation can be remedied. I don't like to say anything, Aimee, but don't you think you could tidy up the house a little by

this evening? You know things are not just as attractive as they might be. Mr. Charlton, an old friend of mine, whom I met down town today, has promised to call on us this evening." Then stooping to kiss his wife good-bye, Mr. Merton said, "Cheer up, Aimee, and do the best you can, you know I want to be proud of you this evening, and Mr. Charlton is anxious to meet you."

After Mr. Merton had gone, Aimee gave way to a long fit of weeping. Her grief at last having spent itself she began to think over what her husband had said. At first his words seemed cruel to her for she was not accustomed to being spoken to in such a manner. At home she had always been shielded from unpleasant things and the cares and responsibilities of the household. She had always been as free as a butterfly to come and go as she willed. In her small world she had always been favored, humored and petted until she considered her small will as law, and swayed her scepter as tyrannically as any sovereign. Her husband, too, had been an ardent worshiper at her shrine and had wooed and won her in a manner sufficiently romantic to satisfy any maiden's fancy.

It was just the same after they were married until they began housekeeping, when Aimee's incapability and inexperience began to show in an untidy house, an unattractive tea table and badly cooked meals. Of course this was not all Aimee's fault. Oh, no! for did they not hire a girl to do these things? But Aimee had no more idea about selecting and managing servants than a man who had never been on a farm would have in selecting and managing a farm.

Mr. Merton had been very patient, making due allowance for Aimee's youth and inexperience, but as things did not improve any, matters going from bad to worse with each successive maid of all work, Mr. Merton began to feel that something must be wrong. Aimee was the best woman in the world, of course, but still it seemed as if she ought to be able to do something besides looking pretty and being entertaining. He felt that some way she ought to bring order out of chaos, and gently intimated the same to his wife as we have seen.

These were some of the things that came into Aimee's mind as she made a critical self-examination, hoping to find the cause of her failure to succeed as a housekeeper. She had fully awakened to the situation at last, realizing that something must be done and it all depended on her. She was really in love with her husband and wanted to make his home pleasant for him. "I believe that I see now why I have failed," she said to herself. "I have always thought of my own happiness instead of my husband's, just as I have always considered my own happiness before other people's. Here I have been idling away all my life in just amusing and being amused, without learning to do one useful thing which would prepare me for real life. Oh, that my mother had taught me to cook, keep house and manage servants at home so that I would know something about it in my own home. But it is my own fault. I never took an interest in those things. Well, it is no use regret-

ting that now. I must get to work and do something so that Herbert will not be disappointed in me. Oh, I have a bright idea! Mrs. Walton and I have become good friends. I will go over and get her to help me out of my trouble. She is such a sweet woman and an ideal housekeeper."

Hurrying to her dressing room, Mr. Merton was soon arrayed in her calling costume and crossed the street to Mr. Walton's home. Mrs. Walton greeted her pleasantly and Aimee soon managed to bring the topic of discussion around to the servant problem, whereupon she unburdened her mind of some of her perplexities and asked Mrs. Walton how she managed. Mrs. Walton, unknown to Aimee, had surmised the cause of her troubles and was anxious to help her in any way that she could. So she determined that she would give Aimee that which she most needed, good advice and a helping hand.

"How do I manage?" said Mrs. Walton. "In the first place it is necessary to have a good understanding of all kinds of household work yourself in order to teach or train the girls who come into your home. Of course this training must not be done in a domineering way but by suggestion and example. Before I hire a girl I closely observe her general appearance, dress and all the little things in her make-up, but most particularly her character. You wonder at this, only seeing her for such a short time before hiring her, but it is surprising how much one can learn about another person's character in a few minutes when you make a practice of studying human nature. Then after I have hired my girl, I do not sit down with folded hands expecting to do nothing but I attend to certain duties myself every day, often giving my girl a helping hand when she is rushed or ill and always let her have a certain amount of time off each week to spend in whatever way she chooses. In short, I treat her as a human being like myself, letting her

that I am her friend and am interested in her."

"Oh, but Mrs. Walton," said Aimee, helplessly, "I don't know how to cook or do housework of any kind. I would give so much if I only did know something about it. I never was taught to do those things at home, but I need that knowledge so much now."

"I believe that I understand your situation," said Mrs. Walton, kindly, "and have a suggestion to make if you will pardon my boldness and not think me impertinent in any way."

"Oh, what is it?" said Aimee. "I am willing to do anything if I can only learn to be such a good housekeeper as you are."

"Thank you, Mrs. Merton, now this is my plan. I have a little spare time of my own each day, which I can spend in any way that I please and if you will permit me, I will be glad to help you a little until you can go ahead for yourself. You know experience is the best teacher and I know that you can learn to keep house nicely if you are willing to try."

"Oh, Mrs. Walton, how can I ever thank you enough for your kindness? But I feel as if I ought not to allow you to sacrifice your own time and pleasure just out of kindness to me."

"But," said Mrs. Walton, "it will be a pleasure to me and no sacrifice at all. Shall we begin right away?"

"Just as soon as you want to, Mrs. Walton," responded Aimee. "I am so anxious to begin that I can hardly wait till the time for my first lesson."

"All right," laughingly responded Mrs. Walton. "We will begin at once. There are a couple of hours yet before tea time so I will run over and help you get started this evening."

When Mr. Merton came home that evening it was almost with dread, for he had learned what to expect. However, the scene which greeted his eyes was more cheerful than usual. The house had by some means or other taken a

more orderly and attractive appearance and the supper was really appetizing. His wife, too, looked prettier and more cheerful than she had looked of late. Not knowing why but feeling the difference in the atmosphere Mr. Merton banished the little doubts and misgivings which had begun to cloud his mind of late and became his own pleasant, genial self again.

When Mr. Charlton called that evening they both enjoyed his call and he went away feeling that his friend, Mr. Merton, had, indeed, a happy home and a pretty, entertaining wife.

Aimee did not stop with her first lesson, but went on patiently day after day, Mrs. Walton giving her many kind and helpful suggestions and often working with her for a little while either in her own or in Aimee's home. Aimee did not find her work easy at first, for she was so unaccustomed to practical work or responsibilities of any kind, that it was like beginning her life all over again, adjusting herself to a new environment. But she persevered, keeping continually in her mind that ideal which she wished to attain, reading and studying everything helpful on the subject which she could find and gaining practical knowledge by real experience and practice. She felt herself richly rewarded for all her efforts when her husband took her into his arms one day a few weeks later and told her that she was the best little woman and the finest housekeeper that he knew.



MAKING THE FARM PAY.

WHEN David Rankin, the world's largest farmer, was asked to tell the secret of his success—he began by borrowing \$6 and died worth \$5,000,000, all made in farming—he answered promptly: "Success in farming consists in making every minute, every cent and every seed count. A good workman is cheap at most any price and a shiftless,

(Continued on Page 798.)

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE CHURCH AND THE LABORING MAN.

THE world needs a new picture of Christ. It is somewhat surprising that it has not appeared before this. The mystical dream-Christ of Medievalism has been so plainly outgrown and become so splendidly null that we wonder that art has not felt the growing demand. The modern world, unified by its industrialism, needs a Christ not of the cloister but of the open street and market-place. Is the church giving to the world such a Christ? The question is imperative, insistent. Has the church substituted for the Christ of the Gospel an ultraspiritualized, dilettante Christ? Do we not need to look again into the face of that young village Carpenter, living in a little Nazarene hamlet, going about the humble homes of his native place, mending the simple furniture, helping to build their rude houses? A plain day laborer, with his kit of tools upon his shoulder, earning his daily bread as all other laborers have done since time began? The Gospels certainly have spared no pains to paint just such a Christ for the world. There are no wise silences as to the homely details, no dainty roundabout of phrase, no veiled hints of something superfine behind the common fact. No. He was simply, plainly, Jesus of Nazareth, a village Carpenter, the Son of a village carpenter. When he selected his disciples he did precisely what his heredity would suggest, preferred laboring men to the learned, the rich, and the mighty. He kept steadfastly to the end to the role of poverty and service. He had not where to lay his head, was poorer than the foxes and the birds. What has the church to say of such a Christ today? Who would ever dream of such a Christ in her gorgeous palaces, with their robed priests and colored light, incense,

flowers, music, and delicately intoned rituals?

Is it not time that the words of Bishop Lines should be reiterated in all branches of the church until they become a fixed and commanding conviction? "There is a feeling that the Christian church has drifted out of the complete sympathy with the great company of people who are doing the world's work and bearing its heaviest burdens." "The desirable parishioner has been too often the man who could pay for a high-priced pew or make a generous subscription." "Our pride and foolish rivalries as regards our churches and their services have their proper punishment in the absence from them of people who can not afford to be in them on the same footing as all the rest." In other words, they miss from our churches the Carpenter of Nazareth. He can not afford to hire a pew. His plain clothes and democratic manners would surely assign him a place in a corner behind a pillar or in a remote gallery. Who in the main aisle would wait to give him welcome?

If the church were altogether satisfied with this state of things the case would be hopeless. But the social renaissance which is stirring the whole world to newness of life is felt even more deeply in the church. Conviction of sin in this matter, so noticeable in all church gatherings, is prophetic of true repentance with its appropriate works. But the path of return from any sin is always beset with difficulties. The greater the sin the more labor in works meet for repentance. We have no palatial churches remote from the homes of the laborers of the community. We are encased as in armor by the habits and customs of the past. Our preaching and forms of worship have crystallized around the traditions and predilections of the people who hold themselves quite

distinct from those who do the world's work and bear its heaviest burdens. These are the impediments of the church in its toilsome pathway of repentance back to normal relations with all the people irrespective of class or condition.

We must not permit ourselves to be confused or turned from the main issue by any sophistical debate as to what is meant by the term, laboring man. The lawyer, the doctor, the minister, the business man, often insist that they are laborers—and that no distinction shall be made. Any one of these classes can easily and decisively determine his status by applying for sittings in an aristocratic church, or making a tentative effort to get into society. On the other hand, the laboring men know perfectly well who they are. Witness their vast organizations, their camaraderie socially, and their drift into separate political parties. It is too late in the great world movement for any sophistry or mystification in this matter. The laborers of the world have come to class-consciousness. They are to a large extent estranged from the church, and to a serious, if not portentous, degree embittered in spirit. They feel, whether justly or unjustly matters little, that they have not received their due proportions of the profits of labor, and that they are debarred from their normal right to more complete living. If ever the church has received a providential call to a great mission is it not just this worldwide demand of the toilers and burden-bearers of the race? Are they not calling for the leadership of that young Carpenter Christ to champion their cause in righteousness against the inequality and hardness of present social conditions?—*Homiletic Review*.



As to curriculum, I think it is the spirit that is needed more than the letter in the Sunday-school as well as in other religious work.—Schwartz.

A WORD ABOUT TURKISH WOMEN.

(Continued from Page 789.)

is a recognized poet; one lady is writing a play with her husband; Meliha Hanum has translated some poems from English into Turkish. Of the literary work of Gulistan Hanum I have already spoken. The wife of Tewfik Fikret Bey, who is considered to be Turkey's foremost living poet, learned all his poems by heart in the old days, for fear that their papers should be seized and destroyed. Fatma Alih Hanum has written several attractive essays on Moslem life. Several special women's journals were published in the winter of 1908-09, containing some very worthy contributions from women.

Of course the access of freedom that came upon Turkey in 1908 aroused great desire in the hearts of Turkish women for a fuller intellectual life. Clubs started up all over Constantinople, and the ignorance and helplessness of so many of the women combined with their eager desire for culture were pitiful. Women, as I said elsewhere, petitioned to be allowed to study nursing and art. I know one very talented girl, Rabieh Hanum, who without a single lesson in drawing or painting has taught herself to reproduce in black and white such great pictures as she could obtain. She is now hoping to study abroad. In the plans made for women's schools Selma Hanum and Halideh Hanum are constantly consulted and will probably have a large hand in working out details. They feel that there are no Turkish women as yet trained to take the direction and organization of schools for girls and that American or English women will be needed to start them, but I am sure Turkish women can be trained to make good teachers and will be quick to assimilate western methods. In the American College for Girls we find the Turkish girls very docile and eager to learn.

Have I not shown enough to produce a faith in the future of Turkish people

that can count among them such inspiring intellects as Halideh Hanum, such disinterested patriots as Gulistan Hanum, such writers as Fatma Alih Hanum, such pure souls and promising intelligences as are these Turkish women of whom I have written?

In that future day when Turkey shall take her rightful place among the enlightened nations, by the side of the brave, loyal men shall be found intelligent, loving and high-minded Turkish women.—*The Open Court*.



MAKING THE FARM PAY.

(Continued from Page 795.)

careless man is dear if he works for nothing."

Not long before he died Mr. Rankin amplified his views. "To make a profit the farmer, just as any other manufacturer, must reduce the cost of production," he said. "I saw this long ago and when I saved a hand's wages by the use of a new piece of machinery I felt pretty good; that was making money for me. We farmers must not only keep eternally at reducing the cost of production but plan a way to get the most out of our product. Use your head as well as your hands, for it is the little savings that make up the profits at the end of the year. It takes sharpening of wits all the time."

The fertilizer problem is one of the most serious confronting the farmer today. Shall he open up his fields to the commercial article or shall he husband his own resources and maintain the fertility of the soil by returning to it the elements of which it was robbed in producing a crop? The answer is simple. A ton of average fresh manure contains ten pounds of nitrogen, five pounds of phosphoric acid and ten pounds of potash. At the prices which these elements of plant food would cost in commercial fertilizers the value of manure would be \$2.50 a ton. This does not take into account the value of the organic matter furnished, which may be greater than

that of the plant food. That this theoretical valuation is very conservative is shown by the result of many field experiments, by various experiment stations and by practical farmers. The value as shown by the increased crops has equalled and often exceeded this theoretical valuation.

An experiment conducted in Jasper County, Missouri, resulted in an acre which had been treated with eight tons of manure yielding sixty-five bushels of corn, while an acre immediately adjoining—which had not been treated with natural fertilizer—yielded only twenty-nine and a half bushels. Experiments conducted at Columbia, in the same State, resulted as follows: A tract on which corn had been grown continuously for twenty years yielded only three bushels to the acre. Immediately adjoining, a tract planted to corn for twenty years, but which had been liberally manured, yielded thirty bushels to the acre. Another tract, likewise adjoining, on which corn had been rotated with oats and clover yielded forty-nine bushels to the acre. Still a fourth tract, immediately adjoining on which scientific management had been practiced to the extent of both rotating crops and manuring the field, yielded sixty bushels to the acre.—*From "Efficiency on the Farm," in August Technical World Magazine.*



THE ADVENTITIOUS ARSENIC IN FRUIT.

THE use of Paris green as an insecticide on fruit trees has been pretty generally abandoned because of its solubility and the consequent injury to fruit and foliage. The substitution of arsenate of lead has been on the whole more satisfactory, although, as P. J. O'Gara points out in *Science*, a careful examination has shown that this substance is not altogether without objectionable features. In the preparation of arsenate of lead by the combination of either the nitrate or acetate of lead with disodium arsenate, there are formed three distinct

ad arsenates in varying proportions. The ortho-arsenate, $\text{Pb}_2(\text{AsO}_4)_2$ is practically insoluble in neutral or alkaline water, and so quite harmless. But the meta-arsenate, $(\text{PbHAsO}_4)_2$, is commonly very injurious; and the pyro-arsenate, $\text{Pb}_2\text{As}_2\text{O}_7$, may become so when the water used contains in solution chlorides, sulfates or carbonates—which means practically all common waters.

In addition to burning or spotting of leaves and fruit, varying quantities of the arsenic are absorbed. Chemical analyses showed this amount to vary with the degree of spotting. In some spotted apples the skin showed, in a 10-gramme sample, as much as 0.05 milligramme of arsenic; in a single apple there was a total of 0.3 milligramme.

The presence of arsenic in the paper used for wrapping the fruit for shipping is also a source of danger. The writer refers to one shipment of pears from the Pacific Coast, in which all the fruit came from one orchard and was treated exactly alike, two different kinds of paper being used. When taken from storage one-half was much farther advanced in ripening than the other, and the difference corresponded to the presence of arsenic in the paper. That arsenic hastens the ripening process has been known for some time.

The writer warns fruit growers about the quantity and the composition of the arsenate of lead used in spraying, and about the brand of paper used in wrapping the fruit.—*Scientific American*.



BENT BY THE SUN.

THE towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun, poured on its southern side on midsummer's day, without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire, 174 feet long, hanging in the center of the structure, and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the mon-

ument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted, by expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate vibrations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unperceived, are registered by it.



SPAIN'S OLIVE OIL PRODUCTION.

ONE of the most valuable and extensive industries in Spain is the cultivation of the olive and the manufacture of olive oil. An idea of the vast amount of territory given over to the growth of the olive tree at the present time may be derived from the following official figures: In the region of New Castile, 197,847 acres; Mancha and Estremadura, 307,396 acres; Old Castile, 20,348 acres; Aragon and Rioja, 87,025 acres; Navarre and the Basque provinces, 22,173 acres; Catalonia, 449,367 acres; Leon, 9,144 acres; Galicia and Asturias, 410 acres; western Andalusia (Seville, etc.), 1,220,073 acres, and in the Balearic Islands, 64,220 acres.



NOT LAND OF SAFETY RAZORS.

SAFETY razors have been on the market in China for at least ten years and their sale today is small, the demand being limited almost entirely to Americans and Europeans, who number about 12,000. The native always has some one shave him, and a razor for him to use himself does not appeal strongly. Well-to-do Chinese gentlemen have their own servants perform this operation, others employ itinerant barbers who come to the house, while the great mass of natives frequent the barbershops, where for three and one-half cents the head will be shaved in prevailing fashion, the queue combed, plaited and glossed, wax removed from the ears, and a light massage administered to the neck and shoulders.

Shaving the head must be performed by another. Being thus driven by neces-

sity to the razor in the hands of another, the chances are that the beard will also be attended to, as the hirsute growth of the native is extremely meager and the shaving of the face is a secondary and unimportant operation. Even were the safety devices feasible for self-manipulation on the head, the chances are that the native would still cling to the cheap luxury of having some one do it for him.



THE CENTER OF POPULATION.

THE center of population of the United States is four and one-quarter miles south of Unionville, Monroe County, Indiana, according to the census bureau. Since 1900, when it was six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind., it has moved thirty-one miles westward and seven-tenths of a mile northward. The westward movement was more than twice that of the 1890-1900 decade. This acceleration of the westward movement is attributed by census officials principally to the growth of the Pacific and South-western States.

The geographical center of the United States is in northern Kansas, so that the center of population, therefore, is about 550 miles east of the geographical center of the country.



WONDERS OF TELEPHONY.

THE casual user of the phone who lifts the receiver and talks to a friend miles away, has little idea of the wonders of telephony or of the labor necessary to maintain an up-to-date service.

The telephone laboratory is one of the busiest places in the world. It is here that the problems of telephony are worked out and means devised to improve and develop the system to meet future demands upon it.

Here any day one may see two experts in a room fifteen or twenty feet wide and two or three times that length, talking with each other over circuits a thousand miles long. The equivalent of twenty miles of cable is contained in

a box no bigger than an ordinary traveling bag, and 600 miles of pole line is represented by the contents of another box not as large as a dress suit case while the entire apparatus at the central office, so far as it affects the individual subscriber's telephone line, is compressed into a couple of square feet.

With this equipment and two standardized telephone instruments, conversations over hundreds of miles are carried on within the four walls of the laboratory, one of the workshops of the central engineering force of the system.

Every detail of a long distance call from the subscriber's phone at one end of the line to that at the other end, with all the central office and overhead and underground construction that connects them, is reproduced with scientific exactness. By these means new devices and apparatus are tested, proposed improvements investigated, and the scientific theories involved in transmission and operation worked out. This may be done for the purpose of studying some minor bit of mechanism, of determining, for instance, the relative merits of two forms of the relay coils which automatically work the signals on the switchboard, or of learning the effect on a conversation of having one sort of equipment at one end of the line and another sort at the other end, or for one of a hundred other purposes.



OLD MAN SUMMERS' BOY.

When Old Man Summers' oldest boy went away to school,
Most of us 'lowed, an' said so, too, 'cause
Summers was a fool!
We had a High School that was taught
by Hennery Clay McKim,
An' what was good enough for us was good
enough for him.

But any way, that boy got back an' went
right straight to work.
He dug right in his pa's old store, just like
he was a clerk.
He weighed out beans and lard and butter,
an' then fust thing we knowed
He had a great big winder built, that set
out in the road.

then he got a pot o' paint, an' painted up the shack; cl'ared up all about th' place—not jest in front, but back. fixed th' canned goods on th' shelves, an' had 'em scrub th' floor put some busted winders in, an panels in the door.

bless our soul, fust thing we knowed—it made some of 'em sore—t everybody in th' town wuz tradin' at thet store; looked so snick-span, new, an' clean, an' if you asked fer things they didn't keep, they sent t' town and fetched 'em out, b' jings! it was all thet boy of his, an' when th' old sign read—& Son," we jest shook hands with Sum, an' took back what we said.

—Dallas News.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

THE PLANTATION MULE.

An old colored man had a mule that would not move for him. He pulled and tugged the mule until he was exhausted and finally he sat down and said: "Well, ole fellow, you's got de best ob 'em." There was a drugstore across the street and a thought struck the old man. He went across and said: "Has got anything dat will make dat mule move?" "I don't know, I can't say." He came out and punched a lit-medicine into the mule's side. The mule commenced to wiggle around, and finally off he started over the side of the street at a good pace. Sambo watched him for a moment or two and then he ran to the drugstore, saying, "Mister, how much yo' charge for dat med'-cine?" "Ten cents." "Has yo' any more?" "Yes." "Den jes put twenty cents' wuf inter me so I kin ketch dat mule."

"FUNNY thing about Bolivar," said Higgins.

"What's that?" said Bjones.

"Why, they operated on him for appendicitis the other day, and when they

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THIS IS THE PLACE.

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came to look there wasn't anything there," said Wiggins.

"Well, I'm not surprised," said Bjones. "I never could see anything Bolivar myself."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Des yo' believ dat Jim Johnson am really converted?" "Deed I does. I'se visitin' his house fo' de last free mont an' dey hasn't had a mouthful ob chicken."

Old Joe Appley had the reputation of being the "homeliest man God ever made but one day he met a stranger who was "homelier" than he.

"Stranger," quoth Joe, "I guess I've got to kill you."

"Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because I've always swore that if I ever seed a homelier man than I was, I'd kill him on sight."

The stranger shifted his quid to the other cheek, and looked Joe over with a calculating eye.

"Wa'al, go ahead," he drawled. "If you're homelier than you be, I want to die, s'pose you will?"—Constance Coniagh.

The mother of the girl baby, her name Rachel, frankly told her husband that she was tired of the good old name borne by most of the feminine members of the family, and she would like to give the little girl a name entirely different. Then she wrote on a slip of paper "Eugénie," and asked her husband if he didn't think that was a pretty name.

The father studied the name for a moment and then said:

"Vell, call her Yousheenie, but I don't see vat you gain by it."

A bunch of old deep-sea fishermen in the cabin of a smack had been puzzling half an hour over the mental problem: a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, how many herrings can you buy for a shilling and a half?"

"What did you say the mackerel and a half cost?" asked one of the fishermen.

"I didn't say mackerel; I said herring explained the skipper.

"Oh, that's different," said the sailor man. "I've been figuring on mackerel."

"Who can mention one leading fact about the Epistles?" asked the Sunday-school teacher, looking over the class.

Johnny's hand went up.

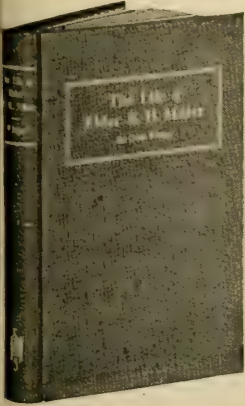
"Well, Johnny?"

"They were the wives of the Apostles."

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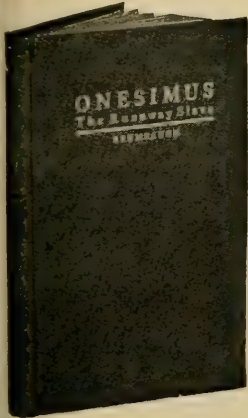


One of the most prominent characters in the Church of the Brethren during the latter part of the nineteenth century, and one whose life figured most largely and effectively in the affairs of the Brotherhood, was Elder Robert H. Miller. The history of the church would indeed be seriously lacking in completeness were the part which his life helped to make omitted. The author of Elder Miller's life has done a worthy service in gathering into a volume, in such graphic detail, so much valuable information concerning our beloved brother's earthly career. In the years between his Early Life and Ministry and his Later Life and Death, Elder Miller was a power as a debater, an editor, an educator, a leader, and a preacher. Every brother and every sister ought to read the book.

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By JOHN T. DALE

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MISSION OPPORTUNITIES IN MEXICO



EXICO was originally a prosperous kingdom extending from Oregon to Central America and numbered about 80,000,000 people. A friend who has traveled extensively through the Brotherhood, also throughout Mexico, in writing of this country says that he finds relics of the Egyptian inscriptions on them, also pyramids the same as in Egypt and he believes that they are part of the lost tribes of the children of Israel, but they worshiped the Sun and idols and practiced human sacrifice. They were overpowered by Spain and made slaves for over 300 years, at which time the church and state were united and a different religion was forced upon them. After 330 years of bondage they gained their independence. Now they are anxious for the Protestant religion. He says that he visited many of the missions and found them universally prosperous and that they were turning away Catholic children by the hundreds who were anxious to attend the Protestant schools. He further states that the Methodists and Baptists and other churches who have missions in nearly every land are getting better results in Mexico than in any other field but they are usually turning their attention to the large towns and cities of the table lands and support their mission and come in competition with the public schools. While he advises the Brethren to colonize in the country tropical districts which are practically without church or school privileges, where the Government gladly pays the Protestant missionaries for teaching, he urges the Brethren to improve the opportunity and not wait until it is past and gone and establish strong churches with mission schools, also to commence to prepare a class of Spanish in all the church schools throughout the Brotherhood to assist in this great work. He says that since the political strife is over that Mexico is bound to advance by leaps and bounds in great prosperity the same as did the United States after our Civil War. He contends that mission work can be carried on and be nearly if not entirely self supporting and urges the mission board to thoroughly investigate. He also advocates a selection of teachers with the same care that is being taken with the ministers as it is the teachers that will lay the foundation for the future church and urges that only those who comply with uniformity of plainness and other principles of the church be selected.

B. A. HADSELL

Lititz, Pa.

MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

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A MAGAZINE OF QUALITY



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ELGIN,
ILLINOIS

August 15, 1911

Vol. XIII. No. 33

Three Trite Truths

1 Apple Land is the most valuable land in the United States because no crop pays so well as apples.

2 MIAMI VALLEY lands are good apple lands.

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Then place your name and address upon
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Tear off and mail to us.

DO IT NOW.

Farmers Development Company

SPRINGER
New Mexico

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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Renew as early as possible in order to avoid a break in the receipt of the numbers.

When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given, and notices sent two weeks before the change is desired.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

August 15, 1911.

No. 33.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Vacations for Working Girls.

AT this season of the year hundreds of children, and grown-ups too, are being given a week or two in the country by various philanthropic organizations in all the larger cities. The usual way is to secure homes for the children among farmers for two weeks after a more or less thorough investigation of the places beforehand. Another feature of fresh-air work is to furnish vacations to girls who work in stores and factories.

The Girls' Employment Bureau, of Cleveland, has hit upon a very successful method of giving working girls a few days in the country during the summer. Heretofore the work has been done by churches and other organizations but only a very few girls were ever able to leave the city. There were several reasons for this. In the first place the work was done free of charge, and we all know that there are a great many hard-working people who do not like to receive something for nothing since it has a tendency to leave a stigma upon the recipient. Then a girl runs the risk of losing her position if she is absent for a week or more. The proprietor of Euclid Beach Park, a popular summer resort, very kindly offered ground rent free for a summer camp. This the employment bureau accepted, and they found that tents could be rented for a reasonable sum. The park is within the five-cent fare limit from the city which enables the girls to go to and from their work every day. This solved one problem because many could now take advantage of the outing whose finances would not permit them missing any days. The money required for equipment, labor and tent rent was raised by subscription, by the aid of the Press. Instead of conducting the camp as a charity affair the bureau placed it on a financial basis and charged the girls two dollars a week for the board and service. This nominal sum prevented the girls from feeling that they were getting something for nothing and it also put them under certain responsibility. A Cleveland merchant donated a graphophone for music. The Public Library established a branch in

the dining tent, and the bathing house, amusements and cars were within three minutes from the tents; so that taking everything into consideration the location was ideal. Last year was its experimental year and yet the camp gave an outing of from one to two weeks to more than three hundred girls, and it is their intention to enlarge their work this year so as to accommodate more.

The employment bureau was organized several years ago through the efforts of the Consumers' League, social settlements, the Y. M. C. A., and other similar organizations. Its purpose is to help girls find positions in approved factories and stores.

A Missouri Billboard Decision.

Judge A. M. Woodson of the Supreme Court in Missouri, in his decision concerning a billboard case has the following to say: "There is but one virtue connected with this entire business, and that is the advertising itself. This is a legitimate and honorable business, if honorably and legitimately conducted, but every other feature incident thereto has evil tendencies, and should for that reason be strictly regulated and controlled. The signboards and billboards upon which this class of advertisements is displayed are constant menaces to the public safety and welfare of the city; they endanger the public health, promote immorality, constitute hiding places for and retreats for criminals and all classes of miscreants. They are also inartistic and unsightly. . . . While advertising, as before stated, is a legitimate and honorable business, yet the evils incident to this class of advertising are more numerous and base in character than are those incident to numerous other businesses which are considered mala in se; and which for that reason may not only be regulated and controlled, but which may be entirely suppressed for the public good under the police power of the State. My individual opinion is that this class of advertising as now conducted is not only subject to control and regulation by the police power of the State, but that it might be entirely sup-

pressed by statute, and that, too, without offending against either the State or federal constitutions."

To our mind billboards and signs placed along the roads in the country are an antiquated form of advertising, and furthermore we have a great deal less respect for a merchant who indulges in that sort of thing. Most signboards are not only unsightly but hideous and any merchant who habitually disfigures landscape by such a method of advertising does not deserve the patronage of respectable people.

A Music School Settlement.

Something has already been said in these pages about social settlements. In the American Magazine for August we read an account of the unselfish and inspiring work of David Mannes in his Music School Settlement located in the famous East Side of New York City. It is a school for amateurs. No special effort is made in the direction of professionalism. "The Music School Settlement is no factory for professional musicians," says Mr. Mannes. "I count one child lost every time a boy or girl goes on the stage; I'm bringing up a race of amateurs." Seven hundred pupils were enrolled in the school this year and Mr. Mannes is assisted in his work by eight or ten men and women. Some men seem to be born to teach and Mannes is one of them. Perhaps it is his unlimited sympathy, his earnest desire to help the world along, to help those who really need help, that is at the bottom of his success. His early life was spent in adverse circumstances and he knows the difficulties under which hundreds of boys in the East Side have to work and he also knows how youthful ambitions are frequently snuffed out. "Once a year all the young people of the school pass in review and play before him; back of their musical shortcomings he divines their physical defects, the result of undue nourishment and ill-conditioned lives, the something amiss at home, and forthwith sets himself to straighten out, as far as he can compass it, each little world, and smooth the hard places for the young feet." There is a purpose back of this school. Mr. Mannes thinks that boys and girls will not frequent such cheap amusements as the moving picture shows if they are taught real music and the pleasures of being a part of the musical world. All that he asks of any child is the desire to be taught.

"Nor is his intuitive understanding of the little bunglers a mere accident. It is the fruit of his own struggling, thwarted boyhood—of years of poverty, ill health and peculiar wretchedness bred in a gifted person by well-meant, incompetent teaching. A serious accident at the age of nine had left him very delicate, and this fact coupled with his childish aptitude for fashioning little fiddles out of cigar boxes caused his



Using the Flail.

parents to hit upon music as an easy profession for him. This auspicious decision so ironically made in all simplicity, brings a curious smile to his face today. For it is one of his besetting charms that he can refer to these early years with a detachment lacking in all trace of bitterness. 'In a those years I was never anyone's favorite pupil,' he says, and he has resolutely set himself to see that no child in New York shall for lack of sympathetic training suffer what he has suffered."

A Harvest Picnic.

Harvest is a busy time of the year on the farm, but it was not too busy for the farmers of Dekalb County, Illinois, to enjoy a harvest picnic on July 8. It was a picnic for the old and young and it would add much to farm life in many communities. Other counties or townships could have such a gathering every year. It would not be wise to give a repetition of the program every year but new things always suggest themselves to fertile brains. The Dekalb County farmers gathered together for a kind of harvest exhibition. It was a panoramic illustration of the harvest methods from the days of the sickle down to the modern binder. In the Breeder's Gazette for July 19 we read an account of this interesting picnic:

"About ten o'clock the work began. An aged hand, more skilled than strong, wielded an ancient sickle or reaping hook, such as did duty for many centuries. . . . A few old-time flails were on exhibition at the picnic and a number of men tried their hands at them. It did not take long to demonstrate that a flail in inexperienced

ands could crack other heads besides heat. After the sickle came the cradle. Its time it was considered a wonderful vention. A number of old cradles of various patterns were brought forth from their resting places of fifty years. Boys who had gazed aloft at these venerable implements perched upon a purlin of the old barn or hung beneath the attic roof, saw their fathers do as young men did of old. It looked easy when the old men swung the cradle. In the hands of the young men the same curious contrivance was an awkward and dangerous instrument. One of

the best cradlers was 'Uncle Billy' Allen, just past ninety-two years old. He had not forgotten how to reach into the standing grain so that the extended wooden fingers caught only what was cut, to swing the long blade level and true, and finally by a high, dexterous flourish to allow the grain to glide off smoothly and gently into a straight, even swath ready to be raked into bundles. The enthusiasm of the older men ran high over this work, just as when in the prime of strong young manhood they cradled races with each other across the fields, and made merry sport of hard work."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Controller Bay Affair.

DISALLOWANCE of the Cunningham claims to enormously rich coalfields in Alaska by no means put an end to all danger of monopoly in that region. This fact has become more evident than ever by facts that were made known to the public for the first time a few weeks ago. These facts pertain to the filing of claims along the shore line of Controller Bay, Alaska. It is perfectly evident that it is useless to mine coal unless it can be transported to market. It is equally evident that the government might amply safeguard the mining of coal against monopoly and yet allow a monopoly in coal by allowing a monopoly its transportation. Men who want to let monopolistic privileges in coal, and have been foiled in their attempt to secure that privilege by the control of the coalfields themselves, could to all practical intent succeed by controlling the means by which the coal is made accessible. This is now in substance the peril that has arisen in Alaska. There are three outlets to the great coal region in which the Cunningham claims are located. One is at the town of Nelson. Here the Guggenheim syndicate has the only railway right of way, for a government reservation prevents (except by the passage of a special law that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to procure) the building of any other road

at that point. The second point is Katala Bay. Here the Guggenheim syndicate also has virtual control. The third outlet is at Controller Bay. At this point the government has had control—absolute control. This is due to the fact that the land bordering Controller Bay was retained in the possession of the federal government as a part of the Chugach National Forest. Certain railway rights of way through the forests from the coalfields to the bay had already been projected, and applications for them were on file last year and the year before. The control over these railways and over their terminals by the Secretary of the Interior and by the Interstate Commerce Commission was safeguarded so long as the land remained in the possession of the federal government. Suddenly, without public warning, but with apparently the knowledge of certain interested parties, over twelve thousand acres of land bordering on that part of the bay nearest to the ship channel were eliminated from the National Forest and thrown open to private entry. This elimination of the one remaining unmonopolized outlet for the Cunningham coal region was done, not by public proclamation with due notice, but by an executive order. This occurred last fall, on October 28. Ordinarily such an order is issued with a sixty days' notice, and when it was origi-

inally prepared this order contained such a notice; but between the time of its preparation and the time of its issue the sixty days' notice was eliminated. Within four days surveys had been made at this point, which is far beyond the reach of the telegraph, and a claim in accordance with this executive order had been filed. In other words, the executive order and the filing of the claim were virtually simultaneous. Within two weeks two other claims had been filed, together with the rights of way of the projected railway. There is now a long stretch of water front, at least a mile long, that, with the possible exception of one section of eighty rods, is likely, if not certain, to fall into private possession.



President Taft Gave the Democrats Due Credit.

THE *Record-Herald* said, throughout the reciprocity debates and controversies the facts have furnished their own comments as regards the wisdom of Democratic strategy. The correspondents and fair-minded editors have paid ungrudging tributes to the Democratic leaders and have emphasized the meaning of their various moves. But President Taft does the proper and graceful thing in handsomely acknowledging the large share of credit that belongs to the Democrats. It is an unusual thing, to be sure, but all the more welcome and refreshing on that account.

Certainly, the Democrats have refrained from playing politics of the cheap, narrow kind. They voted against plausible amendments; they avoided snares and calmly ignored the cry that the treaty was not liberal enough; they were willing to coöperate with a Republican executive instead of seeking to embarrass him; they played the higher and nobler politics of serving party by serving the national welfare.

Certain insurgents and independents are pointing out—some with glee, others soberly, for the sake of truth—that many

of the regular Republicans who finally voted for reciprocity did so most reluctantly, contrary to their beliefs and sentiments, and solely because they did not dare oppose the President, while other regulars were coerced by their constituents. All this is true, but what follows? Was not exactly the same thing said of much of the progressive legislation passed under Roosevelt? Do not many politicians always vote under a sense of coercion?

However, the important fact to recognize is that the reciprocity bill truly is a nonpartisan measure. The more nonpartisan legislation and high, enlightened politics we have, the better for the country. Parties are means, not ends; they are made for principles and men. It is to be hoped that in connection with currency and banking, Panama, Alaska conservation and other matters the same broad, generous spirit will be displayed and that the exchange of compliments and felicitations between Republican and Democratic leaders will become a feature of an era of good feeling and national progress.



The Nebraska Democratic Convention.

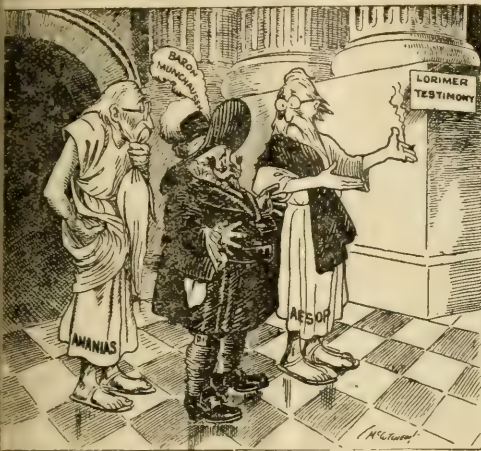
IN a recent State Convention of the Democrats in Nebraska, they refused to

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE CORN CROP.



—Record-Herald.

THE THREE AMATEURS.



—Chicago Tribune.

endorse the candidacy of any individual or the presidential nomination in 1912. It had been expected that an effort would be made to have Governor Harmon of Ohio indorsed.

Charles Wooster, of Merrick County, brought the convention to an uproar by offering a motion, which was seconded, that a ballot be taken for the choice of a candidate for the presidential nomination.

The motion was a signal for a burst of "noes." The chairman ruled the motion out of order, saying that under the Nebraska primary law the voters had an opportunity to express their individual preferences for presidential candidates at the proper time, and that it was not the business of the convention to take up such matters.

Wooster declared that the federal Constitution provided for free speech. He spoke for about two minutes, declaring himself for no particular candidate.

Two revisions were made of the platform as originally drafted before its final adoption.

It reads, in part, as follows:

"The Democracy of Nebraska, in convention assembled, reaffirms its allegiance to the fundamental principles of

the party as enunciated in the State and national platforms of 1908.

"We point with pride to the leadership the Democracy of Nebraska has taken within the last quarter of a century in reforms already accomplished, as well as those that are in process of accomplishment.

"It was the voice of Nebraska Democracy that pleaded persistently and in the face of great discouragement for the election of senators by the people, for the income tax, for tariff revision in the interest of the consumers, for the free listing of the products of the trusts, for the publicity of campaign fund receipts and expenses, for the guaranty of bank deposits, for the regulation of railroads, for the support of the rights of the States and for the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, and, finally, for the broad Democratic doctrine that the people may safely be intrusted with the control of their own government.

"We view with pride the splendid qualities of faithful leadership displayed by patriotic and courageous Democratic governors. The record that has been made in Congress and the State is proof that Democracy is entitled to rule because of the high ideals of the government it stands for.

"We point to the fact that Democratic principles are triumphant in public opinion, and that the Republican party is being forced gradually to abandon its attempt to hold the Republican rank and file to support the so-called protective tariff policy of that party.

"While we regret that there was not a Democratic President and a Democratic Senate to make possible a beginning of tariff revision by striking a first blow at the protection accorded all trust products in the present tariff bill, we point to the reciprocity measure as proof that the Republican party is now abandoning even the pretense that its protective policy is for the benefit of the American farmer."

EDITORIALS

Everybody's Inglenook.

In this issue we are making an appeal to all of our readers to help us make a better Inglenook. On page 883 you will find a number of questions which we should like to have every reader answer. Kindly fill out every blank on that page, tear out the leaf and send it to the editor. We ask you for this information so that we may all work together for the largest interest of the readers. We want every reader to feel that it is your magazine and we want to supply the kind of material that will be of the greatest benefit to the largest number of readers. We will highly appreciate the kind coöperation of all who are interested in a better humanity. We will be glad to have our readers make suggestions and ask questions, for any department of the magazine. If we cannot answer the questions we will make an effort to find some one who can. Tell us what subjects you would like to see discussed in the special articles and we will make an effort to find writers who will be able to discuss the subjects. The magazine is to be a means of service to the Inglenook family and it can best serve that family when every member is free to tell us something about his needs and wants. If there are questions and problems that you should like to have some information about let us help each other by discussing such problems. We will assure our readers that in selecting the writers to handle these subjects, we will accept only such as can give authoritative information and thus save our readers the annoyance of reading after some one who has more zeal than good judgment. Give us your helping hand and let us work together for the best interests of the largest number.

Hospitality.

In these days of rush and hurry there is a lack of hospitality, such as was shown by the people of yesterday. In spite of a highly organized society and an innumerable number of clubs making an effort to foster friendly relationships there is a lack of courtesy among people generally. Of course, with our modern conveniences there is little occasion for entertaining strangers who are traveling through the country. If they travel at all they are generally equipped with camping outfits and are not obliged to endure the hardships that were thrust upon the family that moved into the frontier fifty years ago. The guests who come into the home today come under different conditions than those of yesterday. Instead of a whole family coming and staying three or four days without any notice, everything is prearranged and

the hostess has an opportunity to arrange her work and give some of her time to her guests. There is more formality about now and consequently there is less visiting than there used to be. As a result of this we are less courteous and a good deal more selfish than were the people of the colonial days. On the streets we push and scramble and trample each other with very little regard for any one else's feelings. We scramble for bargains and rush around half out of breath, trying to get the best of some one else. This has become a national trait. Europeans look upon us as a set of uncultured half breeds who have not yet learned the first lesson of courtesy and respect. And it is not at all a necessary element of our western civilization. We can be progressive without being discourteous and rude. The Oriental has some lesson of politeness to teach us that we can well take the pains to learn.

Women and Preachers.

A minister, in the eyes of a man of the world, is a being who deserves pity and sympathy the same as an unfortunate cripple or a weak-minded dependent. Mr. William E. Clark, of Chicago, said, "If it were not for the women the preachers would die. It is the women who drop the nickels into the contribution box. If a minister should wake up some morning and find that he had only men to preach to he would quickly make up his mind to seek a more remunerative calling. It requires the services of 200,000 preachers, preaching an average of 400,000 sermons per week, to keep the women worked up to such an extent that they are willing to contribute the nickel. The average man actually views a preacher as he does charity and contributes for the same reason that he would toward a cripple or an orphan. The railroads at one time placed them on a line with children and granted them half-fare rates." Mr. Clark's words have more truth than fiction in them, which is a sad commentary on the ministry of today. The ministers are responsible for this condition of affairs. The average minister of the world is a man with soft, white hands, who wears an immaculate shirt front every day of the week. He considers that he must not be seen doing anything in particular except look nice and call on women and children. The average man, in his estimation, is too wicked for his association. So long as he is able to look sanctimonious and groan sonorous amens he is retained by his church. We trust our readers understand that we are speaking of the average clergyman as he is found in the world today. There are several causes for this state of affairs, but let us point out only one here. Thousand of promising young men are spoiled for later work in the ministry during their

period of preparation for their work. They enter a theological seminary where tuition is free and their expenses are paid by their church or by some society. Stop for a moment and see the result. A young man who gets his expenses paid for four years in college becomes almost a complete dependent at the end of that time. It is a very rare man, indeed, where such treatment does not do more harm than good. By the end of that time he is so accustomed to accepting help from others that he fully expects every one to serve him and wait upon him. Nine-tenths of these goody lads never work up much brain sweat during their entire college career. As a rule they are an inferior class of students who take up the ministry because it is an easy way of getting through college. The really capable students scorn the idea of getting something for nothing and never go near a theological seminary. They take up law or medicine or some other profession where the requirements are rigid and stiff. If the ministry of our land is ever to be worthy of the dignity which justly belongs to it there must be a marked change in the education of our ministers. Let the theological seminaries make their courses rigid and their entrance requirements as high as those of other professions and a different type of men will respond to the ministry. Let the young man who is preparing for the ministry pay for his education with hard dollars, every one of which was earned by the student himself, and when he gets through he will have some initiative and self-respect so he can meet the men of the business world on their own ground and show that he is worthy of the same respect as men from any other profession. Our schools need money and they need it badly. They need endowments, but we trust the day will never come for our church when our schools can offer a free education to our young men. There is no need of rushing young men through college in order to get them on the field of work at the earliest possible moment. This world has been running a good while without them and a year or two in preparation will not stop the clock right away. Any young man who has any push and hustle about him can pay every dollar of his expenses while in college. If he can't we doubt very seriously his ability as a minister.



Sorghum and Cow Butter.

Wherewithal shall a man pay his grocery bill these days? With the present prices of corn and potatoes, corn bread must be used for cake and potatoes for dessert, but what is a fellow going to fill up on before he gets to the delicacies? Sorghum and cow butter. What fond recollections those words bring to mind. It takes long flights of imagination to make one believe one has those tastes in his mouth. They come for

only one brief moment; then you remember that chicken feed is two dollars per hundred pounds and you distinctly understand that sorghum and genuine cow butter belong on the table of the few chaps who are fortunate enough to have a ten thousand dollar salary. Such luxuries are not for the fellows in the ordinary walks of life who must eat neck and ox tail soup to make ends meet. But then, shucks, what's the use! Oleomargarine is just about as good as butter after you get used to it and besides it is cleaner and you can buy enough in the fall to last all winter. You can settle the bill once and be done with it and don't need to fuss around with the butter man every other day. Then the cabbage, onions, tomatoes and turnips are just about as good as potatoes. Eating potatoes every meal is all a habit we have gotten into and after a while we won't miss them a bit. They don't furnish much nourishment anyway and the taste of them does not go very far. About all there is to them is water and starch. You can get the water for nothing and buy the starch a good deal cheaper than you can get the potatoes. So far as sorghum is concerned, plum preserves will generally do just about as well, and you won't be bothered with a sticky old molasses pitcher on the table. After all, since we come to think about it we are not so bad off, even if the ten thousand dollar fellows lick up all the molasses.



Boy Scouts.

What America needs today is a hundred thousand boy scouts who will scout around the woodshed for their mother and keep the woodbox well filled. They need to scout around the barnyard for their father and save him a good many steps. Boy scouts are exceedingly useful when they scout in the proper direction, but they must not get tired of scouting too soon. Of course there is not so much novelty about this kind of scouting as there is about some of the more popular forms, but the genuine value of the boy is tested better by this method than by some of the more novel forms. Boys get so accustomed to affairs about home that they forget the possibilities that lie all about their doors. They leave those for some other chivalrous knight while they themselves look for promising fields of adventure in a more luring world. The scouts that are at all worth while are those who will look carefully and become real knights in the home. The boy who does not care for his father and mother is not at all a promising citizen of tomorrow. What he now is in the home will be magnified in him in his relations with his neighbors when he gets a little older. There is little call in the competitive world for a selfish boy. There are too many there now. The call is for considerate men who will give their fellows a square deal.

THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR YEARS OF THE COLLEGE COURSE

John S. Flory, Ph. D.

President of Bridgewater College.

Where Should the Work Be Done?

THE thought suggested in the above caption is one of the live issues in our present-day educational work. The fact that these two years are in many ways the best and most satisfactory in the entire scheme of education emphasizes the importance of the matter. Coming as they do after the more or less desultory and irregular work of the High School, and when the work of pruning and shaping of the freshmen and sophomore years have given poise and purpose to the young life, these two years form the natural climax to the scholastic career of the vast majority of those who enter the realm of higher education. It is the comparatively few who go beyond this into the specialized work of the graduate schools. So it is not a matter of surprise that the university is anxious to reach down her hand and welcome these students into her ranks, while at the same time the college is equally anxious to retain them as the crowning achievement of her work.

This, then, is the issue: Shall the colleges discontinue the work of the junior and senior years of the college course, and turn over the students at the end of the sophomore year to the universities? or shall they provide for this instruction during these years? The question is an important one and deserves a fair and impartial consideration. Upon its correct answer depends in some measure the best interests of a considerable portion of our young people.

The prime consideration in the whole matter is, which class of institutions, the college or the university, is best adapted

to do the work that should be done in these two years? The distinctive spheres of the college and the university may not be very difficult to determine, but it is not so easy, it may be, to estimate all of the factors that help to determine what constitutes the best sort of training for the last two years of the college course.

A college is understood to be an institution of learning that maintains a course of study comprising four full years in liberal arts and sciences, based on four full years of high school preparation, or a minimum of fourteen preparatory units, and, to carry on this work, a faculty of at least six professors who give all of their time to work of college or university grade. Mr. Carnegie would add as an additional requirement a working endowment fund of not less than two hundred thousand dollars. A university, on the other hand, must contain a college, such as has just been described, as a nucleus, a graduate school providing courses leading to the degrees of M. A. and Ph. D., and one or more professional schools of the same academic rank as the college.

As thus organized the difference between a college and a university is tolerably distinct. More distinctive, however, than their organization is the characteristic work of each. The college aims at a broad, liberal course of training comprising the languages, literature, science, mathematics, history, philosophy, etc., while the work of the university is largely of a specialized nature. The work of the graduate school is

avowedly given up chiefly to research, while that of any professional school must per force be restricted to the narrow limits of its own field. This fact of specialization in a university becomes one of the chief characteristics of it as an institution. Even in the college department of the university, where the work might be thought to be practically the same as that of the college, this difference is strongly marked. The professors, many of whom give at least a portion of their time to graduate or other specialized work, carry the methods of the specialist into the lecture rooms where the most liberal culture is supposed to be dispensed. So the character of the work done in the liberal arts courses in a college and in a university are considerably different.

Now, what kind of teaching should the young people in the junior and senior years of the college course receive? Let us see. They are on an average just emerging from their teens, the period at which their minds and characters are maturing and when their purposes are taking definite aim. They are in the midst of a course of training that to them represents a unit of academic attainment, and under which they are developing, or at least should be, into symmetrical and mature men and women. To interrupt this development at this time by change of school and change of method of work, would be very bad pedagogy, to say the least.

But the kind of education they should receive must be determined chiefly by the end in view. What is the purpose of college education? What sort of training should it provide? Should it prepare for one thing or for several things? What should be the nature of the product, a skillful piece of mechanism or a potential factor in society? To put the matter still differently, is the chief purpose in college training to develop a keen intellect, a deft hand, a skillful or shrewd use of knowledge, in other words a clever animal? or is it

rather to develop a character, to unfold the powers of the soul, to humanize the lower propensities of our nature, to produce a rounded, finished, soulful, purposeful life with a heart to feel, to sympathize, love, and adore?

This naturally suggests the relative claims of technical and cultural education. Fifty years ago higher education, outside of the so-called learned professions, law, medicine and theology, consisted almost exclusively in a pursuit of the liberal arts. And the standard college course produced a gentleman of culture, taste, scholarship that made him a conspicuous figure among his fellows. Now, this is changed. In the last half century the colleges of that day—many of them—have developed into universities. They have broadened their work in the various fields, have incorporated schools and departments, have divided and differentiated and grouped and systematized their work until a professor of today has only a limited phase of a single subject to teach. To what extent this sometimes becomes the practice is readily seen by a glance at the faculty pages of the catalogue of one of the large universities. I take up one of those at random and turn for example to the subject of History. Under this subject I find ten teachers listed, among whom the subject is apportioned under the following six subdivisions: American History, English History, European History, Modern European History, Mediæval History, American Constitutional History.

Now, it will readily be seen that the teaching in these classes will be highly specialized. No one questions the thoroughness of the instruction, or the accuracy and minuteness of the professor's knowledge, or his integrity as a man. But the fact that only a limited phase of a single subject of knowledge is re-worked year after year by the professor causes it to assume in his mind a prominence wholly out of proportion to its real

importance. Let this be repeated in each course pursued by the student through the several years of his baccalaureate career, and he will be the possessor of some vast fragments of knowledge and yet be groping his way in the gloom as one who can not see the forest for the trees.

Yet this is the natural result of the teaching of specialists who know only one thing. Dr. Andrew West tells of a specialist in philology who had never heard of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and of a chemist who inquired sincerely for the meaning of "Empedocles," apparently not sure whether it was a plural or a mineral. And some of you will remember how the Latin poet, Horace, satirizes the sculptor who could chisel a finger nail to perfection and yet was incapable of producing a complete statue. Such illustrations serve to show the extent to which specialization has gone in dissipating learning, in dehumanizing scholarship, and in lowering the tone of educational work by breaking up the splendid temple of knowledge and strewing about the fragments like so many *disiecta membra*.

A knowledge of obscure facts and out-of-the-way learning is not what the young men and women in their early twenties need. They need a broad knowledge of the essentials of a subject, with emphasis on the significance of them. The power to interpret facts, to see their relation to one another and to other fields of knowledge, and especially their bearing on life—this should be the aim of the instruction in the last two years of the college course.

Now, the college aims at this kind of teaching. As an authority on the subject recently said, "The college exists for the training of men in those studies which lead not to a particular calling, but to a general view of the world and a comparison of their duty to it." In the college knowledge is cherished for its own sake; it is an end in itself and not merely a means to an end. The aim in

college instruction should be a broad survey, in which details are subordinated to the general view of knowledge in its unified grandeur. The power of correlation is more important than the mere knowledge of minute fact. Since this is the object of college training, while that of the university is specialization, it follows that the average well-equipped college is better qualified to give the training needed in the junior and senior years of the college course than is the university.

Another matter of prime importance has to do with the environment. Aside from the character of the work in the class room and laboratory, what do the surroundings contribute to college education?

In the first place life in a college community is more home-like than it is in a university community. The personal element counts for more. Personal contact is closer and its consequent influence on character building is correspondingly greater. In a college, where the number of students does not ordinarily exceed several hundred, all the students know each other, and are personally acquainted and often on familiar terms with the members of the faculty. Where the students number up into the thousands, as in many universities, this is impossible.

This close personal contact is a matter of great importance in the lives of the young people. Away from home and without the help that comes from parental care and advice, they need some one to whom they can go for counsel as a friend. The faculty stand in this close relationship, and if the conditions are right, the students will be free to consult them on important matters about which they are in doubt. This puts the college teacher in the best possible position to exert his influence for good upon the young life. And when we consider that during the last two years of the college course the average student is just at that stage of his development

where his character is taking definite form and where his ideals are receiving their determining touches, and that what he now becomes he will in all probability be through life, the training of these last two years becomes a matter of the profoundest importance. It is sometimes true that the greatest work a college professor does is not found in the lectures he delivers, but in the impress of his personality that he stamps upon young lives by constant association during these plastic years of their existence.

This closer contact between student and teacher naturally helps to maintain a higher moral and religious tone in the college than in the university. In the larger institution the student is dealt with at arm's length, so to speak. If he is strong enough he will survive, if not he will go down because needed assistance was wanting at the critical moment. The smaller institution can provide closer supervision and help many a young man over the slippery place to a secure landing where he can stand alone. Consequently it has been maintained that a larger per cent of the young men trained in the small colleges develop into sturdy moral characters than of those trained in the larger institutions; and it is easy to see how this can be true.

As to our own Brethren schools, not very much need be said. But this I would like to emphasize: let us not despise them because they are small. This is one of their chief glories. I hope they may never become "large," if by this term is to be understood the herding of young people together by the thousands. But let them grow large in efficiency. There has been too much scrambling after mere numbers in the educational world everywhere. What our schools need is development of their internal structure. They need equipment, and frequently many other things; and they need these worse than they need students.

We frequently hear it said that the young people of the Brethren Church deserve the best they can get, in education as in other things. This is certainly true; there are no worthier young people anywhere. And a further fact is true: they are not going to be satisfied very long with anything much inferior to the best. This makes it important that our schools be placed in a high state of efficiency. In these schools the young people of our church should be educated. But they can not be blamed severely for a failure to patronize our schools if the schools do not make their work as good as the best. This, I believe they are honestly trying to do.

The college is emphatically the type of educational institution that we need to foster. We will need to provide for the various lines of vocational training also; but this at best is only a means to an end, and in reality is little more than learning a trade. If we are to make the impress upon the world that we should make we will have to produce a crop of scholars, whose scholarship is conspicuous for its quality. To this end we need several first rate colleges, distributed at easy stages across the country, so as to bring this liberal culture to as many of our young men and women as possible. To discontinue our college work at the end of the sophomore year would be to defeat our own purpose. We want to keep our young people under our influence until they complete their college work, and are so thoroughly established in character, faith and scholarship that they can hold their own against the world.

From whatever point of view considered, whether in its general bearings or in reference to our own educational work, it seems to me the answer to the question is the same: the college course, including the last two years, can be taken more advantageously in the well-equipped college than in the university.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE PROBLEM

A. Cline Flora

THE problems of marriage and divorce have only recently attracted the attention of men as being well worthy of their time and consideration. The New England National Reform League was organized in Boston in 1881 and was instrumental in securing the legislation authorizing the first investigation which was made by our government during 1887-88.

This investigation has been continued until we now have statistics covering a period of forty years from 1867 to 1906. The present problems of marriage and divorce as found by these investigations should open our eyes to the fact that something is greatly lacking in our social regime. American society today is evidently fickle and corrupt or we have not as yet found the secret of guiding it into channels of greatest usefulness.

I shall give some statistics which have been compiled by the United States census department which can be relied upon as authentic data. Only twenty-eight counties out of the 2,803 in our country failed to send in their reports on marriage and only six counties failed to send in their reports on divorce. In 1887 there were 483,069 marriages and in 1906 there were 853,290 or nearly double the number of twenty years previous. It is also clearly shown that the marriage rate is quickly responsive to changes in economic conditions, increasing in periods of prosperity and decreasing in a commercial crisis or panic. Also the rate of marriages according to population is greater in South Atlantic and South Central States than in any other district. Taking our country as a whole the marriage rate is higher than any foreign country except Hungary and Saxony. In the twenty years from 1867 to 1886, 328,716 divorces were granted, and from 1887 to 1906 there

were 945,625 granted or practically three times as many as during the twenty years preceding. The enormous increase in divorce revealed by these figures naturally raises the question how far this increase is to be attributed to growth in population. The rate of increase in divorce is far greater than the rate of increase in population.

Between 1870 and 1880 the rate of increase for population was 30.1 per cent, and for divorce 79.4 per cent, and in the succeeding decades the rate of divorce has still increased over that of population. It is not hard to see that there is something materially wrong with our American home life. Think of it, out of every 500 married couples two of them are being dissolved each year, and coming to a still better basis, out of every twelve marriages celebrated there is one of them dissolved by divorce each year.

Among the several geographic divisions we find that the territories having the lowest marriage rate have the highest divorce rate. The report for 1906 shows that the rate for the western division was over four times that of the North and South Atlantic Divisions, in which we find the largest marriage rate. It is not easy to account for the wide variations in the divorce rates in the different sections of our country. The composition of the population as regards race or nationality; the proportion of immigrants in the total population; the relative strength of the prevailing religions; the variations of the divorce laws and in the procedure and practice of the country in granting divorce, all these, and figures of the South Atlantic and the South Central Divisions are, doubtless, materially affected by the presence of the negro race.

Another fact is very significant, re-

EN garding city and country districts. The divorce rate is much greater in the populous districts than in the country. Also the increase in the divorce rate has been greater in the city counties than in the other counties. In basing our figures on the average number per 100,000 population, we find the following ratio: Massachusetts, in the city counties 119 to 60 in other counties; Delaware 22 to 8; Indiana 233 to 134; Iowa 251 to 85; California 219 to 128. These figures show conclusively that there is great need for study and reform in our large city districts. Also, as already stated, the sections of the South where the negro constitutes a considerable element of the population tend to show that the divorces granted to colored persons form from 50 to as high as 90 per cent of all divorces. In fact about three-fourths of all divorces granted in the South are granted to negroes.

The causes for divorces are many and diversified, adultery, cruelty, desertion, drunkenness, neglect to provide and many others. The most common single ground for divorce is desertion, to which belong about 38 per cent of all divorces, or almost all those granted to the husband, and 33 per cent, or one-third, of those granted to the wife. The next most important ground for divorce is, for husbands, adultery and for wives, cruelty. Of the divorces granted to husbands 28.7 per cent were for adultery of the wife; and of those granted to wives, 27.5 per cent were for cruelty on the part of the husband. During the period from 1867 to 1906 almost exactly two-thirds of the total number of divorces were granted to the wives, or in plain figures only 316,149 were granted to husbands, while 629,476 were granted to the wives. Some causes may be advanced in regard to this great difference. Although the law may not make any distinction between parties applying for divorce, yet certain well-known and comparatively common grounds are more readily applicable

against the husband than against the wife. Another growing tendency is the status of the women or the independent position which our twentieth century commercial world has placed at the door of our women. The allurements of the business world have attracted thousands of our young women and they have advanced to almost an equality with men in demanding a salary, hence if things do not go as smooth as their imaginations in earlier years had pictured, they simply seek an excuse and fall back into the business life again for a support.

It is interesting to note at what period of married life or how soon the causes for divorce develop or come to maturity. The census shows that 159,246 marriages celebrated in the period from 1892 to 1896 had been dissolved by divorce at the end of ten years. Of this number 78,014 or 49 per cent were dissolved before the end of the sixth year of married life, that is, before the marriage had endured six years. Again, it is interesting to note the proportion of divorces relative to the different professions. Actors and professional showmen, according to this ranking, are at the head of the list, reporting more divorces in proportion to their numbers than any other class. Musicians and teachers of music seem to rank next to actors in the relative frequency of divorce. Commercial travelers apparently rank third. The figures at the other extreme are not so decisive. They tend to show, however, that divorce is least frequent among agricultural laborers and clergymen.

We go on from day to day praising our American society, our homes, our attitude towards religion, our daily progress along all lines of true civilization and Christianity, but do we stop for a moment to think about real conditions? I believe in optimism, in its true sense, that is, so long as it is not antagonistic to truth or detrimental to real progress.

HOW FLORENCE BRISCOE RENOUNCED SUFFRAGE

Maie Alys Hitchcock

I DON'T see why you are so interested and enthused in this suffrage movement, anyway. Why not let the old and ugly women attend to that? A girl with your education and attractions, popular in society, and with so many other interests in life, could well let this sort of thing alone. Won't you drop it, Florrie?"

"It is not merely the older women or those who are ugly that are interested, Dick, but all women, young or old, ugly or pretty, who have enough brains to do their own thinking. Why shouldn't a woman be allowed to interest herself in public affairs? Woman should be on an equality with man. Talk about the superiority of man! Indeed! Superiority nothing! Don't you think that I, for instance, am equal mentally with old Tim Casey, who is just a mere good-for-nothing bum, or Jake Greenburg, the rag man? They can vote without anyone saying nay. Superiority! Fudge!"

Florence Briscoe's pretty face was flushed with anger, and tears glittered in her blue eyes, as she looked disdainfully and defiantly across the library table into the grave dark eyes of Richard Irvin, the handsomest, youngest and most promising lawyer in Richmond, who had learned to love the pretty Florrie when they were schoolchildren and had developed a stronger affection with each year.

Richard Irvin did not believe in woman's rights. At least, not in the kind of rights that permit women to vote. He did not believe in the street parades, in women of evident refinement marching to the battle cry of "Votes for Women," with flaunting yellow banners an-

nouncing woman's equality to man, where street urchins and rowdies yell with delight at the spectacle. In fact, he thoroughly disliked and disapproved the conspicuousness of the whole movement.

A meeting was to be held that night, and Florence Darrell Briscoe was to take part. Florence was one of the youngest and most charming of its members, and Richard's earnest disapproval of her acceptance was the subject of their discussion.

How it ever came about that little Florrie Briscoe became sufficiently enthused in the suffrage movement to identify herself with the active work, is one of those curious things no one can understand. Many fads and fancies had Florence indulged in from time to time, but they had been of an altogether different character, and had never raised comment or opposition from her lover.

Florence and Richard were not engaged, as yet, for Richard had not asked the momentous question, but they loved each other dearly. He had been waiting until he considered himself in a position to ask her to share his fortunes. Now the time had come, and he was waiting the auspicious moment to lay his hand and his heart at her disposal.

Florence knew full well he loved her, and in return she thought no other man quite equalled "her Dick," but feeling so sure of him and his devotion, was oftentimes exceedingly willful. Her father died a few years before, leaving Florrie and her mother together, with a very comfortable fortune. The mother, a mild, gentle little lady, never a disciplinarian, found herself quite unable to cope with Florence's more advanced ideas and with an occasional meek word

disapproval of suffragettes in general, was satisfied that her daughter would soon tire of her latest fad. While Florence was little and dainty and sweet, she had a very determined will of her own and opposition to this, her favorite whim, only made her the more perverse and decided.

"I am going to the meeting and I am going to march and carry the banner, and as it doesn't please you, you had better not interfere. You see, Dick, I have my own life to live and I am fully determined to live it in my own way. I won't be dictated to by you, Dick Irvin, and I thank you not to try."

"There's just one thing about it, Florrie, you've got to give it up. Your mother doesn't like it, although you have had your own way so long, she shows it's useless to interfere, but it's simply got to be stopped in some way." Florrie's cheeks burned redder and redder, the blue eyes flashed angrily, and if ever young man should have been hunted by the expression of his sweetheart's face, Dick Irvin was that man, but Dick had decided to speak his mind at all costs.

"It's ridiculous to think of a young girl reared in an atmosphere of refinement to go parading the streets, the jest and amusement of the mob, subject to criticism and insult. Do you think any man would want the girl he intends to marry, making such a show of herself?"

"Well, I'm not going to marry anybody, and I won't listen to another word from you until you come and apologize, and mean it," and Florrie hurried from the room, slamming the door as a last tribute to her injured feelings.

"That I'll never do," muttered Dick to himself as he took his departure, and if she can't come to her senses, I don't want her anyway," but deep down in his heart Dick knew he did want her very much and that life would not be worth living if he lost Florence. Dick was angry. To think Florence

should not heed one word he had uttered, and had absolutely defied him and his ideas, was not pleasing to the young lover, who felt he was only doing the best thing for her in persuading her to give up the suffrage idea. To think of his little Florrie tramping the streets at night, by the aid of hideous torches, exposed to the gibes and sneers of the crowd, was almost more than Dick could bear. It all seemed so incompatible with Florrie! However, he decided he would be in the crowd that followed, near to Florence, to be her defender if occasion arose, and to devise some means if possible to make her sick of the whole proceeding.

Florence went to her room and indulged in that weakness of woman, a good cry, which seems scarcely appropriate for a suffragette and the equal of man. She thought the matter over with much seriousness, and finally arrived at the conclusion that it was scarcely right to oppose the wishes of those she loved. She began to be sorry for her obstinacy with Richard.

"I don't care anything about the old meeting, anyway," she confided to herself, "and I would never have gone to any of their meetings, or their horrid parades either, if Mrs. Baker-Berresford hadn't been so insistent. After tonight I'll just end it, but I must go tonight, or Dick would think he could order me about. Mrs. Baker-Berresford says, 'No woman of spirit will allow any man to have the upper hand,' and then, too, there's my lovely new lavender gown. Oh, yes, I really must go tonight, but no more."

When Florence came down later on, all ready to join the leaders of suffrage, she was as delightful a picture as one would care to see. In a lavender broadcloth gown, with a large corsage bouquet of English violets, a lavender hat, broad brimmed and drooping, of finest chip, ornamented with one long plume of the same lovely shade, her sunny hair gleaming like satin, and her blue eyes

eager with excitement she could not fail to attract attention and admiration.

"Why, dear, you are dressed as though for a social event," said Mrs. Briscoe, looking anxiously at her daughter. "Do you think it quite appropriate?"

Florence bent down and fondly kissed her mother several times. "Why, mummy darling, does it not add to the honor of the cause for the women to be gowned as attractively as possible? Mrs. Baker-Berresford is particularly opposed to women suffragettes who are frumps. She says more is accomplished by smart gowning and attractiveness than in any other way. Bye-bye, mummy, don't worry about your naughty daughter, and I shall be home by eleven at the latest."

Mrs. Briscoe retired to her cozy seat in the library, and was soon absorbed in the latest book by her favorite author, confident that Florence would be perfectly safe in such able hands as Mrs. Baker-Berresford's, society leader and Richmond's most prominent suffragette.

Mrs. Briscoe had never attended a suffrage meeting, had absolutely no interest in suffrage, never read any articles regarding the movement and was about as well informed regarding it as a child. If asked regarding the meeting, she would have probably described it as "something similar to a pink tea."

Florence in the meantime joined the members, who were delighted at her presence, and after a spirited meeting started forth. The objective point was the center of the city where Mrs. Baker-Berresford and one or two others of the elect were to shine forth as speech-makers. These ladies were to do their talking from the tonneau of a smart five-thousand dollar motor car, which they thought added considerable eclat to the occasion, and gave an appearance of class, which could not fail to make a tremendous appeal to the common herd. The car was draped in yellow satin, huge yellow bows and rosettes with long

streamers decorated it, the chauffeur poor fellow, was deeked out in a yellow uniform and each of the ladies, all of whom were large and stout, wore yellow satin badges with letters of gold. "Vote for Women," prominently displayed. The women were dressed as though for a high-class function, and leaned back in the luxuriousness of the car, feeling quite capable of impressing those with whom they came in contact.

The band of suffragettes were well on their way, when several young women of a decidedly rough element emerged from a "ladies' entrance" door of a café, and gazed in rage at the suffragettes whose fine apparel and evidences of wealth were as a red rag to a maddened bull. Florence, being nearest and especially attractive, was the recipient of their wrath.

"Look at the brazen hussy," cried one of the boldest of the women. "at her glad rags! What do you come here for, flaunting your duds in our faces that can't have as good? We are as good looking as any of you, and just as good too. You don't want that feather, give it to me," yelled the woman near Florence's ear, as she gave a vicious yank to the lovely plume the girl was wearing, tearing the hat from her head and bringing Florence's beautiful hair halfway down upon her shoulders.

"And it wouldn't be no harm if it didn't look so pert," yelled another at the party, as she threw a handful of mud over Florence's lavender broadcloth. "I'll tear it from you, you minx!" and she tugged at Florence's skirt. "It's none too good for me." Florence, although really frightened, was also angry and she turned on her tormentor. "How dare you lay your hands on me," she cried. "Give me that hat instantly." and she made a motion to take it.

Just at that moment a policeman came hurrying around the corner. The small boys who formed a good sized audience by this time, yelled, "A fight! a fight!"



"She thought the matter over."

and the crowd rapidly increased to see the fun.

"You've come wid me, my fine ladies, don't try none of yer funny antics round my beat," said Officer Corbett, as he laid a hand on each woman's shoulder and started them along by his side, "fightin' and carousin' as ye are, ye both ought to be ashamed of yer-selves."

Poor Florence was terror stricken. Her gown soiled, her hair dishevelled, a long scratch across her cheek made by a dirty hand, she was scarcely recognizable as the immaculate and smartly clad Miss Briscoe.

"But, sir," she cried, "it's a mistake. I belong—" "You belong in jail, that's where the two of ye belong, and that's where ye'll soon be," said the burly officer of the peace. "Tell yer story to the judge in the morning." Florence began to cry. "It's drunk ye are, ye have a cryin' jag," and Corbett hurried them along to the station.

The station house was quite near by, and soon Florence and her companion found themselves in a large room with several disreputable looking females.

Florence sobbed as though her heart would break. What had she come to, by her adherence to suffrage? Why hadn't she listened to Dick? And where, oh, where was Dick? She thought of her mother who would be thoroughly alarmed when she did not return home, but how could she bear to send word where she was? She, Florence Briscoe, petted, humored, with everything done to make her life easy and happy, here in a station house with such horrible looking women. What would her friends say when they heard of it?

"It will just kill mummy, I know it will," the girl thought. "Is it your first time in, dearie?" a draggled, miserable looking woman said, close to Florence's ear. She shrank back. "Too good to talk to me, hey?" her questioner continued. "Oh, you're none too good, or you wouldn't be here. What's the offence?"

"Tried to fight with me," spoke up the woman who had snatched the hat. "She's only a streetwalker, running around with them females what wants to vote."

At this juncture the outer door opened and Florence was requested to step forth with the remark, "Walk this way please, and I'm sorry, miss, for the mistake that's been made," and Florence saw in the room before her—Dick.

"Dick, O Dickie, take me home!" cried Florence flinging both arms around the neck of the young man, and clinging tightly to him regardless of the captain and Officer Corbett, the recent quarrel, when she said she would never speak to him again without an apology, or anything else.

"That's just what I've come to do, little girl," said Richard. "I've explained to the captain that you are my promised wife and I am going to take you home."

During the ride to Florence's home not a word was said. Florence, too hurt and broken by her recent experience,

(Continued on Page 827.)

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE CHRISTIAN CONTRIBUTION TO JAPANESE EDUCATION.

DR. SEKIJI NISHIYAMA.

HAS Japanese civilization been influenced by Christian missions?

Baron Kikuchi, president of Kyoto University and formerly Minister of Education in Japan, was asked this question by the audience in Carnegie Hall, New York, at the close of his interesting and learned lecture on "The Intellectual and Moral Development of New Japan" for the Civic Forum, February 1, 1910. His reply was a prompt and decided negative, but he afterwards added the qualification, "Of course they have given inspiration to young Japanese students, through the characters of such men as Drs. Hebron and Harris, Fulbeck, Brown, etc."

Evidently Baron Kikuchi believes that the only good influence exerted by Christian missionaries upon the spiritual world of Japan, is the inspiration afforded by the subtle force of personal character of some of the representative missionaries from America to Japan.

I wish to reply to this international question in a somewhat more affirmative way. I am not a convert to Christianity nor am I any too favorable to Christians; yet I have no prejudice against the Christian movement in Japan.

Often valuable results come from the third of Hegel's three methods of investigation, thesis, antithesis and synthesis, and it is this procedure which I shall follow in contrasting Baron Kikuchi's antithetical point of view with some historical events in Japan, the consideration of which is important for the solution of this very natural question from Christians in the United States.

The Japanese people were under the charm of Buddhism for more than ten centuries. Three centuries ago Tokugawa

Shogun, the Governor of Japan realizing the undesirable influence exerted on the Japanese people by the Jesuit missionaries who had been brought by the Dutch and Portuguese to Japan in 1548, issued an order prohibiting the practice of Christianity.

Notwithstanding this edict, enthusiastic Japanese Christians did not change their belief back to Buddhism, but carried their pictures and images of Christ to the Japanese temple, and prayed to Christ there. The government, ignorant of this fact and supposing the people were praying to a Japanese god, concluded that a wonderful change had taken place in the belief of these Christian converts. This fact proves how deeply religious the Japanese are as a nation, in spite of the opinion of American critics who say that they are irreligious. Statistics report thirty thousand Japanese Christians.

Forty years ago there were hardly any schools for girls in Japan. This was the natural result of the national conviction which could not recognize the necessity and value of the education of girls. Perhaps our Japanese proverb shows the situation. "The woman seems wise, yet she has failed to sell a cow at a higher price." It is necessary to have intelligence and fine diplomacy for success in commerce, and woman was thought to possess neither. Hence commerce was a wise man's business.

Christian missionaries saw the difficulty. They discovered the national neglect of the education of Japanese women, and started at once to establish a school for girls. By their efforts several schools were opened in different parts of Japan, and the Japanese girls who have been educated in these Christian schools have proved to our people the good results of the education of a woman.

Finally the Japanese Government recognized the great importance of educating the girls and in 1890 the number of public high schools for girls was increased to seven! The government reports for 1903 stated that the number of schools for girls had increased to 155 and the total number of their students was 35,546 under the direction of 1,094 women teachers. It should never be forgotten that by word and deed, by work and inspiration the Christian missionary gave a strong impetus to Japan in causing our people to recognize the vital necessity of the education of women.

Quite a number of Japanese women are physicians, some have become journalists, and many are trained musicians and artists. Some Japanese girls, too, are entering the business world as clerks. These facts could not even have been dreamed of in the visions of a poet twenty years ago, and prove how rapidly our Japanese people adopt, assimilate and actualize a good idea.

The good results of the education of Japanese girls by the enthusiastic efforts of Christian missionaries made two great steps in the progress of Japan, (1) an unchangeable belief in the desirability and necessity of the education of women, and (2) woman's position in Japanese society has been improved, because the Japanese girls who received an education showed that there was an undreamed-of capacity for companionship and efficiency in Japanese women, and therefore we Japanese should fully appreciate the debt our civilization owes to Christian missionaries in the education of our girls. This great contribution should be written in full in the history of the New Japanese civilization.—*The Open Court*.



HOW FLORENCE BRISCOE RENOUNCED SUFFRAGE.

(Continued from Page 825.)

could not speak and Richard seemed to have no inclination to do so.

At the door, Florence lifted a timid face and said, "You'll come in, Dick?"

"No, Florrie, not tonight, and you had best not tell your mother where you've been. It will only give her a fright and no one shall know. I've fixed that. Good-night."

"But, Dickie," said Florence, her face aflame, "may I tell mummy what you told the captain?" Dick clasped her in his arms and when she found breath to speak again, she said, "I'm all through with suffrage forever, Dickie."

"And the apology I was to make?"

"I wouldn't listen to it. You were right, Dickie. I should never have gone tonight."

Richard smiled softly, and wondered what she would say could she know of the gold piece he had left in Officer Corbett's hand in order to try a scheme to win the girl he loved. "It was a tough lesson but it was worth it," thought Dick Irvin.

Florence never did know, neither did her mother or anyone else know how Florence spent her time from nine until ten on the evening of the big suffrage parade.

Mrs. Baker-Berresford is still leader of the suffragettes in Richmond, still makes speeches from the tonneau of a smart motor car and still flaunts the yellow banner with "Votes for Women" in gold letters. Officer Corbett is now captain at the station where Florence once spent an awful hour, and says, "No finer man ever lived than Lawyer Irvin and he has a fine wife, too."

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer Irvin and Mrs. Briscoe live happily in a fine home near the park.

Mrs. Baker-Berresford has tried many times to again interest Mrs. Irvin in the cause, but in vain. Florence refuses to tell why her enthusiasm in "Votes for Women" died such a sudden and violent death.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

SALADS.

MRS. FRANCES BELL.

SALADS are valuable for their refreshing qualities and attractive appearance. When nicely made they are a delight to both the eye and the palate. Though especially suited for use in hot weather, they are appropriate at all seasons. To the woman who wishes to serve economically and attractively they offer a fertile source of interesting study. They open a field where the housewife may develop originality and express her own individuality.

Practical Suggestions.

Principles of a good salad: It must be fresh, crisp and cold, with a good color scheme.

When cutting up lettuce or green vegetables, cut them under the water and they will keep fresher. Leave them stand in ice water until wanted. Before using lettuce leaves which have been standing in cold or ice water, lay them between the folds of a clean cloth to dry.

Cucumbers used in salads should be sliced and put into ice water. Do not put them into salt water as it makes them shrivel.

Radishes used in salads are pretty cut across in slices or in flower shape. To cut in flower shape, cut the skin through all around the radish in the form of petals and then put into ice cold water. The skin will loosen from the radish and stand out like the petals of a flower.

To prepare oranges and grape fruit for salad, remove the white skin inside of the outer skin when paring them, then separate the pulp from the inner skin between the sections and they will be much nicer than when pared in the ordinary way.

If you want something very delicious sweeten grape fruit with honey instead of sugar.

The little sting found in grapes will not be there if they are dipped in scalding water before using.

Dates and figs are much nicer if scalded before using, then pour off the water and dry in the oven.

Salad Dressings.

Salad dressings may be classified under four different heads: French dressing, mayonnaise dressing, cream dressing and cooked salad dressing. The simplest dressing is the French dressing, but as the taste of olive oil is objectionable to some people, the cream or cooked dressing may often be substituted in its place or in the place of mayonnaise dressing. However, the dressings in which olive oil are used are considered quite healthful and a taste for them may well be cultivated. One of the greatest faults in making dressings, is having the vinegar too strong; it should be diluted unless very weak. The principle to be observed in cooking dressings, is to have the flour well cooked and the egg not cooked very long.

French Dressing.

½ teaspoon (level) salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Speck of cayenne or paprika
2 tablespoonfuls vinegar
or lemon juice
*4 tablespoonfuls olive oil

Add the vinegar—lemon juice may be used in the place of vinegar if preferred—slowly to the oil, beating thoroughly or put the ingredients all together and beat with a Dover beater. A third method of mixing the dressing is to put the ingredients in a bottle and shake thoroughly. Keep in a bottle when not using. Allow two tablespoonfuls of French dressing for each person when serving.

*Wherever olive oils are mentioned in this article, other salad oils may be substituted if desired.

The standard for French dressing is that it must be thoroughly mixed.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

2 level teaspoonful mustard
1 level teaspoonful salt
1 level teaspoonful powdered sugar
1 speck cayenne.
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
2 tablespoonfuls vinegar
½ cups olive oil

Before beginning to make this dressing have all the articles to be used thoroughly chilled, as success is then much more certain.

Mix the dry ingredients with one teaspoonful of vinegar. Then beat the egg yolks in lightly and add the seasoning. Now begin to add the oil drop by drop alternating with the acid, beating thoroughly all the while with an egg beater or a plain beater with a folding motion. The secret of success in making the dressing stiff is in adding the oil drop by drop. The egg yolk acts as thickening. When finished the dressing should be a smooth mixture with a glossy appearance and with the consistency of rather thick cream. If kept in a cold place the dressing ought to keep about ten days. If it separates, take another egg yolk and start all over again with the mixing process. If the taste of the oil is objectionable, the dressing may be modified by folding in a beaten white of egg or whipped cream. Allow two or three tablespoonfuls for each person in using this dressing.

Cream Dressing.

1 level teaspoonful mustard
1 level teaspoonful salt
2 level teaspoonfuls flour
1½ level teaspoonfuls sugar
1 speck cayenne or paprika
1 level teaspoonful butter
1 egg yolk
¼ cup vinegar
½ cup thick cream

Mix the dry ingredients in the top of a double boiler, add enough vinegar to make a stiff batter and beat smooth. Then add the remainder of the vinegar

and the yolk of egg slightly beaten. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick and smooth, add the butter and cool. When cold add sweet or sour cream, beat well. Whipped cream is preferred.

Cooked Salad Dressing No. I.

2 level teaspoonfuls flour
2 level teaspoonfuls butter
¼ cup vinegar
1 level teaspoonful salt
½ level teaspoonful mustard
1 speck cayenne
1 egg
2 level teaspoonfuls sugar
½ cup milk

Mix the flour, butter, vinegar and seasoning in the top of a double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick and smooth, then set aside to cool. Mix the sugar into the milk and heat till scalding hot, then pour over the egg, slightly beaten, stirring constantly so as not to curd the egg. Now return the mixture to the top of the double boiler and cook as custard, stirring constantly until it begins to thicken when it should be removed from the heat and set aside to cool. As in the making of custard, care must be taken lest the egg curd and the mixture become lumpy. Avoid too high a temperature. When the two separate mixtures have become cool, mix them together smoothly with a folding motion.

Cooked Salad Dressing No. II.

½ level tablespoonful flour
½ level tablespoonful butter
¼ cup vinegar
½ level tablespoonful salt
1 level teaspoonful mustard
1 speck cayenne.
2 egg yolks
1½ level tablespoonfuls sugar
¾ cup of milk

Make in the same manner as cooked salad dressing No. I.

Simple Egg Salad.

Slice hard-boiled eggs and place on lettuce leaves. Serve with boiled dressing.

A PROFESSIONAL DUTY

Ada Van Sickle Baker

THE day had been submerged in the tears of early spring, and a mantle of gray twilight was enveloping, a small town in the far West. A physician, in fact the only one the place afforded, sat in an attitude of dejection in his small office. There was no reason why he should not seek the more pleasant room in his boarding house, for it was a few minutes past his regular office hours, yet he lingered and with memories of the past flooding his thoughts, seemed unmindful that the gloaming was rapidly passing, giving way to the darker tints of night.

There had been a time when Doctor Crompton had not spent so much of his time in a dingy little office in an uninteresting town, and his thoughts were of that past which had been so sweet until it had been changed to the bitterness of gall. He remembered a cheerful home, himself, the head of the house, while a woman, lily-fair, with exquisite features, bearing the impress of high-bred refinement, had been his loved wife.

But a time had come when this fair woman had objected to his profession, claiming it separated them too much, and because he would not give up his chosen lifework, which to him meant so much, she had concluded it would be a lifetime barrier between them, and sorely vexed had left him and returned to her old home.

He had left the city with its golden opportunities and finally settled in this obscure western town to learn forgetfulness. But tonight he realized that he had never forgotten nor ceased to care for the woman who still bore his name, and with the memory of her, like sweet incense surrounding him, he arose to close his office.

Suddenly a boy stood before him, extended a square white envelope and was gone before the astonished physician had time for a word. Holding the letter to the window, he hastily tore it open, and read: "Dear Harold: You will be surprised to know I am in this town. I am visiting my sister, who moved here about six weeks ago, and only by chance we have learned that you are a practicing physician here. Harold, my life has been so lonely the past few years, and I realize my own selfishness has made it so. I can see my mistake now, and if you have not forgotten your Nellie of other days, will you not come this evening at eight o'clock? My sister and I leave for the East, on the train due at nine, so if you wish to see me, please be prompt, and come to the little white cottage by the postoffice. Nellie."

With joy pulsating through his entire being, Doctor Crompton glanced at his watch. Seven o'clock, only one hour; and he would be in the presence of the one his heart hungered for!

Stepping out in the sweet, fresh air he saw the clouds had drifted away revealing myriads of stars just beginning to gleam through the soft darkness. What a joy to be alive in the world that had seemed so empty such a short time before. Suddenly a man, driving a foam-flecked horse, dashed up and springing out stood before him. Seizing the physician's hand he cried: "Come quickly! A terrible thing has happened! My child, my golden-haired little angel, fell down a flight of stairs and—and she's suffering, oh, how she is suffering!"

"Indeed, that's too bad! I'm sorry but I can't possibly go."

"Can't go? Don't waste precious

minutes standing there telling me you can't go. She is dying, man, can't you understand?"

"I have an—an engagement which I must fill. You can get the doctor at Elmwood," he answered mechanically.

"Elmwood!" The man fairly shouted. "Why, man, Elmwood is twelve miles away! My child would be dead before that doctor could get here!"

"I'm sorry, but I can't—"

"Sorry! sorry!" the man interrupted. "that will not save a life!" He almost groveled in the dust at the physician's feet. "Come, she may be dying now. You must come!" he said, as he saw the still hesitating figure before him.

Doctor Crompton could mentally see the sweet young wife waiting, with her soul in her eyes. Must she wait in vain? No! His profession had separated them once, it should not do so again.

But the father was wringing his hands, while great tears coursed down his rough face. The heart of the physician softened. He laid his hand on the bowed shoulders, and said: "Your child's life is everything to you; my love that I will meet now or never, is everything to me. I cannot go with you now, but we will compromise. Give me one hour's time and I will be there."

"An hour?" The words cut the air. Then in a voice, tense with excitement, the man continued: "If you can't come now, now, understand, it will be too late. Oh, how can you stand there waiting, when my child is dying, dying for the attention you refuse to give her?"

"I will go; but my own life and love will be sacrificed. But such is the fate of a physician. It is the duty of the profession he has chosen. She could not understand it once, she will not understand it now, but I submit to the inevitable." Crushed in spirit, he took the sobbing man by the arm.

"You will come? Oh, thank God!"

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"Come, we have no time to lose," was the brief response.

In what seemed but a few minutes the man drew rein before a white cottage where the physician soon entered the sickroom and with professional skill made an examination. His careful fingers searched for injuries which were found to be serious. The parents stood by, eagerly waiting for a word of hope. At last the physician spoke: "I think she will live, but it will be a hard pull. Make ready some bandages, and bring hot water."

When the parents hastened to fulfill the orders, a slight form entered the room, and a low, sweet voice questioned: "Can I be of any assistance?" Electrified, the man turned and looked into the face of his wife.

"Nellie!" he whispered.

"Yes, did you not know? These are my sister's friends, and I love little Gracie so, and—and I came to help you save her life."

"Oh, Nellie, I need your help, not only now, but always, dear!"

"I am so glad!" she said, simply.

Standing there with her tear-dimmed eyes looking into his own, the man forgot everything save the fact that his wife yearned for his love, even as he yearned for her. Opening his arms, he took her within their strong embrace.

"It will be difficult to save the little one's life, Nellie, but with our united efforts it shall be accomplished."

The morning sun dawned on two happy homes, both filled with a holy joy—the one with a little child rescued from death's embrace, the other with a husband and a wife, between whom was established a full understanding of life duties and joys.



THE British Museum has books written on bricks, tiles, oystershells, bones and flat stones, together with manuscripts on bark, on leaves, on ivory, leather, parchment, papyrus, lead, iron, copper and wood.

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By JOHN T. DALE

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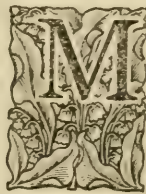
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MISSION OPPORTUNITIES IN MEXICO



EXICO was originally a prosperous kingdom extending from Oregon to Central America and numbered about 80,000,000 people. A friend who has traveled extensively through the Brotherhood, also throughout Mexico, in writing of this country says that he finds relics of the Egyptian inscriptions on them, also pyramids the same as in Egypt and he believes that they are part of the lost tribes of the children of Israel, but they worshipped the Sun and idols and practiced human sacrifice. They were overpowered by Spain and made slaves for over 300 years, at which time the church and state were united and a different religion was forced upon them. After 330 years of bondage they gained their independence. Now they are anxious for the Protestant religion. He says that he visited many of the missions and found them universally prosperous and that they were turning away Catholic children by the hundreds who were anxious to attend the Protestant schools. He further states that the Methodists and Baptists and other churches who have missions in nearly every land are getting better results in Mexico than in any other field but they are usually turning their attention to the large towns and cities of the table lands and support their mission and come in competition with the public schools. While he advises the Brethren to colonize in the country tropical districts which are practically without church or school privileges, where the Government gladly pays the Protestant missionaries for teaching, he urges the Brethren to improve the opportunity and not wait until it is past and gone and establish strong churches with mission schools, also to commence to prepare a class of Spanish in all the church schools throughout the Brotherhood to assist in this great work. He says that since the political strife is over that Mexico is bound to advance by leaps and bounds in great prosperity the same as did the United States after our Civil War. He contends that mission work can be carried on and be nearly if not entirely self supporting and urges the mission board to thoroughly investigate. He also advocates a selection of teachers with the same care that is being taken with the ministers as it is the teachers that will lay the foundation for the future church and urges that only those who comply with uniformity of plainness and other principles of the church be selected.

B. A. HADSELL

Lititz, Pa.

MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

- - -

Elgin, Ill.

70 Million Dollars Expended in Idaho

during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

The Story of the Agricultural Growth of Idaho

**The Fruits from
This Section
Cater to the
Markets of the
World.**

is a romance almost beyond belief, based on the legitimate harvesting of dollars from the dimes invested. The Snake River Valley, with its tributaries, is among the greatest and richest valleys of the Northwest. From it radiate a vast system of irrigation canals and laterals carrying life and productivity to green fields of alfalfa, sugar beets and grain; to areas of the finest potatoes in the land, as well as to great sections of fruit laden orchards.

There is still much land available in Idaho, but it is rapidly being acquired. You should go there now.

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THE INGLENOOK

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RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

A Reformatory That Reforms.

THE modern way, and we should also say the Christian way, of treating a criminal is to reform him if possible.

We say that such is the modern way but there are many reformatory superintendents and prison wardens who are using old-time political methods. The reformatory at Mansfield is an institution which we can say is under modern management. Dr. J. A. Leonard is the superintendent. Until the Wertz Law was passed, Ohio had been enslaved by the contract labor system in the penal institutions. For some time before the law was enacted Dr. Leonard endeavored to find work for as many prisoners as possible without having them work under the contract system. As is usually the case when any reform is attempted in public affairs, the "politicians" have been opposed to the present system of management. They are trying to get back to the former times when the prisoners were exploited by contractors. There seems to be some interest aroused in Ohio concerning the matter. In a letter to the Cleveland Press Mr. John W. Roper defends the methods of Dr. Leonard and severely scores his opponents. In speaking of the growth of the institution he says, "When the institution was opened there was a main building, a boiler house, and a farm of 180 acres. Today there are four factories, several auxiliary buildings, barn, wagon shed, blacksmith shop, etc., all erected by the prisoners; and there is a farm of more than a square mile, with barns, silo, and a poultry yard, most of them erected by the prisoners; 200 acres of the farm was a swamp that has been reclaimed by the prisoners; all well fenced, with rough, concrete barnyards, concrete walls where needed, and farm roads better than some of Mansfield's streets, all done by prisoners."

Dr. Leonard had the prisoners erect a brick kiln in which they make all the brick used in constructing the buildings. The brick laying and plumbing for the new buildings that have been constructed have also been done by the prisoners. There are several factories connected with the reform-

atory and it is the purpose of the management to teach the prisoners useful trades such as the making of shoes, clothing and furniture. They make shoes and clothing for other State institutions besides the reformatory at Mansfield. There must be some very good mechanics among the prisoners at present, because they are working on a large motor truck to haul goods from the city to the reformatory by which it is hoped freight bills will be reduced.

As was said there is a large farm connected with the reformatory and the following is what was raised last year: 35,000 head of cabbage; 4,982 bushels of potatoes; 138 tons of hay; 200 tons of ensilage; 5,539 pounds of lettuce; 15,000 pickles; 4,200 pumpkins; 25,000 gallons of milk; 4,280 pounds of butter; 25,000 pounds of pork.

"Until you see the Mansfield reformatory it seems impossible for prisoners to work a farm, especially when their tasks take them a mile from prison. They are not guarded. They are out in the fields on their honor. They have given their word to Dr. Leonard that they will not try to escape. One thousand nine hundred and fifty boys have given their word in the last ten years and only nine have broken it—one out of every 217 unfaithful to the pledge."

The Men and Religion Forward Movement.

At a conference of representatives from nearly all Protestant denominations and prominent business men, held at Lake George, N. Y., on July 30, final preparations were made for the launching of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. The purpose of the movement is to bring a new type of Gospel to America, the central theme of which is to be social service. The campaign will be launched at Minneapolis next October and will be continued in five of the largest cities in United States and Canada.

Just what the program of this movement will be, we have not been able to find out at present, and we shall await the results with much interest. Social service is nothing new. Christ taught it when he was walking the hills of Galilee hundreds of

years ago. The trouble is that we have gotten away from that part of the teachings of Jesus and the various social service movements are simply endeavors to get back to the former road. We can expect some mistakes, the pendulum may swing too far but it will return.

Of this men and religion movement Dr. William J. Williamson, pastor of the Third Baptist Church of St. Louis, said at the conference held at Lake George: "If the modern church would gain its lost prestige and become a virile factor in the twentieth century it must turn about face and meet men in a practical human effort to answer the burning social questions of the day."

Another speaker said: "Every problem affecting our social environment of today should be a problem of the church: the relation of capital and labor, the slums, corrupt government, life crushing tenements, our disjointed school system."

The campaign of the Men and Religion Forward Movement will be carried on under six heads: social service, boys' work, community extension, educational evangelism, missions and Bible study.

Public School Buildings as Social Centers.

Until recent years no one thought that our school buildings could be used for anything else than mere school work. The buildings were opened in the morning and closed at four in the afternoon and remained closed during the long summer months. Thousands of dollars were spent by the cities for school buildings that could be used only a fractional part of the year—a poor investment, indeed. Now we are coming to realize that many other uses can be made of the school buildings which will not interfere with but aid the regular routine of school work. The school buildings and property of more than one hundred cities of the United States are being used to advance the social well being of the people. There is no system or definite program used in this movement. Local conditions determine all that.

The New York Board of Education has pursued an effective policy by which many schoolhouses are being made use of for recreation and other social needs. During the hot summer months the children enjoy supervised playgrounds, manual training, and various kinds of organized recreation instead of the former demoralizing street play. Rochester has also opened its school buildings to the public, and Buffalo, Newark and Chicago are progressing in the work. In many places the parents as well as pupils use the schoolrooms for literary societies, public meetings, civic societies, and physical culture.

We have been speaking of the cities only and some one may be asking why our country school buildings could not be used for similar purposes. They can and are being used for various community gatherings.

Indiana has tried to revive the old fashioned spelling contest but it is too early to determine with what degree of success they have been conducted. A few county superintendents (and among the most successful is Supt. O. J. Kern of Winnebago County schools, Illinois) are building up community centers. In his annual report of several chapters he describes the work which has been accomplished in his county as well as gives some very useful information on playgrounds and the consolidation of country schools.

The Adult Probation Law of Illinois.

Probation laws have been found to work out very successfully for young offenders who are not habitual criminals and attempts are now being made to use a similar system for adults. On July 1 the Adult Probation Law which was passed by the last Legislature of Illinois became operative. It is the result of several years of agitation and seems to have been started in Chicago where the corruption of the Municipal Court has been keenly felt. The Civic Federation of Chicago, whose chairman is Prof. Charles R. Henderson, and Rep. W. T. ApMadoc who had charge of the measure in the House, and Senator Niels Juul who pushed it through the Senate, were responsible for the passage of the measure.

The law provides for probation for first offenders after pleading guilty in certain kinds of cases, and providing the judge believes that their probation will be for the best interests of the community. Crimes of violence and other serious offences are excluded by the Illinois law. The following offences are within the limits of the law:

All violations of municipal ordinances where offence is also a violation in whole or in part, of a statute.

All misdemeanors, except as hereinafter limited.

The obtaining of money or property by false pretenses, if the value does not exceed \$200.

Larceny, embezzlement, and malicious mischief if the value does not exceed \$200.

Burglary if the value does not exceed \$200 and the place was other than a business house or habitation.

Attempted burglary if the place was other than a business house or habitation.

Burglary if the burglar is found in a building other than a business house or habitation.

We all know that a man or boy can be reformed more easily just after he has committed the first offence than when he is a hardened criminal. The first offence is usually not a very serious one and frequently committed under pressure or by impulse, so that if the guilty one is given a chance he turns a new leaf in a large percentage of cases. Such men are given their liberty by the probation system only under the condition that they will obey the law.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Victory for the Peace Treaty.

THREE of the great world-powers recently took a long stride toward the goal of universal peace. Arbitration treaties ending the United States and Great Britain and France, respectively, were signed at the White House in Washington and at the ministry of foreign affairs in Paris.

It was a red-letter day in the history of the Taft administration, for the President of the United States was the man who brought to a climax the idea of arbitrating matters affecting the honor of nations as well as matters that may be said to have merely a pecuniary rating.

War between the nations signatory of the treaties has not been rendered impossible, but more improbable. An approach to realization of the dream of centuries has been made; and three of the greatest of the powers have set an example which may lead all nations to join in perfecting plans for the bloodless settlement of future international disputes regardless of their character.

It is regarded as probable that the treaties signed are the forerunners to others that will be negotiated in the near future between the United States and other leading powers. Germany has been nibbling at the arbitration bait held out by the United States and Japan is expected to get in the swim at no distant day.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that just as the initial arbitration treaties were signed and ready for ratification the greatest of present-day war heroes, Admiral Togo, of Japan, set foot on our shores. He was in Washington to be feted for several days immediately after the signing of the treaty. His coming is hailed as a great peace event, for it is believed the friendship of Japan and the United States will be cemented

in many ways by the visit of the Oriental hero at the invitation of our Government. He came, moreover, at what may be called a psychological moment, just when the arbitration achievement is receiving most attention, and it is within the range of probabilities that his observation may hasten the signing of a treaty with his country. It is believed also that the example set by the United States will be followed by treaties between the countries with which we have made arbitration agreements.

Thus there is no telling how far-reaching may be the movement which President Taft started in a speech last December, which speedily was seized upon by diplomats and peace advocates in all stations of life, and which became a vital thing soon after when Sir Edward Grey, minister of foreign affairs of Great Britain, made a speech in the House of Commons, declaring that arbitration negotiations would be welcomed by his government. Previously Ambassador Jusserand of France had taken a leading interest in the new idea, but the British government got a little ahead of his. They were together, however, at the finish.

President Taft is naturally highly elated at having seen within a comparatively few months the fruit of a suggestion that had been a dream of years. From this great international achievement he now turns to affairs more complicated, at any rate as to their bearing on American politics, the affairs that have been brought to the front by Congress.



Essence of the Treaty.

THE general features of the arbitration treaties follow:

The contracting parties agree to submit all questions which diplomacy has

failed to settle to a commission composed of an equal number of citizens of each country.

The commission does not decide, but recommends a settlement, which, if adopted by the governments, disposes of the dispute.

If the dispute is regarded by one party as justiciable and by the other as not justiciable, the dispute is submitted to the commission, and if the commission decides that the dispute is justiciable then the dispute is to be referred to arbitration, that is to say, machinery is created in the form of a commission between the failure of diplomacy and arbitration at The Hague or by some special tribunal in the expectation that a careful and thoughtful discussion of the difficulty will result in a recommendation acceptable by both countries.

In case of a decision to arbitrate either party may ask for a delay of a year in which to settle the difficulty without the need of resorting to the arbitration agreed upon.



Cleaner Politics.

THE political situation in Congress has brought to the surface some very commendable features in both the Democratic and the Republican forces. In the passing of the Reciprocity Bill there was no evidence of "small politics." The *New York Tribune*, a strong Republican paper, emphatically declares, "The Democratic party in Congress is entitled to sincere congratulations for rising above the strong temptation to 'play politics.'" On the other hand, President Taft deserves equal praise for his frank commendation of the Democrats in passing the bill. This is a refreshing exhibition of the spirit of fairness in politics. President Taft said:

"I should we wanting in straightforward speaking if I did not freely acknowledge the credit that belongs to the Democratic majority in the House and the Democratic minority in the Senate for their consistent support of the meas-



—Record-Herald.

ure in an earnest and sincere desire to secure its passage. Without this reciprocity would have been impossible. It would not have been difficult for the President to fasten upon the bill amendments affecting the tariff generally in such a way as to embarrass the Executive and to make it doubtful whether he could sign the bill, and yet to claim popular approval for their support of reciprocity in its defeat. In other words, the Democrats did not 'play politics' in the colloquial sense in which those words are used, but they followed the dictates of a higher policy.

"We Republicans who have earnestly sought reciprocity, and some of whose votes were necessary to the passage of the bill, may properly enjoy mutual felicitations on a work well done. To those who opposed the bill, on the ground that it would do harm to the farmers, we can only say that we who have supported the passage of the bill look forward to the test of the actual operation of the reciprocity agreement to disprove their prophecies and to allay their fears."



The First Taft Nomination.

THE Nebraska Republicans in a recent convention gave President Taft an

administration a strong indorsement and effectively blocked all efforts of a small band of insurgent delegates to arouse sentiment for Senator La Follette of Wisconsin as a presidential candidate. The insurgents lacked a leader and were outgeneraled by Victor Rosewater and his delegation from Omaha. Before the insurgents could get a chance to introduce resolutions from the floor, the regulars had rushed through a motion providing that all resolutions should be referred to a committee which was given power to draw up a final report.

A. W. Jefferis of Omaha, chairman of the convention, then named a committee of seven members of which five were strong friends of Mr. Taft. Mr. Rosewater was made chairman of the committee. From this point the possibilities of the fight on the floor over the indorsement of Mr. Taft went glimmering. Despite their early announcement that they would not assent to a Taft indorsement on any conditions, the insurgents failed to make even a show of fight or objection when the platform resolution was finally presented.

The resolution went through with a hoop by a rising vote during which

several of the insurgents were discovered on their feet.

The platform resolution as adopted read: "Rejoicing in the glorious record of the Republican party which has given the nation the illustrious names of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, and reaffirming our devotion to Republican principles, we, the Republicans of Nebraska, congratulate the country on its continued peace, progress and prosperity under the wise guidance of our Republican President.

"The arbitration treaties whose negotiations he has inspired mark a notable step toward world peace. He is proving his devotion to the right policy of conservation of our natural resources. He is prosecuting the illegal trusts and combines without fear or favor.

"He is instituting reforms in the administration of the government which make for economy and efficiency. We have every confidence in the unselfish patriotism and conscientious devotion to public duty of William Howard Taft, and we heartily indorse his statesmanlike administration.

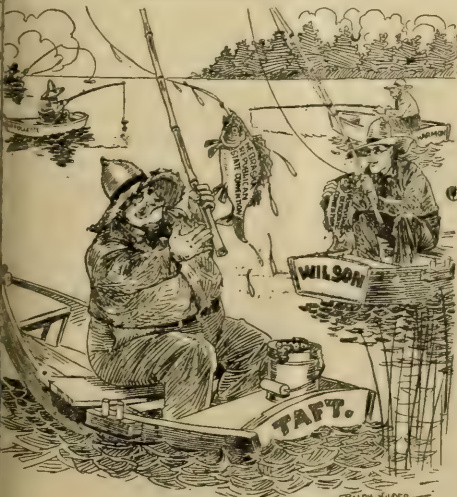
"We commend our Republican representatives in both branches of Congress for the conscientious and patriotic manner in which they have met the great issues confronting them.

"Under our Republican Governor, Chester H. Aldrich, and his Republican associates in the statehouse the affairs of the State are being administered with sole regard to the public interest and the laws fearlessly and impartially enforced."



A MAN was arrested by a conductor the other day for drinking whisky from a bottle on a train in southern Illinois. The drinker tried to escape by crawling through a car window; but he was so fat that he could not get out. Fat people continue to labor under serious disadvantages.

THEY'RE BEGINNING TO BITE.



—Record-Herald.

EDITORIALS

Spare Moments.

How do you spend your spare moments? The idler may while away a great many hours of valuable time while he makes himself believe that he is only resting. Rest comes through a change of work, not through an entire absence of work. We may sometimes get tired and wish we had absolutely nothing to do but rest, when we could eat and sleep and lounge around without any exertion whatever. Should we attempt such a life we should soon learn that it does not bring rest but a restlessness that would be almost unendurable. None but the lazy idler can content himself with such a life. For the man who works hard at manual labor every day a few hours of mental recreation will not only be an inestimable source of pleasure but will prove to be of great value in his physical well being as well as have a tendency to prolong his life. Since a large number of our readers are living in the rural districts we venture to suggest that an occasional change from the daily routine of duties given to quiet thought and study will do much to keep you young and enable you to enjoy the best things of life. Read books, papers and magazines and prepare to remain young as you grow old. The man who wears himself out by constant toil and drudgery will get old and helpless after a while and then he will become discontented with his surroundings. Why not prepare for those days while you are young by enriching the mind with such material as will help one to enjoy the best of life when one cannot toil so strenuously? Grow old cheerfully by taking the proper kind of rest and refreshing the mind with wholesome food for thought. Spare moments properly spent now will make life more pleasant when we are old not only for ourselves but for those who are thrown in contact with us.



The Public Demand for Perfection.

Supreme excellence always finds a market and a good price. No matter what profession one may follow nor what work one may be doing, if it is done better than any one else can do it, it meets a demand. The man who has mastered the small details of his business and can attend to them successfully without letting the details wear him out is always in demand and will generally have more positions than he will be able to fill. The woman who can make better chicken gravy than any other woman in the community will always have a demand for her product. The boy who can throw more curves than any other boy in the neighborhood is always looked upon with a good deal of envy by his companions. It is not only the people of great renown that are rewarded for their skill. Only a very

few people gain a world wide fame, while thousands fall by the wayside dreaming of the pleasures to be enjoyed by such fame. Ambition to excel is good common sense. It is a worthy ambition to try to produce a better product than your neighbor. It is selfish and wrong to glory in his failure but it is perfectly legitimate to call out the best for a community by producing something of more value than has ever been produced there before. The king may outstrip his neighbor king by building a monument designed to eclipse all other monuments. A great financier may roll up a fortune greater by millions than any other fortune. But neither king nor millionaire can ever get a monopoly on the rewards for superiority. Good plain work surpassingly well done fits into the scheme of the universe. It makes the world richer by contributing its share to that perfection which is civilization's constant quest. Every human being is eligible to the contest for superiority but only the faithful will ever become efficient enough to enjoy the goal.



The Best Man.

"The right man is cheap at any price and the wrong man is dear at any price," has almost become an axiom of business. Former President Eliot of Harvard University pointed out the fallacy of this argument when he said, "The exaggerated salary will not really get or keep the best man, and indeed, is not needed to get or keep him. The best man for any large business is the man who has such a taste and faculty for that kind of work that he would take it and keep it without any very keen attention to the amount of salary, provided the amount be sufficient to provide for him a suitable mode of comfortable life and a suitable provision for old age or disability. His reward comes chiefly from gratified ambition, possession of power, and sense of achievement. For all men who manage large affairs with zeal and efficiency a simple mode of life is greatly to be desired, and, indeed, is almost indispensable to their continued efficiency. They, of course, need opportunities for recreation and refreshment; but even in their pleasure they should be simple, not elaborate. Expensive establishments are a mere hinderance to them, and luxuries impair their working power or cut short their period of serviceableness. Huge salaries therefore, in corporation service, are worse than needless; they are positively harmful. Nevertheless, salaries must be such that men of high ability would not suffer a serious loss, all things considered, by giving up independent business. Exaggerated salaries are harmful, also, to the community. The workingman who earns two or three dollars a day can not see the justice in paying the president of a railroad, a bank, or an insurance company, three hundred dollars a day and he never will. He will never admit that

the salary of a manager should be proportionate to the agglomerated bulk of business he manages, while the workman's wages remain proportionate only to his own individual productiveness; and herein the workman is right. The skill and energy of a manager in a large business, being rare, is entitled to a liberal compensation; but his pay should not be in any sense proportionate to the business he manages. That bulk, in these days may be huge, indeed, as the result of good organization, efficient co-operation, and the flowing together of innumerable rills of capital; but the right man to manage such a business will be better drawn to the work by love of administrative functions and love of power than by a huge salary."



Conventions.

Our continual change of ideals demands an innumerable number of conventions and conferences of every sort. The educator, the religious worker, the physician, the lawyer and in fact men in every profession of life are obliged to attend conventions relating to their particular line of work that they may keep abreast with the latest and best methods of carrying on their work. A convention serves these men much the same as a new implement serves the farmer. It enables him to perform his work more efficiently. The farmer who never buys new implements soon turns out to be a back number in farming. His neighbors outstrip him. Just so in professional life. The man who pays no attention to conventions and conferences of various kinds which relate to his work soon turns out to be a back number and is outstripped by his fellows. In these days practically every organization of any consequence holds a convention of some kind every year or two. When a man finds a new idea or method, he is likely to ventilate it at a convention where he has an opportunity of getting a hearing by his fellows who are interested in the same problems. There he is spurred on either by the enthusiastic supporters or by the opposition which is aroused by those who do not agree with him. In either case he is driven to his best efforts and will produce the best that is in him. Take away all conventions and conferences for ten years and we would turn back the hand of progress in a very marked degree. They may, in some cases, carry the interest and enthusiasm entirely beyond the normal degree but it always swings back to the proper place before the next one comes along, so that they contribute in a very definite way to general progress and block the way for retrogression by those who continually hark backward.



Another Disease Carrier.

We have swatted the fly, exterminated the mosquito, muzzled the dog and vacci-

nated the school children; we have abolished the public drinking cup and we are now well on the way of dispensing with the public towel, but the disease germ still lurks in the most unthought of corners. A few months ago a Chicago surgeon made the startling assertion that he found six different species of deadly germs on the whiskers of an alley cat. The Kansas State Board of Health made further investigations and found that the cat carries more disease germs in its thick fur than on its whiskers. Dr. Deacon, of the State Board of Health, said, "Shave the cats. Keep their hair short just as you would a horse or a dog. If this is too much trouble, kill them. They are not worth much anyway." The cat has an aversion for soap and the bathtub which makes her fur a splendid hiding place for all sorts of disease germs. In hundreds of homes little children are allowed to play with innocent old puss which may have a thousand germs in her fur and on her whiskers. The children get these on their hands and then into their mouths and finally into their system. Then comes a brief spell of sickness and the child unable to stand the attack is laid away into an early grave while old puss remains the family pet. If you think more of your children than you do of your cat just quietly put her to sleep some time and the rest of the family need not mourn her death. If you want to get her out of the way without giving her any pain, tie a cloth over her head and pour a dime's worth of ether on her nose, then place her into a small box or crock and cover it over so no air can get in and she will go to sleep without any suffering whatever and will never again imperil the lives of your children. Of course, we are fully aware of the fact that there are some people who think more of their cat than of their children. In those cases we can only feel sorry for the child.



School Again.

In a few days the boys and girls will be gathering up their books and making their way toward the old schoolhouse. Then come the hundreds of lessons to be learned and the thousand and one ambitions to be satisfied. It is these days in the rural schools that determine what the boys and girls will amount to tomorrow. If they expect to be men and women of any consequence they will need to be boys and girls of some consequence while they are in the schoolroom. Those who drag their feet along and do not care to go to school will likely drag their feet when they get into the busy world of affairs after a while. Those who will be really worth while tomorrow are the ones who skip away with a whoop and a shout ready to tackle every hard task that is set before them. Those who must be driven to their tasks are the ones who must perform the drudgery of life.

ADMIRAL TOGO

ADMIRAL TOGO, of Japan, who played a conspicuous part in the Russo-Japanese War, is now making a visit in the United States. In giving a sketch of his home life in the *American Review of Reviews*, Adachi Kinnosuki says:

Of the public career of Admiral Togo since the Russian War—ever since the Chinese War—a good deal has already been written. Let us, therefore, seek him in a less frequented corner—in much more intimate circles. Let us try, if we may, to catch a glimpse or two of the Admiral among his own loved ones.

Pray deign, then, to avoid the fashionable sections of the city of Toyko, and its wealthy and even aristocratic corners. Be pleased to scatter your steps far away from the center of the city and roam at your sweet will in places where simplicity sets up housekeeping, in piping peace with dignity, and you are very likely to pass in front of a gate leading to a small house set in the center of a garden like a charming, albeit a homely, gem. Admiral Togo lives there with his family. He may pay more than thirty dollars a month rent for the house and the garden; I rather doubt it. It is the same house that Sir Claude MacDonald, the British Ambassador, had a mischief of a time in finding. It was in the Russian War time; the Ambassador wished to present to the Admiral a decoration from his home government. A report has it that Sir Claude passed and repassed the modest gate more than half a dozen times. I suppose that he saw the number on the gate post was correct. He did not, however, enter the gate. How could it be possible for the famous sailor whose name was familiar even on the lips of street gamins of Paris, London, and New York, to live in so humble a cottage? Certainly it was not built for the social entertainments and functions of the officers of the imperial navy, nor of cabinet ministers. Sir Claude ended by finding that the Admiral did live there. It has been reported, moreover, that the Admiral did not suffer much in the esteem of the Ambassador when the surprise was over.

When you pass through the gate you will be greeted by a couple of smiling dogs—I mean the tail-wagging setters. With them you should be entirely at home. I have it from a distinguished American lady that they understand English perfectly, as all good dogs do. Admiral Togo loves them for certain other accomplishments of theirs besides the understanding of English—they understand the language of birds. They



Admiral Togo and a British Sailor Boy.

can read the hieroglyphics which the deer and the wild boar print on mountain path as they pass. Gun on shoulder, in the company of his dogs, with winter's breath upon his face, and the Admiral is perfectly happy. He indulges in this favorite pastime of his in one of these rare days of leisure when duty lets him out of school.

Madame Togo may tell you the following incident, as she did some time ago to a reporter of one of the Tokyo newspapers: It was the day when the Admiral bade farewell to his family. He had received the imperial command to take charge of the united fleet of Nippon waiting for him at Sasuho. He was leaving his home for the battlefield.

"As he was leaving the house," said Madame Togo, "he turned to me and said 'Pray be good enough to look after m

dogs! That was about the only thing he did say to me in parting."

I wonder if the Occident could appreciate the meaning of this brief request of the very silent man. When a samurai leaves his home for war, he exchanges the cups of cold water with those whom he leaves behind. It is the token that he is dead to the world; and only by a miracle does he expect to see them in the flesh again. And at the hour of parting, when his thoughts must have been flooding full with its heart-rending pathos, his last words commended the companions of his happy hours afire into the care of one in whom he had supreme confidence.

As you pass up along the chrysanthemum-bordered path toward the Togo home you will see what a marvelous amount of patience and tender care has been lavished upon the flowers. None of his countrymen has asked the Admiral if he would rather stay with his flowers than go to London and be lionized at a hundred banquets. None could ask the question,—it would be so self-evidently silly—even from what little we know of the Admiral. One might as well ask a child whether he would rather have a piece of candy or take a dose of quinine. The Admiral would a thousand times rather stay with his flowers. To parade through a social function is bitter mortification to his flesh; to enjoy the poetry spelled out in Nature's colors is a passion with him. I know that gun-play and sword-play have not always rhymed with the blushings of May in Occidental thought. But it is different with us Japanese. Since the time of the gods, the lover of the blade with no passion for flowers in his soul has been ranked with pirates and assassins in the eyes of the samurai.

One of the most popular tales told to the children of Japan in twilight hours is of an ancient warrior who had gone into the thick of battle with a spray of flowering cherry in his quiver. The battle lost, his quiver empty, his blade broken and covered with many wounds, he seated himself as the shades of night were falling about him, and taking out the cherry branch, now bare of blossoms, he regretted with his last breaths the fortune of the day so unkind to the flower! Does this sound like soft, ladylike twaddle to Occidental ears? Then you have never really understood the ideal of the samurai.

You will receive another proof of this as you follow a maid who would beg you to "honorably pass this way," into a reception room of the Togo cottage. But let us steal a glance at the appointment of the room. Unlike some other reception rooms in Nippon homes, the matted floor is covered with a carpet. The Admiral, you see, has been rather popular among his foreign friends. Many of them have come to see him. And, as it is very painful for Madame Togo or even her maid to beg her guests to take off

their shoes at the threshold, and because it is painfully inconvenient for her guests to do so, this concession has been made. In the same spirit, doubtless, a stand and a few chairs are permitted to remain in the room; for not every one, even among the most graceful exponents of Western calisthenics, can sit down on the soft matted floor upon her doubled-up limbs and heels, as all the polite Japanese people are expected to do—especially when a visit happens to be more than one hour long.

There is a low platform in the small alcove of honor, called *tokonoma*. You must be very careful not to take your seat too close to it, although, of course, the hostess would insist upon your so doing;—for the nearest to the *tokonoma* is the seat of honor. There, you will see a flower composition set in a vase. Yes, invariably. The walls of the room are not covered with old swords, armors and medals and historic flags—none of those. But just above the flower composition, on the wall of the *tokonoma*, you will see a pair of rectangular cards, rather ample in proportion, set in a frame. On one of them is painted a wild cherry in flower; on the other a sun-flag over a battleship.

"My husband loves these two pictures," Madame Togo is reported to have said to Mrs. Mary Crawford Fraser, the authoress, and wife of the famous diplomat who visited her. "They are very, very precious to him. When he returned from Tsushima [the battle of the Sea of Japan] he went to pay a visit to the Emperor's daughters. Just as he was going away, the eldest princess said, 'Please wait a moment, I want to paint something for you!' So she sat down and made those two pictures and gave them to him. He was so touched and pleased."

A naval flag of Japan waving over a battleship—that certainly is very appropriate for a fighting sailor. But why a mountain cherry in flower? The mountain cherry has always stood as an emblem of the samurai. It flowers in the silences of the hills far from the vanity of the world, utterly indifferent to the eye of man. Only the mist of spring—so dear to the heart of a Japanese poet—mantles it with purple. Its flowers are chastened with the mendicant simplicity of color. They do not last long; they feed the hunger of winds with that smiling peace and readiness of a philosopher who knows the time to die. Hence the classic verse:

"Shikishima no Yamato gokorowo
Hito towaba;
Asa hini niwo
Yama zakura kana!"

"If a man were to ask you,
What of the soul of Yamato;
Oh, point to the Mountain Cherry, in answer,
Fragrant in the light of a dawning day!"
When you sit tete-a-tete with Madame

Togo, you will not see a beautiful woman. You will give her some forty-five years, doubtless. She is small and slender of stature. What is it that makes her so different from other women? You feel it; you are enchanted by it; the noblest that is in your soul falls pellmell in love with it. But when your flesh-bound mind essays at analysis, it becomes helpless, "fox-possessed" as the Japanese put it. The patrician blood, refined through centuries and centuries of gentle training, is in her veins. She came from a much prouder house than that of the Admiral. Madame Togo Tetsu-ko is the eldest daughter of Viscount Kaieda. But pride of bearing is about the last thing that you will think of when you stand spell-bound in the magic of her smile, in the melody of her soft voice. The Japanese hold that the nobler a person is, the more modestly should she carry herself, for of all the graces of life nothing becomes nobility quite as well as modesty.

Madame Togo has three children, two sons and one daughter. The boys attend the nobles' school, called Gaku-shu In, and the daughter is in the Peeresses' School. As the mother, rather than a social leader, the grateful posterity will doubtless remember Madame Togo. Things which are said of the children of a great man are not always kind. And it must be confessed that in an overwhelming majority of cases, they are painfully true. None of them can ever be said of the children of the Admiral. The Admiral is famous as a disciplinarian in the navy; it is largely because he has adopted the young cadets of the imperial navy as his own children and treats them as such. And they know it.

"Father Togo, now gray-haired, walks quietly to and fro on the bridge of the *Mikasa*," wrote a Japanese officer in an intimate letter. The Admiral indeed is more famous for his love for children than for

his victories—among those who know him well.

Togo the Terrible, one of the American newspaper reporters dubbed him once in the war days. He ought to see the Admiral in the midst of children. He is a perfect picture of a loving grandfather. Silent and sparing of words in the company of grown-ups, he laughs full-lunged and heartily when he is with children. All Tokyo newspapers testify that the most beautiful and touching smile which lighted up the Admiral's face on his return from the battlefield to his home city, was called forth by the "ban-zai" of school children.

When Tokyo was on the crest of the riotous flood of enthusiasm to welcome the victorious Admiral home, the boys of the Imperial University hatched up a deep-laid plot which was quite Occidental. They heard of the imperial carriage which the Emperor sent to the Admiral that he might ride in it. They were to waylay the great sailor in the imperial carriage; unharness the horses and harnessing themselves in their places, to give him a good ride through the streets of Tokyo. The Admiral heard of it. He sent his chief of staff in the carriage and with the hand of his little daughter in his, he walked unnoticed amid the mob of people, along with the procession. And of course enjoyed the joke immensely.

The Admiral does not like to make speeches. Heavens! what a time he will have this month in America, poor Admiral! But he can be eloquent when he wishes. Witness his speech to the spirits of the dead of his own command at the Aoyama cemetery. But on that occasion, there came to pass an incident much more eloquent than even his memorable speech. The Admiral took a child by the hand, a child whose father had died in battle. "Come," said he, "for I am going to talk to your father." And his eyes filled as those of a woman. Togo the Terrible? Nonsense!

ALPHA AND OMEGA

Don Leslie Cash

FROM birth, the body, under natural circumstances, is in a constant state of upbuilding. As the child grows, his mind develops greater power and energy. His physical nature is likewise being developed. His judgment, his foresight, his keenness of wit, if his is a natural mentality, are also in a constant state of development. I place

the period of ascension of the human body at forty years; *i. e.*, from birth until the age of forty is reached the human body should be in the upbuilding state continually. A natural boy, whose mind has been properly trained from childhood, should see the intent of the Supreme Power here. In the ancient ages, of the times recorded in the Bible, the

natural period of human life was from two hundred to five hundred years; but as age upon age trampled upon each other's heels, the deterioration of the span of life became very marked. Of the generations which have gone before us, each successive one has been shorter-lived than the first. The average person has not noticed—he is too busy with other things; all are like him, and he, in his own mind, is very natural. Is this deterioration of divine intent, or is it the fault of the masses? Scientists, and brainy men in general, who have made a study of the two great questions of life and living, have not been able to determine, with any degree of certainty, but some of them have said, and with reason, that our race will gradually disappear from the earth if we are not active in changing conditions of living which now exist.

Race deterioration is largely due to the incorrect living of that race. The children of a drunkard—what are they usually? Seventy-five per cent follow in the selfsame footsteps of their parentage. The law of heredity is inevitable in its exaction. Those of higher education—those who see the necessity of the proper bringing up of offspring, of their proper physical, mental, and moral training—these are the people with whom rests the great reconstruction of the human race, the uplift from what has been for ages a constant downward drifting.

From babyhood there should be implanted in the mind of the child the great importance of right living; the truth that no disloyalty to or breaking of nature's laws can go unpunished. It is the law of cause and effect, as inevitable as final death. Until full physical maturity has been attained, the mind and body of the youth are in a plastic state, and can easily be ruined for life, during this span of time, by wrong living or wrong example. In regard to physical

training, he should be taught to keep in the open air, the greatest natural life and health-giving element; to do a reasonable amount of the right kind of work—mind, I say right kind, in moderation. He should be taught to systematize; to stand erect, walk erect—the spine was not intended to abuse by allowing it to grow crooked. "Keep thyself clean," which means cleanliness in mind as well as in body. "Know thyself," a maxim of great worth.

After the age of physical maturity, which I set at twenty-five years, until the period of ascension is over, the human body should be constantly "keeping level." By this I mean that there should be no marked physical or mental deterioration, if proper rules of health are observed, until gradually and inevitably we drift into the descending period of human life, or the period of decay. Tennyson says, "All things will die," and again, "Nothing will die," but his is a double meaning. Human flesh cannot endure eternally; it is the soul living in the after-life that endures forever. Those beautiful words of Oliver Wendell Holmes come to me, when in his "Chambered Nautilus," he speaks of the flight of the soul as

"Leaving its time-worn shell
By life's unresting sea."

How true! How unswerving! Gradually we feel stealing over us physical incompetence, the weaknesses of old age, keen eyes grow dim, and raven hair gives way to winter snow. The great unconquerable wheels of Time are grinding on, slowly, surely. Ik Marvel tells us with beautiful pathos in "Dream Life," in the passage "Winter," of the fading of an old man's life. His grandchildren, healthy in mind and body, are standing by the bedside. His dim old eyes rest for the last time on earthly things. The young lives by his death-

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IS THE GOOD GIRL GETTING A SQUARE DEAL?

Clinton Forsythe

MUCH is being said and written concerning the fallen girls of our country. A great work has been done and still is being done by institutions established by good Christian people for the purpose of reclaiming fallen girls. But, in our enthusiasm, are we not overlooking a class of girls deserving infinitely more attention than these outcasts whose lives have been wrecked upon the reef of disillusion?

We have in every town and city girls who work incessantly the year round for small wages. They can be found in our stores, factories, and in service in our homes. Many of these girls are pure, honest, and refined. Some are Christian workers in our churches. They toil on day after day, not only supporting themselves, but many times supporting others.

These girls get tired, awfully tired, sometimes ill; but they keep on working, fearing to lay off lest they lose their position. Oh, if they might only have a rest! But no, their wages will not permit them to go away for a couple of weeks; there would be the extra money for board added to the loss of wages; no, they cannot even think of that.

A little, pale-faced saleslady said to me, "I am so tired when I lie down at night I almost wish I might never awake." But she does awake, and must grind out another day's work, with nothing better to look forward to.

One of her friends said to her, "You are fortunate to have a position. I lost mine a month ago and haven't found another yet." The little saleslady takes a firmer grip upon her work and tries to think she is favorably situated. But her face grows thinner; she

loses her girlish vitality, and sooner or later a little white cot in the charity ward of some hospital will be her resting place. Will not some kind-hearted philanthropist build homes for these girls? Let them go there once a year and spend at least two weeks free of charge. The task of selecting eligible girls might be done by ministerial boards or civic societies of cities or towns. Let these homes be dedicated to the pure girls of America.

Is there such an institution in America? If there is I have never heard of it. Let these homes be built away from the city, far out in the country, where the air is fresh and pure and where there is no sound but the singing of birds or the rustling of leaves as they are fanned by the passing breeze. These weary girls would look forward to the weeks spent there as a tired traveler on a barren desert looks toward the oases where he may drink, rest and refresh himself.

We have homes for the aged and homes for children, where kind-hearted people care for them while they enjoy for a while God's pure air and sunshine. Why not have such homes for our tired girls? We know they are not able to pay board at a summer hotel or farmhouse. These places often tax the purse of the teacher, bookkeeper or stenographer heavily. Would it not be an incentive for girls to live pure lives if a place were provided for them where they might rest for a while free of charge, where the only passport is a good name?

Are we not placing a premium upon prostitution when we build fine institutions and admit no one but fallen girls? Not long since a German girl in the

city of Pittsburg was employed as a domestic. Her employer died and she was then out of work. Being a stranger in the city she had no one to assist her in securing another situation. She rented a room and began at once seeking employment. She met with one disappointment after another until she became heartsick and destitute.

In her extremity she turned her steps toward a well-known institution where she had heard destitute girls might find food and shelter for a time. Weak from hunger and exhaustion she applied at the home, to be turned away by the matron, who said, "I am sorry we cannot take you; only expectant mothers are admitted here." The next morning the German girl's body was taken from the waters of the Ohio River.

Many of us read the experience of the young woman who went to New York City with seventy dollars in her purse, determined to obtain a situation. (This was in a recent number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.) This young woman also met with disappointment after disappointment until she had but one nickel in her purse. This she used for car fare to carry her to an institution where she had been told they cared for homeless girls. She hoped to secure food and shelter until she could communicate with her friends in the country. She told the attendant who met her this, but again she was turned away. "Only fallen women are admitted here," said the attendant. The marble halls were brilliantly lighted, while outside the night was dark and stormy. But the rules were rigid and she again turned into the street. Was not either of these girls vastly more deserving and more worthy of assistance than any fallen girl could possibly be?

Do not misunderstand me. I would not do less for the fallen girl, but would do more for the virtuous girl who is struggling along through life, rising above her environments, resisting temp-

tation after temptation, while her weaker sister falls, but falls into the open door of some institution built for her and her kind. No questions are asked. They are treated kindly, and often situations are secured for them by friends of the institution when they are again able to face the world. In this way the girl is given a new start in life. Is this fair? Is it just to uphold this class of girls and totally neglect the more deserving?

Let us have at least one institution in every city for our good girls who are sometimes rendered destitute when alone and far from friends. These girls will not long prove a burden. They will soon find some way of making a livelihood. This class of girls is too independent to ask for assistance except in cases of extreme need. Besides the institutions in the cities, let us have "homes" or "rests" built in the country—in the mountains if possible—and let us give our good girls a chance to rest and enjoy the pure air free of charge, for at least ten days each summer.

Make the homes large and airy, where the girls may read, sleep or enjoy themselves as they like best. Do you who are able to build such homes think the pure girls who are permitted to enjoy your hospitality will forget you when they pray? Remove a tired little woman far from the dust of the factory or the stifling atmosphere of some department store to the cool shade of a porch or the mossy bank of a stream, and let her rest both mind and body. She will surely thank God for all his benefits towards her.



To ascertain roughly the length of the day and night at any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day.

THE WOMAN'S SHARE IN HOME-BUILDING

HUMAN nature is a puzzle, surely!—as exasperating sometimes as it is always fascinating and unsolvable.

My special grievance just now is the tendency among women to run to extremes. In home-management they are drudges or drones. In society they are unneighborly hermits or gossipy gadabouts. In church affairs they do too much or nothing at all. In civic relations they are of the never-read-a-newspaper kind or suffragettes.

Heaven save us from any of these extremes!

And, ah me, the sad consequences of it all that we see about us!

I have two neighbors. One gets his own breakfast every morning and goes off to work before his wife is awake. She is of the drone species. The other neighbor wants seven kinds of vegetables on his dinner-table, and "thinks he has no meal at all with less than five." Now, every woman who has done housework knows the labor involved in seven kinds of vegetables on the table, and will quickly vote his wife a drudge.

The mother who slaves for her children and the one who lets them bring themselves up live side by side in every village of America.

Oh, don't we wish the human family could be put into some sort of a hopper, shaken together, and turned out with all the funny corners rubbed off! Not with the bumps of individuality gone—for that would make humanity as monotonous and uninteresting as a flock of sheep—but with the lop-sidedness straightened and the sharp prongs of our craziness broken off! We so sorely need the leveling of applied common sense in our daily living.

But as the need is individual, so the reformation becomes a personal matter. Each of us must settle for herself the "What-is-worth-while" question, while she asks of her conscience, "What is my tangent? Am I leaving the real and the best to chase a will-o'-the-wisp? Am I following my fancies rather than my judgment? Am I robbing Peter to pay Paul?"

Suppose we narrow our thinking to the one line of home-making.

First of all, a woman on whom devolves the management of a home needs to place a proper estimate—a true valuation—on it and on herself. If she neither overestimates nor undervalues either, then undoubtedly there will be no "tangent," and she will be neither a drudge nor a drone.

As she works and sings she will also be thanking God that her part in the home-building is on the inside of the four walls, while her husband's part is on the weather-swept outside.

Yet she works at the fountain-head of all life; for from the home stream influence limited in scope only with the earth's circumference, and limited in time only with the existence of the souls of men.

We know that each home, whether of high or low estate, should be healthful, comfortable, happy, inspirational and righteous, and these great fundamental things lie in the house-mother's slender hands.

Whether she performs the actual labor necessary to the health and comfort within those four walls depends upon the family home; but she must see to it that both are there to the best of her ability. And be the home rich or poor it may be healthful and comfortable under ordinary conditions.

The happiness, inspiration and righteousness likewise depend almost solely upon her, for the husband, away most of the time, must play but a minor part in this. According to her capability in management, her ambition for better things, her amiability of disposition, and the principles that actuate her personal life will be the home she evolves from wood and brick and mortar.

His duty toward her is summed up in his marriage vow, put to work: "To love, cherish and support as God gives ability." No more, no less.

As working partners (neither "sient"), they are joined in building a home, material and immaterial, she working on the inside, he on the outside,

each bearing the part cheerfully, industriously, neither shirking nor complaining, each quietly sacrificing for the other, and both happy in the common good.

Outside duties are her recreation; inside duties are his. Each should have a certain amount.

While home-making will ever mean a sacrifice of personal ease, it is not a sacrifice of personal good or happiness, for both will be found in it when sanely sought. Each has a right to expect unselfishness, moral support, sympathy, co-operation and love from the other, while the two voices blend in the song all humanity loves: "Home, Sweet Home."

—*Boston Cooking-school Magazine.*

GOLD FLOWERS

Mrs. Idah Mabelle Kier

LOOK there, Pattie!" cried Miss Letitia Davenport in piercing tones. "Run quick! That kid is goin' to pull one of my biggest pansies." Then,—"Hurry! Don't let her get it!" she again screamed after her sister, who, at sound of the shrill voice, threw aside her sewing, and with swift steps hastened down the path toward the spot where a large, velvety pansy was in danger of being snatched from its root, by the pink fingers of a two-year-old baby girl.

"Don't, Dottie, oh, don't! wait, pet!" implored Miss Patricia, hurrying with all her might to reach the child in time.

At sound of the persuading voice the little one raised her elfish face, blue eyes dancing with mischief, little white teeth gleaming through parted, smiling lips.

"Me dit it! Me pull it!" she warned.

"O baby, listen!" beseeched Miss Pattie, as she made a last strenuous effort to save her sister's blossom. But her entreaty fell upon unheeding ears, and just as she reached the side of the flower bed, the swift fingers of the child darted forth, closed round the stem of the pansy, and wrested it from its moist earthen bed. Then with dancing feet and twinkling eyes the elf pranced about in glee, holding the pansy aloof, and saying exultantly,

"Me dot it! Me dot it!"

"And you let her get it!" Miss Pattie turned from mournfully regarding the child to face her sister, who, walking as fast as rheumatic limbs would permit, had arrived

in time to witness the despoiler's triumph.

"I couldn't help it, Lettie," apologized Miss Patricia. "She was so quick. But she just got one, and didn't trample the bed a bit. I'll talk to her," she continued, soothingly, "and try to make her remember she mustn't do it again."

"Yes! Talk to her, indeed," snorted Miss Lettie. "Heap of good it would do. A whip is what she needs! Nice thing it is to have somebody else's young uns tear up your very flower beds. Here, give that flower up!"

This last was addressed to Dottie, who was standing very still at a safe distance, her head on one side, a wise-owl look in her solemn, round eyes.

At Miss Letitia's command she only moved a step farther away, and grasped more tightly her stolen flower.

Miss Letitia knew the impossibility of ever reaching the child herself. She was angry; very angry.

"Make her give it up," she ordered Miss Pattie.

But her sister felt her own inadequacy to accomplish such a task. If she had been alone with Dottie, Miss Pattie knew she could coax the pansy from her, but to make her bring it and give it up, or to pursue her and take it by force, she knew she could never do. She thought rather to conciliate her sister.

"Let her keep it," she pleaded, "she's got only one, and there will soon be lots

more. I'll watch after this and see that she doesn't do it again."

"Watch!" fumed the enraged Miss Lettie. "Lots of time you've got to watch other folks' kids. Where's her mother? Why doesn't she take her in hand?"

"Here I am." It was a low voice that spoke, and Mrs. Burton, Dottie's mother, who had seen the trio at the flower bed from a window in her adjoining cottage, and guessed something was amiss, had come upon them unobserved, in time to hear Miss Letitia's last remark.

"What has Dorothy been doing?" she asked, her troubled eyes seeking the faces of the sisters.

"Can't you see?" said Miss Lettie, sharply. "What's she always doing but tearing up my flowers—"

"O Dottie, Dottie!" sorrowfully interrupted the mother. "Mama tries to teach you it is wrong to pull Miss Lettie's flowers." Then turning to the glaring Miss Lettie she added:

"I try to keep Dorothy from running off, but it is hard to make one understand at her age."

"She got only one," ventured Miss Pattie, for the third time, looking pityingly at Mrs. Burton.

The sentence seemed to add to Miss Lettie's ire, for, turning wrathfully upon her sister, she stamped her foot.

"That's what you been sayin' all the time. And I said she has to give it up. 'She has, too! Make her give it up,' this to Mrs. Burton.

"Yes, of course. Dorothy," Mrs. Burton addressed her small daughter, who was still gravely regarding the three big people who she knew were talking about her. "Dorothy, give Miss Davenport her flower."

Dorothy shook her yellow curls, and poised like a bird ready to fly.

"Yes, you shall," said her mother, starting towards her.

With a peal of laughter, that the chase which she had been anticipating was really to take place, the sprite fairly flew over the ground, well in advance of her mother, to whom she turned her bright, dimpling face every moment, to see if her pursuer were gaining on her. Sometimes she would pause aggravatingly until her mother was almost within reach; then with another laugh she would be gone again.

The chase lasted several minutes. Miss Pattie clasped her hands, and never once took her serious blue eyes, half filled with tears, from the child, who, alone, was thoroughly enjoying the occasion.

Miss Lettie looked on with glowering frowns, muttering audibly whenever the pursued seemed likely to dart across one of her precious flower-beds.

Mrs. Burton's pale face had taken on a stern expression, new to it. Firm lines showed around her compressed lips, and

determination flashed from her usually soft eyes, which never for a moment left her small daughter.

At last, after maneuvering which would have done credit to a skillful general, she headed the fleet-footed elf towards her own open kitchen door, and as a fly walks into the net spread for it by the wily spider, so Dottie ran through the door, and back to remote corner of the farthest bedroom, to certain capture.

Mrs. Burton followed closely. A moment later she came out again, and walked straight up to Miss Lettie. "There's you flower," she said, simply, and held out the crushed and broken pansy.

"Oh, it's no good now, what do I war with it—?"

"Take it!" Mrs. Burton commanded, this time. Her face was stern; her voice hard. "You said you would have it. There!"

Miss Lettie took the dilapidated blossom and with eyes cast down and half ashamed she started some incoherent words of excuse.

Mrs. Burton did not wait to hear. She hastily returned to her own house, where the unpleasant task of punishing the small offender awaited her. This, while crossing the lawn and threshold, she was firmly resolved to do; but the sight of the tiny figure lying prone upon the floor with face turned towards the wall, no longer laughing and defiant, but crying brokenly: "Yant my pitty fower," shattered all intentions of punishment, and what she really did do was gather the mite into her arms, kiss the tear-stained face, and drop into the rocker where she swayed to and fro, pressing the little form close, and saying, "There there."

"Mis' Ettie take my fower. Her bad!" sobbed the child.

"No, dear; Miss Lettie never had any babies. She doesn't understand, that's all. But my baby must never bother her flowers; never again."

And Dottie solemnly promised, sobbing while her mother rocked and soothed, until the lids closed over the blue eyes, and Dottie was asleep.

"Maybe I'll have time to raise her some flowers some day," the mother said, softly as she laid the little sleeper on the bed. Then she resumed her sewing, which was her means of making a living for her widowed self and orphaned daughter.

On the following morning Miss Pattie might have been observed standing on the back steps of her own home, closely watching Mrs. Burton's back door. Miss Lettie had sallied forth with market-basket containing a few rolls of yellow butter and large, fresh eggs, the products of the maiden sisters' Jersey cow and two dozen white chickens. She was going "down town" to do some trading, and had given Miss Pattie strict orders to not go "off the place" while she was gone. And Miss Pattie, ac-

stomed to obey, had no thought of going. In her life she had "minded" her sister as an obedient child does its parent. And her mother Miss Lettie had been to her, for the sisters' parents had died when little Dottie was very young, and since then these two had lived alone.

Both were "old maids" now; Miss Pattie being thirty-five, and her sister fully twenty years older. Perhaps it was this very fact of her being so much older which caused Letitia to regard her sister as a child, incapable of acting for herself. Perhaps it was largely because she was just naturally inclined to scold and command. At any rate she domineered and tyrannized over Miss Pattie, and the latter meekly did as she was told. After what seemed to Miss Pattie a very long wait, the door opposite opened and Mrs. Burton's dust-rapped head appeared for a moment as she tossed a rug out on the grass.

"Mrs. Burton!" called Miss Pattie.

"Yes?" answered that lady, standing full in the door.

"Let Dottie come to the fence."

Mrs. Burton hesitated a moment; then, "Very well. I'll wrap her up first. She has cold."

Soon a little muffled form was pushed out the door, where she looked bewilderingly round until Miss Pattie called from the fence:

"Dottie, Dottie, come here."

Away ran the child and soon was in Miss Pattie's arms, returning her kisses, and stroking the little woman's faded cheeks, saying, "My Tatty."

"Your Tatty has found something for you. Just come and see." Then raising Dottie in her arms, Miss Pattie carried her to a far corner of the yard.

"Look, Dottie, look!"

But Dottie needed no second bidding to look. She was down on her knees, cooing and gurgling in sheer delight over a patch of dandelions; the first blooms of the season. In the act of pulling one she paused. Perhaps she remembered her mother's injunction to pull no more flowers, for she gazed inquiringly into the kind eyes so wistfully watching her.

"Tan I?" she lisped.

"You may take all you like of these, Dottie," Miss Pattie assured her. "These are your flowers, your gold flowers, what Tatty gave you. And now, listen," she continued, impressively. "You must always come here when you want flowers, and not pull any from the beds in the yard. Will you remember, dear?"

Dottie promised.

"Don't gather but a few at a time," Miss Pattie went on, "then they will last longer. There will be lots more by and by. Then when these gold flowers are gone we will find pretty clovers, red and white, out in that field," and she motioned to the cow pasture.

With her hands filled with the gold flowers, and her little heart full of happiness, Dottie was taken back to the fence by Miss Pattie.

Mrs. Burton ran to meet her, her tired eyes brightening because of her child's pleasure.

"You are so dear and kind, Miss Pattie," she said, "and my baby loves you as well as she does her flowers. But Dottie must go in. She nearly had the croup last night."

"She looks flushed," said Miss Pattie, anxiously. "I must go in, too," and she cast a hasty glance down the street. Then she slipped a yellow orange from her pocket into the child's hand.

"There's something else gold," she said, "and we will pick some more gold flowers tomorrow."

"Well, I'm tired to death!" exclaimed Miss Lettie, as, half an hour later, she sank puffing and blowing into the nearest chair, depositing her basket of groceries on one side of her, and her sunbonnet on the other.

"It does do me up so to walk," she continued, after taking breath. "Now, if you only had a head for business, so you could run to town, or I only had good legs so I could run, but,—"

She shook her head at the hopelessness of the thought.

"And I heard bad news," was her next remark. "Jake Collin died last night. Funeral will be tomorrow at the Methodist church. I must pick some flowers for him. Was that kid at the bed while I was gone?"

Miss Pattie assured her that the flower-beds had not been molested.

"Well, I don't want 'em to be, either," she crossly said. "They's lots of sickness in town now, and may be lots of funerals. I want the flowers for the funerals. Dead folks appreciate them more than anything else."

After making this statement, which she really believed, Miss Lettie went to change her black shopping gown for the everyday calico.

"Sister," exclaimed Miss Pattie the next morning, "Dr. Brown is going away from Mrs. Burton's."

Miss Lettie turned from arranging the bunch of flowers she had gathered, to glance through the window.

"S'pose she's sick agin," was her comment, and she returned to her flowers, cutting off some blooms from her choicest house-plants, to mix with the ones in her hands.

Miss Lettie's floral offering to a funeral was certainly a thing of beauty, if not, as she firmly believed, a joy forever to the one for whom it was plucked. But the dead, alone, were eligible to these fragrant bouquets. Never did she willingly present a single blossom to a living person.

"I'm afraid it is Dottie who is sick," said

(Continued on Page 860.)



THE RELIGIOUS FIELD



PRAYER IN THE EPISTLES OF PETER.

DR. W. W. WHITE.

I SPOKE a week ago of the remark of a friend of mine, with whom I was conversing, respecting the "Big Eight" of the New Testament. He had in mind the chief writers of the New Testament—Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, James, Jude and Peter. We now take up the study of Peter.

One thought came so forcibly to me in connection with a statement in Peter that I feel I must give it to you at once. Perhaps it will come with more helpfulness if I should not elaborate it over much. It is the expression in the fourth chapter and seventh verse, "Be sober unto prayer." The margin reads, "Be sober unto *prayers*." It is plural. I wish the margin were in the text, because I suspect Peter intended to put it that way. You remember our Lord once advised his disciples, and Peter in particular, to watch and pray, lest they enter into temptation. Peter seems to have that injunction, and others, in mind as he writes these letters.

In a communication which I received, attention was called to a remark in a sermon recently preached—a remark which I, myself, had noticed before in the newspaper reports of the sermon: "Prayer is not words, but work."

That statement challenges one's thought, and the chief inquiry which I made in meditation upon this passage as associated with that statement, was this: "In what does the work of prayer consist? What is there in prayer which justifies us in saying that prayer is work, not words? I have not fully analyzed this, nor do I intend to attempt to give you any exhaustive reply, but let me suggest first that prayer is work in that it involves mental application. It

involves using intellectual energy. It involves the application of the mind.

The ramifications of this idea are many. Let me hint at one or two. Taking into account the comprehensive presentation of the idea of prayer which is given us in the fourfold division: adoration, thanksgiving, confession, petition, you at once see that the mind must be very active, must be alert, must be attending to business if it is going to bring before one vividly and clearly, the character of the person who is addressed in prayer, God,—and all that is involved in the idea of God,—his holiness, his justice, his goodness, his truth, his eternity, his omniscience, his omnipotence. Simply to call up before the mental vision even a few of the facts about God and hold them there so that they will have their influence over one's personality as one progresses in prayer is no mean mental effort.

And then, to recall those things, in one's life for which one has reason to be thankful, to hold them there, to bring them up and to recount them properly, for we are before a King, requires mental effort. How careful we are when we are talking to one of high estate of our own kind! There is a certain mental strain that is upon us, that we may say the proper thing under the circumstances. So in prayer to God, to recall even a few of the things for which we should be thankful, to hold, all the time, those characteristics of God, whom we are addressing, in mind, and to recognize those things with which he has crowned our days, to confess properly our sins, and to keep ourselves in a proper attitude of spirit towards him, involves mental activity of the very highest and finest kind. Shall we not say, then, that prayer is work, in view of the mental activity which it calls for?

And, secondly, it is work in view of the fact that the human will is called upon to exercise its right functions with accuracy, with precision, with definiteness, and with constancy. You cannot exercise will at any time, and especially in prayer, without expenditure of force. But when there is so much opposition, when there is such a tendency to forget what God is, even in the holiest moments of prayer, when there is such a confusion of forces, and such a strong, complex number of forces pulling away, the action of the human will is called for with a steadfastness and a persistency which is rarely demanded under other circumstances.

And then the emotions. One cannot stand in the presence of all these facts about God, about mankind, about ourselves as related to God, and about ourselves as related to mankind, and not have his emotions wrought upon powerfully. That taken human energy.

Combine now all of these and think of the spiritual travail, the demands that are made upon the human personality in its highest and noblest realm of activity, and we are ready, I think, with no further argument, to recognize that prayer is not words but work.

Just one thought in addition. "Be sober unto prayers." This suggests that it is not simply a single prayer that we are to be sober unto. It is not simply a season once a week in which we are to separate ourselves and give ourselves to prayer. Read these Epistles of Peter and see how he emphasizes practical, everyday living. The fact is, that before we get on very far in the Epistles of Peter, we find it very clearly set forth that he has in mind the whole bent of life, the whole activity, whether we are praying in the formal sense or not.

Now, I may be straining the figure, and perhaps I am a little, but that which he says about "living stones" has suggested itself to me, in this connection. Each of us is a living stone, and we are growing up into a spiritual temple in

the Lord. You have seen wonderful exhibitions of physical endurance in the team work which has been done at times by three, four or five men, or more—one man standing and holding on his shoulder another man, and then another at his side, with his feet on this man's head, and another on the other side, making a sort of tower of men, holding together and building up a wall of men. Each one of these men is in his place, and every muscle is strained, and the team work in such a situation is perhaps as perfect as you can imagine in anything that is physical.

Now imagine this temple, built of living stones, the relationship of one stone to another, and the continuous application of the whole personality, in order that the function of each may be fulfilled in this growing, living temple, made up of living stones. That suggests the continuousness of the strain, the continuous watchfulness which the Christian, who is sober unto prayers, must exercise if he is really going to do the work that is called for.

And that is what is understood to be prayer, in its highest activity and accomplishment.—*Bible Record*.



A KANSAS CITY church is going to try the commission form of government, so that the deacons will hereafter be called commissioners instead of deacons. This will seem less incongruous when they get to yelling in corn pits.



ALPHA AND OMEGA.

(Continued from Page 849.)

bed are just starting down the great highway. Their suns are rising in the morning light; his has gone down in the shadows of a closing day. Such is divine intent; a constant upbuilding and wasting away of human life. What shall the end be, or where?

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

ADA VAN SICKLE BAKER.

A GOOD way to prevent cheese from drying out is to wrap it in a soft, white cloth that has been dipped in vinegar and wrung out. A pleasant flavor is also imparted to the cheese by this method.

A dish of charcoal should stand in the pantry all the time, thereby keeping meat fresh. Place fresh charcoal in the dish from time to time.

Clean brooms about once a week by dipping into a pail of warm suds. Shake till nearly dry; then hang up, bristles downwards. Brooms will last far longer, if thus cared for.

To brighten linoleum, first cleanse with soap and water; then go over it with a cloth dipped in linseed oil. Polish with a clean rag.

Mildew is a most difficult stain to remove. First rub well with brown soap; then apply a paste of chalk and water, and put the article in the sun. If necessary repeat the process two or three times.

Fruit stains can be removed by dipping the article in boiling water, or pouring boiling water directly through the spots. Never dip in cold water first, as the stains can not be taken out then.

Blood stains require the opposite treatment. Soak in cold water, with plenty of washing-powder. Hot water would cook the stain in the cloth and render it impossible to wash out.

When sewing thin silk, chiffon, or any goods liable to pucker, place a slip of paper on the underside, and stitch through with the sewing machine. The needle cuts the paper, and it is easily pulled away, leaving the seams straight and smooth.

Selected Hints.

Women and Money.—In their relation to the care of money, women are judged rather superficially by men. Some will hold that all women are naturally extravagant, while others think they are invariably stingy. And each opinion represents a hasty generalization. It is easy to make out a case on either side. Until women began to go into business and to support themselves and manage their own incomes, there was no particular reason why they should be good economists. If they had rich fathers or husbands they spent their allowances lavishly. If they had only small sums at their disposal, they pinched and saved and exhibited the instincts of a miser. But in neither case did they have a real sense of what money is. They either undervalued it, in their plenty, or overvalued it in their want. No one can be a wise economist and do either of those things. As a matter of fact, it is probable that the oddities or inconsistencies which are quoted about women in their management of money, are characteristic only of those women who have never had to give money a thought. The new generation of women, trained to sensible business ways, are nearly as prudent, as rational, and as matter-of-fact as most of the men who theorize about them.—*Home Magazine.*

Vinegars.—Mint vinegar is made by putting enough clean, fresh leaves of the garden mint (spearmint or peppermint) into a glass jar to closely fill it, and fill up with good, sharp vinegar, taking care to have all air spaces full, adding vinegar as long as there is any space. Seal closely and leave for three or four weeks; then strain into a clean jar or bottles and cork tightly. This is used for cold meats, soups, stews, and

he like. Celery vinegar is made in the same way, and if the leaves and stalks are not to be had, the seeds may be used.

Clover vinegar is made by several methods; nothing will mold in clover vinegar. Put into an earthen jar or large rock, a quart of molasses (not glucose) and add nine quarts of boiling water. Let stand covered until milk-warm, then press into it two well-packed quart measuresful of fresh red clover blossoms gathered on a dry day, and two cupfuls of live yeast. Let this stand covered for two weeks, then strain through a coarse-meshed cloth or towel. Cork and keep cool.

Nasturtium vinegar is made by gathering the full-blown blossoms on a dry day and packing them closely in a wide glass jar, shaking and pressing down, but not bruising. Cover with cold vinegar, and, if liked, add a fragment of shallot or garlic, finely chopped. See that all spaces are filled, and the jar full of vinegar—all it will contain, adding whenever it sinks away. Let stand two or three months before opening the jar, then strain and season with a little salt and a bit of red pepper. Used to flavor sauces, gravies and salad dressings.

Spiced vinegar requires three pounds of sugar in a three-gallon jar with a small mouth; two ounces each of mace, cloves, pepper, allspice, tumeric, celery seed, white ginger shaved into small bits, and ground mustard. Mix the spices and put into six small cheese-cloth bags and lay in the jar, then fill with the best cider vinegar and cover, letting stand for a few weeks. Used for making pickles and sauces.

The Tomato.—The tomato is accredited with having a high dietetic value, and is especially recommended for use in cases of blood impoverishment, as it is said to contain a large amount of iron. The presence of the iron may easily be detected by applying to the cut surface of a tomato the ordinary tests for this reagent. As a food for supply-

ing iron, the tomato is far superior to any of the combinations of iron so commonly used as a means of enriching the blood. Although it is asserted by medical men that these inorganic compounds can not enter into the composition of the blood, it is possible that they may be sometimes useful, for while they do not enter into the composition of the blood, they serve to neutralize acid substances which form insoluble salts with the iron of food, and thus prevent its absorption and assimilation. In other words, they act as protectives of the nutritive iron compounds of food. The tomato may serve a similar purpose, not only by supplying the iron, but by the introduction of a larger amount than is needed, providing for the conservation of the amount actually required.

Removing Stains.—For removing stains from a zinc-covered table, moisten a handful of common newspaper with coal oil and rub it well; the printer's ink and coal oil combined will remove all stains and rust. For rust on steel articles, cover with sweet oil and keep covered for two or three days, then polish with fresh lime, which forms a sort of soap with the oil.



THE SHAME OF EATING.

IN some primitive tribes, eating is regarded as something to be ashamed of. Karl von der Steiner, the celebrated explorer, was looked upon as a very ill-bred person by the natives of South American forests because he ate in the presence of others. The original ground of the shame associated with eating is a fear of evil spirits. The feeling of shame is not inborn in mankind and it assumes very different forms in different regions. A remnant of the superstitious fear connected with the act of taking food appears in the ejaculation "Prosit!" which, in Germany, is religiously uttered by the companions of a man who is about to take a drink. This

(Continued on Page 861.)

GOLD FLOWERS.

(Continued from Page 855.)

Miss Pattie, after a pause. "She had a cold yes—I mean, I think I see Mrs. Burton through the door."

Poor Miss Pattie stammered and blushed as she realized how near she had come to betraying her action of yesterday. A hint, and the whole story would have to be forthcoming, and she was not sure that sister would approve. But Miss Lettie, still busily engaged with her flowers, did not notice.

"There," she muttered, "I meant to put in that geranium, but they's no place for it. Well, let it alone. Maybe they'll be another funeral 'fore long. Did you say the little kid was sick?" she asked, abruptly.

"I'm afraid so," replied Miss Pattie, who still watched from the window. "Maybe one of us ought to run over and see," she suggested, timidly.

"Well, you can go after noon, if you move around spry and get everything done," Miss Lettie grouchily consented.

At last Miss Pattie stood in the room where Dottie lay, her face burning with fever, her pulse bounding, her baby lips prattling incoherent words. Tears streamed from Miss Pattie's eyes as she and Mrs. Burton waited with untiring hands upon the little sufferer.

Dr. Brown came again, gave his instructions and shook his head. "Pneumonia fever," he informed Miss Lettie, who suddenly barred his way as he was leaving.

"Well, I wondered why on earth Pattie didn't come back," she said. "Is she very bad?"

"Very bad, indeed," replied the doctor in a low tone, moving aside for her to enter.

Hard as Miss Lettie had always been, she had a heart, for tears came into her gray eyes as she, too, stood beside the bed and looked down upon the sick child.

At her sister's entrance, Miss Pattie had become nervous. "She will make me go home," was her first thought.

But Miss Lettie's heart must have been softened, for before leaving she approached her sister and said:

"Pattie, you can stay and help take care of her. I'll see to things at home."

Miss Pattie could have blessed her sister for the privilege of staying, for she loved the little child of her neighbor as she had never loved anything else, and could not bear the thought of leaving her so sick. Mrs. Burton, too, was grateful for Miss Pattie's presence, for the latter's influence over the sick child was great, and she could soothe Dottie when even her mother failed.

A long and anxious night the two patient watchers had, and when the early morning came the sufferer lay in a stupor from which she could not be aroused.

Dr. Brown made an early call, but sadly shook his head.

"Her life hangs by a thread," he candidly told the distracted mother. "We can

tell nothing until she rallies from this stupor, or— I will stay awhile," he added.

Miss Pattie, frenzied with grief, went out to the back porch, where she stood and wrung her hands. Not to be able to do anything for the one so dear to her! It was breaking her heart.

Suddenly a thought came to her: she could at least take Dottie some flowers. She ran across to her own back porch where her sister was leisurely cleansing milk vessels.

"Dottie's just about gone," she choked as she met Miss Lettie's look of inquiry. For a moment the latter did not reply, then in a tone meant to be sympathetic she said:

"Well, she always was a weakly thing. I knowed she couldn't stand a spell of sickness. I'll pick a lot of flowers for her fun—"

"Lettie, I'm going to take her some flowers now," Miss Pattie sobbingly interrupted. "I want to—" but she stopped and sobbed aloud, speech silenced by the look Miss Lettie gave her.

"Take her flowers!" exclaimed Miss Lettie, as soon as she recovered enough to speak. "Now? She ain't dead yet. She might git well after all. You jist wait, and—"

But for perhaps the first time in her life Miss Pattie did not wait when bidden. She turned and ran as fast as she could toward Mrs. Burton's, leaving Miss Lettie experiencing the greatest amazement of her life at her sister's action.

That she could only take a bunch of flowers for Dottie's coffin! The thought nearly killed the tender-hearted woman, and she stopped at the fence, crying again. Then she turned and surveyed her sister's yard (Miss Pattie never considered that she, too, might have an interest in it), with its row of flower-beds, regularly placed. Later in the summer they would be gorgeous with bloom. Even now, many early varieties were coming "out," but they seemed to mock her. It never once occurred to the meek soul to take so much as one against her sister's consent.

Then she thought of something. The dandelions! She could get them! Soon she was off again, and, kneeling in the corner where they grew, gathered them with quick trembling fingers. She plucked a large bunch which she packed tightly together until the top resembled a golden ball.

In Mrs. Burton's kitchen she stopped long enough to bind a wet cloth around the stems. Then she again entered the sick room. There had been no change. Dottie still lay asleep, her breath coming quick and short; shorter than ever, it seemed to Miss Pattie. Mrs. Burton, weeping, sat with bowed head near the bed. Dr. Brown watched every breath of the sleeper.

Miss Pattie approached and laid the bunch of dewy dandelions on the pillow close to the child's face. The doctor regarded her curiously, but said nothing.

seemed an eternity to the watchers, it really was a long time, but at last the old man's face became less serious, and then he touched Mrs. Burton and spoke something which caused her to clasp her hands and say, "Thank God!"

It was a longer time still before Dottie's eyes opened, and after a tired survey of the objects, they rested upon the bunch of dandelions close to her cheek. She reached them hungrily, then slowly one by one, feeble hand crept to the stems and pulled them closer.

"Dold flowers," was her first whisper. It was not until Dottie was much better that visitors were admitted to see her. Miss Lettie came and saw the frail child, so very pale, lying on the white bed, and clutching the fresh bunch of dandelions, with which Miss Pattie kept her generously supplied.

"They did her good! I know it!" Mrs. Burton declared, as she related to Miss Lettie the details of her child's sickness.

There was moisture in Miss Lettie's eyes as she listened, and a strange jerk in her face when she said:

"Well, if common, old yellow dandelions will do a sick person good, flowers ought to help 'em a sight." Then she added, reflectively: "Maybe they'd do sick folks more good than dead ones." The thought seemed to have occurred to her for the first time in her life.

"Pattie," she commanded, in her usual stern manner, "go and pick her a big bunch of pansies. Put in that geranium, too," she called after her.

Then she smoothed Dottie's hair and kissed her more kindly than she had ever spoken to her before, "When you get so you can walk, you come over and pick you some flowers. Maybe they'll make you get well again."



THE SHAME OF EATING.

(Continued from Page 859.)

In its verbal form, the general meaning of which is "may it be beneficial," is now understood simply as the expression of a wish that the drink will agree with the drinker's constitution, but it originally connoted the hope that the drink had not been bewitched.

These statements are made by a writer in *Hygieia*, who adds that the division of labor between men and women was originally, and still is among primitive people, much more sharply defined than it is at present in civilized countries. This sharp division of labor brought about a separation at meals.

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SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardiest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

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August 29, 1911

No. XIII. No. 35.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

August 29, 1911.

No. 35.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Publicity and Reform.

WE may divide social workers into two classes; the first class consists of those who are doing actual service in the field and who are the agents in the various movements, while the second class is made up of those who are educating the public, preparing the minds of the people for some definite decision in the future. Both classes are necessary. The general public must be informed of conditions about them, whether these conditions are good or bad, before an opinion can be formed and before any regulations can be enacted that will be supported by the masses. Most of our social reforms have been started by "publicity agents." You remember the time the packing houses were cleaned up and what a stir it made all over the United States. An insignificant writer, or perhaps we had better say an unknown writer, by the name of Sinclair investigated the horrible conditions in the stockyards with the purpose of telling the American people what sorrow and suffering lay behind a piece of beefsteak and of the filth in which it was prepared. What was the result? The public was aroused. Newspapers and magazines were teeming with condemnation. The national Congress backed by President Roosevelt ordered an investigation which resulted in a general cleanup among the packing houses. Sinclair himself did not make the environment of the working men any better, he merely did the advertising. He was a social worker of the second class.

Several months ago a comparatively small stockholder of the United States Steel Corporation found out that the employees were being exploited, that they were being compelled to work amidst surroundings that shortened their lives, and he thought that all the stockholders ought to know the situation. He published his findings and now active steps are being taken in behalf of the laborers.

Three years or more ago a general social survey was made of Pittsburgh, Pa., the home of large steel industries. It was

a thorough survey, nothing like it ever having been undertaken before. Cold facts were put down upon paper that aroused not only the ministers but the entire city to do something in the way of a general reformation. The news spread and other cities inspired by the loyal workers of Pittsburgh are trying to help the "other half."

The movement to prevent tuberculosis is largely an educative one. Only a few years ago the dreaded disease was considered to be incurable. The simple statement, "She has consumption," was practically the same as saying, "Her case is hopeless. She will live only a few years." Now we seldom find a family that does not know of the fresh air treatment for the various forms of tuberculosis. Public education has done it.

Just now physicians are telling us that one half of the blindness in the world is unnecessary and could have been prevented if treatment had been administered at the right time. Many infants become blind because of an infection at the time of birth. This can be prevented by treating the eyes with silver nitrate immediately after birth. Realizing that the public needs information on the prevention of blindness the American Medical Association has appointed a committee on the prevention of blindness headed by Dr. F. P. Lewis, of Buffalo, N. Y. Since this committee has been appointed there has also been formed an American association for the conservation of vision and Dr. Lewis is at the head of that organization too. The purpose of the national society is to simplify and unite the various State organizations that are springing up. Through publicity and education the public will finally know how to prevent and cure blindness as well as we know how to treat tuberculosis.

Accidents in the Woodworking Industry.

The Minnesota Bureau of Labor has been conducting an investigation into the principal industries of the State in order to determine the causes that lead up to accidents. Lumbering and woodworking taken together as a class is one of the chief

enterprises of that State and employs some 240,000 workmen. The Bureau of Labor found that woodworking ranks second as a dangerous occupation, mining being first. More men are killed and injured in woodworking shops and lumber camps than by the railroads of the State.

In the report, figures for 1910 are given and below is a list of the accidents for the year ending July 31, 1910. The parts of the body injured are indicated by the left hand column.

Fatal,	55
One or two fingers,	254
Face and head,	126
One foot,	118
Hand,	109
One leg,	76
Unclassified,	68
Body,	65
Eye,	52
Arm,	45
Toes,	42
Back,	35
Ankle,	34
Knee,	26
Wrist,	13
Three or more fingers,	12
Ribs,	8
Hips,	3
Neck,	3
Skull,	3
Collar bone,	2

Total killed, 55
Total injured, 1094

Total killed and injured, 1149

Many of these nonfatal accidents were very serious in character. We can say at least eleven per cent were such. By a serious accident we mean one that disables the workman for two months or more.

In the report there appear to be three fundamental causes of accidents: the character of the labor force, the dangers that go along with the work, and the lack of proper safety devices. In the figures we find that eighteen per cent of those injured were green hands, having been employed for less than a week, and forty-five per cent were employed less than a month when they were injured. The nature of the work itself is very hazardous. It is so easy to be killed or injured by a falling tree or a carelessly secured load of logs. In the shops all the machines are more or less dangerous, particularly the band saws, rip saws and planers. Many accidents could be prevented if proper safety attachments were placed on each machine. All saws should be guarded in some way or other and the men should be taught to keep out of range, as much as possible, of flying boards and splinters. Here are some sample accidents taken from the daily accident reports: "An edger-man's helper, aged seventeen, tried to get out a board that was stuck in the edger saws. It was the boy's first night

on the job and he did not do it properly. The board struck him in the abdomen and killed him."

"A rip-saw operator was struck and killed by a small piece that broke off the board that he was ripping. The accident was apparently one of those due to an industrial hazard and not to anyone's personal fault."

The report is perhaps the most thorough and comprehensive that has been prepared by any State bureau of labor. It is said that Minnesota has the best system of accident reporting in the United States.

High Cost of Living.

The high cost of living seems to be one of the problems that is not solved and we are constantly finding reasons and suggested solutions. The Secretary of Agriculture puts the blame on the middleman. He says, "The distribution of farm products to consumers is elaborately organized, considerably involved and complicated and burdened with costly features." There are others of the same opinion. Mr. B. F. Yoakum, who is chairman of the Board of Directors of the Frisco Lines, in his address at the Texas Farmers' Congress said that it cost \$7,000,000,000 to market the \$9,000,000,000 worth of farm products last year. He took his figures from the government reports. "Assuming that the farmers kept one-third of the products for their own use, the consumer paid over \$13,000,000,000 for what the producers received \$6,000,000,000, and \$7,000,000,000 was expended in selling the product." As a solution Mr. Yoakum recommends the neighborhood market house.

Concerning the market house the editor of a recent number of The Breeder's Gazette does not take a very favorable view. He says: "The city of Washington, in which the Secretary of Agriculture cries out so eloquently for relief for the poor, has for years maintained one of the greatest markets in America. The city of Chicago a few years ago built a costly brick public market place readily accessible to a large section of the poorer part of Chicago, and it is now filled with manufacturing concerns. Now Des Moines, Iowa and South Bend, Ind., are claiming public attention by their recently established markets, and rejoicing in the financial relief they experience in buying vegetables from farmers' wagons.

"But man does not live by garden truck alone, nor is the season of such truck long. If the public market would solve the problem of the high cost of living, it would have spread from southern cities, in which it has been an established factor for years all over the land. A reduction in the cost of marketing farm produce seems to be imperatively demanded, but the history of public markets in America proves that those who advocate this means lean on a broken reed."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Extending the Postal Savings Banks.

THE *Record-Herald* says, "Postmaster General Hitchcock's decision to establish postal savings banks at all the first-class postoffices of the country is based upon the success in the offices recently opened at New York, Chicago, Boston and St. Louis. Wisely the system was tried at a few large offices first; it has been welcomed by the public in a way that should bring satisfaction to the most enthusiastic of the early advocates of postal savings banks.

"In the first five days the deposits in the four cities named were \$110,000. Persons who distrusted ordinary banks have eagerly sought the government bank since the first day, and the other banks have suffered little if at all, for nearly all the money so deposited had been kept in hiding; it was not withdrawn from savings banks. Many of the depositors are of foreign birth, as it was predicted they would be. With improvements that will come from experience the postal banks will prove highly popular, while the absolute security they afford will help other banks by encouraging the saving spirit and putting much more money into circulation through the depositories."



House Increased to 433 Members.

THE reapportionment bill passed some time ago by the house has been agreed to by the senate after considerable discussion. It is based on the census of 1910 and will make the number of representatives 433, instead of the present 391. Two more will be added when Arizona and New Mexico are admitted. This gives one member to every 211,877 of population on the average. The figure 433 was adopted because this is just enough to avoid cutting down the representation of any State. The 42 new members will add about \$400,000 to

the cost of running the government. The increase will take effect with the next congress.

Senator LaFollette, insurgent, and Senator Root, standpatter, for once agreed, in opposing the increase. Mr. LaFollette thought the larger body could be more easily manipulated by the sinister interests, and Mr. Root thought it would be too unwieldy for good work. Senator O'Gorman of New York, Democrat, advocated the increase. Other nations have much larger parliaments than we have, said he, and he cited the British parliament with 670 members for 41,000,000 people, the Austrian with 516 for 26,000,000, the French with 584 for 39,000,000, and the Italian with 508 for only 32,000,000. Mr. Root argued that where these larger bodies exist they have sacrificed their representative power and the control of the government has been turned over to the ministries.

An amendment was added to the bill by a strict Republican vote to prevent the gerrymandering of the congressional districts in the districting of the States. This amendment has greatly angered the house Democrats, who see in it a plan to deprive some of them of their seats. Missouri, for instance, is generally conceded to be gerrymandered in the interest of the Republicans, and it is feared that a strictly impartial redistricting might even put Speaker Clark himself into a Republican district, so that he could not be reelected. The house Democrats would like to vote down this little Republican "joker."—*The Pathfinder*.



The Morocco Situation.

THE Mohammedan, barbarous Moorish state of Morocco, in the northwestern corner of Africa, with one short seaboard on the Mediterranean and another long one on the Atlantic, is once more a

bone of contention to the European Powers.

In 1904 Great Britain and France came to an agreement over Morocco, Great Britain recognizing France's right to assist in the administration, economic, financial and military reforms in Morocco, but reserving the rights by treaty or usage that she was herself already exercising; Great Britain's especial interest in the matter being that on the other hand her interests in Egypt needed conservation against possible interference on the part of the other Powers. A more general agreement as to foreign rights in Morocco was entered into by representatives of a number of European Powers, the United States and Morocco itself, at Algeiras, Spain, in the spring of 1906. Since then France has exercised all powers permitted to her in policing and controlling Morocco, spurred on to activity by the necessities of the development of the contiguous state of Algeria, now a dependency of France. Latterly she has taken a hand in trying to reduce the disorders of the country consequent upon the inability of Mulai-Abd-el-Hafid, Sultan since 1907, to hold his throne against revolting tribesmen. When at last this summer French intervention seemed to approach French dominance, Spain, which has stations and business interests, especially upon the Atlantic side of the coveted country, put out a tentative hand; upon which Germany, also anxious for ports and hinterlands, if not for permanent occupation at least for material with which to dicker for Congo or other desirable African regions, also stretched out her hand—or her mailed fist, since she sent gunboats—to Agadir on the Atlantic coast.

On July 21 Lloyd George, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a speech at the annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of London—a speech, the serious portions of which were read from manuscript—gave what was regarded as a warning to Germany to go slow in in-

SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO BACK UP.



—Chicago Tribune.

terfering in Morocco. In the House of Commons on the 27th the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, read carefully from a manuscript what is regarded as a similar but plainer warning to Germany in regard to keeping hands off for the sake of preserving the balance of power in Europe. A sensitiveness on the part of Germany to this not undiplomatic but positive coercion of program, has raised fears of European war, in which Great Britain and France would be pitted against Germany. Activity in the war offices of Europe immediately resulted, and anxieties and war risks were augmented thereby.—*The Public*.



The Lonely Anti-Prohibition Preachers.

A STIFF Prohibition campaign is at present being carried on in Maine. In such contests the liquor interests are always successful in hiding behind a few ministers who fail to see that they have been duped and the saloon men proclaim a great victory. Ministers of any consequence cannot be bought for such purposes. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts of Maine, said:

"The anti-prohibition papers of Maine are parading a few eminent

preachers as on their side. Observant men have noted that there has scarcely been a moral crusade anywhere during which the prayer has not been timely.

God save us from the mistakes of great men, aye, of good men.' When Governor Hughes was fighting the licensed gambling of New York race tracks the attorney of the race gambling monopoly persuaded one prominent Universalist preacher, who in turn persuaded two Congregationalists that the only way to prevent gambling in pool rooms was to allow it on race tracks. Sunday opening of saloons in New York City was advocated openly by two eminent Episcopalian rectors and one Presbyterian pastor. In a fight for the curfew in New Jersey one Methodist preacher took the wrong side. And when the red-light district was attacked in Sioux City, Iowa, years ago, a Lutheran pastor said in protest,

"If you break up these places, how are these poor girls to make a living?"

"Maine is hearing a few anti-prohibition preachers who to thoughtful people are but the exceptions that prove by their fewness that the overwhelming weight of ministerial opinion is for Prohibition.

"More than that, the national assemblies, conferences and congresses of the various denominations, representing nineteen millions of our best people, one-third of them voters, have declared for the suppression, not the mere regulation of the saloon—most of them resolving specifically for 'Prohibition.'

Protestant churches usually exclude liquor dealers from membership, and the Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic Church long since exhorted its members who were in the liquor business to 'find a more respectable way of making a living.' The licensed saloonkeeper is surely no worse than his creator, the voter who sells him his license for a share of his blood money. Let every man who uses his head for anything but a hatrack take every quotation against Prohibition from some exceptional preacher or religious leader as but a fresh reminder

that American preachers and churches, the great specialists in morals, are for Prohibition with only enough exceptions to prove the rule.

"Great and good men in the United States generally approved the drinking usages a century ago, and great and good men in some European countries, which are a century behind in temperance reform, still approve them. And there are some American States that are fully a half century behind Maine on this question. A New Jersey opinion on liquor legislation, even though it comes from a great and good man, should have no more weight than the opinion of one of the lords of England. Maine has 'had breakfast' and needs no advice from men who have only just opened their eyes to the saloon evil."



A Brewer's Trick.

THE curtain is up! J. Lainson Wills, Assistant Secretary of the Brewers' Congress, which is to meet in Chicago, has blundered into a revelation which must surely have the pudgy politicians of the kingdom ruled by King Busch and his cabinet in a stew of anxiety.

A dispatch from Paris says:

"Gaining official recognition from the United States of the value of beers as food and thus striking what is alleged would be a body blow at Prohibition is what the brewers hope to accomplish at the second international brewers' congress scheduled to be held in Chicago, October 18-22, next. J. Lainson Wills, Assistant Secretary of the congress, expects that a political issue in the next presidential election will grow out of the congress as it is now officially announced that President Taft has consented to allow James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, to act as honorary president of the meeting."

The letter sent out by Secretary Knox boosting the brewers' congress and the action of Secretary Wilson in accepting the position of honorary president of the

(Continued on Page 885.)

EDITORIALS

Opening of Colleges.

We have received announcements of the opening of the school year of the following colleges:

Lordsburg College, Lordsburg, California, Aug. 29.

Blue Ridge College, Union Bridge, Md., Sept. 5.

Mount Morris College, Mount Morris, Ill., Sept. 5.

Bethany Bible School, 3435 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 5.

Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa., Sept. 5.

Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Va., Sept. 6.

Daleville College, Daleville, Va., Sept. 12.

McPherson College, McPherson, Kans., Sept. 12.

North Manchester College, North Manchester, Ind., Sept. 12.

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa., Sept. 18.

We have had no announcement from Hebron Seminary, Nokesville, Va., and so are unable to give the date of opening there. After issuing the commencement number of the Inglenook some time ago we had several inquiries asking us to give the addresses of the various college in our church. We have here given the addresses of all of them and trust every young man and young woman of the church will become familiar with them. We trust they will select some one of these schools and take advantage of the opportunities offered there. By the time this reaches you many will have made definite arrangements to be in school the coming year. Many others are still debating whether to go or not and perhaps finally decide to miss a year and take up their work a year later. It will be well to remember that by that time you will be one year older and your educational career will be that much harder when you do finally enter upon it. Then, too, there is a possibility of becoming interested in some of the smaller things of life which will seem of great importance because of your nearness to them, and entirely miss the better things which are kept in store for those who are willing to seek for them. Of course you will not need to expect to be able to plow a straighter furrow or to clean house more rapidly after having been in college for a year, but you will be able to place a higher estimate on things of real worth in life. You will prepare yourself to enjoy life when you are no longer able to plow corn or wash dishes.



Farewell Services at Bethany Bible School.

On September 9 and 10 Bethany Bible

School will hold special meetings that will be of general interest. A number of missionaries will start for the field at that time and a number of addresses will be delivered as a fitting farewell to them. On Saturday evening Elder Galen B. Royer, Secretary of the General Mission Board, will deliver the opening address followed on Sunday morning by an address by Elder D. L. Miller. On Sunday afternoon the services will be in charge of Elder J. H. Moore, office editor of the Gospel Messenger, and Elder I. B. Trout, editor of the Sunday-school publications. These meetings will add a marked impetus to the missionary interest of the church and will start the new missionaries to their field of work with a full consciousness of the loyalty of their friends in the homeland.



Leaders Among Young People.

There are leaders of fashion, leaders of gossip, leaders of social functions, leaders of thought and leaders of social betterment. Every one has an opportunity of being a leader of something. One has a possibility of being a leader in one's line of work, whatever that may be. If you want to be a leader of fashions you have every opportunity in the world to become one. You will have more notoriety and popularity than the leaders of thought or the leaders of social betterment. It is entirely a matter of choice with you as to which you think will be the most profitable. Would you rather have your friends come to you and ask you what kind of a gown to wear or what kind of a suit to wear at a certain function, or to have them ask you how to solve some of the perplexing problems that are confronting them? People will be sure to ask you for advice about something. If you are nothing more than a hobo someone will want your advice on that which you have made a specialty. It might be well to stop once in a while and reflect as to what kind of advice you would wish to give when you get to be an old man. One thing is sure, people will not come to you for information about a thing they are quite sure you know nothing about.



Criticisms Against the Church.

Have you ever observed how much rampant criticism is being hurled at the church today? It generally comes in its most destructive forms from those who are least informed about the real conditions. Those who offer the loudest criticism seldom attend church anywhere and are guided entirely by the careless statements of those who do attend but place no very high estimate upon the real existing conditions. What would you think of a man who would presume to tell you how to raise corn who has not seen a farm for twenty years? It is equally absurd for a man who never at-

ends church to tell us that the church is out of touch with the living world; that it is only eking out an existence and it will be a matter of only a short time until there will be no need for the church. The man who is wide awake and who has kept abreast with the times can not help but find that there is more life, ability and interest in the church now than there ever has been in the history of Christendom and that it is having a more wholesome effect upon the world than it ever has had at any time. New adaptations are being made by the church every day to meet the existing problems and it is succeeding in a grapple with those problems in a manner that it has never been able to do before. The laborer, the middle classes and the capitalists are equally finding that the best things are to be found in the Christian religion, and they are adapting themselves to the requirements of the church. To be sure there is more corruption and hypocrisy found in the church today than a few years ago, which is due to the increased number of men and women who have become interested in the church. That, however, is not at all a discouraging indication but a unique opportunity for aggressive work such as has never been afforded before. Increased numbers always bring an increased perplexity of problems, but why throw up the job when it presents difficulties? If the problem is worth while taking up at all it surely is worth while seeing it through to the end where it becomes a triumphant success.



The Problem of the Country Church.

The greatest field of opportunity for the Christian church today lies in the rural community. The increased wealth of the rural communities in the last few years has given the farmer an opportunity to avail himself of every convenience enjoyed by his city neighbor, and he will be inclined to remain in his own community providing the church will take advantage of the situation. Our people are almost entirely a rural class of people. With a membership of almost ninety thousand scattered throughout the country we have a unique opportunity not afforded other churches of entering a most hopeful field of activity. Heretofore, the young man who prepared himself for work felt that he must leave a field in the city where he could be in the thick of the fight. Today the best prepared men of the church are none too strong to take charge of a rural church and raise the community to its highest possibilities. There is wealth sufficient there to support the men in a way that they can never hope to be supported by any city church. The men who are at present looking for a field to occupy will never find a more inviting field, where their efforts will count so definitely as in the rural church.

The rural churches offer the highest average intelligence of any to be found except in the school churches. Why shouldn't they? They are surrounded by every wholesome influence imaginable and entirely free from the degrading influences of the congested cities. Unfortunately during the last few years a number of our churches were closed because there was no one to keep up the interest and the few who struggled along gave up in despair. In a majority of cases these places could have been held if the right man had been secured to give his time to the work. If the church today will place promising young men into the ministry and direct their attention toward these fields the church of tomorrow will be sure to reap gratifying results.



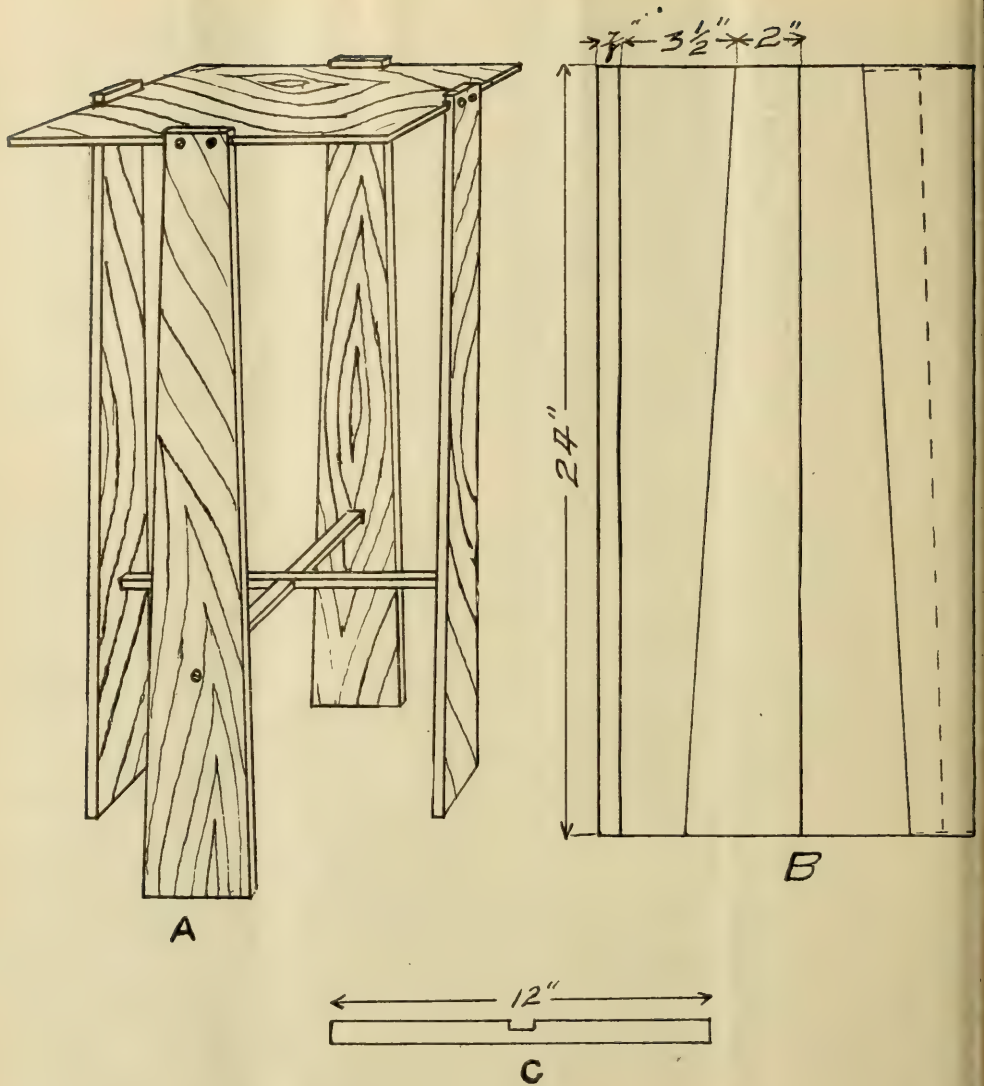
Anything Useful.

What have you learned during the past few years in the way of improved methods of work? If you have learned of anything that will be of interest and help to our readers we will be glad to have you send it to us. Often quite by accident we find some way of doing a piece of work that would be of great help to others if they knew about it. Planting, sowing, harvesting, picking, packing, shipping, feeding, spraying will all be of value and interest to our friends. Among the ladies there are thousands of helpful hints and suggestions about the management of household cares and duties. Send us the suggestions that you feel have been of the most value to you, and we will give them to our readers. In every case kindly give your name and address so they can be published with your article. The article need not be long. In fact the shorter the better. Tell it in as few words as possible so the reader can remember it better.



See Page 893.

We have received a number of very valuable suggestions from our readers, so we have decided to repeat the list of questions. We wish to thank those who have already answered for the hearty response and the kind coöperation given. On page 893 of this issue we again provide some blanks for those who did not take advantage of the opportunity a few weeks ago of sending us suggestions as to what you should like the Inglenook to be. If you have not already done so, kindly fill out the blanks and return them to us that we may know something as to what you should like the Inglenook to become. We are eager to get your suggestions in order that we may be able to supply what you want. By all of us working together we can succeed in supplying that which will be of the greatest interest to the readers.



MISSION FURNITURE

M. F. Hale

THE history of furniture making is very interesting. From the time that man used a stone or log for a chair, until the art of chair-making reached the high degree of perfection attained by the early Egyptians, many interesting stages along the line might be considered. The different styles of

architecture of the world would make many pages of useful information. In this series would be found the rather fragile Pompeian style, the heavier Gothic structure, and the elegantly carved styles of the Renaissance. It is curious to note that after thousands of years of development we are coming back to

the simple arts and crafts and mission style.

This is possibly encouraged by the introduction into our schools of manual training courses where our boys are taught the use of common tools in wood work. It is a delight to a boy to complete with his own hands a tabourette, a mission lamp, a table or a chair; and I am sure it would be interesting to any of the readers of the *INGLENOOK* who are willing to make the attempt.

There are a number of points in the making of a piece of mission furniture that must be closely observed or the article will be deficient.

A definite plan should be laid out in the form of a drawing with the dimensions plainly marked. The lumber should be free from knots and well seasoned. The tools should be in good condition. An expert workman would not attempt to do a piece of work with a dull plane or saw.

The dimensions on each piece of wood should be marked off accurately with the blade of a knife,—a pencil makes too wide a mark. The sawing and planing should be as accurate as the marking.

When glue is used it should be of the best quality and the parts clamped together until the glue sets. Sandpaper should be rubbed lengthwise of the grain and never crosswise.

After the piece is perfectly smooth it is ready for the stain. This may be dark or light to suit the taste of the individual. There are several kinds of stain on the market with full directions for using. When the surface has been stained and well rubbed in, a coating of some prepared wax or outer covering is needed to protect the stain.

It would not be best for the beginner to undertake a piece of furniture that is too difficult. A very simple tabourette as shown at A would be useful and at the same time give practice in the use of tools. This piece can be made of either soft or hard wood. A very pretty

piece can be made from a board seven-eighths inch by twelve inches by three feet, by sawing it in the following manner: First, saw a piece twelve inches long from one end and use it for the top. Next, rip a strip seven-eighths inch wide from the side of the board and cut it exactly in the middle for the two cross pieces near the bottom of the tabourette. These pieces should be planed smoothly and a piece carefully cut out half way down, as shown in C. The part that is cut out should be just wide enough that the pieces will fit together as shown in A.

The legs can be made from the rest of the board by ripping it down the center, which will give two pieces about five and one half inches wide and twenty-four inches long.

Next lay out a line as shown in B. This makes one end of each piece two inches wide and the other three and one-half inches wide. These pieces will not be the desired shape as the slope will all come on one side, so each end must be cut off perpendicular to a line running down the center as shown by the dotted line in B. This should be a light pencil line that can be erased. Next plane the legs smoothly, being careful in all cases to keep the corners square. A piece as wide as the top of the legs and about three-eighths inch deep should be cut from the middle of each side of the top; this will make the stand firmer when the legs are fastened in place.

After the top has been smoothed the pieces are ready to be put together, and this can be done very nicely with one and one-half inches round-head brass screws. The top can be dropped down about three-eighths inch below the top of the legs or made even, as you like.

The next work will be the staining, and all that is necessary is a good stain—not paint—and a rag. First cover the surface thoroughly with the stain by dipping the rag in and rubbing it over the wood. This should be left on sev-

eral minutes and then rubbed thoroughly with a piece of clean cloth or a black-board eraser. The time of leaving the stain on before rubbing it will depend upon the wood to a large extent, and it is often best to try a piece of scrap wood until you get the shade desired.

The surface will hardly be spoiled by

too much rubbing, but the grain may not be brought out well if the rubbing is slighted.

To keep the stain from rubbing off later, cover it with some prepared wax. Place a little of the wax on a cloth and rub a thin coating over the surface of the wood.

WHAT TO DO FOR THE NERVOUS CHILD

Grace C. Kempton

A NORMAL child is born with a free body and a power for well-balanced activity. In rest he gives up his whole weight, and in action seldom wastes force. But all children are not normal, and many who are normal at birth fall into nervous habits and disorders during their earliest years.

In order to protect the normal condition we must closely observe it. In order to develop normal action and reaction we must know definitely what we want.

Watch the breathing of a healthy baby. See how easily each breath is drawn and how evenly; see how loosely and heavily the child's body lies upon the bed when he sleeps; watch his eating and his motion, and from him you will get many practical suggestions. Acquire the freedom, balance, lightness in action, weight in rest, and ease, yourself, and you will be in a position to lead children on in a natural way. Grow trustful in the way that little children are trustful, and great light will be given you to preserve their trust, which is a part of their normal life. Two-thirds of the nervousness of little children is caused by their personal surroundings.

Each normal child is made in harmony with nature's laws; to serve his best development we must make the con-

ditions of his life agree with these same laws. We must work with nature, not in opposition to her. Let the children grow as the daisies do; let us interfere only when we must, and the growth will be sure and strong.

A healthy baby will gain by lying unattended for an hour or more at a time. A baby trained by habit to go to sleep unrocked has begun the lesson of quiet in both body and mind. Hands off! we must read on the brow of the well-cared-for child, who, happy in his independence, would fret himself into nervousness has he interfering attendance. Make the baby comfortable in every way, then let it alone, if you want healthy nerves and a good child. Sincere watching of free and normal action will picture it in your mind. Hold to this picture, neither allowing the child to interfere nor interfering yourself. Think of yourself as the remover of obstacles to the child's growth, not as one who would mold at personal will the sensitive and fertile material. Law will do this; you must serve law. Emotional excitement or punishment is an interference, and therefore causes a nervous condition. The feelings of a child wrought to a high pitch over some misdeed, recover with a debt of waste to the beautiful forces of his nature.

All the processes applied to a little

child should be simple, and planned to be as gentle as possible, and still impress. Not to interfere with the child's body, as by the omission of a meal, the influence of fear, of confinement, or other conditions of growth, nor to interfere with the child's trust by impatience, anger, or other unjust retribution, is a first lesson. What wonder a child becomes unquiet if it is shocked by those who should nurture!

A sculptor looking for beauty in a piece of marble would know that he would fail should he knock and hit with his tool each part which displeased him. Yet the little child daily receives similar shocks to his exquisite organization by interference and unquiet treatment.

The same law which makes the bud bloom and causes the tide to go and come, is at work in the little child. We must reverence that law if we seek the child's harmony, liberty, and happiness. Establishing nature as our guide, we shall get more light constantly on the orderly development of our children.

Nature's rhythm for rest and action is exact. Why not let the children, even the older ones, fall in with it? They will as surely reap good results as the cows and hens.

Imagine a hen clucking her brood out after the sun had given to all its invitation to rest! Yet many a mother decks her children and leads them forth at the hour which usually finds them asleep. And the mother has a mind with which to appreciate order, health, and harmony!

The high pressure of the day has a strong tendency to develop nervous disorders in children. Only a firm and determined effort for simplicity can withstand the strength of the current. Simple tasks, simple foods, simple recreations, will all help to keep the faces fresh and the bodies orderly. The friction caused by family hurry injures children's nervous systems. Rushing to school from the table, to trains, etc.,—

all is an expensive drain upon the nervous forces.

Little troubles which no one has time to soothe or explain make a demand upon the sensitive system of a child which we can not calculate. To avoid this we must train the child to regard little troubles as *little*. We must throw a light of peace and strength on disturbing happenings, and the child unconsciously will form the same habit. Observation will show that children often reflect the nervous condition of those about them, the nervous attitudes and habits. The power to sleep at will can be cultivated in every child, and no trouble should be spared to do it. It may take weeks or even months of patient effort, but the reward is very great. Different ways are needed, but with the majority simple means are successful. Make the child's body comfortable, see that he is neither hungry nor thirsty, that he has fresh air, is warm, and all previous conditions happy in a quiet way. This will be enough; an obedient, normal child will be soothed by the good conditions, and will soon, upon lying still, fall asleep. With an excitable child only a few minutes' quiet should be required on the first day. These few minutes can be so gradually lengthened that the child will feel no pressure, and will gradually learn that, with obstacles removed, sleep can come.

This training saves little children much weariness and fatigue. On a journey, during a tiresome visit, or under other trying circumstances, a nap comes easily, and smooths the rough place. I have seen children sleeping refreshingly in a railway-car, instead of wearing themselves and others with fret from need of rest.

Another cause of the highly strung nervous system in the children of this century is the large amount of reading-matter that is permitted them. Much of it has no invigorating influence; it is a crude mass, and affects the child as such. A wise mother allowed her daughter of twelve one new book a year,

and that a good one. This book, with those of former years, could be read and reread. This might be an extreme plan for a child of less imaginative temperament, but in the case cited it made a far simpler matter of brain impression, and did its part to prevent the much-dreaded nervousness.

Nature is a safe companion and playmate and teacher for children. Unite them to her in every way, and the nerves of each child will grow more orderly. The sweet breath of a cow, and contact with her slow and peaceful animal existence, has never been known to do aught but help a child to the same sort of low tension. The child's way of being led must be unconscious as far as possible. He has so recently departed, if at all, from nature's paths that the association with creatures whose lives are in touch with nature's laws is often sufficient to help him back.

Housework in its right proportion and under true conditions is a nerve-trainer to growing children, and helps to order the forces of body and mind healthfully. Housework, to be helpful, must be regular, and filled with interest and energy. Out-of-door work is good for children, if it is happily done.

The best influence from outdoor work is in company of a maturer mind, who can introduce the working children to the habits of the plants and animals among which they work. This keeps the work alive with thought and interest, and prevents monotony.

The study of any natural science has a definite influence against nervous disorder, when systematically taught. On the other hand, avoid your children's coming into contact with that which is startling and unnatural. Placards and posters advertising the theaters, with newspaper stories and headlines may be the causes of much distress to the mind of a child and bear rapid fruit of nervous tension and waste.

The prevailing school system is a hot-house for nervous tension. The objects,

chiefly external, are emphasized by methods calculated to impress every pupil. The children of sensitive natures are, therefore, over-impressed. The child must be prepared by a training *not to worry*, not to be over-anxious, and be taught himself to substitute higher motives and ends than the rank he holds in his class. The pressure in school life causes children to bite their fingers and nails, twist their hands, and resort to many other nervous habits which can by gentle but incessant watchfulness be stopped.

The child should be taught to stand with the body erect, feet firmly planted upon the floor, arms hanging loosely and heavily at the sides, and the fingers all free; he should be taught to keep this attitude while reciting, and in every work to use only the part of the body needed for that work; everything else should be quiet. Never let a child hear of his nerves, except physiologically, as marvelous servants—messengers between the world and the brain. A pitiful thing is to hear a little child say, "I am too nervous to read."

Systematic training of the senses tends to equalize nervous forces, and is, therefore, opposed to "nervousness." The body must be trained to be quiet, then each sense is exercised in a progressive manner, while by the whole quiet is maintained.—*Health-Culture*.



WHEN A MAN GOES TO THE FRONT.

A man's "a decent sort of chap" as long
as he's inclined
To howl against the ones who lead while
he trails on behind;
While he is toiling in the ranks and grum-
bling with the rest
His fellow grumblers will admit that he de-
serves the best.

But when a man moves to the front and has
control of those
With whom he labored once they scoff and
are his bitter foes;
They view him as an upstart if he holds
his head too high;
And if he hails them as he did they shun
him as a spy.

—S. E. Kiser.

THE SUN BEHIND THE CLOUD

Ada Van Sickle Baker

A MAN stood on the bridge that spanned Rock River. His low-drawn cap partly concealed his eyes, but once as he raised them they glowed feverishly bright with a look within their depths such as is seen in those of a hunted animal when brought to bay. His face wore the ghastly color of death, and between his bloodless lips there issued a half-sigh, half-moan. That he was experiencing some terrible mental struggle was further evidenced by the long supple fingers which clenched spasmodically every few minutes. The day and all nature were in keeping with the man's state of mind, threatening clouds lowered, the wind blew gustily, hurrying the dark river into billows of foam that swept the shores with low moans not unlike the sound that had come from the pale lips of the man.

A few agitated raindrops struck his face sharply. He started violently. Well, if I'm going to do it at all, it had better be now before I get soaked to the skin just waiting!"

Then he gave a nervous laugh.

"Afraid of a few raindrops, but not afraid of those dark, cruel depths out there," looking down at the eddying water.

"Oh, God, can I do it? Can I leave the world that was once so bright? Yet that world has been bitterly hard on me. Why should I hesitate? But to leave Annie and the little ones, and the dear old mother. Oh, what is the use? I am no good to them. I have tried and failed, yes, failed! I have searched for work, that my dear ones might be provided for; everywhere the same old cry, 'No work at present.' Only one place where the poor wages were only half-sufficient to keep soul and body together. Yes, I have tried; Annie will always re-

member that, and better to end it now with the thought of my earnest efforts fresh in her mind than wait till later."

He looked out over the angry, surging water in the direction his home lay.

"I wonder what she and the little ones are doing now? I might know what she is doing—her duty, of course. Working out her life to keep the home presentable on nothing, tending to the thousand wants of the children, keeping up with a brave heart, and I—well, I am a coward, I suppose. But they will be better off without the man they call husband and father. It is hard to leave my dear ones, but if I can not stay and protect them as I should, I do not want to live. Good-bye, loved ones. May God comfort and keep you."

The man with a deathlike face kissed his fingertips, and waved them in the direction of his home. Then with feverish haste, as though afraid further reflection might change his purpose, he threw off his hat, coat and vest, and climbing to the railing, paused a moment, while the broken words of a prayer came laboriously from his stiff lips.

With one more look towards his home, he prepared to make the fatal leap, but was drawn back by arms that seemed to possess the strength of steel, and that held him powerless in their clasp. "What does this mean? Why are you doing this thing?" The voice was low, but compelling. The blue eyes looking at him seemed to search his very soul.

With an effort he choked out a few explanatory words; ending by saying he was a failure; that he had tried and had not made good.

"How many years have you been trying, my friend? We will consider that you have tried to do the right thing every



"Well, if I am going to do it at all it had better be now,"

year of your life. How old are you?"

"Thirty-two."

"We will say that you have tried for thirty-two years to make a success of your life. I am fifty-six, and for the first forty-five years of my life I tried and failed repeatedly. That makes a good many more years than you have been trying to reach a goal that would satisfy your ambitions. But thanks to God, I kept on trying. Now I am in a position where I can help myself, and others, too, if they will try with all their strength to succeed.

"Suppose you let me hire you, my man. Here is my card. Come tomorrow morning. Don't fail me, for I will depend on you. And in the meantime I wish you would remember one little verse,—the closing one of Longfellow's 'The Rainy Day.' Here it is:

"Look up sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining!
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

There were tears in the eyes of John Vincent, when the voice of his new-found friend softly died away.

"And now for business," the man said,

briskly. "I will advance your first week's wages, for I know by experience how a little ready cash sometimes comes acceptable," and he opened his purse and took out three crisp five-dollar bills.

"I may not be worth that much a week," and a ghost of a smile flitted over the pale face.

"I will risk it, my man!"

John Vincent clasped the outstretched hand and tried to express his thanks but his throat filled and he could not say what he wished. But the other was equal to the emergency.

"I must be going now," he said, "but remember, man, I am going to believe in you, and I even have enough confidence in your strength to leave you alone on this bridge. Come tomorrow and we will begin to try to find the sunshine behind the cloud."

With another hearty handshake and a cheerful smile, Howard McChesney, senior member of the McChesney Machine Shops, left the man he had taken such an interest in, and walked briskly away.

With newborn hope stirring the innermost recesses of his heart, John Vincent retraced his way to his home. Taking

his wife in his arms, he told her all; not even omitting his intention when he walked out on the bridge that spanned Rock River.

Her face became colorless as she listened, but when he told her of his benefactor and how he had not only saved his life but had given him an opportunity to make that life worth living, she broke into sobs that shook her frail form.

Her husband let her cry for a while, feeling it would bring relief to the mind and relaxation to the overstrung nerves, but at last he said with a voice throbbing with emotion:

"Yes, Annie, I owe my life to God and Howard McChesney."

His wife's head came up instantly, and her eyes were bright with excitement.

"What name did you say?" she queried.

"Howard McChesney."

"Oh, John, he was my schoolmate; and if ever a person tried in the face of obstacles it was he. He was the only

support of an invalid mother for years. He was only a boy then, but he gave up all boyish pleasures to make life as comfortable as possible for her. Then she died and he was heartbroken. He was then hired out to a man who made life miserable for him, still he did his best. Finally when almost grown, he launched out in business for himself which soon burned to the ground. He was afterward the victim of an accident that almost deprived him of his life. Sixteen years ago he was married. He became the father of a daughter whom he idolized. Six months ago the beautiful girl, then fourteen years of age, died. The family was then in the South. I thought they were still there. I do not know how he made his fortune but he certainly deserves it."

John Vincent bowed his head, then said:

"And yet that man accepts his fate as 'the common fate of all,' and believes there is always sunshine behind the cloud."

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Mark B. Conway

THE evening air was balmy and heavy with the sweet perfume of blossoms, the woods everywhere echoed with trillings and warblings and goodnight songs and all 'around seemed happy, but it had no effect on the bowed form in the cabin doorway. He sat with stooped shoulders and head bowed as one in a great trouble; Tom O'Hare was twenty-three, a hardy backwoodsman, used to the dangers and hardships of life in the Ohio backwoods of the early 50's,—hardened to everything, he thought, until, well—when they helped him lay his father away out under the scrub oaks, and three months later his mother by his side, it broke him. He

was like an oak stricken in a storm, and often now he would weep bitterly for hours, though afterward he was ashamed of his weakness, and tried to forget it all, but the memory would not go.

He had, before the death of his parents, indulged freely in the rough saloon pastimes of the countryside. Eight miles through the woods from the O'Hare clearing, by a narrow "plank road," dangerous at night, and darkly bordered, would take one to a little cluster of crude cabins, a general store and a saloon, which settlement, for some unknown reason, the backwoodsmen had always called "Dunker."

Young O'Hare owned a wiry little

bay mare, Elsie, which could run with any piece of horseflesh in the backwoods, and proud he was of her, too, and her victories. But even in his wildest sprees he treated her gently like a child, petted her, rubbed her down, and would never run her if she showed any outward sign of exhaustion, however urgent speed might be. Twice a week without fail in the evening, he would saddle her; and though it meant sixteen miles to Dunker and back, would see to the saddle, and the pistol holsters, inspect Elsie's bridle, and mounting, canter away in the twilight. He would stop at the edge of the clearing, though, and wave a good-bye to his mother, who always stood in the cabin door and watched him off, not knowing whether he would return alive; for she knew the roughness of the backwoodsmen, their daring, and the ready use of pistol or knife upon sometimes the very slightest provocation. But she prayed for him, and asked God to bring him back, and perhaps it was that, unknown to the son, that brought him back each time in the early morning light, often red eyed, without hat or coat, but safe and unharmed.

Now the cabin was terrible in its emptiness and he had an indescribable longing to go far away and banish it all from his memory, to go to—ah, his was an awful temptation, he knew even so vaguely what it meant if he did it, but Satan was too near him, and the victory was won. He rose up to his full six feet seven and strode deliberately into the cabin, reappearing in an instant with his rifle over his arm. In a moment he had Elsie saddled, and had mounted her; he would leave the cabin alone, there was nothing to harm—and no one to harm had there been, and besides, all he valued in life now was in the pocket of his buckskin shirt. Elsie turned her head and regarded him with almost human eyes and he felt a quick pang of shame shoot through his heart—that Elsie knew, but then he forgot it, and slapped

the bay mare's neck and they were off.

The reins lay loose on the pony's neck and when she reached the edge of the clearing, as she had always done, she wheeled, before her rider could prevent it, and came to a dead halt—head up and nostrils quivering and looked toward the cabin with a farewell whinny, but there was no one there. The steed, of course, did not notice or feel, in spite of her great intelligence, the significance of it as did young O'Hare, but she missed keenly something she had always been used to, but had not time to puzzle over it in her brute brain, for her rider wheeled her. With a wild, defiant yell from Tom O'Hare's iron lungs, they went down the dark road opening and the sound of galloping hoofs soon grew faint and far away in the distance. He did not know that he was leaving behind a little cabin that he should never see again, and two mounds of earth beneath low oak trees that he should never stand beside and sorrow over again, in this life. How should he know?

The scene was wild. Big Sam Warner and his gang were in the centre, shoulder to shoulder, fighting out on all sides. The cause of it all was that the gang had not been to Dunker in two weeks, and had not been able to get a drop of whiskey in that time—now they were wild. Every one of the gang was roaring drunk—they had challenged the rest in the saloon, and the great fight was on. Big Sam was here and there, where the fighting was hottest, a giant in strength, a brute by nature, anything but a coward. Every glass on the crude bar was shattered into nothings—brawny fists shot out, men fell, and others eagerly sprang into their places in the fighting line. Outside was brawling, interspersed occasionally with the sharp, resonant crack of some woodsman's long rifle. It was hell, but these crude men liked nothing better; to them it was glory.

Where was big Tom O'Hare? Sam Warner had drawn his knife from his

hunting shirt and in his drunken fury was raising it; in his muddled brain there was left only a wild desire to kill which he should speedily have realized but something gripped his throat like a band of steel, and young O'Hare sprang upon the leader's chest—sprang with the litheness of a mountain puma—and Big Sam went down.

The fighting ceased as the acknowledged chief fell, and the men gathered around his fallen form. Tom had drawn his pistol, and was standing over the other's sprawled and silent inanimate body. No one of the crowd dared to touch him, the look in his grey eyes stayed them, a thin stream of blood trickled from his mouth, his hat was gone, his shirt ripped open at the neck and riddled with knife slashings, lips drawn in pain from a wound, somewhere, and the chalky whiteness of his face broken only by several dull red stains. His hand rose nervously, and then dropped again, and the pistol clattered to the floor. His fists clinched until the nails cut into the palms. His voice was low, but calm, and the voice of a man who speaks of knowing:

"Boys, I have passed through the valley of the shadow, and I am done with all this cursedness. I thank God that he has given me the light my mother told me of so often, before I die. You will have to pass through the same dark valley, through the same great fight between this life and the other; whether you will come out into light or into a darker valley, it rests with you, boys, and God's blessing of strength be with you. Think of your wives, your mothers and sisters, think of the awful death if any of us would 'agone up tonight, drunk, and in this hole, where would we 'awent? I know I have been mighty sinful, and I've lived a dog's life so far, but I see the great light now."

His words were magnetic, they were heaven born, and many of the rough men around were moved to tears. He knelt beside Big Sam, loosened his shirtfront

and called for water. They brought him a gourdful and he poured the liquid down Sam's throat and over his bloodstained brow, shook him gently, listened to his heart beats and muttered: "God be thanked for that." He looked up into the softened faces of the men around and said:

"Sam will be all right pretty soon, take good care of him, and tell him all about it, he'll be thankful to me when he sobers up, and might do better, too, if you told him all. Stay out of this kind of thing," and he cast a glance of bitter hate around the low room, "and may God show you the light as he has showed me. I am going now, to serve him, if he'll let me, so good-bye, boys." He arose and took from his shirt pocket an old-fashioned, age-stained picture of his parents, taken on their wedding day, many years back, in the "eastern country." It was the only picture he had of them. He looked at it long and hungrily, then replaced it with big awkward fingers that tried hard to do it tenderly and strode through the crowd toward the door. They fell back from him awed, and wondering.

But the Master had given him his work, and there was none other to do, and as he reached the door, he fell outward into the flickering shaft of light and shadow that the relit candles inside threw out. Silently he fell, and Elsie, hitched across the way, whinnied for a master that would never come.



A BREWER'S TRICK.

(Continued on Page 873.)

meeting have already stirred up a great deal of adverse comment and current opinion is that the beer journals made a mistake in giving these matters so much publicity. A furor is expected to ensue in Prohibition circles when this new announcement of the intentions of the congress becomes well known. The method of securing government recognition, will be by securing an official committee to investigate the food value of "pure beer."

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE VISION OF GOD.

William C. Bitting, D. D.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Matt. 5: 8.

Every word of Jesus is part of his spiritual autobiography. His sayings grow out of his experiences. They express his attitudes toward God and man. Therefore, when he told men that the pure in heart should see God, he gave them the secret of his own vision of the Father. He handed us the key to all his teachings about God, and bade us use it as he did to obtain for ourselves knowledge of the Father. Of course, he was not talking of a physical vision of the Infinite One, either here or hereafter. "God is Spirit." When one asked Jesus, "Show us the Father," he answered by an appeal to our ability to interpret a life which had really unveiled God. He declared that man did not need signs from God, but eyes which could see the great sign that lived among them. "No man has seen God at any time," he said. He also said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Understanding is seeing, interpretation is vision.

Today, as in all yesterdays, we find four classes of men. There are speculative atheists who say, "There is no God;" there are practical atheists who simply ignore God, even though they may theoretically believe in him; there are agnostics who declare, "We do not know whether there be any God;" and there are some who affirm, "God is, we know him, and the highest privilege of human life is to have fellowship with him." Really, these classes represent four classes of hearts. The differences evidently lie in the men, for the sources of the knowledge of God are the same for all. To his townsmen the Christ was only a carpenter. To the Sadducees he was a dangerous disturber of the existing political order. To the Pharisees he was a crazy antagonist of the prevailing religious system. To the diseased he was a healer. To a few inquiring minds he was a teacher. To the curious Capernaum crowd he was a wonder-worker. To some he was a unique revelation glowing with the light of God. These differing interpretations of Jesus only exhibited the varieties of hearts which beheld him.

Paul prays that men may have the "eyes of their heart enlightened," that they may know the things of God (Eph. 1: 18). The word "heart" means our rational nature, all our powers of imagination, reason, affection, and will. These are precisely the same faculties with which we are seeing the energies and laws of the physical uni-

verse, or the fragments of knowledge which we organize into science. Every intellectual generalization is the fruit of exact the same sort of seeing to which Jesus refers in our text. We see through things. The vision that stops at a thing never yields a glimpse of the unseen universe of energies and laws according to which men's things have come to be and behave as they do. No one begins to be scientific in any realm of human knowledge until he sees not only things but the meaning of things also.

We see with only the spiritual eyes we have. The great Hugo of St. Victor said: "Each one can know only so much truth as he himself is. God is known only so much as he is loved." It was a Hebrew poet who wrote: "With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful; with the perfect man thou wilt show thyself perfect; with the pure thou wilt show thyself pure; and with the perverse thou wilt show thyself froward" (Psa. 18: 25, 26). It was the great apostle to the Gentiles who declared: "To the pure all things are pure; but to them that are defiled and unbelieving nothing is pure; but both their mind and their conscience is defiled" (Titus 1: 15).

Precisely the same principle obtains in religion. Jesus insisted upon purity of heart as the necessary condition of the organ of vision. This also is rational. "For what fellowship have righteousness and iniquity? or what communion hath light with darkness, and what concord hath Christ with Belial?" (2 Cor. 6: 14.) Throughout his ministry Jesus declared that it was moral astigmatism or spiritual abnormality in the human heart which made men unable to see God. He could forgive an blasphemy against himself, for he knew how difficult it was for men of his day to appraise his life at its real value, how very hard it was for people who had been fed on external events to appreciate his moral significance. But he condemned that wickedness which darkened the light within one's own soul, so that at last it confused good and evil, God and Satan. In those victims of moral confusion he found not merely cases of arrested development but positive degeneration. "The lamp of the body is the eye: if, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness" (Matt. 6: 22, 23). That is to say, the vision of God is in direct proportion to the moral cleanliness of the human soul.

If we ask ourselves where God is to be seen, we turn for our answer to the re-

ons in which Jesus saw him. There was no realm of normal life in which the pure soul of Jesus of Nazareth did not see God. To him God was everywhere. He saw God in the physical universe. The Father was making his sun to shine and his rain to fall. He was clothing the wayside flowers in garments more gorgeous than those worn by Solomon at the most splendid of his court functions. He was feeding the birds, that did not sow, nor reap, nor gather into barns. His synagog hymn-book told him that the heavens declared the glory of God and the firmament showed his handiwork. He taught his disciples to believe that God gave them their daily bread no less truly because it came through their honest toil than if it had been showered from the skies, or leaped out of the ground, as theanna came to Israel.

We have only to take with us this attitude of heart to transform all facts that we discover in our laboratories into revelations of the Heavenly Father. Both the poetic conception of Jesus and the scientific conception of today bear witness of God in the physical universe. Testimony invites us to "Come and see" (John 4: 9); investigation yields experience which affirms, "Now we believe, not because of any speaking; for we have heard for ourselves and know" (John 4: 42), and experience results in testimony again. The methods of religion and of science are identical. Both are experimental, because both deal with reality. There never was a revelation of him which was not intended to provoke investigation by those who received the revelation. Only thus could it become a vital experience. There never was a fruit of honest investigation anywhere that was not also a revelation. The men in our scientific laboratories who discover facts of any sort, are giving to the world information of the Father's way of doing things. Jesus' poetic vision of God in an unscientific age and our scientific vision of God in an unpoetic age are essentially the same. So full of God is the physical universe that if we were to take off our shoes wherever we tread upon holy ground the human race would go barefooted for the remainder of its career. There is no more profane word today than that which denounces the work and fruit of honest scholarship and scientific research as godless. Through the doors opened by these men also "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God" is shining.

Jesus saw God in the processes of daily life. This vision of God in the normal activities of humanity was indeed the genesis of the Master's parables. To him, "Earth was crammed with heaven, And every common bush afire with God." To him the kingdom of God was like a great inclusive sphere, within which, like lesser spheres tangent on the inside, were the spheres of all other kingdoms. These

points of tangency he described when he said, "The kingdom of God is like." At whatever realm of human life he looked he saw it glorified by its likeness to the kingdom of God. Into every region of human existence God had so far come that to the pure heart of the great Teacher it was a textbook for spiritual truth, a vehicle for conveying to simple minds the profoundest conceptions of the Heavenly Father, and of his kingdom. The heavenly treasure was in the earthen vessel that is not fitted to contain a heavenly treasure. The spiritual significance of daily life was the thought of the Master. A father's joy in finding his boy, a woman's patient search for her property, a shepherd's hunt for one lost sheep, alike picture the divine enthusiasm for the fellowship of men.

Jesus saw God in history. To him the Old Testament recorded the story of the unveiling of the Father to his ancestors. Who that knows his use of the history of Jewish national life can fail to be impressed by his conviction that God revealed himself in human life? In this he both imitated and surpassed the Hebrew prophets, those unique interpreters of human events. To Jesus, history was inspired. To him it was true that God at sundry times and in various manners spoke unto the fathers. And he also found God in contemporary history. Did he not ask men to read the meaning of current events with the same common sense they used to discern the weather signs? Even the wretched Pilate could have no authority unless it were given to him from above. The obstinate rejection of him by his own nation, and the political experiences in store for his own people were to him clear revelations of Providence who was to advance the kingdom of God by taking it from the custody of those who undervalued its interests, and giving it to a spiritual nation who would appreciate it.

Jesus saw God in himself. His own pure soul was a mirror in which spiritual image-ship to the heavenly Father was perfectly revealed. For us his thoughts were God's thoughts. His love was God's love. His will was God's will. So perfectly at one with the holy Father was his pure heart that when he looked into the depths of his own being he had his profoundest revelations of the moral nature of his Father. There was no blur upon his soul. The cloudless likeness of the Heavenly Father was there. Alas, that upon our hearts the breath of sin has condensed itself so that we see in ourselves only a foggy image of God.

"The truth in God's breast

Lies trace upon trace on ours impressed:
Though he is so bright, and we are so dim,

We were made in his image to witness him."

(Continued on Page 890.)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

SALADS.

(Continued from the issue of August 15.)

MRS. FRANCES BELL.

Salmon Salad.

TAKE one pint of canned salmon and free the fish of any bits of skin or bones. Drain off the oil and pick the salmon into small pieces. Add one-half pint of celery chopped fine and one-half pint mayonnaise or French dressing. Mix the dressing in with a folding motion so as not to mush up the fish. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Arrange in a salad dish or on individual salad dishes, garnish with lettuce leaves and slices of lemon.

Note: The celery may be left out if desired.

Potato Salad.

Take five or six medium sized cold boiled potatoes, cut into cubes about one-quarter inch square; three hard boiled eggs chopped fine; one very small onion cut fine; salt and pepper to taste. Mix all the ingredients together and then mix with cooked salad dressing. Cool and serve with lettuce leaves and garnish with slices of hard boiled egg.

Note: Slices of cold boiled red beets arranged on top of the salad, or two or three small cucumber pickles chopped and added to the salad give a pleasing variety. Celery may be used for seasoning if desired.

Asparagus and Radish Salad.

Slice several radishes which have been made crisp in cold water very thin and dry with a clean cloth. Have ready a pint of cooked asparagus tips, and the heart leaves of a head of crisp lettuce, washed and dried. Arrange the lettuce on a serving dish, the asparagus above and the radish slices around the asparagus. Garnish with slices of cold hard boiled eggs cut in even slices and serve with French dressing to which several drops of onion juice and a teaspoonful of fine chopped parsley have been added.

Apple Salad.

Pare, core and chop four medium sized apples. Prepare chopped celery one-half the bulk of the apples; take one cupful of English walnut kernels broken in small pieces (not chopped) and mix all together. Prepare cooked salad dressing and mix with the celery, apples and nuts. Serve on lettuce leaves and garnish with a few whole nut kernels arranged on top of the salad.

Prune and Pecan Nut Salad.

Soak one-half pound of prunes overnight after having washed them thoroughly. Then cook the prunes in the water in which they have been soaked letting the liquid evaporate towards the last of the cooking. (Sweeten if desired.) Skim out the prunes when cooked tender (do not let them cook too much, keep them whole), and set aside to cool. With a sharp pointed knife cut the flesh from the stones to make six or more lengthwise slices. Cut one-fourth pound of pecan nut meats into three lengthwise pieces, each.

Over the pieces of prunes and nut meats, sprinkle half a teaspoonful, each of salt and paprika. Reserve a few pieces of prunes and nuts for a garnish.

For the dressing, beat three-fourths a cup of double cream, one-fourth a teaspoon each of salt and paprika and three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice until stiff and firm. Mix the seasoning which was sprinkled over the prunes and nut meat well throughout, then fold in two-thirds of the cream dressing. Turn the mixture upon a bed of crisp lettuce leaves then arrange the remaining one-third of the dressing as tastefully as possible over the mixture. Garnish with the bits of prune and nut meats reserved for the purpose.

Note: Great care should be taken to keep the pieces of prune in good shape.

Grape Fruit, White Grape and Peach Salad.

Remove the pulp from one grape fruit and cut it into large regular shaped pieces. Skin and seed half a pound of white grapes, and cut into halves. Cut six or eight quarters of canned peaches or preserved quinces may be used) in small squares. To three-fourths a cup of thick cream add three tablespoonfuls of juice from the grape fruit, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and beat until firm. Arrange the fruit in separate groups on a bed of lettuce leaves, the peaches in the center. Pile the whipped cream on the peaches in the center. In serving put a lettuce leaf on each plate, and on this place a little of each variety of fruit and a little of the cream dressing.

Tomato and Green Pepper Salad.

Chop a very small onion, two tomatoes, two stalks of celery and one sweet green pepper, from which the seeds have been removed; pour off the juices and place in the refrigerator until ready to serve. Then marinate with French dressing and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Strawberry Salad.

Slice two oranges in a dish and cover with a mound of fresh strawberries. Sprinkle the fruit with powdered sugar and pour over it a little lemon juice or tart cherry juice. Let stand in the refrigerator until very cold, then serve.

Fruit Salad.

Make fruit salad with any proportion of fruits desired. More or less fruit may be used as preferred. A nice salad is made with the following combination of fruits. Cut into regular shapes:

Oranges	Grape fruit
Apples	Grapes

Nuts

Serve with French or mayonnaise dressing. If served with the latter, the salad should first be marinated with French dressing.

Cream dressing may be used if preferred but is not quite as suitable. If cream dressing is used it is nice to modify it by substituting fruit juice in the place of vinegar when it is made.

Banana Salad.

Cut bananas into fourths or slices. Serve on lettuce leaves with powdered nuts sprinkled on top, with French or mayonnaise dressing. Cream dressing may be used if preferred.

Note: Any kind of nuts may be used rolled or ground to powder.

Shrimp Salad.

Cut shrimps into halves, remove the tiny dark thread which is the intestines, then cut the halves into thirds. Marinate with French dressing for one hour, then place each serving in a nest arranged with lettuce leaves. Garnish with a bit of celery on top and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Chicken Salad.

Use about as much celery as meat if nuts are not used. If nuts are used, use one-half as much celery as meat. Pecan nuts are a very nice addition to the salad when cut in fourths. Use one or one-half cup nut meats as preferred.

Mix the ground chicken, or chicken chopped very fine is preferable, celery and nuts and marinate (let stand) in French dressing for one hour. Then serve with mayonnaise dressing or mayonnaise modified with whipped cream, on a bed of lettuce leaves. Garnish on top with whole halves of pecan nuts, and cheese balls are very pretty also.

Cabbage and Black Walnut Salad.

Mix one-half cup of black walnut meats with two cups of shredded cabbage. Arrange on lettuce or cabbage leaves and serve with cream dressing.

Cucumber Salad.

Arrange sliced cucumbers with a radish cut in flower shape on lettuce leaves. Serve with French dressing.

THE VISION OF GOD.

(Continued from Page 887.)

Is not the opportunity for the pure heart to see God greater and more inspiring than ever? If he be the eternal and living God, he is still unveiling himself. There can be no last glimpse of him. There is always a next vision. If he be as much interested in our modern cities as he was in Jerusalem or Corinth or Rome, will he not reveal himself to London, Paris, New York and Chicago? If his yearning for the fellowship of men did not expire with the birth of the Christian era, but was supremely revealed in our Lord Jesus Christ, and continues until today, is it not true that pure hearts will find him now just where pure hearts always have found him, in our physical environment, in our daily lives, in the great stream of human history of which we are a part, in the depths of our own beings, and most of all in Jesus, who taught us this way of seeing the Father?



A COMPLETE EDUCATION.

A GIRL'S education is not complete unless she has learned:

- To sew.
- To cook.
- To mend.
- To be gentle.
- To value time.
- To dress neatly.
- To be self-reliant.
- To keep a secret.
- To darn stockings.
- To respect old age.
- To make good bread.
- To keep a home tidy.
- To control her temper.
- To make a home happy.
- To take care of the sick.
- To take care of the baby.
- To read the very best books.
- To be a helpmate to her husband.
- To take plenty of active exercise.
- To keep clear of trashy literature.
- To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.

To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.—*Gospel Herald*.



THE WELL-ROUNDED MAN.

WHATEVER criticism be made of the methods of student athletics, there must be recognition of the fundamental relation which bodily health and vigor bear toward intellectual power and moral up-

rightness. Dr. J. C. Elsom, medical examiner at the University of Wisconsin declares that fifty students who were disciplined by the faculty for cheating and various dishonorable conduct, show a decided deficiency in height, weight, girth of head and chest, strength of limbs, back, etc. Similar investigations have been completed among the school children of various cities and comparison of those who come before the juvenile courts has been made with the established standard. However much or little of a conclusion can be drawn, these figures illustrate the old axiom that a sound mind and a sound body generally go together and that a sound conscience is likely to be the product of the two. Much as we exalt the age of specialization, it is invariably the man who has made a happy combination of all his natural faculties and welded them into an efficient and "pleasing personality" that comes nearest the ideal figure.—*Boston Herald*.



WOULD SELL CHILD FOR \$5.00.

THE spectacle of an intoxicated father attempting to sell his six-month-old child for \$5.00 astounded two women on West Chicago Avenue not long ago. Later the man was found staggering toward the Chicago River with the infant in his arms when detained by several boys. Mrs. Hultgren, who refused to buy the baby, cautioned Johnson against carrying the child with its head hanging down. With a curse, he started toward the river. Several boys having suspicions then held him until the arrival of detectives.

Suppose somebody had told David Johnson on his wedding day that the time would come when he would do such a deed to his own child. What do you suppose he would have thought? We are safe in saying that there is probably not another thing on earth or in hell that will bring a man to the depths of degradation and desperation in which David Johnson found himself that day.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

While waiting for the speaker at a public meeting a pale little man in the audience seemed very nervous. He glanced over his shoulder from time to time and shifted about in his seat. At last he arose and demanded in a high, penetrating voice, "Is there a Christian Scientist in this room?"

A woman at the other side of the hall got up and said: "I am a Christian Scientist."

"Well, then, madam," requested the little man, "would you mind changing seats with me? I'm sitting in a draft."



A one-armed man dining in a restaurant was the subject of much inquisitive speculation by a neighbor. The latter, after gazing at the empty sleeve in a how-did-it-happen way for some time, ventured:

"I beg pardon, sir, but I see you have lost an arm."

The one-armed man picked up his sleeve with his other hand and peered anxiously into it. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise. "I do believe you're right!"—Morrison's Magazine.



A negro known as One-Eyed Walling was, and probably is now, a preacher in Virginia. His ideas of theology and human nature were often very original, as the following anecdote may prove:

A gentleman thus accosted the old preacher one Sunday:

"Walling, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now, how can you prove that, I'd like to know?"

"Well, sah, did you eber read in de Bible how de seben debbles were cast out er Mary Magdalene?"

"Oh, yes, I've heard of that, but what does that prove?"

"Did you ebber hear of 'em bein' cast out of any odder woman, sah?" and the old man assumed a wise look.

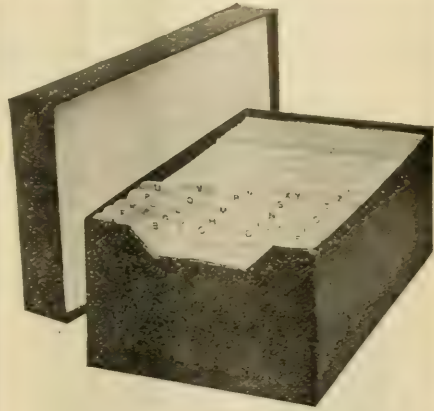
"No, I never did."

"Well, den, sah, de odders has sure got 'em yit."—Youth's Companion.



A German traveler who tried to pass a meal-ticket on the train was told by the conductor that he would have to pay the regular fare of thirty-five cents. The German argued and refused to pay more than twenty-five cents, whereupon the conductor stopped the train and put him off. In a twinkling the traveler ran ahead of the engine and started to walk on the track. The engineer blew his whistle violently, but the irate German turned, shook his fist and called out: "You can vissle all you want to; I von't come pack."

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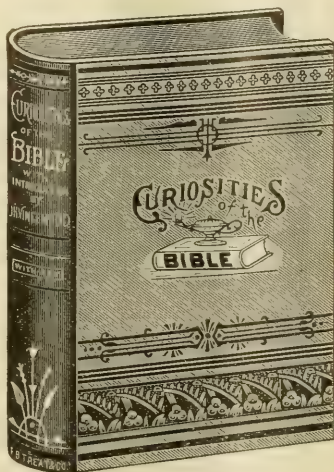
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Little Arthur was very proud of his membership in the "Band of Mercy." He wore the badge, a small star, as if it were a policeman's insignia, and could often be heard reproving the other boys for the cruel treatment of dogs and cats. But one day a lady of the neighborhood was astonished to find him in the very act of tormenting a cat. She protested: "What are you doing? I thought you belonged to the 'Band of Mercy.'"

"I did," he said, "but I lost my star."—Metropolitan Magazine.



"Why did you leave your last place?" asked Mrs. Hiram Daly of the would-be cook.

"I haven't left me last place," replied the applicant. "I haven't any last place to leave. I've been workin' for meself for the past year, an' I can recommend meself to yez very hoighly."—Boston Transcript



It was at a reception and the lady, who had been reading up on health culture, mistook Lawyer Williams for his brother, the doctor.

"Is it better," she asked confidentially "to lie on the right side or the left?"

"Madam," replied the lawyer, "if one lies on the right side it often isn't necessary to lie at all."—Success.



Nurse Girl—"Oh, ma'am, what shall I do? The twins have fallen down the well!"

Fond Parent—"Dear me! how annoying. Just go into the library and get the last number of The Modern Mother's Magazine; it contains an article on 'How to Bring Up Children.'"—Town Topics.



"Sir," said the astonished landlady to the traveler, who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee."

"Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or should never have drunk so much water to get a little."—Elmwood Courier.



"Love your neighbor as yourself," said the minister with great earnestness.

"Thomas," whispered the lady to her husband, who lived next door to a pretty young widow, "come away; this is no place for you."—The Pathfinder.



Young Doctor—Why do you always ask your patients what they have for dinner?
Old Doctor—It's a most important question for, according to their bill of fare, I make out my bills.—Slovo.

CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION IS NOT A DREAM

THE Church has been enlarged more by this kind of effort than by any other. See D. L. Miller's article in Gospel Messenger, Aug. 26, 1911.

To safeguard these efforts and to protect our People against being imposed upon by irresponsible Land Agents, a group of Brethren undertook this work in the name of the Coöperative Colonization Co. at North Manchester, Indiana. Their first effort was at Empire, California, where *more than 150 members* have already located and a *\$6,000 church* been built.

So Successful Has this Colony Become

that we have Enlarged Plans for future work. We now have applications from *Over 600 Families* of Brethren for contracts on new homes under our unique plan—*The Poor Man's Chance*.

We are now getting together the first group from these who will go to California soon after September 15th at *The special low Rate of*

\$33.00 FROM CHICAGO

For full particulars write

Co-operative Colonization Co.
North Manchester, Ind.

P. H. Beery
Secretary & General Organizer.

Levi Winklebleck
Empire, Cal., Colony Manager.

KINDLY FILL OUT THIS PAGE AND SEND IT TO THE EDITOR

1. How are you pleased with the Inglenook?

.....
.....
.....

2. What do you read first when you get it?

3. Do you read the Brain Lubricators?

4. Do you read the Household Helps and Hints?

5. Would you like to have us publish a good continued story?

6. Which contributors do you like best?

.....
.....

7. What improvements would you suggest to be made?

.....
.....

8. Give us three subjects you should like to have some writer discuss.

.....
.....

9. Send us a question on some of the problems of home life, for the Question and Answer Department which will be added in the near future. If we cannot answer the question we will try and find some one who can.

.....
.....

Name,

Address,

GOING TO CALIFORNIA

The Sacramento Valley Farms Co. will move its office from Chicago to San Francisco

Because of the great number of Brethren who will come to our Colony at Live Oak during the autumn months, we have decided to move our office from Chicago to San Francisco.

We are determined to make the Brethren Colony at Live Oak the most prosperous colony in the state, and we are locating where we can better assist in the development of this great project.

We shall meet the Brethren upon their arrival at Live Oak and render them every assistance possible.

Please address all future correspondence to

601-604 CROCKER BLDG. **SACRAMENTO VALLEY FARMS CO.** SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND POETICAL MUSINGS ON SEA AND LAND

BY GEORGE D. ZOLLERS.

The author of this book is dead, as we reckon life on the earth, but the influence of his life remains. And this volume, which gives an account, from his own pen, of the wanderings of his earlier years, embracing his life in the army, and especially his experiences on the rolling deep, will continue doing the work of an evangelist though the author's tongue be silent.

The object in giving an account of these incidents to the world was to impress the spiritual applications drawn from that which he witnessed and experienced. Brother Zollers' graphic and impressive way of telling the story of his life, and his aptness in citing spiritual lessons, make the book one of deep interest and great spiritual uplift.

The book is in two parts,—“Thrilling Incidents,” a recital of incidents and experiences written in prose; and “Poetical Musings,” a collection of the author's “poetical ponderings.” The former contains 411 pages and the latter, including also “Sermons and Writings by the Author and His Comrade” (Rev. George H. Wallace), contains 129 pages.

“Poetical Musings on Sea and Land” is also published in a separate volume. The book is now in its seventh edition, which indicates its popularity. If you do not have a copy you certainly want to get it, and now is the time to send in your order before the edition is exhausted.

PRICE Thrilling Incidents and Poetical Musings on Sea and Land,\$1.35
Poetical Musings on Sea and Land,72

ELGIN BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE ILLINOIS

Don't forget to order a supply of **KINGDOM SONGS** Price \$3.50 Per Dozen

MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

GLASS BROS. LAND CO.

BIG TIMBER, MONT.

or

ELGIN, ILL.

THE INGLENOOK

A MAGAZINE OF QUALITY



RETHREN
UBLISHING
OUSE

ELGIN,
ILLINOIS

September 5, 1911.

Vol. XIII. No. 36.

Three Trite Truths

1 Apple Land is the most valuable land in the United States because no crop pays so well as apples.

2 MIAMI VALLEY lands are good apple lands.

3 YOU can own a commercial apple orchard in MIAMI VALLEY and share in the enormous profits from apple growing without leaving your present home.

Want to know how?

Farmers
Development
Company,
Springer, New
Mexico. Gentlemen:

I want to know about
your **Miami Valley** or-
chard plan. Please send me
booklet, "**Your Opportunity.**"

Name,

Address,

.....

Then place your name and address upon
the attached coupon asking for our
booklet, "**YOUR OPPORTUNITY.**"

Tear off and mail to us.

DO IT NOW.

Farmers Development Company

**SPRINGER
New Mexico**

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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Terms: Issued weekly, 5 cents a copy, \$1.00 a year in advance in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, and the Philippine Islands; \$1.25 in Canada. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Elgin, Illinois. Subscribers may remit to us by postoffice or express money orders, drafts or registered letters. Money sent in letters is at senders' risk.

Renew as early as possible in order to avoid a break in the receipt of the numbers.

When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given, and notices sent two weeks before the change is desired.

If the magazine is not received every week you will confer a favor by so advising us.

The Inglenook accepts only advertisements backed by dependability. Advertising rates sent on application. Kindly mention **The Inglenook** when answering advertisements.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

- - -

Elgin, Ill.

70 Million Dollars Expended in Idaho

during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

The Story of the Agricultural Growth of Idaho

**The Fruits from
This Section
Cater to the
Markets of the
World.**

is a romance almost beyond belief, based on the legitimate harvesting of dollars from the dimes invested. The Snake River Valley, with its tributaries, is among the greatest and richest valleys of the Northwest. From it radiate a vast system of irrigation canals and laterals carrying life and productivity to green fields of alfalfa, sugar beets and grain; to areas of the finest potatoes in the land, as well as to great sections of fruit laden orchards.

There is still much land available in Idaho, but it is rapidly being acquired. You should go there now.

For Descriptive Literature and Further Particulars, address

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Colonization Agent
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

September 5, 1911.

No. 36.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Rural Young Men's Christian Associations.

A CORRESPONDENT in one of our farm papers deplores the fact that so few farmers are willing to take an interest in raising pure bred stock and are content with haphazard methods in general. He says that he is trying to raise the standard of stock breeding in his community but that it is uphill business even though the financial returns of intelligent farming are greater. While reading the article my mind was turned to a movement that is gradually but effectually raising the ideal of the rural districts in the United States and Canada. This movement is known as the county work department of the Young Men's Christian Association. The nature of the work of this association in the cities is well known, but very few people realize to what extent the rural department has grown. Actual work in this department has been in progress for only ten years, twenty years having been spent in experimenting. The chief difficulty now is to find trained leaders since the life of such an organization depends entirely upon the personality of the leader. The unit of organization is the county. Each county is divided into communities which are organized into associations. There is usually a paid county secretary; however, the local associations are seldom strong enough to pay a salary to a secretary. Their leaders are mostly volunteer workers.

The nature of the work depends largely upon the needs of the community. Here is a description of the rural movement written by Henry Israel: "It was an old New England community of about 1,700 people. From it had come great men. Like many other towns it became a victim of the old agriculture and fell into decay. To this village with its churches, postoffice, isolated store, all representing a monotonous gray, weatherbeaten appearance for want of paint, came a county secretary, the employed officer of a county committee, whose business is to survey the needs of the community, and to call attention to the fact that there is a social life in the place and cooperate with all its existing institutions. The Agri-

cultural College was asked to cooperate, philanthropic citizens were enlisted, and land secured which was planted with several thousand young apple trees. A dozen or so of the older boys to whom the secretary had given some idea of country life as it might be, were fired by the possibilities of the future, and pledged their life and service to a new community. The rural church has felt the stimulus of this new blood and the entire community was brought together on a constructive programme."

The Y. M. C. A. aims to furnish a healthy religious social environment for the young people and in doing this it is necessary to encourage a love for the country as a home. More than this, it aims to be a connecting link for all organizations that have to do with the uplift of the people as well as the local churches. In the way of religious work, one of the chief things that the association does is to encourage young men to unite with their home church and be a church worker.

In order to encourage the country boys to remain on the farm short courses in agriculture are given, members of the State agricultural schools frequently being the instructors; and contests are conducted in corn growing, fruit growing, and potato raising where the local conditions are suitable.

In a letter received this week, the secretary of the county work tells me that there are sixty-five secretaries, county, State, and international, now at work in twenty-two States and provinces in the United States and Canada; and that the present working platform seems to be giving good satisfaction. The department is pushing the rural campaign as rapidly as trained experts can be secured.

We are also in receipt of a very attractive little booklet published by the Sullivan County Y. M. C. A., New Hampshire. It announces a Rural Life Institute to be held in Meriden of that county August 3 to 11. Kimbal Union Academy is located in Meriden and the sessions of the institute were to have been held in the buildings of that

institution, which indicates the sympathy that must exist between the academy and the community. The program announces two prominent speakers, Winston Churchill and Gov. Robert P. Bass, and most of the other speakers and instructors are from the New Hampshire State College. The subjects announced are those that interest the farmer boy in the earning of a living as well as in his moral development. What a treat such an institute must be to the boys!

The Training for Leadership.

In the above notes we mentioned the fact that the Young Men's Christian Association has difficulty in securing trained leaders. The same difficulty is found in practically every community where the church or any other institution is trying to do progressive work. Recognizing this need, several colleges are offering during the summer courses of study adapted to the wants of ministers, in particular, who desire thorough and scholarly interpretation of country life and for "a ministry to all the people of a community." The Summer School of Agriculture and Country Life was conducted at Amherst from July 5 to August 4. The courses announced by the Summer School of Theology of the Auburn Theological Seminary gave special attention to the rural church. At the Grove City College (Pa.) summer school there is being held during the month of August a Graduate School of Religious Sociology in which there are special courses for the country minister. University conferences have been scheduled by the Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Maine, Virginia and Cornell University. These are only a few of the many institutes and conferences which have been conducted during the summer with the one purpose of training social and religious leaders for country work. It indicates a widespread interest among farmers and other country folk for a healthier, nobler and more useful life.

There is a great deal of talk about bettering conditions in the country that is mere nonsense. Some men and women, if one judges from their writings, wish to reform the poor ignorant farmer as though he were a helpless creature. Sane leaders are not looking at things in that way. They believe that the farmer deserves the best of religion, of schools, of social life, and that it is not altogether the farmer's fault that he has not gotten it in the past. Instead of the churches giving the rural districts the poorest ministers and the school authorities hiring teachers who are out of sympathy with the needs of the country, authoritative minds believe that the country districts deserve as good ministers and teachers as the towns and cities, and that these ministers and teachers should be specially trained for rural work.

Some Results of Overcrowding in the Cities.

We glean the following from Rural Manhood, a constructive magazine devoted to rural progress: "There are 16,000 lawyers in Greater New York, and, according to Benno Lewinson, chairman of the membership committee of the New York County Lawyers' Association, seventy per cent of them live on a margin of starvation with an income of not more than three dollars a day. Mr. Lewinson says the trouble is overcrowding; if there were 6,000 instead of 16,000, their chances of success would be fair—almost good. He urges young men not to aspire to the bar. What then would he advise brainy, ambitious young men to do?"

"I consider that the best opportunity from a financial standpoint, that a young man of today has, is scientific farming. If he would only educate himself for that he would make himself and his family comfortable and it would not take him so very long to do it."

From *The World Today* we learn something in this connection concerning criminals: "Do you know that our criminals cost us \$3,500,000 per day? Do you know that 250,000 persons—whom the law never touches—are engaged in the systematic pursuit of crime as a business?"

"Do you know that the American pickpockets are as thoroughly organized as any trade union?"

"Do you know that the pickpockets of New York retain the permanent service of one of the best criminal lawyers of the United States to look after their interests?"

"Do you know that there is a certain resident of New York who owes his income to fees of prominent criminals, who pay him to travel up and down the country as a 'fixer' between them and the police?"

"Do you know that during the past ten years the tramp burglars of this country have almost doubled?"

Crime in all its phases usually accompanies overcrowding, not that either one is the direct result of the other but the densely populated cities seem to furnish a fertile soil for crime. In the future we may find that for wholesome, healthy, social living, the country is unsurpassed.



THE motor car industry is so rapidly using up the supply of hickory that a new wood must soon be found for spokes, rims, etc.



A PART of the Persian Gulf is known by the title of the Green Sea, on account of a remarkable strip of vividly green water which is seen along the Arabian coast.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Develop Coal Properties on Vancouver Island.

A SYNDICATE of New York and Seattle capitalists has taken over large coal properties on Vancouver Island, with the reported purpose of further developing them. The consideration is said to be more than a million dollars. The purchased properties comprise about 18,000 acres of coal deposits at South Wellington and Suquash. Between 900 and 1,000 tons of coal are now being produced at the Wellington mines, but it is planned to install new equipment at a cost of about \$500,000 that will increase the capacity of the mines by 1,000 tons a day. The Suquash property, farther north on the island, will be developed later. The coal is to be used for domestic purposes, chiefly in the large cities to the south.



Abolishing the Postage Stamp.

IN our day the mail traffic of large business concerns has swollen to gigantic proportions, and even the simple labor of affixing stamps requires a special clerical staff. "No wonder, therefore," says the *Umschau*, "if the problem has been considered how the stamp could be abolished altogether without prejudice to the interests of the postoffice. Proposals of this character have not been wanting, as for instance in Bavaria, since February 1, 1910, large consignments are simply stamped with a postmark at the postoffice, the operation being carried out by machinery. In this way the postoffice has saved the expense for paper and the printing costs for ten million stamps, while the business world has economized time and money, for affixing stamps to one thousand letters requires about an hour and a half of time.

"This method of treatment, while fairly satisfactory, is still primitive. We

can easily imagine a much better system worked out somewhat along the lines of a gas or water meter, the letter being simply placed in a machine, and stamped with a postmark which serves at the same time as receipt for the postage and as record of the date, etc. The machine would be inspected periodically by the postoffice in just the same way as the consumer's gas or water meter is inspected, and his bill would be paid as usual."



Exports of Automobiles.

INDUSTRIAL history furnishes absolutely no parallel to the astonishing growth of the automobile industry in the United States during the past decade. Starting with a few small shops employing for the most part only a handful of workmen and engaged largely in experiments and tests, the industry has expanded until at present there are said to be 280 concerns manufacturing automobiles in the United States, with an equal or greater number of concerns making accessories. The amount of capital invested in the automobile manufactories is in the vicinity of \$300,000,000, while \$200,000,000 are invested in the manufacture of parts and supplies. The number of employes engaged in this great industry is over 200,000, while the total value of the cars manufactured was reported for 1910 at \$240,000,000.

Naturally so great an output has caused many manufacturers to make a careful study of the buying markets in other lands, with the result that the exports of American automobiles and parts are steadily increasing. It was not until 1902 that the exports of automobiles and parts were sufficiently important to be classified separately. In that year the total value of these exports was reported to be \$948,528. The returns for

the next nine years show an almost uninterrupted series of gains, the totals for each year being as follows: 1903, \$1,207,065; 1904, \$1,895,605; 1905, \$2,481,243; 1906, \$3,497,016; 1907, \$5,502,241; 1908, \$5,277,847; 1909, \$5,992,200; 1910, \$11,190,220; 1911, \$15,509,229. Except for a few countries, detailed returns showing the destination of these exports are not yet available for the year 1911, but those for the year 1910 show that there is scarcely a country in the world to which no American automobiles were shipped.—*Dun's Review*.



What Railroad Accidents Cost.

ALTHOUGH the railroad companies take every possible precaution to avoid wrecks, the newspapers constantly report more or less serious accidents. Few of us realize what a money loss almost every one of these entails. Some figures on the wreck of the Brewster Express on the Harlem division of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, published in a recent number of the *Railway Employees' Magazine and Journal*, prove that any expense for prevention is economy.

That wreck occurred near Woodlawn, February 16, 1907. Without including damages to equipment, loss owing to delayed traffic, and other things, the damage claims and other expenses paid and in process of settlement cost the road \$1,214,000. Of this, \$659,000 was paid in claims, and the balance was for lawyers' fees, fees to agents who settled claims out of court, physicians, investigators, and experts, and for trial suits.

The largest amount paid for a single death was \$75,000; the smallest \$5,000. The average was \$13,324. Eighteen of the twenty-two victims were women, eleven of them unmarried, which reduced materially the damages the company had to pay, though several of the single women were bread-winners.

Among the injured, the highest damages awarded were \$32,500 to a young

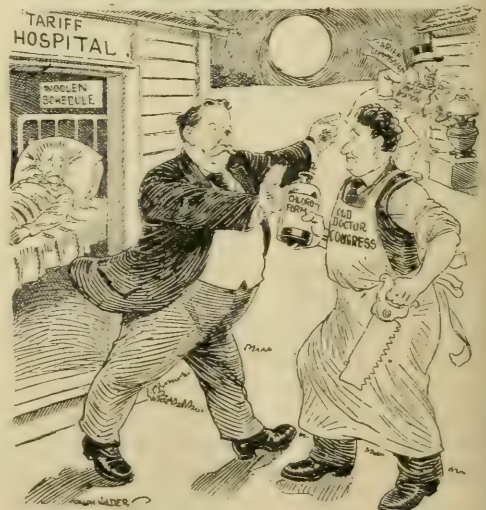
woman whose left leg was amputated. This verdict has been appealed by the company. Settlements for injuries have ranged from \$1,000 upward.



Adjournment of Congress.

THE extra session of the Sixty-second Congress which convened April 4, adjourned August 22. The session has been a unique one, in that important measures have been passed and practically all the factions of Congress are well pleased with the results. President Taft called the session with the lash of his whip to enact fundamental measures for the breaking down of a high protective tariff system. He urged and succeeded in getting the Democrats to do what the Republicans failed to do for him two years ago. When he promised tariff revision downward and his own party gave tariff revision upward he was entirely helpless to put into effect his promised measures until the Democratic House was elected, which supported the Canadian Reciprocity Bill. The passage of this bill is a splendid foundation for the revision of other tariff bills when the tariff investigation has been completed by the special committee so Congress can act intelligently upon the various bills

MR. TAFT—"WAIT A LITTLE, DOC! WHEN HE BRINGS THE LAMP YOU CAN SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING."



—Record-Herald.

by piecemeal. The President has vetoed some important measures at this session, that they might be left and brought up and acted upon in the light of the investigation of the tariff commission. Other important measures which were acted upon were the passage of the Campaign Publicity Bill which provides for the publicity of all campaign funds, and the Statehood measures, which admitted New Mexico and Arizona as States, now making forty-eight stars for our flag. The Arbitration Treaty was also acted upon and passed by Congress. The Lorimer investigation has not been completed, but will be continued and will be disposed of at the next regular session of Congress. An investigation has been inaugurated which will try Senator Stephenson's right to a seat in Congress. Practically all of the important measures were passed without being amended.



Inspection of Anti-vivisection Laboratories.

THE demand that vivisectors open the doors of their laboratories to properly appointed inspectors, who shall have the right to be present during experiments on living animals, is made by the *Open Door*, a new anti-vivisection publication, the first number of which has just been sent to subscribers. The magazine, which will be issued monthly, is published by the Open Door Publishing Company. Mrs. Diana Belais, of the New York Anti-vivisection Society, is president, and W. R. Bradshaw secretary and treasurer.

The publishers expect no profits from their magazine and announce that the expense of the first six months of publication have been guaranteed by a person deeply interested in the cause. The magazine will deal with every phase of the vivisection controversy, scientific, medical, moral, hygienic and social, both in this and other countries. Declaring that it will be impossible for some time to completely suppress the horrors of vivisection, the *Open Door* announces it is

willing to work on practical lines, and, therefore, stands for the humanitarian inspection of vivisection laboratories as the only way through which accurate reports of vivisection can reach the public. —*The New Era*.



Swedish Milking Machine.

A MILKING machine has been developed in Sweden which imitates the process of hand milking as nearly as possible; that is, by compressing the teat from top to bottom, but without drawing down upon it. Each teat enters a small metal box in which is a fixed rubber plate lying along one side of the box, while a movable rubber sheet is driven forward by two pistons, lying one above the other, so that the pressure is made first by the top piston and then by the bottom one, as in hand milking. After this, the pistons are thrown off by an automatic device and the process begins again. A funnel-shaped rubber bag takes the milk and it flows from here into a containing vessel of suitable shape. There is one front and one rear milking box and these are held in a forked support which is strapped to the animal. The rubber plates and bag are the only parts to come in contact with the milk, and these can be very easily cleaned, so that there is no difficulty about this part. Any kind of an air compressor is used to operate the pistons and it is driven by electric motor or gasoline engine or even by horse drive. The air pipes are led along the stables and at each stall is a fitting upon which a rubber tube leading to the milker is placed. Two milkers can take care of eight or ten such machines for milking one hundred cows in two hours, where seven or eight milkers would be needed for hand milking. The animals do not seem to object to the machine and keep quiet during the operation.—*Scientific American*.



QUAILS are becoming so scarce that both France and Germany have absolutely prohibited their killing.

EDITORIALS

Our Appreciation.

We wish to thank our readers for the words of appreciation and the valuable helps and suggestions which came in the mail during the last few days in response to the list of questions given a short time ago. We now feel that we are more personally acquainted with you and we trust that our acquaintance will continue to become more intimate as time goes on. We are pleased and gratified to find that so large a number of our readers are of the constructive type. A number of interesting subjects were suggested for discussion in special articles and writers have already been secured for some of them and we are sure we will find able writers for the rest in a short time. A very splendid list of questions has been sent in for the question and answer department and they will be taken up as rapidly as we can find room for them. We will be very glad to receive other questions and subjects from any of our readers at any time.

Handicapped by Fear.

One of the greatest hindrances to a successful career is the disease of fear. Strong men who have spent time and money in preparation for some particular work are often completely defeated by fears which to the healthy man seem entirely trivial and which would often be faced by a mere child. We one time knew a brilliant young man who had an intense longing to get an education but he dreaded the thought of going among strangers to secure it. He could easily mingle with the people of his home community but he could not endure the idea of making his home with a body of strange young people long enough to get his educational training. The result was his longings were never satisfied and his educational career stopped with his eighth grade work. We knew another young man who was a splendid student, could easily comprehend a subject and understand it but had an intense fear when he was called upon to do any work before the class or the instructor. When called upon to recite, his mind, apparently, was a complete blank and he could not recall a single fact, even though he understood the subject thoroughly. It is hard to say what is the cause of such fear, and physicians have been baffled to know how to remedy it. The results, however, have been quite evident because of their harmful nature. After a severe attack of fear the individual is weakened and often quite exhausted. Medical authorities tell us during the period of fear there is a secretion of poison in the system which is decidedly harmful. A child may get enough poison from the breast of a frightened mother to cause serious and

lasting suffering. Many boys and girls experience untold horrors when forced to go into the dark alone. Silly grown people often make light of them and take pleasure in frightening children, believing this will have a tendency to help them overcome their fear and make them brave. Such treatment is not only unreasonable, but positively cruel. Instead of making the child more courageous it implants a lasting fear which it may never overcome and which may be a serious handicap later in life. Jestings and teasing a child has absolutely no place among civilized people. Kindness, reason and common sense will do much to help the frightened child.

Shooting Big Game.

Thousands of men would be glad to take hold of great projects if they only knew where to find them. They are looking for big bear and are starving to death while great flocks of quail and grouse are to be seen on every hand. They are looking for a big job where they can fall into a cosy nest and show their remarkable ability, but the big job never comes. Of course, there are plenty of jobs but they are not open for the man who is looking for big game. Those jobs are reserved for the fellow who is busy in some unheard-of corner doing some little thing so well that the attention of the world is attracted by him. There are very few boys living who do not have better opportunities than Garfield or Franklin or Lincoln ever had. But you say electricity has been discovered and there are more hand presses to be bought and the slaves have been freed. To be sure, but those were only the fundamentals of progress. The world now needs men who can find how to make electricity yield the largest amount of service; men who can reduce suffering to the minimum and raise human happiness and well being to the maximum; men who can proclaim an emancipation proclamation to a whole nation instead of to a small handful of negroes. Before any boy can do these things, however, he will need to undergo the most painstaking preparation in which he will learn something of the nature of the needs of the world. If you want to become worth while, find one single thing that the world needs, then learn all about the thing itself and supply it for the world in a better way than anybody else is doing, and you will be busy all your life and when you have finished life you will have the pleasure of knowing that your product has been of service to the world.

An Evangelical Peace Movement.

The British and German churches have started a movement which promises to make a general sweep of all Christian lands. They have united for a general peace movement and have made an appeal to the American

churches to unite with them for a more definite result. They propose that the Christian churches of these countries should organize a pandenominational committee to invite all Christian denominations throughout the world to hold a peace conference at The Hague before the next Hague conference. The centralizing of such forces will be sure to add an overwhelming impetus to the splendid beginning of the peace movement. This is a unique opportunity for the evangelical churches to center their interest upon their mission of bringing "Peace on earth and good will to men." If the peace movement is to bring the largest results possible in the world as a whole it will be necessary for all Christian people to use every effort in their power to make it effective among all people. There is such a thing as giving consent to an existing evil by keeping silent. Perhaps you will recall an instance from biblical record where a man held the coats of those who martyred a follower of the Master. In questions of vital issues, where the standard of right or wrong is involved neither a single man or a church can wash hands and say, "We will have nothing to do with it." Such a reply from a prominent leader of his time as already placed the Founder of Christianity into the hands of evil men. He came to destroy war and strife and now that he is in a measure accomplishing this end it is imperative that all his followers should join hands with him and give the movement an impetus that will end in a triumphant victory. It is not enough to say the peace movement is a good thing. It needs the support of every Christian organization.



Think More, Talk Less.

The world has never been overburdened with serious thought but it has been wonderfully handicapped with careless talk. Most men are ready to express an opinion on any subject suggested to them without a moment's reflection. Those are the men who are generally looked upon as something of a joke when they attempt to direct the thought of their hearers and are listened to only as a pastime. That is why the chronic kicker never accomplishes anything. It is taken for granted that he will pick about everything without giving any serious thought to any particular thing and it is never expected that he holds any rational views about the affairs of life. No one can speak with authority who hasn't the patience to get acquainted with the facts of the case. Webster was once urged to speak on a subject of great importance, but refused, saying he was very busy and had no time to master the subject. "But," replied his friend, "a few words from you on the subject would do much to awaken public attention to it." Webster replied, "If there is so much weight in my words, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on

any subject until my mind is imbued with it." Demosthenes was once asked to speak on a great and sudden emergency, but replied, "I am not prepared." In fact, it was thought by many that Demosthenes did not possess any genius whatever, because he never allowed himself to speak on any subject without thorough preparation. In any meeting or assembly, when called upon, he would never rise, even to make remarks, it was said, without previously preparing himself. Alexander Hamilton said, "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; it is the fruit of labor and thought." Nélaton, the great surgeon, said that if he had four minutes in which to perform an operation he would use one minute to consider how best to do it.



Applied Power.

Most people waste enough energy in this world to accomplish an important life work. It is wonderful what results can be accomplished by continual applied concentrated efforts on one thing. Scientists estimate that there is enough energy in less than fifty acres of sunshine to run all the machinery of the world, if it could be concentrated. But the sun might blaze away forever and never set the earth on fire because its rays are scattered. If these rays could be focused by a burning-glass the heat would be intense enough to melt solid granite or to change a diamond into vapor. Plenty of men in this world have great dreams and high ambitions as to what they expect to do, but they fail because they lack the power of focusing their efforts and energy on any one thing long enough to make any marked impression. It is the continual hammering at one point that makes the iron hot and finally molds it into the desired shape. After all it is the man with one idea that is worth while. The difficulty at present is, there are too many men of marked ability with no idea at all. They just exist. The man with many talents and possibilities is always in danger of wasting his time in experimenting with all of them and never accomplishing anything. Goethe tells us to guard against a talent which we can not hope to practice in perfection. It is always a lamentable loss of time for a man to spend fifty years of his life doing only what happens to come into his path. A gallon of powder scattered over a square rod of surface may make lots of smoke and thunder but it is less effective than the thimbleful confined and placed behind a lead ball. In these days it is important that a man should know a little about everything but he should also know everything about some one little thing.

CONSERVATION OF AMERICAN FORESTS

Edith A. Mohler



A Devastated Forest.

STATELY were the forest trees, thick and straight stood they,
Thatting out with subtle leaves, each perplexing ray.
And all below was sober, cool, green and tranquil grey,
As curled among their twisted roots snugly once I lay
A dream in midmost wonderland."

It has, indeed, been most truly said, "Trees are the most civil society." Look at the single old oak that has been growing where it now stands for centuries of time, taller than tallest towers, more stately than mountains and yet living, and like you and I, liable to sickness and death.

But acres and acres of such, their green tops waving in the wind, their miniature counterparts growing up about their trunks, an entire forest alive and beautiful, what is this but the grandest page in nature's book?

The rapid disappearance of these beautiful American forests, not only of oak, but also ash, elm, maple, hemlock, cedar and pine, has at last excited great interest, and has become one of the most important questions of the day.

Through reckless lumbering and forest fires, America is not only losing one of her greatest beauties, but, from a

commercial standpoint, the decrease in the production of lumber, which has hitherto been one of her greatest products, has become alarming. Today the consumption of American forests exceeds the growth about four times.

The individual owners of this timber, in their ambition, have seemingly failed to realize that their timber supply is exhaustible.

Looking at the question carefully, statistics show that the Northwestern States alone are still increasing their output of lumber, yearly.

The Southern States are now at their highest possible limit, and the Northeastern and lake States have been decreasing for the past ten years.

"History shows that retrogression and decay have followed in the wake of timber exhaustion in every nation, for the reason that civilization and progress have always been dependent on an un-failing timber supply."

The older countries have each in turn settled this same question, regarding the conservation of forests, which now confronts America.

One hundred and fifty years ago, Germany began commercial forestry, and



"Where men eke out a miserable existence."

now the products of her forests are increasing. France and Denmark began forest legislation about 1560.

Some of the European countries did not settle the question in this way. Holland, for example, will not grow commercial forests as she can get her timber cheaper by exchanging her farm products for the timber of other countries.

As this question has been settled differently by different countries, so for the same causes it will be settled differently by different sections of America.

In some sections of America it has proven the wiser plan to dispose of the timber and cultivate the land, but in others, this attempt is even pitiful, not to say wasteful.

Take for instance the pine lands of northern Michigan, cut over by lumbermen and then abandoned. After a few years they have fallen into the hands of real estate agents, who by the means of deceptive literature and misleading statements have sold them to innocent home-seekers.

These poor men after the hard work of clearing the land of stumps and brush have discovered that their land is not adapted to cultivation and so they eke out a miserable existence in an endeavor to cultivate lands which nature intended

solely for tree growing purposes. This is certainly anything but a profitable situation, to individual, State or nation.

In order to put this land to its best possible use it must by some means be developed and conserved.

But this commercial forestry will never be undertaken and practiced by the owners of American forests until it becomes a paying proposition.

Two obstacles now stand in the way of being such: destruction by fire and excessive taxation.

Ex-President Roosevelt has said, "Second only to good fire laws properly enforced is the enactment of tax laws which will permit the perpetuation of existing forests."

Taxes on forest lands should be on the crop when cut, and not on the basis of a general property tax, a method of taxation that has been abandoned by every great nation.

Equaled only by this hindrance is the destruction by fire.

During August, 1910, the area burned over in Idaho and Montana alone exceeded one and a quarter million acres.

This question can never be entirely abolished, but certain methods proven by the experience of European countries to

be successful suggest themselves as precautions against fires.

The first and perhaps greatest precaution is the clearing away of the brush and debris, after the logs for lumber have been removed.

After this, another necessity is patrolling the forest during the fire season. This has been done for years by the individual owners of the timber, but here, where one man has been employed, a

hundred would have been employed for a similar purpose in Germany.

But America is now awake to the replacing and preserving of one of her greatest resources, and steps are rapidly being taken in regard to the conservation of her remaining forests.

Why could not another step be taken and our standing army be commissioned as conservationists in the fight to preserve what is left of our great forests?

HOW TO USE THE TIME

Paul Mohler

IF I had a thousand years to live and nothing much to do, I could afford to kill some time, I suppose; but I don't expect to live a thousand years, and I have a great deal to do, and I am quite sure that I have no time to fool away. I believe in the strenuous life, and I think the Lord does. At least that is the kind of life he lived when he was upon the earth. There is so much that the Lord wishes to have done, and so few that are willing to do his work, that those who are really trying, are literally swamped with calls for their services. Who that cares for the work of the Lord can live anything but the strenuous life?

However, one can be very earnest and very busy and accomplish nothing. He can be busy doing things that don't amount to anything, or he can be so awkward in doing the right things as to get nothing done of any account. Is it any wonder that Paul says, "Look therefore carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not foolish, but understand what the will of the Lord is" (Eph. 5: 15, 16, Am. Rev.)? I think these words will bear some very careful consideration. They look almost imperative, as though the writer expected them to be obeyed. Be that as it may, all a good Christian needs

is to know what is good to do, and Paul surely thinks he is giving good advice. "Walk wisely," he says, and not "as unwise." But he doesn't stop there. Again he contrasts the wise way with the unwise, saying, "Be ye not foolish, but understand what the will of the Lord is."

God ought to know how to live. He had his mind made up on that subject a long time ago. He has seen men try every other way but his way, and has seen them fail. He had to send his only begotten Son into the world in order to save something out of the wreck. No, I thank you, I don't care to hear you tell me how to use my time, I want to hear from God. I think he ought to tell me, too. If he expects me to work for him, he should tell me what he wants. If I am truly his servant, all my time belongs to him, and every moment is sacred. I should know when to work, and when to rest and what to do in work and play. Will God tell me this? I think he will if I go to him fair and square and seek to know his will. Then I know I shall not waste my time; I'll use it to the best advantage.

How shall I make tomorrow count for the most? First when I arise in the morning, let me ask God for guidance for the day, pledging myself to do what

he will show me. Then let me open his Book of Truth and let God tell me something from his Word. I don't know how soon I may need just the bit of wisdom I shall read tomorrow morning. Sometime, perhaps in the day, something will come up for which I have no preparation; what shall I do? I have no time to look in my Bible, and maybe if I had, it would not speak clearly on that subject; but that is doubtful, for as some one has said, it is likely that if we just knew where to find it, the Bible contains a clear solution for every problem and every difficulty met in life.

By the way, if I do not study the Word, can I honestly say that I have tried to know God's will? If I ignore his written Word, have I a right to ask for special revelations? Special revelations are not given lazy men to save them labor. If I am not willing to do his will when it is shown to me, I have no business asking for it. A whole lot of the failures in "Spirit guidance" lie right there in unwillingness to serve except in ways that please the servant.

When God has shown me his will for the day or the hour; whether by his

Book, by enlightening my common sense, by inward prompting, advice of good men or by providential circumstance, let me fasten on it as the only thing worth doing and do it with my might. Oh, it is such a rest and satisfaction just to have the work to do and not the worrying. When we work for God, he bears the responsibility, we have only the work to do.

God is so slow, you say? Yes, God moves slowly in some matters. It takes a long time for him to make an oak. He knows that haste makes waste; some men do not. I know of men, years of whose lives have been blasted by over application. If we would use our time the best, we need to know when it is time to rest as well as when to work. God knows we need to rest and when we need to rest.

Doing the wrong thing is foolish, foolishness is waste of time. We can't afford it. Life is too short; there is too much to do. God's way is always right and always best; he never wastes our time. Let us be wise and understand his will.

THE DEPARTING "SPIRIT OF '76"

Don Leslie Cash

WHAT! those grand old sentiments and noble utterances of bygone, beloved leaders—sentiments of liberty and independence that we have nurtured through the years, and ever shall—gone? departed? It can not be. But it is true, in a measure, and the truth is growing with the years.

Our ships have been raked, our ranks mowed down like frail weeds before a mower's scythe; our country has rocked and swayed,—perhaps our flag has drooped, but it has never fallen. America has not bowed to any earthly power since casting off the yoke of British rule. Through many storms, through many

anxious years, it has settled firmly back upon its foundation, the first great rocks of which were laid by the massive brain of our early statesmen,—Webster, Calhoun, Jefferson, Washington and Lincoln—many others—whose memories we fondly cherish in our hearts, and perpetuate in our children.

We are a patriotic race, more demonstrative, I think, than any other; our sons and daughters are imbued with the noble spirit of patriotism and liberty. It is of the daughters I would speak.

At the recent British coronation, many "Daughters of America," arrayed in the glittering jewels and costumes of Brit-

ish royalty, forced their way, unasked, not wanted, into the ceremony, mingling, unwelcome, in English society as the wives of petty noblemen, members of a race that Molly Stark hated. The "spirit of '76," God bless it, is leaving us. It is at least leaving many who profess to belong to American womanhood.

Why should our daughters hold it an honor to intermarry and mingle with foreign royalty? It is not the riches, the estates and properties,—but it is the title that these "American daughters" are after. Title! The very thing the noble women of 1776 detested. And British title! The country that persecuted us under an accursed yoke, oppressed us, ground us into the dust until a God-sent thing, the grand old "spirit of '76," bore us up, and conquered.

Why should our daughters wish to become members of a foreign society? Why should they forsake their own glorious country for the "charms" of Britain or France? Is it shame of their own land? God forbid! It is title. It is the powerful magnetism of "Countess," "Duchess" or "Lady," the dazzling

dream of courts and coronations, which should be so hateful to a true daughter of America.

Title. That is the simple word which leads, every day, some magnate's daughter to capture a monocled "Duke" or "Lord," and depart for the whirl of Paris or London, ending usually with divorce, disgrace and shame.

Newspaper notoriety doesn't help these "American" ex-countesses, and duchesses, for they like nothing better than newspaper fame. The remedy for this shameful bowing of the daughters of free men before a foreign crown rests with no one but American parents, and home influences.

American people! For the love of our dear old flag, and the future interests of our nation,—in deference to your duty as fathers and mothers, do something! Legislators! Measures are necessary. From every nook and corner of our land is coming a great cry for help; like unto a strong man being slowly and surely overpowered in a seething sea. Shall such a call go unheeded?

REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST

J. L. Switzer

THE Indians were gone, the buffaloes were gone, the rattlesnakes and prairie dogs still retained possession.

Going out one evening to bring up the horses a huge rattler coiled at the picket-pin disputed the ground with me and by his elevated, flattened head and the vigorous jingle of his tail gave warning of his intention to hold the fort at all hazards.

Not wishing to have my heel bruised, nor to be defeated in my purpose of obtaining possession of my team, nor to have my best horse maimed by too close an approach to the enraged reptile, I very cautiously withdrew and returned

as quickly as I could with a garden spade.

To my astonishment when I returned the snake had disappeared and I was about to loosen the horse when the snake's head appeared sticking out of a ground squirrel's hole near by. I was then ready for the fray, and he seemed to be aware of it, for when he saw the spade he quickly withdrew into the hole and sounded his subterranean warning from the depths beneath. His lease of life was only very brief. The spade proved to be a good "hand" to hold, and I sent it after him in a hurry with the result that the snake lost its head.

It was a large one, measuring nearly three feet long.

One evening my two little boys were playing hide and seek around the outside of the house. I came up from the stable and saw a "rattler" lying at the corner of the house, coiled up and watching their play. Every time they ran around it would lift its head and rattle its tail as they passed almost within its striking distance—yet it seemed to enjoy their fun. It soon perished. Hundreds of them were destroyed the first few years we were in Kansas.

The prairie dogs had a town just north of us, and another just southeast of our home. The snakes seemed to own corner lots in the towns, and lived and did business with the dogs.

A curious little prairie owl also had acquired an interest in the towns and they and their descendants had, with the snakes for ages in the unknown past, occupied residences together.

These two were the aristocrats of the town—the dogs were the laboring class, the delvers and diggers. They made the homes for the others to occupy—they did the labor for the others to enjoy—and not only this, but, like their human prototypes, these others not only possessed themselves of the homes builded by the dogs, but they robbed them largely of the benefits of their increase by destroying their young and thus causing race suicide.

So relentless was this despotism carried on that the poor little dogs were often necessitated to abandon their homes entirely and go off and build other homes in order to live in peace and protect their young.

The dogs seemed to flourish much better after we had thinned out the snakes for them, and seemed to enjoy our association much better than that of their old acquaintances.

We were very lucky never to have been snake bitten. It was almost an every day occurrence to meet up with a rattlesnake.

Binding up oats one day a boy twice in succession picked up the sheaf off of a coiled rattlesnake just ready to strike.

Plowing corn one day my oldest boy, Harry, stepped barefooted square on top of a large "rattler" that was lying under a little trash at the end of the field. He felt it moving under his foot and jumped in time to save himself.

It was not an unusual thing to hear them rattling under the floor of the house.

They were very fond of bugs and crickets, and often left their habitations with the dogs and wandered off on foraging expeditions in search of more variety for their bills of fare. Often, too, they never returned, to the great delight and relief of their timid and humble serfs in the town.

Now that the snakes are reduced to a minimum, I hear that the settlers are making war on the dogs and feeding them poison. So I suppose, ere long, the buffalo, the Indian, the snake and the little marmot will all have ended their career and disappeared before their more powerful antagonist—the western emigrant.

It is a world of antagonisms.

It is a world of strife.

It is a world of preying upon others.

As Paulding says: "It seems as if all living creatures were created for the sole purpose of preying upon one another." But they were not created for this purpose. "An enemy hath done this." And this is invariably the result of enmity. When universal peace prevails the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and they shall not hurt nor destroy, but a little child may lead them.



Coworkers.

And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company.
We fight, but 'tis he who nerves our arm;
He turns the arrows that else might harm,
And out of the storm he brings a calm.
And to the work that we count so hard
to do

He makes it easy; for he works too.

—Susan Coolidge.

ONE OF LILLIAN'S STARS

Lois L. Thomas

THE cross that I bear may be heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs its grace.
The storm that I feared may surround me,
But it ne'er excludes his face."

Lillian Johnson sang the stanza, though bravely, she did not realize how the words of comfort were intertwined with the others. She could think only of the storm and the cross. She wondered if people were looking at her, and whether they were not pointing her out in their minds as having a heavy cross. When she came to church that morning she had said to herself: "No one shall know from me," but now her tears were evident to all. "If they just wouldn't pity me," she thought, "I could stand it better. I know sympathy would not hurt me so cruelly." The refrain went on, softly, soothingly, full of meaning:

"The cross is not greater than his grace,
The storm can not hide his blessed face."

Lillian did not sing now, nor cry either. She had forgotten every one but herself and God. Other stanzas were sung, but to her the music said but one thing: "The storm can not hide his blessed face." She had gained peace and strength for the time.

When the services were over she spoke cheerfully to those who greeted her, trying not to see the pity written so plainly on their faces. She walked home humming the words of the beautiful song.

Her husband watched her sneeringly as she came up the little walk to the porch. He had a pipe in his mouth; his feet were in the high railing of the porch, and before him lay the comic supplement of a Sunday paper.

The old adage, that "marriage is a lottery," seemed to have been proved

in this case. James Johnson had been considered a young man of good disposition and even temper. Apparently he had no positive religious likes or dislikes. Lillian, of course, had invested him with many imaginary virtues, and ascribed to him a highmindedness he was far from having. He had seemed to think her church relation the right thing. He had told her that he, too, intended to become a Christian. She had not suspected anything. Why should she have done so? Seemingly, they agreed in all essential things.

They had been married only a few months when Lillian began to see that she had been mistaken in her estimate of him. He made light remarks about her simple dress. If any of his friends came in he held up her church to ridicule. Sometimes when they walked down the street together, he would either drop behind or walk in front of her with an unconcerned, careless manner. "Here, Lillian," he said one morning "I am going to leave you some money today, and I want you to go and get yourself a dress. Get a decent one and make it up decent. I am tired of this tomfoolery about plainness. You look more like a scarecrow than anything else now."

"James, I do need a dress; but, dear I can not think it right to spend money foolishly when it might be used to help some one to a better life, or even —"

"Same old song, I see. All right! It's my money," and he put it back into his pocket.

Her tenacity of purpose angered him beyond words. He was the stronger. She must give up. She owed him obedience. He would see that she gave it. Today when she put on the bonnet, be



"He made no remark when she came up the walk."

pre going to church, he had snatched it from her and thrown it into the stove.

"If you get another, you can't go. You don't seem to understand that I am master here."

A gossipsome neighbor witnessed the scene, and before Lillian reached the churchhouse the greater part of the congregation knew the story. It was heart-breaking to Lillian. With the strange perversity of women, she loved James, in spite of his cruelty. For him she had given up everything and every one, except her conscience and God. She could not think but that they were hers.

To her great relief he made no remarks when she came up the walk.

Somehow her look of patient suffering touched some tender place in his heart. Is there any one entirely bad? Seemingly, for the first time, he saw the sad, appealing face of his wife as it really was. It came as a shock to him. He looked at her intently. He noticed her agitation under his gaze,—the unconscious shrinking from the blow of a harsh word. The pipe and newspaper slipped to the floor. He started blankly across the fields. All his vision turned upon his own mind. He recalled—what did he not recall?—the day when he met her, when her timid eyes seemed to him to call for the protection of his manhood; his noble resolve to shield her

from trials of life; the long walks through field and orchard, when her quiet words showed him the purity and goodness of her mind; then her sweet, trustful lips and eyes when she pledged her life to him.

As he went over their life together, he found nothing with which to reproach her. He saw from his new vantage point the selfishness, the cruelty, the injustice of his course. He looked with horror upon it, to think that his wife should have suffered such torture from him. He knew now that it was torture, and he knew also that it was willingly received, because he gave it.

"Lillian!" She had not noticed his

quick step, but turned from the window with a start at his voice,—but his face. Just as a few minutes before he saw with new eyes a face he had not seen before, now Lillian saw in truth a new face, new spirit. With the searching intuition of love she saw his changed attitude. She had no need of the words he was trying to speak. She came to him. "Let us thank our Father for this," he said. For the first time in his life James Johnson knelt before God with true prayer in his heart.

When they arose he said: "Lillian there will be at least one star in your crown. God help me that I may be bright one."

THE IDEAL STEPMOTHER

J. C. Begley

WHY, Joe! I have never even "seen your daughter!"

These were the words that fell from the lips of pretty Rose Blake, when Joe Reed asked her to become his bride. Joe had been a widower for seven years, and for some time had been paying attention to Rose. He had a lovely daughter, nine years of age, who had made her home with Joe's parents since the death of her mother.

"What has that to do with the matter in question?" asked Joe. "You know me, and have doubtless learned ere this whether or not I will make you an acceptable husband."

"Yes," said Rose, "I have full confidence in you. Were it you alone, I would not hesitate. But before I can consent to marry you, I must learn to love your daughter, and she must learn to love me. A cruel stepmother should not exist, and unless I can adopt your daughter as my own, and she can adopt me as her mother, I can not become your wife."

Joe did not expect such an answer. He little realized that Rose would con-

sider the matter of little Ruth, but such was the case. Needless to say, that after she answered him, he had a deeper love for her than he had ever had before. Rose was twenty-four years old, while Joe was eight years older.

"Well, well, Rose, you must get acquainted with Ruth," said Joe. "I will take you to her any time that you wish to go. When shall it be?"

"Tomorrow, if you say so," replied Rose. "But do not expect me to answer your question as soon as I see her. I usually takes a long acquaintance to even form a mutual friendship between one of her age and one of mine. The true love element can not be engendered both in her heart and mine, then I shall be driven to refuse you, as much as I would regret to do so."

The next day Joe and Rose drove to the former's parental home, and were cordially received. Little Ruth came out to meet them, and greeted papa with the usual kiss. He wondered if she would show a like greeting to the lady that accompanied him. Rose wondered

ewise. But no, Ruth was not so disposed.

"Ruth," said her father, "will you shake hands with my friend, Miss Blake?"

The little girl shook hands with Rose, and invited both into the house. A second invitation was unnecessary. Unlike many ladies calling on such missions whose had not procured a box of candy or an orange for the little girl, realizing that love won by presents, either costly or trifling, was not worth having. Rose spent most of her time talking to Ruth. Meanwhile, Joe told his mother the true nature of their visit. His good mother replied:

"Joe, let me tell you. Women of Miss Blake's disposition are few, very few, and yet such should not be the case. Such a woman is the only one that you can consistently marry. We will keep the matter a dead secret from Ruth until she really learns to love your friend, and if this time never comes, then Ruth shall never know it."

Rather sensible advice for a mother to give her son, wasn't it? Joe should appreciate such words to his dying day. But, sad to say, Joe did not at the time appreciate the tenor of his mother's remarks. He thought that Ruth should be informed at once, and make her decision at an early day. Had such been done, a negative reply would have been certain.

Before leaving, Rose asked all to come and visit her, and Ruth in particular. Every time that Ruth went to the Blake home, she was treated with the greatest of kindness and courtesy. She delighted in post-cards, and Rose had an abundance of them, which she was delighted to show to her young friend. Often did she talk to Ruth of school life, and encourage her in her studies. Ruth simply loved to call at the Blake home, and was more than delighted to have Rose call upon her. Scarcely a day passed but that a post-card was ex-

changed through the mails between the two ladies.

It had been three years since Joe had proposed. Ruth was now twelve years old. She made her weekly call at the Blake home Saturday afternoon. Rose then opened the all important subject by saying:

"Ruth, how would you like to live with me, here?"

"I would simply be delighted," replied the little girl. "Papa would not have so far to come to see me."

"Yes," said Rose, "but suppose he lived here, too, what then?"

Ruth clapped her hands.

"That would be better than ever," she said. "Just papa, you and I, to live by ourselves? Is that what you mean, Rose?"

"Exactly," blushing replied Rose. "Just the three of us."

"Oh," said Ruth, "I know it now; you and papa are going to get married!"

"Yes, if you can live with us, and be a good little girl," said Rose.

"I'll try to be. When will it happen?"

"We'll have to talk to papa about that, but I'll let you know."

Ruth went home and carried the news to her grandparents, which was not unexpected. Soon afterwards, Joe and Rose were united for life, and installed in their new home. Ruth at once became the pride of the household. She regarded Rose as her mother, while Rose was as kind to Ruth as any mother could have been. The mother never lived who was kinder to her own daughter than Rose was to her stepdaughter.

Two years after the marriage, the home was blessed with a daughter. Ruth was taught to realize that the new-born babe was her sister. Throughout their lives, the mother treated her two daughters very impartially, never allowing one any privileges not accorded the other.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE FUTURE SPHERE OF THE PULPIT.

Homer B. Hulbert, M. A.

EVERY institution that is alive and that is devoted to the attainment of some specific end is subject to that common law of social progress which says that change of conditions requires change of method. That institution which, though sound at heart, fails to keep up with the changes of its environment may for a time retain the allegiance of those who are influenced by long habit and by mental inertia, but if that institution is one which, like the Church, has no other legitimate purpose than to keep near the heart of the people and minister to their immediate need, a failure to take advantage of new and improved methods, a failure to adjust itself to changing conditions in the subject matter upon which it works, can be called nothing else but suicidal. The Church was made for the people and not the people for the Church. According to this standard, some one replies, the Church is doing just what it should do. The public wants the pulpit to speak pleasant things and it does so. It wants to eliminate the weightier matters of the law, and they are eliminated. It wants to be entertained from the pulpit, and it is so entertained. What better proof that the Church is changing with the people? This is a superficial answer in two respects, for it affirms by implication that what the public wants is synonymous with what it needs, and it affirms that changes in mere superficial public taste be followed by fundamental changes in the Church. Neither of these two things is true. The fact is that the fundamental need of the people and the basic fact of Christianity are precisely what they have always been. The question is how to bring these two things together, namely, the need of salvation and the way of salvation. The Church is supposed to be that point of application. Its business is to minister to that need. Neither the disease nor the antidote ever change in their intrinsic quality one iota.

Now to get at the trouble that undoubtedly exists between the pulpit and the people it will be necessary to go back to the days of the Reformation. Just as the break-up of the Roman Empire resulted in feudalism, even so the disruption of the Romish Church in the Middle Ages resulted in sectarianism. For when men's minds were unfettered there began a fierce activity along intellectual lines. Men began crudely to battle for individual and isolated doctrines of the Bible, denouncing as heretics those who gave greater empha-

sis to other doctrines than their own. This was inevitable and it was good, because each faction fought so vehemently, fiercely, so uncompromisingly that each one finally had to yield a grudging admission for the other and ask himself whether the vitality of his foe did not argue that there was a vital truth in that foe's position. But this good fight held in itself possibilities of evil. It stimulated the intellect at the expense of the heart. Just as feudalism, though long since dead, has left its social system in Europe which reckons military service superior to civil service and honors the fighter more than the tradesman, the destructive or at most defensive age more than the constructive, even so feudalism in the Church has given more undue prominence to intellectual acumen. It was this intellectual aristocracy of the Church which originated what we call systematic theology. It is only within the memory of living men that the subject of Biblical Theology was introduced into our theological seminaries, and even then it was recognized as a secondary element in the curriculum. Systematic Theology was a thing to which the people looked up in awe, even as a schoolboy might turn with reverence to the pages of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. The effect, I say, was the same in religion as in social feudalism, for systematic theology, the intellectual or philosophical, is the merely defensive element, while the devout study of the Bible is the constructive element. The very fact that we have various schools of Systematic Theology, each of which logically destroys the basic principle of the other, shows that the trouble is intellectual rather than spiritual. But who ever heard of a Calvinistic or Armenian Biblical theology, or who ever will hear of it?

Intellectuality was the element which preserved sectarianism, which propped the walls of denominationalism and still props them. And it is at this point that we approach the trouble between the pulpit and the public. There has been such a tremendous advance in general intelligence and culture that the pulpit can no longer depend upon intellectual superiority to uphold its prestige. Looking back upon the ecclesiastical history of the past two centuries in this country, can we not see that thousands of pulpits have become renowned and thousands of congregations have been held together by intellectual power and forensic brilliancy? Those splendid abilities were doubtless accompanied by a sufficient leaven of spirituality to keep the church a "going concern," but the results were meager considering the forces engaged. But

by a surprising, we might almost say an appalling change has come over the complexion of affairs. The public has been educated up to the point where they see through the intellectuality and the brilliancy and discount their effectiveness. In the terms of disrespect with which the public names the orator of today. He is a "spellbinder." The glamor is gone. The public has come to learn and to know that mere oratory rings hollow. A few years ago the people hung upon the glowing sentences of a Webster, a Choate, a Phillips. Today there are no such orators. Why? Because there is no place for them. No longer do the people believe that rhetorical polish and oratorical fire are generally indicative of the depth of a man's conviction. Fifty years ago they did. In those days a man was said to "boil over" with eloquence; now he "slops over." The cult of all this is that the duties and prerogatives of the pulpit have shifted and the pulpit is slow to learn the fact. The public is too reverent or too polite to apply the term "spellbinding" to pulpit oratory as it has applied it to political eloquence, but the thought is surely there and sooner the clergy come to see that mere intellectuality is no legitimate passport to ecclesiastical preferment the better of all concerned. I would not say there is no time nor place for eloquence. There

It sometimes happens that a man is caught in the grip of a tremendous idea which nearly shakes him to pieces before he can let go of it; but more often people are disgusted with the attempt of a speaker to make them believe that a two pound idea can shake a one hundred and ninety pound man.

But how then is the pulpit to justify itself and to continue a necessary hold on the people? The answer is so simple as to be almost unnecessary. The clergy must do just what the statesmen have done now. Let eloquence have fallen into public contempt. They only speak when they have something to say, and then they say it right out in the plainest, the fewest and the most convincing terms. Who are the big men of today? There is Gov. —. Did you ever hear him deliver an oration? There is Senator —. Did he ever spellbind anybody by his eloquence? No, they simply drove a nail into some loose plank of the ship of state and spoke a few terse, plain, convincing words. Every word hit the nail on the head, and every nail was undersunk. You have seen boys going pound with a hammer and a handful of nails driving the nails into everything from the apple tree to the piano. They weren't wise. Neither the apple tree nor the piano needed it.

The statesman gets down to facts that need to be talked about and so must the pastor. The Congressman from Nebraska does not introduce a bill for a new post-

office in Tallahassee. He works for his own constituents. I have heard preachers say fearful things about the rich when there wasn't a man in the audience that was worth five thousand dollars. That's the place where such sermons are usually preached. What the pulpit must do is to preach the vital truths of the faith without fear or favor. Many a pastor frankly avows that he doesn't dare to preach on certain themes for fear of losing the attendance of some leading member, when, if he only knew it, that member sits there and under his breath calls him a coward for not preaching about that subject. Perhaps the man wants to mend that fault, but he vows he never will till the preacher gets up courage to denounce it. By and by the pastor decides that he can't stand the "atmosphere" of that church and gets a call elsewhere. If the pastor finds the atmosphere of a church bad he should ventilate it; open the windows and let the winds of God blow through. A little bad air does not require that a man break up housekeeping.

I have said that intellectuality is no longer a guarantee of prestige and it is along this line that a closer analysis of the breach between the people and the seminary can be made. Intellect, like every other force, seeks an outlet for itself along the line of least resistance. It wants opportunities for distinction. It is naturally selfish in a mild sense of that term. A century ago the Church offered intellect the most promising avenue of distinction, with the result that merely human ratiocination ran the Church upon the reefs of unitarianism, universalism and a host of other shallow water isms. Meanwhile other avenues of distinction opened up. Forensic life, political life, literary life gradually drew away from the ministry many who otherwise would have entered it. The growing love of power through the manipulation of wealth commanded the intellectual forces of the people and the pulpit ceased to be the intellectual center that it had been. But all this time the public taste had been developed along the line of brilliant reasoning, so that the reaction which has followed a decline in the relative intellectuality of the pulpit is profound. The Church today is face to face with the problem of finding some other attractive force which will re-establish its rightful claim to a dominant position in the people's life. But along with this difficulty comes another of lesser but still great importance. A great advance in general culture has brought a greater practicality, a certain utilitarianism into the church, which has changed the office of the clergy to an appreciable extent. He is something more than a shepherd leading a herd of ignorant and timid sheep. He has become the leader of an intelligent, thinking people and his office is no longer to govern the Church by right of his sacred

(Continued on Page 920.)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

RECIPES.

Mrs. J. Vander Menlen.

Sunshine Cake.

6 eggs beaten separately, 1 cup sugar, sifted, 1 scant cup flour 1-3 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons vanilla. Beat whites of eggs, then yolks, add sugar to yolks, then add whites, then flour and cream of tartar. Measure flour after sifting once. Sift flour 5 times.

Mrs. H. V. B.

Boston Cookies.

1 cup of shortening, 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup of boiling water, 2 teaspoons of soda, 1 lb. raisins chopped, 1 cup of nuts, 3 or 4 eggs, 4 cups of flour. Pinch of all kinds of spices.

Sour Cream Icing.

Boil together 1 cup sour cream and 1 cup of sugar until it threads. Beat and add chopped walnuts.

Devil's Food.

1 cup white sugar, 1-3 cup butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cocoa dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, 1 level teaspoon soda dissolved in a little boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour.

Icing.

2 cups confectionary sugar, heaping tablespoon butter. Work together until smooth then add a little sweet cream. Flavor with vanilla.

Mrs. H. V. B.

Mock Angel Food.

1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt and 3 level teaspoons of baking powder. Mix and sift four times. Add slowly 1 cup boiling milk. Lastly fold in the beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Nut Bread.

Beat 1 egg, add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 3 cups of flour into which 3 teaspoons baking powder have been sifted. Add 10c worth of chopped walnut meats. Bake in 2 small loaves from one-half to three-fourths of an hour.

Mrs. V. I. M.

Grape Conserve.

3 pints seeded grapes, 8 cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins, juice and rind of 2 oranges, 1 pint water. Boil together 40 minutes and then add 1 cup chopped walnut meats.

Taft Jam.

5 lbs. currants, $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. sugar, 1 lb. raisins, juice and grated rind of 2 oranges. Boil all together 20 minutes.

Pear Conserve.

3 cups pears (not over ripe), 3 cups figs 3 cups sugar, 1 cup chopped walnut meats Boil all together.

Peaches and Oranges.

12 peaches, 1 orange, 1 cup sugar. Boil slowly until thick.

Burnt Sugar Cake.

Syrup: Place a cup of sugar in a granite pan. Stir continually over a hot flame until it throws off a blue smoke. Remove and add 1 cup of boiling water and let boil until a syrup. This will last for several cakes. Cake: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons melted butter, yolks of 2 eggs, 1 cup cold water, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, salt. Add 3 teaspoons of the syrup, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour and beaten whites of eggs. Icing: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoon syrup. Boil 10 minutes. Beat until cool.

Mrs. DeKleine.

Doughnuts.

1 level cup granulated sugar, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons melted butter—cream these thoroughly—1 cup sweet milk, pinch salt, teaspoon ground nutmeg, 1 full teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 scant teaspoon soda flour. Do not make too stiff.

Mrs. DeKater.

Spiced Nut Cake.

2 cups brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening (lard or butter), 2 eggs beaten separately $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 small teaspoon soda 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnut meats, 2 full cups flour pinch salt.

Doughnuts.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted lard, 2 small cups sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg and 1 teaspoon baking powder sifted in the flour.

Hard Sugar Cookies.

2 cups brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard, 1 egg 2 teaspoons cream of tartar and 1 of soda mixed in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Flour enough to roll.

Grape Juice for Summer Use.

Press the grapes to start the juice or add a little water. Heat them up and strain. To one quart of juice put one pint of sugar. Let it come to a boil, then bottle and seal with wax. Add cold water when serving.

Orangeade.

The strained juice of one pineapple, ten lemons and ten oranges. One and a half

parts of sugar and six or more quarts of
r.

Dark Cake.

3 cups brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted lard,
2 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon
cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon
citron extract, 1 cup each of raisins, cur-
rants and nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup candied citron, 2
cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda.

Mrs. Ida E. Hoyt.

Mock Cherry Pudding.

2 cups cranberries, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup
mosses, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in one-
half cup of hot water, 1 tablespoon butter,
1 teaspoon extract, 1 cup each of raisins, cur-
rants and nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup candied citron, 2
cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda.

Apple Sauce Cake.

1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups hot
apple sauce, 1 cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cin-
namon, cloves and nutmeg, 1 heaping tea-
spoonful soda, 2 cups flour.

A Pretty Fruit Salad.

This color scheme is used. Arrange
the lettuce leaves on a plate. On one
side sliced and cut oranges, on the sec-
ond put white grapes and on the third
side red grapes or some other red fruit.
When using grapes for salad, it is nice
to peel them, cut them in halves and
serve them. The skin should also be
removed from the oranges. Serve this
salad with French or mayonnaise dress-
ing.



CARE OF BABY.

MY baby is nine months old and is
so well, but we have never taken
him in the sun nor robbed him of
his rest at night. On account of measles
or whooping-cough we haven't gone
out any.

We have him on the west porch in the
morning and out in the yard in the even-
ing. I think the reason that so many
babies have such a time with their teeth
or have summer complaint is the care.
His cutting teeth, but in spite of the
extremely hot weather he doesn't seem
to feel bad.

We heard of a tried remedy for heat the
other day, Ingram's Milkweed Cream,
so I got a can. Mothers, try it.

FANNIE STEVENS.

BACTERIA AS INDICATORS OF SOIL ACIDITY.

THE longer a soil is used for pro-
ducing crops, the more acid it accumu-
lates. As most cultivated plants can-
not thrive in an acid soil, it becomes
necessary to employ larger and larger
quantities of lime for neutralizing the
increasing soil acidity. It thus becomes
desirable to have a convenient method
for determining the acidity of agricul-
tural soils. The chemical methods heret-
ofore used are cumbersome and unsatis-
factory.

Prof. J. G. Lipman of Rutgers Col-
lege has been conducting experiments
with a view to finding a more expedi-
tious and more reliable method for de-
termining soil acidity and has obtained
some interesting results by employing
bacteria. His method rests upon the
well known fact that bacteria will not
multiply in a medium containing more
than a certain percentage of acid. By
comparing the growth of bacteria in a
number of bouillon preparations to
which varying quantities of sterilized
soil have been added, it may be readily
seen at what point the growth of the
bacteria is stopped, and accordingly the
amount of acid in the soil may be cal-
culated. In one set of experiments am-
monia-producing bacteria were used. A
known quantity of soil is added to the
bouillon, and after the action of the bac-
teria has proceeded a certain length of
time, the ammonia is distilled into stand-
ard acid and the amount determined.
The amount of ammonia produced
would vary inversely with the acidity
of the soil, since the more acid there is
in the soil the more would the activity
of the bacteria be restrained. Other ex-
periments were made with nitrifying
bacteria in nitrogen-free media, the
amount of nitrogen produced being used
as an indication of the absence of acids.



THE tobacco trust is trying to reorgan-
ize itself in a way that is objectionable.

FUTURE SPHERE OF THE PULPIT.

(Continued from Page 917.)

office, but to lead a Church in the intelligent government of itself. Today a vast amount of the machinery of the Church has been taken out of the hands of the pastor and placed in the hands of the laity. The management of the affairs of even a moderate sized church is a tremendous burden. The handling of the manifold forms of organization that have grown up in the Church, the correspondence, the conferences, the committees, the administration of affairs—all these are important, but the people have come to see that no pastor is able to do this work single-handed. Very many more people in the Church are today actively engaged in attending to its material interests and the management of its temporal affairs than ever before. It is often said of a man, "He is not much of a preacher but he is a splendid pastor." This may mean either of two things. He may be a fine administrator, an admirable captain of ecclesiastical industry and nothing else. In this case he is a disastrous failure, confessedly. Or he may be strong in personal service, comforting those in sorrow, advising those who are in trouble, cheering the sick, but he can not preach so as to command the ear of the community and compel men to come and hear him. Such a man has missed his calling. He should have been a deacon, a lay worker. How truly did the Apostles say, "We must give ourselves to prayer and the ministry of the Word." They chose other men for the humbler but necessary offices of the Church. No pastor can make up for failure in the pulpit by any amount of activity out of it. The laity now being competent to take out of the pastor's hands a large part of the machinery of the Church, they demand of him more service along the line of his distinctive office, namely spiritual service. They demand better sermons, shorter sermons! You hold up your hands in horror at this evidence of popular demoralization? You are wrong. The only reason why people demand shorter sermons is because the average audience can accept and digest in ten minutes the entire content of the average thirty-minute sermon. They object to being asked to waste their time, and they are right. A sermon today to be acceptable must be packed so full of meat with solid food that the audience is kept busy. The trouble is not that people are not hungry for the truth; it is because the truth is doled out to them in such minute portions. They get impatient.—The Bible Record.



A LAKE WITH A ROOF.

THE great salt lake at Obdorsk is nine miles wide and seventeen miles long, yet except in a few places it is solidly

roofed over with a deposit of salt which is becoming thicker and thicker every year.

About the middle of the last century salt crystals first began to gather on the surface of the water. Year by year owing to the evaporation of the water the crystals became more numerous, and then caked together until this great crust was formed. In 1878 the water beneath this salt-crystal roof found an underground outlet into the Obi River. It lowered the lake's surface about ten feet, leaving that distance between the water and the roof, and each year this distance has been diminished by the constant addition of salt crystals to the roof.

Many springs surround this lake. Their water flows over the roof and evaporates there, and thus continually adds to its thickness. After many years the springs will probably become choked with their own deposits, and then the whole will become covered with earth, so that a great salt mine will be formed—a treasure for the Siberians for hundreds of years to come.



THE SPLIT-LOG DRAG IN ROAD MAKING.

THE public roads bureau of the Department of Agriculture has estimated that there are 2,000,000 miles of bad roads in the United States and has suggested an inexpensive way for their improvement. The split-log drag is its solution of the problem, and from time to time the bureau issues bulletins informing the farmer how to make it.

The main thing needed is a dry cedar log, although red elm and white oak are useful for the purpose, while poplar, elder, soft maple or even willow may be employed. Oak, hickory and ash are not recommended.

The log, seven to ten feet long and ten to twelve inches in diameter at the butt, is split as near the center as possible, the larger piece being used as

front of the drag and sometimes being loaded with iron along the lower or cutting edge.

The two slabs on edge and thirty inches apart are fastened together by stakes in such a way that when the drag is in use on one side of a road, the end of the back slab is about sixteen inches farther the center of the driveway than the end of the front slab. This gives what is called the set back. Between the heavy slabs and resting on the connecting stakes is a board on which the driver stands.

A team of horses is hitched to this completed drag in such a way that the drag unloaded will follow at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The teams could be driven with one horse on either side of the right hand wheel track but the full length of the part to be dragged, and made to return in the same manner over the other half of the roadway. Such treatment will move the earth toward the center of the roadway and raise it gradually above the surrounding level.

There is recommended the use of the split-log drag after heavy rains, when the road should be gone over once each day, but much depends on the quality of the soil, some roads requiring frequent treatment.

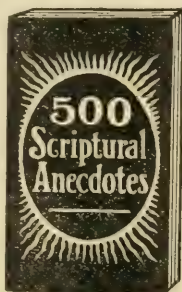
The method is said to be most economical.

TRUSTING THE SACRED STANDARD.

THE *Wall Street Journal*, in an editorial entitled, "The Future Value of Gold," describes the wave of high prices which it says "is beginning to be felt in the very confines of civilization," and adds: "Enhanced prices have induced the Chinese government to demonetize its copper 'cash' and sell it for old metal; while the same cause has impelled the British government to substitute nickel and silver coins for the cowry-shell money hitherto employed in its protectorate of Northern Nigeria. No cause, general or universal enough in

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its influence to affect these and numerous other localities from which similar official reports have been published, has been suggested, except the vast supplies of gold which have of late years been poured out of South Africa, Russia, Alaska and the mining States west of the Mississippi Valley. Should the advance of prices continue, it will scarcely fail to awaken some distrust of the future purchasing power of the metal in which now all our obligations are couched."



EUROPEAN DEALS IN MOROCCO

THE war scare in European capital over rights in Morocco has been subsiding. The German government has given no indications of resentment over the English warnings to Germany to keep out of Morocco; and various German papers, indignant in behalf of national honor, used unusual freedom in applying to the Kaiser such epithets as "William the Timid," "The Valorous Peacock"—these especial terms being used by the *Pan-Germanic Post*. In the meantime Germany and France are bargaining with spheres of influence—Morocco against French Congo territory.



THE DIFFERENCE.

When I said I'd go away
An' maybe stay for years,
Mother she set down and cried
Reg'lar heart-broke tears;
Pa felt bad, but wouldn't a' cried
F'r a thousand dollars;
When he feels the worst he just
Bats his eyes and swallows.

When I come t' pack my trunk
'Twas the same thing over;
I was feelin' purty peart,
Thought I'd be in clover
When I struck a city job—
Beat farm work all holler;
Mother cried, but pap, he'd jest
Blink 'is eyes an' swaller.

Night afore I started, I
Heard somebody prowlin'
In my room, an' there wuz ma
Cryin', and pap growlin';
"Come, come now, an' go t' bed."
Then she sort o' hollered
"God bless Will!" but pap he jest
Blinked 'is eyes an' swallered.

—S. W. Gillilan

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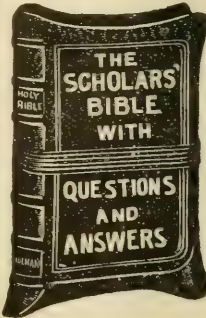
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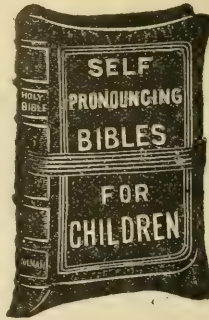
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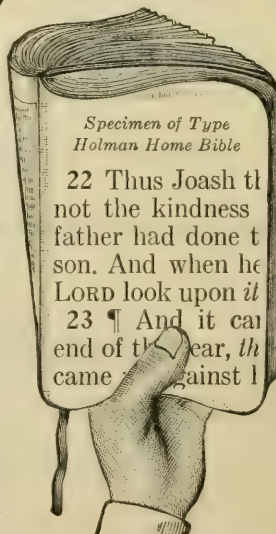
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Beth'le-hem of Ju
days of Her'od the k

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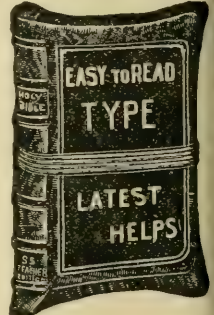
22 Thus Joash tl
not the kindness
father had done t
son. And when he
LORD look upon it
23 ¶ And it can
end of the year, th
came against l

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SPECIMEN OF TYPE

the priests, the Lē'vites, the
the singers, the Nēth'i-nims,
they that had separated then

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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardiest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

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THE INGLENOOK

A MAGAZINE OF QUALITY



ETHREN
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ELGIN,
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September 12, 1911.

Vol. XIII. No. 37.

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New Mexico

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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The following questions will be answered in the Question and Answer Department of next week's issue:

What can we do in order that some of the good old time ways may be revived?

Why do parents neglect the training of their children?

What is the best way for the parents to keep the confidence of the child?

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There is still much land available in Idaho, but it is rapidly being acquired. You should go there now.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

September 12, 1911.

No. 37.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Prevention of Blindness.

SEVERAL weeks ago we had something to say concerning infantile blindness but we did not exhaust the subject. It is so interesting that we decided to give a fuller statement of the preventive work which is now being carried on.

The disease which is of much concern among health officers is known as ophthalmia neonatorum, or infant ophthalmia. It is an infectious disease, making its appearance at the time of birth, and is easily preventable if proper preventive measures are taken at once. If the disease should happen to develop it may be cured if a skilled physician is called within a few hours. Ophthalmia neonatorum is caused by infecting germs getting into the eyes of the child at or shortly after the time of birth. In 1881, Prof. Crede, of Leipzig, conferred a notable service upon mankind when he discovered that a small quantity of silver nitrate solution placed in the eyes of the new-born child would prevent ophthalmia neonatorum; and this or similar treatment is used by nearly all physicians who make an effort to keep up the times. The negligence of unreliable doctors and midwives leads to much of the blindness.

A few figures will show the prevalence of the disease. It is estimated that there are some 7,000 cases of blindness in the



Five Victims of Ophthalmia Neonatorum.

United States due to ophthalmia neonatorum and that practically all of these cases could have been cured if treatment had been given at the time of birth. In a bulletin issued by the New York Association for the Blind we have a statement of the conditions in that State, where we find a large foreign population. The photographs are taken from the same paper. "The official census of the blind for the State of New York, taken in 1906, gives a total of 6,200 blind persons in the State. Of these the cases of preventable blindness number 1,984, or 32 per cent of the whole. And, of these preventable cases, there are 620 classified as blindness caused by ophthalmia neonatorum, or 10 per cent of the whole number of blind persons in the State of New York.

"This means that today there are over six hundred blind persons in this State who would never have been blind had a harmless preparation been put in their eyes when they were born. It means that many who have spent their lives in darkness, distress, often despair, need not have been so afflicted; that children who have never known what it is to run about in the sunshine, to see birds, and flowers, and grass and trees, to look into the faces of



"Blind, both unnecessarily."

father and mother, might have seen, might have had clear, bright eyes and been merry, active children had it not been for somebody's carelessness on the day that they were born.

"Notice the five children, three little boys and two little girls. Those sightless eyes! Underneath is written, 'Out of twenty-two new pupils registered in the State School at Batavia at the time this picture was taken these five are victims of ophthalmia neonatorum. Proper care at the proper time would have saved their sight.'

"We turn to another picture, of a little boy and girl five and six years old, entitled 'Playing on the Beach.' Where are the little pails and shovels? the little sand forts, built to be demolished? where the running down the wet sand to meet the incoming wave, the hasty retreat with screams of delight? where the breathless chasing of each other up and down the beach? Instead, the little boy sits astride the log, motionless, one hand raised to his drooping head, and the other hanging listlessly by his side. He is dressed in a sailor jacket, and his legs are bare from the knee down—dressed like other children who are wading and running about and doing things he can not see, the things he can not do. Is he thinking of this? Near him is a little girl, stretched out full length upon the sand. Her curly head is raised; she faces the ocean she does not see, but she hears the waves and she feels the cool breeze and loves the warm sun. Is she listening to the merry cries of the other children? Does she long to be with them?"

There is an economic side to the problem also. The New York Medical Journal for April, 1910, tell us that the annual per capita expenditure for children in the State School for Blind is \$350. It is difficult to say how much it costs to send a normal child to school in a city, but a fair estimate would be about \$35 per year. Now if our figures are correct it costs \$315 more per year to educate a blind child than it does one who can see. Supposing that there are 7,000 cases of ophthalmia neonatorum in the United States, we can easily figure that either ignorance or carelessness on the part of some is costing us over \$2,000,000 a year. Further, the enormous economic loss of this large nonproducing army can not be estimated.

Is there not sufficient reason that we should have a national organization devoted to the prevention of this disease? The children who are blind now can not be cured, but the spread of the disease and its occurrence can be prevented. At a conference on the Prevention of Blindness and the Conservation of Eyesight, which was held in New York City December, 1910, a national organization was formed known as the Association for the

Prevention of Blindness and the Conservation of Vision. The purpose of this organization is:

1. Prevention of infantile blindness.
2. Prevention of blindness from industrial and other accidents and from disease.
3. Conservation of vision through improved hygiene during school life, and in industrial occupations.

A Safety Exhibit for Mine-Workers.

Every year there are approximately 7,000 miners injured in the United States, and some are so seriously injured that they die after months of suffering while others are made cripples for life. Perhaps the occupation has more dangers and risks connected with it than any other notwithstanding the fact that most States have fair mining laws.

With the hope of reducing the number of fatalities among miners the Federal Bureau of Mines will hold a national miner life-saving demonstration September 16 in Pittsburgh. President Taft and various officials of the interior department will be present. It is thought that between 20,000 and 30,000 miners will attend and the coal companies will cooperate in the exhibition. Various safety appliances and first-aid teams will be shown, but the most interesting thing will be a miniature mine and coal dust explosion. Miners will be entombed and a rescue corps with oxygen helmets will enter to save the men.

The miniature mine will be so arranged that the spectators can see everything that takes place. Such an exhibit will be of great value not only to the miners but also the coal operators as well.

Better County Fairs.

In the United States there are over 1,200 county fair associations with a membership of perhaps 250,000. The gross receipts of these associations amount to \$5,000,000 yearly and they spend for premiums about \$2,500,000. The county fair is recognized as a very useful institution if it is under proper management but is frequently a blotch in public decency when it is controlled by the sporting element of the county. We need better fair fairs that are truly agricultural, fairs that stimulate good citizenship and better farming, fairs that interest the boys and girls in farm work, and fairs that bring the whole county together for a few days' recreation. The county fair can be a most helpful assistant to the agricultural college and experiment station since many States are doing agricultural extension work. The county fair association which spends much of its money on the race track is simply robbing the farmers in order to encourage a few sports who are of no use whatever to social progress. Horse racing does not help the farmer in the least. It is one of the greatest disgraces that can befall a

county when a \$200 prize is given on the track and a \$2 prize in the live stock pens. Cheap shows and shooting alleys may interest a few simple-minded people, but not a dignified organization stoop to such. If the fair is to be a respected institution in the county it must cater to the ideals of respectable people. Mr. Hamilton of the interior department insists

that the fair must be strong, clean, full of interest, well managed and in entire sympathy with country life. He also urges that it must first of all and above all be loyal to its own constituency, the agricultural public, and not be swerved from serving them in the most effective way by any influence, or by a set of influences that it may encounter, however enticing.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A Protest.

THE action of James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture and a member of the Cabinet, in accepting the honorary presidency of the International Brewers' Congress to be held in Chicago next October should stir the manhood of every respectable citizen. Mr. Wilson is at present a servant of the public and as such has no right to ally his influence with an unconstitutional institution which openly defying all law and order. By his action he has given the liquor interests a long stride toward victory. He has openly defied the demands of respectable citizenship from every section of the land, and given the saloon men his approval in making their fight. Mr. Wilson represents us in the department of agriculture. How are we pleased with his attitude toward the saloon men? Would we do the same if we were in his position? If he is not representing us fairly it becomes our duty as Christian citizens to raise our protest against his action. If we fail to do this we become a party to the crime and by our silence give consent to the work of the saloon men. Every Sunday-school superintendent, president of Christian Workers' Meeting and official head of a local church should see that a protest is sent in to Secretary Wilson voicing the disapproval of our people toward such conduct on the part of a public official. The following protest was sent by the First Methodist Church of Chicago:

"We, the members of the First Methodist Protestant Church of Chicago, do

hereby enter our most earnest protest against the Honorable James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, and a member of the Cabinet of the President of the United States, acting as honorary president of the International Brewers' Congress, to be held in the city of Chicago, Oct. 12 to 22, next, and we furthermore record our disapproval of the action of Secretary Hon. P. C. Knox in the issuing of an official letter to the diplomatic and consular officers of the United States calling their attention to the aforesaid congress and advising them to express to the countries to which they are accredited the satisfaction it will afford the government of the United States if they will contribute to the success of said brewers' congress, by sending delegates to the same."

Such a protest should be sent to President Taft, Secretary Wilson, and Secretary Knox.



The Filipinos as "Servants and Neighbors."

THE judgments of Occidental people relating to Filipinos have always been colored by prejudice and based on superficial observation; consequently their opinions betray a most lamentable ignorance of our characteristics, our aspirations, ideals and customs. Even favorable impressions, arising where some real community of feeling exists, are usually inaccurate. Americans living here in the Philippines, and who have traveled in other parts of the East, often make comparisons between other Oriental peoples and Fili-

pinos. In general those who have observed most widely return with a more favorable opinion of the Filipino than they had previously held. But from what a standpoint they judge all Orientals! "We now prefer the Filipino," observes a local American paper, editorially, "with all his faults, to his nearest neighbors, the Chinaman and the Malay; as servant and neighbor we prefer him to the Japanese of the same class; he is considered more intelligent than the Japanese, and more civilized than the inhabitants of the Malay States." As servant and neighbor! This is the only impression produced by eight million Christian people, ambitious, patriotic, and eager to assume the responsibilities of self-government; a people who, both by peaceful methods and in unequal strife have tenaciously defended their independence and the rights and liberties essential to civilized life. Such a narrow estimate reveals deeply rooted prejudice in the minds of foreigners. Should not the Filipino be judged by a higher standard than this? It is not surprising that Filipinos make good neighbors; they are exceedingly hospitable, peaceable, eager to learn, quick to assimilate, progressive. But it is not only as servant or neighbor that the Filipino deserves consideration. Such prejudice as this is the inevitable result of the mental attitude of Americans in the Philippines. As ex-Commissioner Shuster pointed out at Lake Mohonk, in commenting on the mental deterioration produced by the monotonous heat, the life here has a decided tendency to convert the foreigner to imperialism. This may in part be the effect of governing a so-called inferior race; in part to being one of a few white men among dark millions. The press of Honolulu has also discovered that Filipinos make good day laborers. In a word, it appears that Filipinos are to be commended for whatever qualities they may possess which cater to the needs or desires of Americans—they are peaceable and hospitable, courteous and even hum-

ble, docile and diligent as servants, active and cheap as laborers, law abiding devout, moral. But the Filipino, like the rest of the world, has his faults, and it appears that one of the very worst, necessitating foreign rule, is his inexperience in self-government. These authorities on "inferior races" refuse to admit that in this respect he has any abilities whatever; and maintain that it is therefore necessary to provide for him a paternal government, and to bar him from the administration of public affairs—mission which a benevolent Providence has entrusted to the American bureaucracy. For this we are expected to be very grateful. They kindly govern us and, in addition, look upon us as good servants and neighbors.—*Summary of Editorial in the Ideal (Manila, P. 1).*



The Postal Aeroplane.

REPORTS come from England and France that the official postal aeroplane for the rapid transport of mail matter is soon to become an actual reality. On August 13 Pierre Vedrines, the veteran aviator, winner of the prize for his recent notable aerial trip from Paris, France, to Madrid, Spain, made one of ten flights to demonstrate the possibility of an aero mail service. This flight was most successful. He left Issy-les-Moulineaux near Paris with mail aboard at 5:07 P. M. and reached Deauville, near Trouville, 112 miles from Issy, at 6:55 P. M., or one hour and forty-three minutes, or at the rate of a trifle over sixty-five miles an hour. The time of the fastest express train going the same distance is 3 hours and 12 minutes, or 1 hour and 19 minutes longer.

On the way Vedrines dropped letter packages at Mantes-sur-Seine, Evreux and Lisieux. It is said he was paid five hundred dollars for the flight, which would average a trifle less than \$5 per mile.

In London the postoffice department is making preparations for the early in-

inauguration of a special aerial postal service to be carried on between London and Windsor, a distance of twenty-one miles. Special aerial post boxes are to be placed in public places, in which letters for this service must be deposited the same as in ordinary boxes. Collections by carriers will be made in the usual way and deposited in a central location, from which the aeroplane will depart. There the mail will be placed in sealed letter bags and the latter strapped on to the aeroplane. The flight to Windsor will occupy about half an hour. From Windsor the mail will be forwarded by train to its intended destination. King George has given permission for space in Windsor Park to try out this experiment, which is to last a week and perhaps longer.

The time is now at hand when it would be in the line of progress for Congress to make appropriations for an experimental aerial postal service between two cities, as for example between New York City and Philadelphia, providing for hourly flights each way. Operating at a speed maintained by Vedrines in the Paris experiment, a letter could be sent from New York in the morning to Philadelphia and the sender receive an answer in the afternoon.—*Scientific American*.



Causes for Mob Violence.

No civilized man or woman can read without loathing of the Coatesville lynching, which surpasses in horrible details any outbreak of mob spirit, North or South, hitherto recorded. The dastardly and bloodthirsty degenerates who composed the mob, and those in the community who abetted and protected them, are evidently savages of a lower type than any to be found in the jungles of darkest Africa. If the murderers are not brought to punishment the great State of William Penn will suffer a deserved and indelible disgrace. The study of the Lawrence situation, indicates clearly that final responsibility for the moral

degradation of a large part of the population there rests upon the employing corporations, whose managers have interested themselves only in extracting the largest possible profit from their employes, with little or no care for their moral or physical welfare, or the conditions under which they must live and rear their children. This was the great lesson of the Pittsburgh survey, and it is repeated whenever a study is made of the causes of social degeneracy in any locality.

How much has corporate greed to do with producing the conditions that have made the Coatesville horror possible?
—*Boston Common*.



The Alaska Muddle.

OUR territorial form of government has not been a howling success in Alaska. Our officials there have not been vigilant enough to protect the vast resources of that territory from the grasp of the Guggenheimer interests and their allies. The recent investigations in the affairs of Alaska show that the natural wealth of that land has already been gobbled up. To correct our lax system of control, Senator La Follette in the last days of the extra session introduced a bill providing for a commission form of government for Alaska with permanent ownership of the coal and other mineral deposits and of all railroads in the district. This is a very advanced step for any statesman to take but it is one of the two roads left open to our conservationists, of which crowd the Wisconsin Senator has long been a distinguished member. The other road out of the difficulty would be the application of the single tax to the resources of that territory. The country is hardly ready for either experiment.—*The New Era*.



Music makes cows happy. Good; reserve all the hackneyed pieces for cows and give us humans fresh and interesting compositions.

EDITORIALS

Steady Strokes.

The worth of a man can never be fairly estimated by a knowledge of his efforts when he is under a high tension. A minister's first sermon may capture an audience and carry it away with enthusiasm. The members may decide on the spur of the moment they would like to trade their home minister for him. But that one sermon may be all he has in store. After a brief trial he may wear out. A teacher may be wonderfully popular the first week of school but after that no one likes him. A new family may move into a community and at once become the most renowned people of the community, but in a short time no one may pay any attention to them. A new deacon may be at the head of everything that comes along for a while but in a short time he may not be trusted with anything. Always keep an eye on the man who is wonderfully popular right from the start. He is extremely likely to fall with his first reverses, and lose the good opinion of the entire neighborhood. Never measure a man by your first impressions but rather by the seventy times seventh. It is always more satisfying to have one's opinions changed for the better about a promising stranger than to have them entirely shattered when we thought he was going to be a wonderfully brilliant man. The man who never wears out is the man whom you like better the closer you become acquainted with him. Such men usually become permanent members of a community and if for some cause they are obliged to go to some other place every neighbor regrets to see them leave. The man who makes a striking impression right from the first is the man who is continually moving from one place to another. He moves because he seeks popularity and that he can only find among strangers.



Think.

Some one has said, "All human duty is boiled down into this, learn what to think and think it." Thought must always precede action. If our thought is narrow we must live in a narrow world. If our thinking is cold, sordid and unsympathetic we can not enjoy the broader and larger world that others live in, for we have incapacitated ourselves to see it or to appreciate it. If we are mean, contemptible and disreputable in our conduct, we shut ourselves in by an ever narrowing horizon, limited by the smallness and meanness of our own thoughts. We can not get away from ourselves but we can enlarge our world of happiness and contentment by right thinking. Dwelling upon criminal thought produces crime, and dwelling upon impurity

produces debauchery, but thinking about the largeness and purity of life enlarges our sphere of happiness. To be sure it requires effort to think wholesome thoughts. An magnificent structure will decay if left to itself but it required an enormous amount of patient toil and effort to erect it. An splendid character can easily fall in decay and ruin if the thoughts are left to themselves and allowed to collect in low, mean little channels. It requires a tremendous amount of patient toil and effort to mold the thought for a magnificent life. We may admire a beautiful building but we can never enjoy the pleasure of having made one without exerting the effort required to produce it. We may admire a splendid life and wish that we might have the same amount of influence. We can become such by thinking the proper amount of right thoughts and putting them into effect by continually seeking the larger things which lie beyond our present experiences, by reaching and seeking for that which has made other lives beautiful, and by close companionship with those who live in the large world.



One's Neighbors.

There are certain obligations that every man owes to himself. He must provide for his own safety, comfort and general well-being as well as see that his intellectual, moral and spiritual natures are properly fed, stimulated and developed. Having done this, however, in a measure at least does not in any way give him the license of surfeiting in his own plenty. The man who is intellectually strong is under moral obligations to stimulate the minds of his fellows to action and direct them in the normal channel. It is as bad for the intellectual leader to hoard his knowledge as it is for the financial king to keep his vast amount of wealth from his fellow men. The man who has found untold pleasure in religious experiences owes it to those around him to help them experience the same pleasures. Every useful bit of information belongs not alone to the man who found it but to the world at large. A beauty, which is hoarded away from the world and is made to serve a single individual when it might serve a thousand, is made to defeat its own purpose of existence. It is removed from its proper relations with the outside world and confined within the narrow concept of a single small mind. A beautiful landscape does not belong to the half dozen men who own the farms where it exists. A beautiful sunset does not belong to the man who has a window from which it can be beheld. The pleasures of worship do not belong to the few men who contribute money for the building of a church. The privileges and the thousands of other privileges belong to the world at large and it is your privilege and mine to help some one else

and them and to enjoy them to the same extent that we enjoy them. And it is some one else's privilege who has reached deeper into these beauties than you and I to help us find the same experiences that he is enjoying. This world is after all run on a reciprocal basis. It is never right that we should profit at the expense of others unless we are willing to share our profits with those who have been less favored than we.



Prayer.

Prayer is a communion between the individual and God. All great men pray. No man can be truly great who does not pray. How can he be? The soul's communion with God is the highest human experience that can be conceived and for a man to deny himself this experience means that he has deliberately decided to be a smaller man than it is meant for him to be. "The fool hath said within his heart there is no God." Who but a fool could think or say such a thing and who but a fool could deliberately sever his connection with that Great Force outside himself which he continually feels and is ever conscious of its existence? Prayer opens the soul for all that is good and great and noble. The man who refuses to pray closes his soul to all these influences and lives in a world by himself. Day by day he becomes more and more selfish until finally his soul becomes dwarfed and withered and he sees only one but himself and his selfish interests. He says, there is nothing in prayer. To be sure there is not for him because he has starved his soul until it can not even respond to the wholesome inspiration which comes from the Father to his child. Can you conceive of such a man being a great man? Surely not. He has closed out all the qualities that go to make a man great. He has sealed his own destiny in this world as well as for all time to come. Of course the man who merely says his prayers belongs in the class with the man who does not pray at all. There is a remarkable difference between saying one's prayers and praying. Prayer unuttered or expressed is an active, positive, intelligent experience which requires a conscious effort on the part of the individual. A weary mind or a tired body is not conducive to the largest results from prayer. Our season of prayer should come when our physical and mental conditions are at their best.



Simplicity.

There is a tendency among people generally to underestimate simplicity. Popular fads, styles and fashions are thrown on the market at a moderate price and everybody buys. Have you ever observed that when you go to buy a simple garment the price is almost double that of one made after

the latest fad? If a lady were to select a neat, plain gown today she would be obliged to pay fully twice as much for it as for a gown with a hobble skirt. Have you ever considered why this should be true? The reason is perfectly simple. Neat, plain gowns are worn only by refined people and there are comparatively few refined, cultured people among the large masses. The dealer has only a few refined customers and so will have sale for only a few of these simple garments. When he buys only a few he is obliged to pay more for them than when he gets a large stock. Then even the few he does buy he may be obliged to carry over for a year which means that he has his money invested in something that will not bring any returns so long as he is not able to turn his goods. To guard against this he is very cautious in buying as he can better afford to lose a sale than to carry dead stock on his hands. The frivolous masses want the latest fads and the merchant stocks up heavily with them because he knows they will sell. He finds so few people with refined tastes that he will not venture very far for their sakes. If perchance he should find a few customers who know the beauty of simplicity he makes a careful study of them, providing they are likely to be permanent customers, and supplies what they want, but always plays on a safe margin. If you will study human life for a while you will be impressed with the fact that all refined, cultured people wear simple clothes. Of course we must never confuse simplicity with slovenliness, for they are not related in any way. Slovenliness, ugliness and carelessness all belong in the category with sin and the devil. They have no place among refinement, culture and Christianity. Simplicity is an exponent of Christianity.



Grumblers.

It's a terrible thing to be a grumbler. He takes all the sweetness out of life both for himself and for those who are obliged to live with him. A chronic grumbler is about the worst sort of person I have ever found. He is like a gnawing pain, causing a dull, deadened sensation something like rheumatism scattered all through a limb or perhaps through the entire body. He is like the gout lingering about the ligaments of the joints until they become stiffened and helpless. He is like a running sore, painful and loathsome to look upon. He is like a blasting wind destroying all the perfume of the wholesome flowers. He is like a biting frost taking the very life from the tender plants. He is like roaring fire consuming both man and beast. He is like a decaying carcass polluting the entire atmosphere about him. Beware of what you are becoming for it's a terrible thing to be a grumbler.

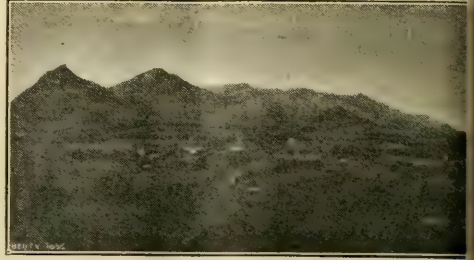
THE PEAKS OF OTTER

John W. Wayland, Ph. D.

IN the great Appalachian Mountain System, stretching along the Atlantic Coast from New England to Alabama, are many famous ranges: the White Mountains, the Green Mountains, the Catskills, the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Cumberland Mountains, the Great Smoky Mountains, and others; and here and there scattered among these ranges and rearing their lofty summits above the surrounding peaks and ridges, are certain well-known heights: Mt. Katahdin in Maine; Mt. Washington in New Hampshire; Mt. Mansfield in Vermont; Spruce Mountain in West Virginia; Lookout Mountain in Tennessee; Mt. Mitchell in North Carolina; White Top, where Tennessee and North Carolina meet on the Virginia line; and many others; but perhaps none of these is more famous or more striking in physical grandeur than the triple heights in Bedford County, Virginia, known as the Peaks of Otter.

They lie in the great Blue Ridge range, about midway of its 800 miles of length. They are not the highest in their system or even in their range. Mt. Mitchell is thus distinguished, being the highest mountain east of the Mississippi; but the Peaks of Otter rise 4,000 feet above the surrounding plains, and a thousand feet more above the level of the sea. They combine to form the most striking feature of the landscape for many a mile around. They take their name, it is said, from Otter Creek, one of the streams by which Bedford County is drained.

As already intimated, there are three of the Otter Peaks. They are named respectively Apple Orchard, Flat Top, and Sharp Top. Apple Orchard is so called, perhaps, from the fact that the forest trees growing on its summit are so dwarfed by the great altitude that



Peaks of Otter.

they somewhat resemble apple trees in size and shape. In order of height Apple Orchard is said to rank first, Flat Top coming second, and Sharp Top being the lowest of the three; yet by reason of its abrupt slope and the comparative lack of trees on its summit, Sharp Top affords the best point of vantage to the sight-seer. Accordingly, it is to the pinnacles of Sharp Top that the great majority of visitors climb.

I use the term climb advisedly. You must literally climb to get up. I have lived within sight of mountains near all my life, and have ascended dozens of them; but I think that I am safe in saying that Sharp Top is the steepest mountain I have ever climbed. It rises almost a perfect cone. A wagon road winds round the base, gradually ascending to a point about 800 yards from the summit. There you must get out of your wagon or carriage, or dismount from your horse, if you are on horse back, and complete the ascent on foot. I might almost say on hands and feet in some places. The narrow, rocky path zigzags here and there among the scrubby trees. Shortly before you reach the top you find yourself beside a huge rock that towers above you like a small house; and you are delighted to see the cool, clear water of a fountainsized spring come gurgling out from under



Apple Orchard Falls.

er one side of this great rock. It is a most opportune refreshment. Gratefully you drink and then proceed upon your way, soon coming out upon the heaps of great boulders that are piled upon the pointed summit. Many of these boulders are as large as a fair-sized house.

Wedged in between these boulders at one place is the "hotel." Or so it was when I was there. It is small and scantily furnished, but it served as a comfortable lodging place for weary wanderers. All the lumber for the "hotel" and other small buildings, I was told, had to be dragged up, a few pieces at a time, by aid of a single mule. The mule was hitched to a little wagon, such a one as might have served to amuse a half-grown boy on the level ground; and the small load of lumber was tied securely in; then began the slow, toilsome climb to the rocky pinnacle.

It was in the summer of 1898 that I climbed Sharp Top. I did somewhat

more than that the same day; for I walked over to the Peaks from Montvale, a beautiful village on the Norfolk and Western Railway, ten miles or more to the west. It was near sunset of the hot July day when I entered the woods that clothe the lower slopes of the mountain. When I came to the end of the wagon trail it was my good fortune to fall in with a merry company: eleven ladies and five gentlemen, who had driven over the thirty or forty miles from Buena Vista, in Rockbridge County. We were all going to spend the night on the Peak, in order that we might behold the sunrise.

And the sunrise was glorious, even beyond description. It is said that John Randolph once spent the night on these elevated rocks, attended by no one but his colored servant. When in the morning he had witnessed the splendid scene—the King of Day unbarring the Oriental light—he turned to his servant, having no other person to whom he could speak, and having thoughts too full for silence, and charged him, saying, "Never from this time believe any man who may tell you there is no God." gates and flooding the world with bril-

But, glorious as was the sunrise, the moonlight of the preceding night was to me even more splendid and impressive. As the sun sank in fading glory behind the distant Alleghanies, and the twilight shadows began to steal across the val-



Sharp Top, Peaks of Otter.

leys, the silver-decked goddess of the summer night unveiled her face in the distant east and greeted us with a queenly smile. It was not the crude Diana of Ephesus, but the classic Artemis, sister to the far-darting Apollo.

One could imagine old Ben Jonson perched upon a height of Albion and ecstatically singing:

"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright."

The party on the pinnacles of Sharp Top, too, were moved to sing that night. And we sang; not the lays of Jonson to a heathen myth, but the songs that have become a part of the world-wide anthem of Christendom. As we sat there in the moonlight upon the exalted rocks, the hearts of all seemed filled with a spirit of praise, leaping out in answer to the great Builder of the world; and there upon that oratory of the mountains, that wind-swept choir of a thousand ages, our voices joined in sacred song. "Rock of Ages," "Sweet Bye and Bye," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," floated out upon the fragrant air, and echoed among the crags and chasms. More than one eye filled with tears, and more than one soul realized as never before those words of old: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Inside, as a prelude to the good-night prayer, we read the 104th Psalm, in which the ancient singer of Israel glorifies the hills and mountains, the clouds, the winds, the moon, the heavens, and



From the Vicinity of the Peaks of Otter.

the sunrise, as the manifold works of God,—his riches that fill the earth.

On a night when the moon is no shining an observer on the summit of Sharp Top can readily see the electric lights in Roanoke City, twenty miles to the west; in Lynchburg, thirty miles northeast; and of course, those in Bedford City, ten miles toward the south. The last-named town, formerly known as Liberty, seems to lie almost at one's feet.

Some of the particular features of interest on the pinnacles of Sharp Top are the following: Table Rock, the Needle's Eye, Lover's Leap, the Natural Bridge and Balanced Rock. These terms are perhaps sufficiently descriptive of the objects they designate. The last, Balanced Rock, is of special interest. A great irregular boulder, weighing several tons, is perched on the edge of a lofty precipice, and so evenly balanced that a single person standing on top of it can rock it to and fro.

The Peaks must be majestic in winter clad in their glistening robes of snow but summer is the season of their luxury and variety. Visit them in summer.

THE CHILD, A HABIT-FORMING ANIMAL

Prof. A. P. Hollis

AFTER eighteen," says the late Professor William James of Harvard, the eminent psychologist, "the brain begins to set like a plaster." No ab-

solutely new and uncolored ideas are received by the brain after this. All ideas are modified by the body of ideas which receives them. The personal habits are

nearly all formed at eighteen. Personal cleanliness, bathing, manner of dress, table manners, habits of speech, the walk, gestures and postures are nearly always fastened on for "good and all" by eighteen. Not that there is any magic about the age of eighteen; for some it is seventeen, for others nineteen or twenty; but quite close to these years for most people, the tissues of the body and brain begin to harden; the paths of nervous discharge along the muscles have nearly all been fixed. As Kipling would say—"The ship has found herself," and the habits of a lifetime have settled down to mark their permanent grooves in the nervous structure.

Youth is the golden age for implanting life's best habits. Habits are both good and bad—useful and harmful. It is the business of society—of parents—of schools, to see to it that the profitable habits are started during this Golden Age, and that the unprofitable ones are not allowed to form. Brain cells are plastic and yield persistent impressions from ten to twenty. They are of course plastic much earlier than this, but less liable to persist in error. Before ten in most children the personality submits more to the control of superior personalities as parents and teachers. Between ten and twenty—the dangerous, swiftly changing adolescent period—the youth assumes new dignities and new emotions. Youth and manhood meet in tumultuous struggle and manhood emerges from the storm and stress, wrecked or triumphant.

If there are any good habits that should

be fixed for life, pleads Professor James, let all the forces of human society concentrate on their formation during early youth. It is not sufficient to drive out bad habits; good ones must be implanted in their place. Habits favorable to the growing organism are, regular bathing, a reasonable degree of personal neatness, such as combing the hair, wearing clean linen; pleasant home evenings; erect carriage, clear enunciation and good English, memorizing short selections of literature, attendance at religious services appropriate to the age of the child, outdoor tramps and exercises, handiwork with tools and machines, singing, the practice of kindness, generosity to others and saving.

Habits unfavorable to the growing organism are smoking, drinking and all forms of nerve deadening, slouchy carriage and dress, avoidance of healthy play and sports, the weekly going to cheap shows, excitable literature; buying things instead of making things. In the boy's habits lies his destiny, for they will rise and think for him in the emergencies of life.

Professor Bain lays down two rules for habit-forming that have become classic among the psychologists and should be household words in every home; they are:

1. In the acquisition of a new habit or the leaving off of an old one, launch yourself with as strong and decided a start as possible.

2. Never suffer an exception to occur until the new habit is established.—Everyday Housekeeping.

THE COFFIN NAIL

Don L. Cash

YOUNG man, did you ever stop to consider what a terrible bomb you were playing with when you lit your first cigarette? Certainly you did not; or you might have allowed the deadly thing to drop from your lips unpuffed, and perhaps you would have been in a different place in life now, but you didn't see the evil then. You see it now, though, but it is too late. The habit once commenced, in eight cases out of ten it is useless to try to stop. Once in the grip of the dreamy, soothing vapor, it avails nothing to struggle. When the brain, air passages, veins and minute capillaries and delicate organisms of a healthy body are bathed in cigarette poisons for a short time they grow to desire it, to call out for it, because they are weakened, and can not resist it. The body does not seem to be in its normal condition without the soothing stimulus of the cigarette. The brain is the greatest institution, and most wonderful and delicate one, of the human body. When once put

under this influence, the brain, like alcoholic stimulation, though deadened and stupefied, keeps calling out for more, and the smoker drowns the desire with another cigarette.

As the brain grows into the habit it gradually imparts its stupefaction to the whole system, and before he is aware, the victim is fast in the grip of the nicotine king. Perhaps he will dimly realize the hopelessness of his position; perhaps he is too greatly hypnotized by the pleasure to think of the effect.

The other day as I was walking down a business thoroughfare in Chicago, I passed a fine-appearing young man, of good physical build, without doubt a high school graduate, attractive countenance, neatly and well dressed—but between his lips the deadly cigarette! It might have been the finest Turkish article, perhaps specially imported, but the effects are the same, the poisons as deadly, as the common one.

I see such young men every day, scores

of them, all in different stages of the same disease—for I class it a disease—but the particular case of this young man I still remember, and often think of, he was so fine appearing, and I remember, as he passed, I turned to look after him, and how broad his shoulders were, and I mentally praised his fine, athletic appearance; but ah! how soon was he to be a puny wreck, of thin, emaciated form, rejected by business houses, shunned by other young men and women! I have thought of this same young man many, many times, and pity him always, and the mother who sees that son ruining himself.

Business and mercantile houses are much more strict than was the case a few years ago. Business heads are getting to see the great evil, and are taking measures to keep it from their institutions. Now 50 per cent of young men, would-be applicants for positions, are rejected every day because of the deadly and disgusting habit. The business man knows that it makes the employé untrustworthy, incapable, and, in a measure, not responsible; he knows that it is a detriment to his business to have his patrons see his employés smoking cigarettes; therefore he bars such persons from his establishment.

A young man may be an expert stenographer, a talented foreign translator, a fine accountant; he may be skilled in bank work, or mercantile lines; but his chances of securing a position with a responsible firm are very small, if he is a cigarette smoker.

The civil service examining bureaus, in the examining of applicants for government positions, are very strict. They not only inspect closely the candidate's ability as regards education, but his physical side is brought out, and invariably he is asked: "Do you smoke? Cigarettes?" If he does, he gets no farther down the question list. Where have you seen an employé of our government, holding a responsible position, the user of cigarettes?

Tobacco in any form is injurious: chewed or snuffed, in cigar or pipe; but it has been proven that the cigarette is most harmful, inasmuch as the papers, not the tobacco, contain the principal poison.

I detest cigarettes, never having used tobacco in any of its forms, but everywhere I see its deadly effects upon young men of my age, for a man is not really old until he is 40, and I am more than their equal in physical strength. I know that my brain is more active, clearer, and capable of more steady work than theirs. My investigations have led me oftentimes to test some cigarette user—to test his nerves in trying positions; his brain, his strength, and how helpless he seemed in comparison with myself, how incapable and weak!

I am always in favor of anti-cigarette legislation; strict national, State, and municipal cigarette laws. The city officers are, usually,

very lax in the smaller cities of the United States, but in the larger cities, where the cigarette traffic is enormous, they are more strict. A majority of the laws cover only the smoking of cigarettes in street cars, public places, etc.; they do not attempt to stop it on the street. These laws do good, no doubt, but it is of no material or lasting importance. The offender is arrested, brought before the judge, perhaps fined, according to law, and finally released, whereupon he immediately commences smoking again. The law can not remedy muddled brain or weak body. It can control the effect temporarily, but it is the cause that should and must be remedied.

Everywhere we see the deplorable effects of this disgusting habit. One evening I was sitting in a fashionable cafe in an Illinois city, when two young men, each with a young lady companion, seated themselves at an adjacent table. I immediately became interested in the party. The young ladies were finely dressed, and respectably conducted. They gave evidence of culture, and of having been raised in educated, moral surroundings. Their companions were flashily attired, and polite enough in actions, but their features betrayed their physical nature: thin, faces pitted with pimples, nervous in temperament, and I made a mental wager and waited. After they had given their order, one of them drew a long, ready-made cigarette from a gold pocket case, and lit it; the other young man followed suit, and they smoked and chatted with the ladies until I arose, and going over to their table, politely requested them to discontinue smoking, as there were other ladies present—with an accent on the "other ladies"—for the tables were full. The young men looked confused, and extinguished their cigarettes; the young ladies blushed and seemed ashamed, yet I am positive that the whole party branded me a crank, having radical views, and perhaps others around did the same, but I am sure I had a few sensible sympathizers among the elderly element.

Everywhere we see it, in places of amusement, in parks, in cafes and hotel lobbies, and often in churches. Why do daughters of respectable parents allow themselves to be identified with users of the cigarette? Perhaps they do not encourage the habit in associates, but if they do not object to it where is the good? Why do they do it? For what reason should a young lady tolerate a cigarette smoker as an associate? I have not been able to determine. Reader, have you an idea?

How about the position taken by military academies for boys and young men, and of other boarding schools, in regard to the cigarette? Application blanks of 90 per cent of such institutions contain the question, in regard to the applicant for admission: "Does he use cigarettes, or tobacco in any form?" I could quote a long list of

ch schools, prohibiting the use of cigarettes among their students, but my particular experiences with three institutions of this kind lead me to mention the Staunton Military Academy, located at Staunton, Va., the finest and best equipped school of its kind in the South; the Miami Military Academy, at Germantown, Ohio, and the Wentworth Academy, in Lexington, Mo. I have made many investigations in regard to cigarette using in such institutions, and find the officers very strict, recording many dismissals for that cause alone.

Now that the great curse is so prevalent, and though it is not thriving, it is not materially decreasing, the only thing to do is to try to lessen it in the generation whose members are now mere children and infants. It is the duty of parents and teachers to make all efforts to keep the child from this evil, until he is old enough to see for himself the great harm in it, without having practiced the habit, and then, I think, most normal boys, with a will of their own, will abstain from it without being forced. If the boy is allowed to test the habit in order to find out the harmfulness of it, he is ruined, for in trying to see the harm in it he will have become a chronic user of the cigarette, which is the case with hundreds of boys who never knew what it was to have the influences of home, and never knew a parent's love.

It is very easy for a boy of 15 or 16 to gradually away from his parents, and to turn under parental discipline, to do very much as pleases him. The parents of this boy are ignorant of the great crime they are committing on their own flesh and blood, by thus allowing a son to "run wild," before he knows his own mind, so to speak, or is sufficient in will and judgment to care for himself and safeguard his own interests.

Force is not pleasant, but sometimes is the only remedy; though force in parents in forcing discipline does not necessarily lead to become abuse of children. I think it belongs a little more to the father to safeguard the interests of his son, than to the mother. She is busy looking after the daughter, where a father would be out of place, and I think that to the father rightly belongs this: Keep your boy under your discipline, until you can release him with the honest belief that you are not allowing him to go away in danger of ruining himself on account of not having had the proper training at home. Talk to him; reason with him; don't use sentiment; use plain words, unveiled language; show him the evils of drink and tobacco, and impure associates. **Safeguard him with the knowledge of his own position.** Make a common out of your boy! Don't let your son become estranged.

When we see the deplorable effects of the vile vice in the streets, do we know that long it will be before our boy will be

one of those boys? Perhaps he is becoming estranged, even now. Parents, it is your plain, unmistakable duty to remedy things!

How pitiful is the picture of the young man ruining himself with drink, with the cigarette, wasting in some terrible disease, leading a life of poverty and shame because he was too early allowed to mingle with improper associates; associates, that he probably would have shunned had he been taught the evil before he was tempted! He was once a mother's darling. A mother loved him, and rocked him tenderly, kissed him, and dreamed of his future; a father's pride and love were mingled in him, but alas! those who loved him were not watchful, and I wonder if they would take him back into their home now. Are they not guilty of a great crime? They let him gradually become estranged—where is he?

The many who are now victims of the cigarette habit never had the training of a home. Their cases—and pitiful ones they are, too—rest with the teachers, and the juvenile officers, to do what they can. It is a noble work, and deserving of much praise, but while they are doing much, they could do much more.

Parents, let us apply ourselves more strenuously to the task of preventing the acquisition of this deadly habit. Let us stop it among our children, long before it has commenced. Let us safeguard them before they have been tempted.

And to the one who had just now taken his first puff of the poisonous cigarette, let me say: Young man, your life will be blighted, your talents stunted and dulled, your vitality will be sapped, and you will become a puny wreck of muddled sensations and weakened nerves. You will die an unnoticed, unpitied, terrible death; unpitied, perhaps, but for somewhere, far away, a parent's pity and love, a victim to a terrible habit. Turn, my boy; stop it and go back, before you take one more step; throw that vile instrument of death into the gutter; turn back, and may you be made strong to see those evils, and to keep from them!



Customer: "When I bought a car from you a few weeks ago you said you would be willing to supply a new part if I broke anything."

Motor Agent: "Certainly, sir. What can I have the pleasure of providing you with?"

Customer: "I want a pair of new ankles, a floating rib, a left eye, three yards of cuticle, a box of assorted finger nails, four molars, two bicuspidals and a funny bone."



A plump baby may drop many times to a hard landing and escape, but we wouldn't advise dropping one just to see the result.

THE TRIALS OF THOMAS

Mabel Graham Knipe

MRS. JOHNSON, hurrying from dresser to closet, with occasional dashes into the bathroom, felt serious misgivings as to the advisability of the little trip she was about to take. After much persuasion on the part of her friend, Mrs. Ferguson, she had consented to accompany the latter to the adjacent city to call upon a former neighbor, who had been slightly ill. Her main objection to the trip was that her five-year-old son, Thomas, must be one of the party, there being no one with whom he could safely be left at home.

Mrs. Ferguson was the happy possessor of a little daughter, and, as is often the case under such circumstances, looked with no great favor upon boys, and especially a talkative, inquisitive little boy, as Thomas undoubtedly was. His mouth was always half open so the questions might roll out the more easily, while his ears fairly stood out from his head in their endeavor to let no bit of knowledge escape them.

Nor did Thomas regard the trip in a cheerful light. While his harassed mother nervously brushed his hair and examined his pink little finger nails, in plain and unvarnished terms he expressed his opinion of an auntie, who would have a sick headache, upon this day of all others, "just a purpose so she couldn't keep a feller, an' he'd have to go to the city, an' sit all afternoon in some old store. Never mind—she'd be well some day, an' want her Tommie to come to see her, but you bet he wouldn't. He'd show her—he would!"

"For pity's sake, Tommie, hush!" his mother commanded, tearing a rent in her new veil with her shaking fingers. "If you don't stop finding fault with your poor sick auntie, something terrible will happen to you."

She took a hasty survey of herself in the glass, caught up her parasol and handbag, straightened the toilet articles on the dresser, lowered the window shades, closed the closet door, and hurried her son down the stairs.

"Now, dear," she promised, as they went down the walk, "do be a good boy, and mama will let you go with John the next time he takes old Dolly to have her shod." Thomas seemed impressed, for to him the blacksmith shop was a place of bliss.

"What'll you do if I don't be a good boy?" he artfully inquired.

His mother, with her mind full of articles to be purchased, and others to be examined, could not bring her full faculties to bear on the subject.

"Um—um—I don't know—er—let me see—a yard and a quarter would hardly be enough to go around the sleeves, too." She caught sight of her bewildered son's face, and suddenly remembered his question. "Oh, I'll punish you severely enough, never fear," she said, "and, perhaps, you're too awfully bad, I might tell your father and he won't take you to the city next week;" after which awful threat Thomas kept silence.

Mrs. Johnson paused on the station platform to repair the damages their trip through town had wrought on Thomas's apparel. His knees were dusty from a fall occasioned by his breathless interest in a fight in which two street gamins were indulging; his one hand was grimy with tar from a bucket he had paused to investigate, while the other little fist still grasped a few gray hairs from the tail of a cat he had pursued down an alley and under a barrel.

Inside the station, Mrs. Ferguson, in a beautifully tailored gown, and Maizie, in an immaculate frock, with hair bows and sash standing out with all their pristine stiffness, awaited them.

On the train a double seat was secured and Thomas and Maizie were placed beside their mothers.

"I am sure Mrs. Downing will appreciate our remembering her in this way," Mrs. Ferguson was saying. "It seems so often we are so busy with our social duties we neglect our friends. Really, I ought to be at home right now resting for to party tonight, but I felt I must make the effort." She looked very virtuous.

Mrs. Johnson, knowing that Mrs. Ferguson's interest in her former neighbor's state of health was largely due to the fact that Mrs. Downing now moved in the more select, bridge-playing set in the city, said nothing. Mrs. Ferguson was nothing but ambitious, and to be mentioned among those present at some of the large parties Mrs. Downing gave or attended would have been the realization of one of her dearest dreams.

The conductor's approach sent both ladies to searching their purses for their tickets.

"You don't pay for Thomas, do you?" Mrs. Ferguson inquired.

"You bet she does," piped Thomas. "I know, an' mama won't lie about it, an' the conductors have all got me spotted now, an' so she pays without being asked. She says it's cheating, anyhow, when I don't."

Mrs. Ferguson's snapping black eyes

ve him such a glance that his intended
ery in regard to Mazie's fare went un-
ked. His eyes were wide open, however,
d he distinctly saw his mother hand the
nductor two tickets, while her compan-
n gave him only one.

"I do hope we can get away from Mrs.
Downing's early enough to see the new
ts, don't you?" asked Mrs. Ferguson.
Oh, surely we can, for if she is really
k she won't want us to stay long."

"Are you going to buy another hat this
ason?" responded Mrs. Johnson.

"Yes—that is, I wanted one to match
my new suit, but I don't suppose I'll be
le to afford it after I pay for Maizie's
w frock and fall hat. Don't children's
oths cost something terrible, though?"

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Johnson was agree-
g, when her son broke in with:

"My clothes don't cost hardly anything,
use mama makes 'em out of my daddy's
ousers and my Uncle Jack's coats. Dad-
says it's a good thing, too, 'cause it's
he can do to scrape—"

"Oh, look at that funny little colt in
e field, Tommie, do!" entreated his scar-
-faced mother.

"Uh-huh!" responded Thomas, and then
lmy finished his interrupted sentence—
ll he can do to scrape enough together
er her to buy prizes for her clubs."

Mrs. Ferguson laughed quite heartily,
t Mrs. Johnson found it difficult to mus-
r a smile.

For several miles they discussed the
gning fashions in gowns, hats and hair-
essing, and both heads were bent over
me samples when they were interrupted
a yell from Thomas, who was doubled
in his seat, with his hand pressed close
his ear.

"What is it, now, Tommie?" asked Mrs.
erguson, sweetly, with a slight emphasis
the word, "now."

"She kissed me," he howled, with a
pathful glance at the cool, dainty little
aizie.

"Well, well, I don't suppose she knew
ou objected to such caresses," said Maizie's
other.

"She did, too, the old sneak! She didn't
ss me where it'd feel good. She made
smack right into my ear, a purpose, an'
hurts like sixty."

Mrs. Ferguson smiled in a pitying man-
r at her friend, as if sympathizing with
r in having so unruly a child. And
rs. Johnson, smarting under the smile,
d wishing, above all things, to shake
aizie, yet too polite to voice her real
ntiments, turned to her son, and said:

"Thomas, I don't want you to interrupt
ain. Have you forgotten what I told
u before we started?" She looked at
m with a sternness she was far from feel-
g.

Thomas subsided into an indignant heap
one corner of the seat, and relieved his

feelings during the remainder of the jour-
ney by making hideous faces at the little
girl whenever the mothers were not look-
ing, to which attentions she responded with
delicate outthrursts of her pink tongue, and
the whispered words, "Cry-baby," and
"tattle-tale."

As they left the train, Mrs. Johnson
found opportunity to whisper in her son's
ear an extra injunction to hold his tongue.
So it was a sulky, frowning little boy who
brought up the rear of the procession,
dragging his new shoes over the dusty
crossings, thrusting his face suddenly into
that of a staid old carriage horse, standing
near the curb, causing him to back sud-
denly into the middle of the street in sheer
astonishment, and producing symptoms of
apoplexy in a tethered bulldog by one de-
rivative jump in his direction and another
leap just out of his reach.

As they turned down the fashionable
street on which Mrs. Downing lived, Mrs.
Johnson grasped her son's hand and
dragged him along with her.

"This house is Mrs. O'Keefe's, the real
leader of society," Mrs. Ferguson mur-
mured in awed tones. "Mrs. Downing's
is next door. Mustn't it just be heavenly
to live in such surroundings?"

"It looks as if they were having a party
at Mrs. O'Keefe's," remarked Mrs. John-
son. "There seem to be so many people
moving around in there."

"Most likely. I suppose her days and
nights are all full," enviously sighed Mrs.
Ferguson.

"O mama, look!" squealed Thomas,
pointing at the society leader's mansion,
as they mounted Mrs. Downing's steps.

"Thomas Johnson, will I be compelled
to spank you here on the street, or do
you think you can possibly keep from
shrieking and pointing at people's houses?"
scolded his mother.

Mrs. Ferguson favored him with such
a disgusted look that Tommie involuntarily
made a face at her back.

She pushed the button again and again,
but no one came to answer the bell.

"She must be in the house, too ill to
answer the bell, or else she has recovered
and is out, don't you suppose?" surmised
Mrs. Johnson.

"I scarcely think she has recovered, for
I heard she was on the verge of nervous
prostration, and she has been taken to a
sanitarium, more likely. I tell you, we'll
telephone her husband from the nearest
drugstore, and he can tell her we have
called, and then we'll be free to look at
the hats," said Mrs. Ferguson. She left
off ringing the bell.

At the front of the drugstore Mrs. John-
son and the children waited, while Mrs.
Ferguson sought the telephone in the rear.

She came back in a few minutes with a
puzzled face.

"Mr. Downing's secretary says he hasn't

been there all day, and that he could give me no information as to his whereabouts. It looks serious, doesn't it?"

After deliberation, it was decided to take a car out to the suburb where Mrs. Downing's cousin lived, and see what information they might elicit from her.

Their ring was promptly answered by a fresh-faced Irish maid.

No, mistress was not in—she had left some time ago with some flowers to take to a hospital.

"Hospital!" exclaimed the women in concert. "Who is in the hospital?"

"Why, I'm not sure," replied the rather bewildered maid, "but I believe the name was Derritt, or something like that."

"Downing, not Derritt, was the name, wasn't it?" again chorused the ladies.

"Very likely it was," readily assented the maid, anxious to be back with the relatives she was entertaining in the kitchen.

"This looks serious—Mrs. Downing's husband out of his office and her cousin gone to a hospital," murmured Mrs. Ferguson. "What is the name of the hospital, and where is it located?" she demanded of the maid, and wrote rapidly on a card while the maid dictated.

"We must hurry out there. I know she'll be touched to think we remembered her at such a time. I do wonder if she will be able to give that series of luncheons as she had planned."

To the children's great delight, they had another long street car ride.

At the hospital they were kept waiting half an hour before the superintendent could come to the parlor to see them. Mrs. Ferguson advanced to meet her with her most grand lady air.

"Could we see Mrs. Downing a few minutes?" she asked. "We're old friends, you know, and so interested in her."

The wholesome-looking woman in nurse's uniform seemed slightly puzzled. "Mrs. Downing," she repeated. "Is she a patient or an employé?"

"A patient," haughtily explained Mrs. Ferguson.

"I don't remember the name. Has she come in quite recently?" asked the other.

"Within the last day or so, I think," Mrs. Ferguson replied.

"It's strange I don't remember her. O Miss Allen," she called to a white-capped nurse passing the door. "Come here just a minute, please. Do you know if there is a patient by the name of Downing in the hospital?"

The nurse studied a second.

"No," she said, positively, "there is no one of that name in a room. Perhaps in the charity ward—"

"Our friend would certainly not be in the charity ward," frigidly interrupted Mrs. Ferguson.

"I will get the list of patients, if you like," volunteered the nurse, "but I can as-

sure you there is no one of that name in the hospital."

"Then we may as well go," and Mrs. Ferguson and Maizie led the way out.

"O mama!" Thomas whispered. "Do you wish some of our relations would be sick and come here, an' I could come and see 'em, an' push 'em on that dead-wagon, an' slide down those banisters, an' 'zamb' those goldfish in the parlor, an' hunt the canary I heard somewhere, an'—"

"Thomas," said his mother, solemnly, "if you speak again until we are on the train, I will certainly see that you do not have even one ginger cookie for supper."

It was quite dark when the two tired nervous women and two cross children reached the station. There was a great crowd for the evening train, and they were pushed and jostled unceremoniously, and were glad to drop into the first empty seats.

"I'll have to come another day this week to do my shopping," sighed Mrs. Ferguson. "We certainly have been unfortunate about missing everything—Mrs. Downing's hats, and all. I think I'll write a letter to our friend this evening and tell her the trouble we took to find her. She always loves Maizie so, and I know she'll have missed her more than anything else."

As usual, Thomas was listening with his ears, and fairly bursting to interrupt, but he managed to wait until the lady had finished.

"Huh!" he then snorted. "She didn't look so tickled when she looked out of Mrs. O'Keefe's house an' saw you and Maizie going up her steps this afternoon. She looked mad—that's what she did, and jumped back an' pulled the lace curtain together quick, but I couldn't make no of you look. An' then mama scolded me so awful mean, I couldn't talk at all."

He pressed his nose against the window, oblivious of the fact that the two women had exchanged helpless glances, and that each had collapsed in her corner of the seat.

For several minutes silence reigned, and then Thomas, watching the sparks flying past in the darkness without, was heard to murmur: "I'm kind of glad, after all, I didn't get to tell, 'cause then we wouldn't have got to take all those dandy street car rides, an' see that dead-wagon, an' goldfish an' things—we'd just been a sittin' around in some old hat-store all afternoon. I reckon."



Presbyterian Elder: "Nae, mon, there be nae-o' they new-fangled methods heaven."

Listener: "I don't know how you can be sure."

Elder: "Sure? Why mon, gin they try it the whole Presbyterian kirk wad rise an' gang oot in a body."—Lippincott's.

MEN AND RELIGIOUS FORWARD MOVEMENT

PROBABLY the greatest movement that has ever commanded the attention of men will sweep over North America and Canada during the next year. This movement, while somewhat similar to the Laymen's Missionary Movement, will not only deal with the needs of men on the foreign field, but it will consider the needs of men everywhere. The different church brotherhoods, the International Sunday-school association, the Young Men's Christian association, the Gideons and different young people's societies are unitedly propagating the movement. It is a movement founded on and developed in prayer, plans for which have been sanely and carefully developed on a very extensive and thorough scale by men prominent in the business, social and religious life of two nations, who represent also great organizations of Christian men of different points of view; a movement whose main objective is greatly to increase the active membership of men and boys in the Christian churches of this continent, such is the Men and Religion Forward Movement.

Ninety cities have been selected, each to be visited in eight-day periods by teams of experts on the various phases of Christian activity. Each of the ninety cities in turn is then being asked to reproduce the same program in from fifteen to twenty adjacent towns, these towns to carry the work in surrounding villages; therefore, between September, 1911, and May, 1912, at least 1,350 of the largest cities and towns will have campaigns of this character.

It will be a time when religion will come before the minds of people as never before. During the month of September, many of the editors of leading newspapers and writers of leading magazines

have agreed to publish articles on religion.

We are to be reminded of striking conditions. We are living in a wonderful age. We are living in an age of prosperity, and of striking intellectual activity. We are living in a matchless age. It is a bigger thing to live today than ever before. It is a bigger thing to be a Christian in this age than in any other; but quoting from Mr. Fayette L. Thompson, general secretary of the Methodist Brotherhoods, "The age that gives the world the wireless telegraph and the flying machine must also give the world an adequate interpretation and representation of Jesus Christ. Again and again I hear men speaking of the need of our returning to the religious devotion of our fathers, and there is a sense in which that is true. We shall never get away from the sublime examples coming down to us from the rarest hours of the past. Nevertheless, if the manhood of this generation does not awake to the fact that in order to be a true disciple of Jesus Christ in these days it must be responsive to a bigger program than any program of the past, it will fail utterly to realize the glorious opportunity of the present. It will not do to measure up to the program of our fathers. If we are to meet the expectations of God Almighty we must match a vaster program than our fathers ever dreamed, because our vision of what constitutes a religious life is greater."



Be not afraid to pray, to pray is right:

Pray if thou canst with hope, but ever pray,

Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;—

Pray in the darkness if there be no light,

And if for any wish thou dare not pray,

Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

—H. Coleridge.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

EXTRACTS FROM "OLD TESTAMENT NARRATIVES."

GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON.

OF the more general and popular works which I have found helpful I wish to mention the following: "A General View of the History of the English Bible," by Brooke F. Westcott, D.D.; "The History of the English Bible," by W. F. Moulton, D.D.; "The Literary Man's Bible," by W. L. Courtney, LL.D.; "How We Got Our Bible," by J. Paterson Smyth; "The Bible as English Literature," by Prof. J. H. Gardiner.

The selections in this volume cover the recommendation adopted in New York City, February 22, 1909, by the National Conference on Uniform Entrance Requirements in English, in the following form: "The Old Testament, comprising at least the chief narrative episodes in Genesis, Exodus, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, and Daniel, together with the books of Ruth and Esther." This action of the National Conference has deep significance.

The English Bible has been the most vital influence upon the thought and expression of the English race. Its vigor and spontaneity animate alike religious and secular literature. Its vocabulary and phrase are part of the genius of the language.

Tyndale was the father of the modern English Bible. He fixed essentially its literary style. Study of his vocabulary and phrase emphasizes the resemblances rather than the differences between his text and later versions. *Clearness, simplicity, vigor, vividness, dignity*—these were the qualities which Tyndale impressed upon the English Bible. To other revisers we owe countless and important changes in detail; to Tyndale we owe the very character of the noblest English prose. Scholarly research has

shown the remarkable influence of Tyndale upon the Authorized Version, even in the reproduction of faults and inconsistencies in his rendering. Partisans of Wycliffe have sometimes sought to transfer much of the credit due to Tyndale, but few who study the biography of Tyndale will be disposed to question the sincerity of his statement that he had "no man to counterfeit (imitate), neither was holpen with English of any that had interpreted the same or such like thing in the Scripture beforetime."

Three main characteristics, at least, account for the enduring vitality of the Authorized Version—depth of scholarship, breadth of spirit, and beauty of diction. In the first place, no previous translation of the Bible had been made with equal labor or scholarly research. The Address to the Reader contrasts the slowness of the work with the "posthaste" of the Septuagint, and the careful revision with the uncorrected work of Jerome. Previous translations and commentaries of English and Continental scholars and the Aramaic and Syrian versions were used in connection with the original Hebrew and Greek texts. "Neither did we disdain," wrote the translators, "to revise that which we had done, and to bring back to the anvil that which we had hammered; but having and using as great helps as were needful, and fearing no reproach for expeditiousness, nor coveting praise for expedition, we have at the length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought this work to that pass that you see."

In the second place, the Authorized Version was executed in a broad and sympathetic spirit.

In the third place, the Authorized Version set the highest standard in simplicity and beauty of diction. Through the process of years the English Version of the Bible had grown steadily in

health of vocabulary and flexibility of phrase. Objection has been made to the frequent practice of rendering the same word in various ways, but the loss in strict accuracy is, from the literary standpoint, more than offset by the gain in richness and variety of expression. Never probably was the English vocabulary better fitted for the translators' purpose than when it was surcharged with the rich, virile, and concrete words and imagery inherited from the Elizabethan period. Age can not wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety.

Striking testimony as to "the uncommon beauty and marvelous English" of the Authorized Version is found in the words of the Romanist Father Faber: "It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert scarcely knows how he can forgo. Its felicities seem often to be almost things rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of the national seriousness. . . . The memory of the lead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. It is the representative of a man's best moments; all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle and pure, and penitent, and good speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible."



Walls and Ceilings.

(Continued from Page 949.)

putting flannel, or soft cheese cloth over the broom, and go over the ceiling with long, even strokes the length of the paper, changing the cloth often, as it gathers the dust and grime. Then treat the walls in the same way, stroking from the top to the bottom. A good arrangement is to dip the cloth in dry cornmeal every few strokes, as this will remove the grime very rapidly. The cloth and the cornmeal must be kept clean. The old way of rubbing the paper with stale bread is still good, but it is harder than cloth and cornmeal, and no more effective.

A New Race Discovered.

THAT there is something left for the explorers to do, after all, appears from the letter of Vilhj  r Stefansson, the leader of the American Museum's scientific expedition to British Columbia. In a region supposed to be uninhabited the expedition has discovered a strange new people, Eskimo in speech and habits, but Scandinavians in appearance, who never had seen a white man or an Indian, though they had heard of both.

Explorer Stefansson believes his discovery will result in the solution of one of two problems—what became of some of Franklin's men or what became of the 3,000 Scandinavians who disappeared from Greenland in the fifteenth century. Here is romance indeed; the anthropologists, the historians and the fiction writers alike will be thrilled by the news. What possibilities lie in such a discovery! The world is larger than it has seemed for many years, when such a tale comes out of the frozen North. —*Record-Herald*.



Fever in Plants.

Not only animals but plants may suffer and die of fevers, is the conclusion reached by the French savant Du Sablon. When a human being has a fever he loses flesh on account of the increased combustion, the quantity of carbonic acid respired from the lungs being augmented from 70 to 100 per cent. A plant attacked by a fever, which may be caused by a wound, rapidly consumes its reserves of organic matter and becomes enfeebled, sometimes sufficiently to cause death. Du Sablon has experimented with potatoes rendered feverish by cutting them. The temperature soon rises about one degree, and the quantity of carbonic acid given off increases several hundred per cent. If the potato survives, its "respiration" after a few days becomes normal, but it falls into an enfeebled state, resembling that of a person convalescent from a long fever.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Dear Editor: I will tell the readers how I have earned pin money for several years.

I am a farmer's daughter, and although I have very poor health, have managed to clothe myself and have something left.

One year, a few weeks before Christmas, I purchased a few rolls of crepe paper, some wooden spoons, butter ladles, clay pipes, clam shells, tiny dolls, some narrow ribbon, a bottle of mucilage, and a package of gold paint.

With the crepe paper and some pasteboard, I made handkerchief boxes, some square and some long, using the white paper for the covers, edging them first with a ruffle of colored paper, then another of white. For the box I took a strip of the colored paper, twice as wide as the thickness of the box, and long enough to go around the box, doubled it together, making a ruffle on the outside and inside of the box, first placing a pad of scented wadding covered with the white paper in the bottom of the box.

Then I put a bunch of carnations or roses of the color used in the ruffles, on the covers, fastening covers to box with hinges of baby ribbon.

For a lavender colored box I used morning glories or yellow roses on the cover.

The carnations and morning glories I colored and striped with diamond dye, to make them look like natural flowers.

I placed some of the boxes in different stores, and sent one to our Grange, which brought me a good many orders, and sold them all for 25 cents and 35 cents according to size; also sold several bunches of flowers.

I gilded the backs and handles of the wooden spoons, and in some of the bowls I painted a winter scene, while in others I placed pincushions of white satin, to fit the inside of the bowl, first edging the

cushion with a ruffle of pale blue or ribbon, tying a bow of the same color to the handle with loop at back to suspend by.

On the cushion with the blue ribbon I painted a spray of forget-me-nots and on the others a spray of holly.

I painted winter scenes in the butter ladles, gilded the backs and handles, and made a narrow jagged edge of the gilding around the scene, then tied a large bow of red ribbon on handle. The clam shells were also gilded and pincushions placed inside of some of them, and others were painted similar to the spoons, and a tiny bow of ribbon glued to the hinge. If one could not paint they might gild the shells all over and paste a pretty scrap picture inside which can be used for ash or pin trays.

Of the dolls I made needle cases by putting flannel skirts on them for needles, and covering with a pretty dress tied around the waist with a narrow ribbon to suspend it by.

The clay pipes I gilded and placed a tiny pin cushion of bright colored velvet in the bowl of each, then took two of them, crossed the handles, and tied them together with a bow of ribbon to match the cushions, making a loop on the back to hang them up by.

I also made cushions of cow's horn by gilding the horns and placing cushions in the ends. These were all sold at the stores and Grange for various prices according to the amount of work.

Before Easter I made various articles of fancy work, all heart-shaped, such as handkerchief boxes, pincushions, needle cases, sachets, shaving tablets, recipe books, etc., which were placed in the stores for sale.

The next year before Christmas I sent several boxes of every kind of fancy work and needlework that I could think of or read about—the material cost

ry little—to a lady living in a distant y to sell for me on commission. Space ll not permit me to describe the hun- eds of pretty and inexpensive articles hich I sent.

The next year I made nearly one hun- ed collar and cuff sets, mostly Mex- in drawn work, shadow embroidery d battenberg. These I placed in dif- erent stores, and they charged me noth- g for selling them.

Last year I raised nearly 200 chick- s, sold the cockerels for more than ough to pay for the feed consumed by , kept the pullets (about 90), and have d from them, since the 1st of January bout ten months), \$169.68 worth of gs, besides furnishing eggs for a large nily. Cost of feed during the ten onths, \$67.54, leaving a profit of 02.14. I paid \$5.00 or \$6.00 for poul- netting, drinking fountains, louse lers, etc., but I used 20 dozen eggs for tching purposes and had the use of e hens to hatch and raise over 100 ickens, the pullets of which I shall ep for layers. The yearling hens I all keep this winter and market them the spring when poultry is high. My ethod of obtaining eggs in winter, is keep the hens busy. "Always hungry, ways busy" is my motto. I give them eir breakfast after they have gone to ost for the night, by scattering small ains in the litter, and raking some of e litter over it, then I empty drink shes, and see that they have plenty of it, shells, etc. In the morning as soon they get off the roost they begin to g and scratch for their breakfast, ereby rousing the blood to circulation. As soon as it is light I take them some ater, slightly warmed if the weather very cold, or some skimmed milk from e separator, sometimes both.

About nine o'clock I go out with some ncakes and other table scraps, if any, d it is fun to watch them chase each ner around for a mouthful of pancake. here are no pancakes left from eakfast, I scatter a few handfuls of

grain in litter, each time giving a dif- ferent kind for variety. After dinner I feed a mash of cooked vegetables, meat scraps, or steamed clover, slightly salted and mixed with ground grains until crumbly, to which I occasionally add a little cayenne pepper or poultry food.

About 3 o'clock I give some raw ve- etables or other green food; sometimes I give them the green food at noon, feed- ing the mash about 3 o'clock. I do not like to give a full feed of mash in the morning as it satisfies them and they sit around when they should be exercising.

At night I feed all the whole grain that they will eat, and in very cold weather I warm or parch it. If the weather is very severe, I scatter a few handfuls of grain in the litter about every two hours during the day.

MISS MINNIE ANDREWS.

Lawrenceville, Pa.



The Cellar.

Don't forget to have the cellar thor- oughly clean and sweet smelling before you begin to fill your shelves. See that every offensive thing is removed, the walls whitewashed, the floors clean, and dampness provided against by plenty of fresh lime placed in boxes in odd cor- ners. Have the shelves all clean, and rout all insects. Have thorough ventila- tion and arrange so the fruit or vegeta- bles on the shelves may be darkened by something other than darkening the whole cellar.



Walls and Ceilings.

It will shortly be fall-house-cleaning time again; but it is always cleaning time in the house, and some day, when you are looking for a job, examine your walls and ceilings. The paper may be in per- fect condition, so far as breaks and tears are concerned, and it seems hardly nec- essary to repaper; but the walls and ceil- ings are dingy, if not really dirty. To improve its appearance, tie a piece of

(Continued on Page 947.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Do you think one is so apt to live a Christian life in the home who has not the advantages of church privileges?—Mrs. Marie Trigo.

Answer.—One is not so likely to live a Christian life when deprived of church privileges, although it is entirely possible for such an individual to live a devout Christian life. The one who is isolated in this way needs to give an extra amount of time to careful reading, devotion and prayer. Worship in a congregation always carries with it an inspiration which it is hard to get when one is isolated and deprived of such a privilege, and to make up for this deficiency it requires an extra amount of effort on the part of the individual.

Question.—Give methods of conducting family worship.—Dr. S. B. Miller.

Answer.—1. Let the head of the house read the Scripture lesson and lead in prayer, followed by a short prayer by the mother.

2. Call on different members of the family to read the Scripture lesson and let one or two members lead in prayer.

3. Let each member of the family be supplied with a Bible and let all the members take part by reading alternately or let all the members follow carefully while one leads in the reading, generally the head of the house.

4. Have Scripture reading and prayer followed by a verse or two of some appropriate hymn.

The worship may profitably be conducted either in the evening or in the morning, depending upon the conveniences of the family. If held in the morning it may be in a small group or at the table just before breakfast. The important thing is that it be held regularly at a definite time each day. It is of vital importance that the worship be made devotional and that it be made of interest to all the members of the family. This can not be done when the Bible is merely picked up and a passage hastily read at random. Such a method will be sure to result in a dull routine of monotony and of little significance to those who pass through it every day. It is necessary that the head of the house spend some time each week to prepare a series of worship for that week by which he hopes to accomplish something. If he is following the daily readings of the Sunday-school let him be sure that he knows what is the significance of that week's readings that he may lead his family in an intelligent way. Of course this will take some time and effort but it always takes time and effort to accomplish anything that is of

any importance. Hundreds of children are made listless during the period of worship because of the lack of interest of the one who leads who has allowed himself to perform the task as a matter of course instead of being wide awake, and then the parents wonder why with all their faithfulness the children do not take more interest in the study of the Bible. Let the same amount of interest and intelligence be used in family worship that the ordinary farmer uses in feeding hogs and fattening cattle and there will be a wonderful revival of interest in the family altar.

Question.—How keep the girls at home in the evening?—Daniel W. Long.

Answer.—Make the home attractive and fill it with life and interest. Girls are full of life, and they like to expend their energy and satisfy their curiosity by meeting people and seeing life. See that they have a proper opportunity of mingling with their girl friends during the daytime, there will be less occasion for them to stay away at night. Keep them well provided with wholesome reading matter, and be companion with them in the home circle which they will seek rather than the companionship of strangers. It is dangerous for girls to be out in the evening unless they are properly chaperoned.

Question.—Of these three kinds of tree which has the best lasting qualities, the oak, elm, or maple?—Huntington, Ind.

Answer.—Elder J. H. Moore, editor of the Gospel Messenger, is of the opinion that the live oak of Palestine, also found in our own Southern States, will outlive the elm or the maple. For a northern climate he would be inclined to believe the elm would outlive the oak.

Elder I. B. Trout, editor of the Sunday-school supplies, holds the white elm ahead of the oak or the maple.

There are about three hundred species of oak; they are native of temperate and tropical climates. The oak reaches maturity in from 120 to 200 years, depending on the species, some of which are known to be a thousand years old. Some species grow to be 150 feet in height.

The elm is a native of temperate climates. The white elm attains its lofty stature between latitudes forty-two degrees and forty-six degrees north, and sometimes reaches a height of 120 feet. The trunk reaches sixty or seventy feet before it separates into branches.

The redwood trees of California have the most lasting qualities of any trees in North America. Galen Clark of the Yosemite Valley says, "Apparently some of the largest old fallen trees, like the Forest Giant in the Mariposa Grove, may have attained the age of over six thousand years before they were uprooted."

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Ethel's big sister has an ardent admirer who is a college athlete—a big, broad-shouldered chap. Ethel overheard her sister say that he was well knit. The next evening, when the young man called, Ethel went to the parlor to entertain him.

"Do you know what sister says about me?" demanded Ethel.

"No. Something nice, I hope," said the young man.

"Oh, yes; it's very nice," replied Ethel. "He says you are beautifully crocheted." Ethel judged.



Not long ago a young lady of Macon, Ga., visited the home of her fiancé in New Orleans. On her return home, an old colored woman, long in the service of the family, asked:

"Honey, when is you goin' to git married?"

"The engagement not having been announced, the Macon girl smilingly replied: 'Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I will never marry.'"

"The old woman's jaw fell. 'Ain't dat a lie, now!' she said. 'But, after all missy, I do say dat old maids is the happiest wretches there is, once dey quits strugglin'." Lippincott's Magazine.



"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer in the mud-flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queek! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da shovel! Giovanni's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no! He no canna walk! He wronga me up!"—Everybody's Magazine.



"Mama, I'se got a stomach-ache," said little Bly, six years old.

"That's because you've been without food. It's because your stomach is empty."

"You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the minister called, and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been suffering all day with a very severe headache.

"That's because it's empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel much better if you had something in it."—Short Stories.



Knicker: "What is a swimming hole?"
Bocker: "A body of water entirely surrounded by boys."

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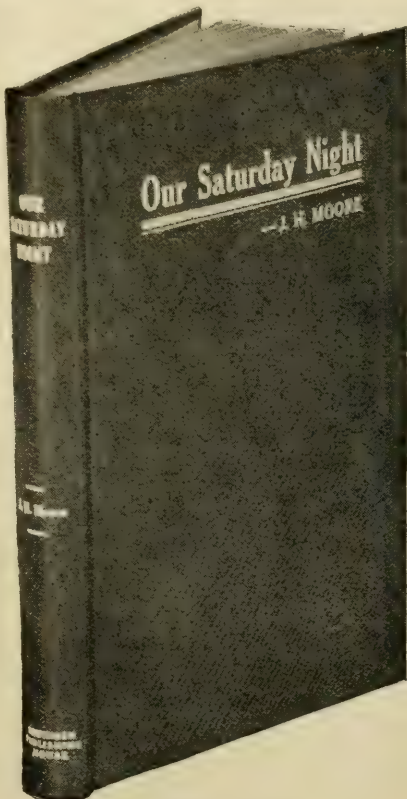
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SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

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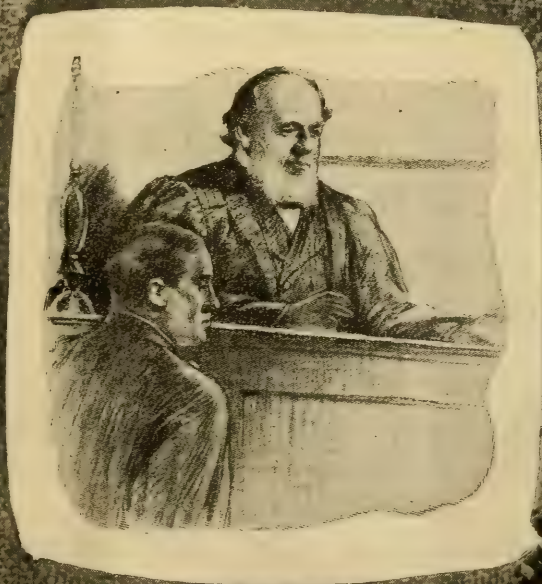
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EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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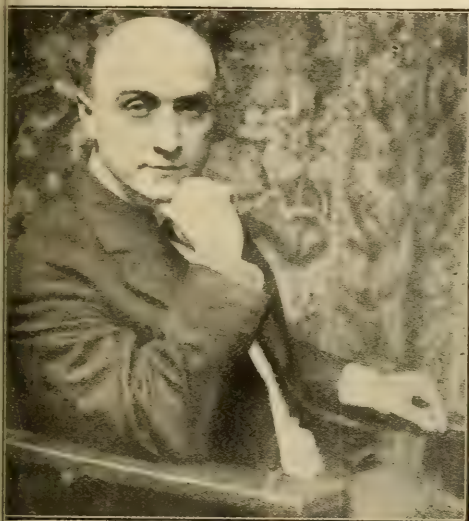
Vol. XIII.

September 19, 1911.

No. 38.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



The Rev. Charles Stelzle.

Charles Stelzle, the Pioneer.

It was seven years ago that the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church created the Department of Church and Labor, and placed at the head of this rather experimental work the Rev. Charles Stelzle. The department was formed with the one purpose of bringing the church and the working man in the factory closer together, since both had fallen away from grace. Mr. Stelzle has shown himself equal to the task. His training began in the shop and ended in the pulpit, but Stelzle is a man, not the selfish, narrow-minded sort, and it is his genuine manhood which contributes largely to his success.

After his eighth year Mr. Stelzle received no further public school education. Circumstances forced him to go to work in a cement tobacco factory. Three years ago I heard him tell his life story and I believe he told us that he had to go to

work in order to help support his mother and sister, his father having died. The little family group knew nothing but toil; the mother made men's clothing at home, working long hours; and Charles toiled in the tobacco factory, then sold papers until he was old enough to enter the machine shop as an apprentice. He learned his trade well, in fact he seems to make good in everything. During his life in the machine shop Charles Stelzle thought of other things besides the planer and lathe, and we find him interested in two institutions, the church and organized labor; or to put the matter fairly we should say that he became interested in the life of his fellow-workers and the religion of Christ. As he patiently labored in the machine shop this interest steadily grew until it became a complete master of him. At the age of twenty-five he decided to study for the ministry. Think of it, a man who had never been to a college, had never finished the grades of the public schools, and who had spent all his life in the factories, decided to begin a theological course! The thing seemed ridiculous to a seminary or two which he tried to enter, but he finally worked his way into one school and completed the course. Sometimes preachers are born and not made. When the board called him to his present position he had charge of a large institutional church.

Mr. Stelzle is a man who makes himself useful in many ways and he is willing to be at the service of the people. He not only fills many engagements as a speaker but every week he speaks to about ten million people through various periodicals. There is an interesting account of Stelzle's work in the American Magazine for September from which we take the photograph. Concerning his present undertaking the writer says: "He is putting the Christian under conviction of sin in the matter of unchristian conditions that surround labor and exploit it. He sets us wondering what we ought to do about a civilization that puts infants eight years old stripping tobacco in a reeking basement; he sets us thinking of the workingman as a creature who will

bleed if he is pricked, who has emotions, aspirations and affections, and weaknesses like our own; who has self-respect and hates patronage, and has the same contempt for religious patronage especially, that anyone else would have."

Many of the **Inglenook** readers may have read "An Every-Day Creed," by Stelzle. It has been printed in several periodicals, and those who read the Ladies' Home Journal will find it in the September issue. I shall quote just two paragraphs of it.

"I BELIEVE IN MY JOB. It may not be a very important job, but it is mine. Further, it is God's job for me, if I am honestly trying to do his will. He has a purpose in my life with reference to his plan for the world's progress. No other fellow can take my place. It isn't a big place to be sure, but for years I have been molded in a peculiar way to fill a peculiar niche in the world's work. I could take no other man's place. He has the same claim as a specialist that I make for myself. Yes, I believe in my job. May I be kept true to my task which lies before me—true to myself and to God, who intrusted me with it.

"I BELIEVE IN MY HOME. It isn't a rich home. It wouldn't satisfy some folks, but it contains jewels which can not be purchased in the markets of the world. When I enter its secret chambers and shut out the world with its care, I am a lord. Its motto is service, its reward is love. There is no other place in all the world which fills its place, and heaven can be only a larger home, with a Father who is all-wise and patient and tender."

A Court of Domestic Relations.

In the Survey for August 19, Harry Olson, who is Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of Chicago, tells us of the Court of Domestic Relations which was established in that city last April. The new court is a branch of the Municipal Court and the latter has final jurisdiction in all cases.

The Court of Domestic Relations has jurisdiction over the following cases: Abduction of children under twelve years of age, abandonment of wife or child, bastardy, improper public exhibition or employment of children under fourteen, conditions contributing to dependency or delinquency of children, violation of all laws relating to child labor, violation of all laws relating to compulsory education and truancy, climbing upon cars by minors, permitting minors to gamble in saloons, permitting minors to enter dance halls where intoxicating liquor is sold, sale or gift of deadly weapons to minors, sale of tobacco to minors.

There are many advantages in the establishing of such a court, and an important advantage is in having all similar cases tried by the same judge. This enables him to become a specialist in the treatment of domestic troubles. It also enables the judge to make a study of the causes which con-

tribute to the dependency of women and children. Many of the defendants in this court are not criminals in the worst sense they are often first offenders. Their offenses arise out of poverty, drunkenness, misunderstandings, ignorance and bad temper. There is less humiliation to a defendant in this court than to one brought into a court where the grosser criminal cases are being heard. An appeal to conscience under these circumstances is more apt to bear fruit. Poor people will resort to this, especially in cases of wife abandonment, delinquency and bastardy.

Another strong feature of this court is the promptness with which cases are tried. An effort is made to give a jury trial as soon as possible after the complaint is filed which may be the next day or within a very few days. Before the Court of Domestic Relations was established there was no method of following up payments. This is very necessary when a wife or child is dependent upon the money for a living. In the new system there is a plan by which payments are promptly collected. During last May, the second month of its operation thirty-one letters were sent out to defendants who were in arrears and twenty-seven responded with the money.

A Country Literary Club.

Some may be surprised when we start out to talk about a literary club in the country. The idea! We usually think of the country woman being so busy taking care of the house, cooking, milking, washing, that we do not associate literary clubs with the farm.

In the vicinity of the little town of Paagon, Morgan County, Ind., there is a literary club composed mostly of farm wives. The club was organized in 1895 for the purpose of mutual improvement, no definite program being outlined. The next year they had a committee to arrange a program and the club studied English, American authors and the Bible. After that there were two years devoted to the study of Shakespeare. Here some may hold their hands in surprise again when they learn that women in the country may come so interested in the study of Shakespeare that they are willing to spend solid years in the effort. But listen to what we have to say next. After their study of Shakespeare the club devoted ten years to the history, literature and art of Greece, Italy, Germany and France; and at present they are studying other courses.

Naturally there is a social side to the club also, and they have their functions during the year. There is a mid-winter social in which the entire families of the members join. At this meeting the program consists of music, recitations, lectures and various other entertainments.

The club meets every two weeks

Thursday afternoon. We read that only seven objections ever prevent any of the members from being present. At first there were only fifteen members but now the enrollment is twenty-five, since several of the younger women have joined.

Mr. R. A. Ogg, who has been an eye witness of what this unassuming club has accomplished, writes *The Indiana Farmer* as follows: "As a club it has held to its original purpose of being a quiet, consistent, persistent band of women earnestly striving

through self-culture to raise the plane of life a little higher, mentally, morally and socially, not only for our own families but for the community in general. This excellent example of what a little group of women can do for themselves, their families and their community by cooperation ought to induce other women to do the same. I was delighted during my attendance at the farmers' institute at Paragon with the evidences of intellectual life and culture in the community."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A Black Disgrace.

The *Fulton Democrat* informs its readers that Secretary of Agriculture Wilson's acceptance of the brewers' invitation extended him to act as the honorary president of their congress, which is shortly to be held in Chicago, and comments as follows:

"The breweries' business in the United States is in the hands of as persistent and cruel outlaws and anarchists as ever cursed the earth in any climate. In their midnight and Sunday lairs, all anarchy is bred, nine-tenths of all the nation's crimes and misery are hatched. Every beer den is a hotbed of crime and misery. And nine-tenths of them belong to the millionaire brewers who have organized this great congress.

"No blacker disgrace could come to our million Americans than that our President and two members of his cabinet should thus coöperate in making that infamous congress of infamous outlaw men, engaged in an infamous outlaw business, respectable.

"Now is the time for Taft, Knox and Wilson to get a million protests from these people: Every minister, every church, every Young Men's Christian Association, every Christian Endeavor League, every Worth League, every religious and moral organization, every white-souled editor and official—floods of letters and protests from every State and hamlet in this public.

"This is a government of the people. They can rule, if they will.
"Get busy! Get busy."



The Eternal Fitness of Things.

The International Brewers' Congress, so lately advertised, is to close its sessions on October 22. The Illinois State Conference of Charities is to open its sessions on October 21. Here is an eternal fitness of things—a logical sequence of events that

is, to say the least, a bit striking. What can be more appropriate than this order of events? Has it not ever been thus—that where the work of the brewer ends there the work of charity begins? As a creator of business for charity, the saloon stands in a class by itself. It has no peer, it has no rival. The delinquent and the derelict are ever left in the wake of the saloon, and there make work for the associated charities. The association of charities may well convene when the association of brewers adjourns. As the brewers will no doubt plan for the enlargement of their business, the charities must, of necessity, also plan for the enlargement of their business, for the one follows the other as night follows day.

The press reports also say that at this State conference of charities, "the question of a State-wide agitation and organization against the growing burden of insanity and feeble minded men will be discussed." That such agitation is needed is sufficiently shown by the enormously rapid increase in the number of insane in the State. Judge Owens, of Cook County, is authority for the statement that the number of insane in Illinois is increasing at the rate of six per cent annually. According to the report of the State charities commission, there were 4,100 patients in our State institutions for the insane and feeble minded in 1890. In ten years the number increased to 6,708, an increase of more than 60 per cent. In the eleven years following, the number grew to 12,723, an increase of almost 100 per cent.

All the asylums in the State are overcrowded, and yet, perhaps, not much more than half the State's insane are in the asylums. The commission estimates that by July, 1912, there will be over 16,000 patients in the State asylums, and that their maintenance will cost the State \$5,000,000.



Pope Pius X. on Arbitration.

Pope Pius X. sent the following message

to Diomedes, the apostolic delegate to the United States:

We are happy to learn from you that in the United States of America, under the leadership of men enjoying the highest authority with the people, the more judicious members of the community are fervently desirous of maintaining the advantages of international peace. To compose differences, to restrain the outbreak of hostilities, to prevent the dangers of war, to remove even the anxieties of so-called armed peace, is, indeed, most praiseworthy, and any effort in this cause, even although it may not immediately or wholly accomplish its purpose, manifests, nevertheless, a zeal which can not but redound to the credit of its authors and be of benefit to the State. This is especially true at the present day when vast armies, instrumentalities most destructive of human life, and the advanced state of military science portend wars which must be a source of fear even to the most powerful rulers. Wherefore, we most heartily commend the work already begun which should be approved by all good men, and especially by us holding, as we do, the supreme pontificate of the church, and representing him who is both the God and the Prince of Peace; and we most gladly lend the weight of our authority to those who are striving to realize this most beneficent purpose.

For we do not doubt that the same distinguished men who possess so much ability and such wisdom in affairs of state will construct in behalf of a struggling age a royal road for the nations leading to peace and conciliation in accordance with the laws of justice and charity, which should be sacredly observed by all: For, inasmuch as peace consists in order, who will vainly think that it can be established unless he strives with all the force within him that due respect be everywhere given to those virtues which are the principles of order and its firmest foundation?

As for the remaining aspects of the matter, we recall to mind the example of so many of our illustrious predecessors, who, when the condition of the times permitted, rendered, in this very matter also, the most signal service to the cause of humanity and to the stability of governments; but since the present age allows us to aid in this cause only by pious prayers to God, we, therefore, most earnestly pray God, who knows the hearts of men and inclines them as he wills, that he may be gracious to those who are furthering peace amongst the peoples and may grant to the nations which with united purpose are laboring to this end that the destruction of war and its disasters being averted, they may at length find repose in the beauty of peace.

As a pledge of divine favor and a proof of our benevolence, we most lovingly grant you, venerable brother, the apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, the eleventh of June, 1911, and the eighth year of our pontificate.

(Signed) PIUS X



The Church on Newport's Excesses.

Comments on Newport's Sunday morning fancy-dress, brass-band parade have not been limited to the shocked remonstrances of remote provincials who hold old-time standards of propriety. On Sunday every Episcopal pulpit in Rhode Island denounced the unseemly manifestation as a basis justly provided by the bishop of the diocese.

The bishop's very temperate pastoral letter points out undeniable facts: That Newport's "activities"—as he terms them—have insensibly grown to such an extent to encroach upon the hours commonly dedicated to divine service and to detract from the sacredness of the day. They also tend to the prejudice of home life and set an unworthy example before the young.

These wealthy and demoralized Newporters, living in an atmosphere essentially false and debilitating, have reached a point where they have lost any proper sense of the social and moral scope of their own acts. They need to be brought to realization of the respect due to general decorum and to the still valid ideals of the quiet, self-respecting folk who are their essential betters. The bishop of Rhode Island, in protesting against their wild and insolent doings, will receive the approval and gratitude of the best conscience of the country.—Record-Herald.



A National Bureau of Markets.

On August 14 a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives providing for the establishment of a new branch of the Department of Agriculture, to be known as the "Bureau of Markets." The duty of the proposed bureau, as defined by the bill, is to be "to make diligent investigation of the methods of marketing farm products and especially with regard to finding a direct method by which farm products may reach the consumer from the producer, accumulating and distributing information on the subject in question and on the subject of the best methods and best markets for selling."

While the language of the bill is somewhat confused, it is evident that a step of much economic significance is contemplated. It is the order of the day to throw light upon the mechanism of trade; and is in harmony with the progressive idea now being conspicuously fostered by the International Institute of Agriculture to bring scientific methods to bear upon the marketing of farm products.

EDITORIALS

Exchange of Values.

OME time ago a man sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. He was hungry just then and did not take the pains of looking ahead even a few hours. Later, however, during his saner moments he must have realized his foolishness in paying so great a price for temporary a thing as a pot of soup, when the bill had been paid and his wiser brother had collected all dues at the time of the exchange. No amount of lamentation and regret ever gave him an opportunity to possess his former property. A world of good intentions could never have placed him back to his original social position. He had made the payment, paid the bill and had a whole lifetime before him to reflect over the foolish mistake. Such exchanges are not entirely peculiar to the youths of an early pastoral age. They are quite as common quite as ludicrous in our highly civilized scientific age as they were among the people of ancient days. It is not an uncommon thing for a man or woman these days to exchange a splendid opportunity for a temporary attraction and gain notoriety. The world is on the continual lookout for bargains and when a splendid career of a young man or a young woman can be bought for a dish of chop suey there is no difficulty in finding a buyer. The price is quickly and gladly paid and the youth is asked to surrender the birthright which under the stress of the moment is done and when barter is finished. A world of sorrow and regret by the youth afterwards will not induce the buyer to surrender his goods, in the first place, because he cannot, and in the second place, because he could not if he would. Nature herself keeps a jealous watch and collects every bill that is made by human beings. She asks any of her laws and she claims exact payment for it and collects it with good interest. She is no respecter of person either by race or creed, nor by

wealth or poverty. Let the youth spend his early life in the hot pursuit of some passion and in a few days he will have years of emptiness for an old age during which he is thrown completely out of harmony with the surrounding world. All he will do will be to whine and bewail his lot. Had he saved his birthright during his younger days he would have enjoyed plenty of good soup during his old age.



The Man Who Toils.

BACK of every great achievement there are groans from the weary man who toils. We admire the splendid piece of architecture and herald praises to the man who first conceived the idea of building it but we forget the man who carried the mortar and brick at \$2.13 per day. We never give him credit for the thousand ambitions he cherished for his little home while the tissues of his muscles were being hardened and wearied as he trudged under his load of mud. We know nothing of the daily routine which took the sprightliness out of his steps and which kept him awake at nights too weary to sleep. He is the faithful servant made of human flesh, filled with a human soul, spurred with ambitions, eager to learn from his more fortunate brother, apt to imitate his wealthier neighbor and peculiarly sensitive to any slight or neglect by his fellows. He builds the palaces, digs the tunnels and canals, constructs the railways, runs the factories, feeds the foundries, sweeps the streets and cleans the rivers, and, indeed, he makes life pleasant for his fellow-men in all the walks of life. We say he is only a servant and a laboring man who is paid respectable wages for his work. He is provided with means whereby he is able to purchase the ordinary comforts of life. Let him buy as he is able, eat and drink his fill and lay his pillow where he will. As we see him squander his money for the trifling things of life in a vain attempt to satisfy a desire closely

akin to the higher motives of his more fortunate fellows we shrug our shoulders and turn in disgust at the cheapness of his tastes. We preach sermons and write volumes about the need of laboring men saving their money, and learning the lessons of thrift and economy. We deplore his ignorance and superstitions but we go on in our own important sphere of life solving the great problems of the world which we think are likely to stop the wheels of progress unless we solve them and the laboring man continues to work and groan and spend in his own way in his own little world. We are an ambitious lot of critics, good at heart and well meaning in our intentions, of course, but often absolutely foolish in our conduct. A few days ago a woman in Chicago, driven to desperation, committed suicide because she was unable to provide for her children. There are plenty of sources for relief in Chicago for such cases if she had known anything about them. One of the great privileges open for all men and women is to help the less fortunate to find the better things which are meant for all men. The laboring man suffers because he does not know, and if you know, you are under a moral obligation to teach him.



How About It?

WILL you some time during your leisure moments take a mirror and go into a room alone where you can spend a quiet half hour by yourself? Then take the mirror and make a careful examination of your face. Do you think that face will see you safely through the world for the rest of your life? Look into those eyes and ask yourself, "Can I trust those eyes and are they always true to me?" If you are not true to yourself it is very evident that you will not be true to your fellow-men, and you had better call a halt right away and make a settlement with yourself. It is not safe for a dishonest man to trust himself in the responsible places of life

for sooner or later he will find himself entangled and enmeshed in a career that will be a blight to all his efforts later in life. If your mirror reveals to you that there is something about those eyes that is inclined to fudge at times it is a sign that there is danger ahead and it is time to shut down the whole works until you can trust yourself absolutely. No man has ever been able to reach that state until he made himself honest with God. While you are alone with your mirror in hand is a good time to take an inventory and find just what your relations are with him. If you will take the time to make a painstaking examination now it will save you a great many embarrassing situations after you get down the line a little farther where a halt would mean a great deal more expense, and perhaps a wreckage of some of your most expensive machinery. The successful engineer always runs his engine into the machine shop and makes sure that everything is perfectly safe before he undertakes any hard trip. It is important that every young man and woman make such an examination once in a while, because the road is mighty rough down the line a little ways.



Keener Edges.

Most men have allowed their sense of right and their conceptions of moral obligations to take on ragged edges because they fail to draw a distinct line between right and wrong. There are practical men in the social and financial world who tend to compromise even high standards of right. In the political world men tolerate wrong conduct and even violate principles of right which if laid bare before them in their private life they would never think of even countenancing. Perhaps it is only that they are spurred on in their effort of securing power that they for the time do not weigh the matter carefully. Whatever may be their motive their conduct is in any way excusable. Such men

id to have lost their sense of distinction between destructive and constructive forces. Perhaps they have lost it. They ever had one they surely lost it. They have allowed it to sink into the background until they are scarcely able to recognize it. We would be more inclined to think they never had developed such a sense. For in reality it is a development which goes on through all the years of human experience. As the child becomes older it should have an increasing sense of distinction between right and wrong, and as it grows into manhood that sense should become keener. Old age should bring on a distinct sense of demarkation which has grown sharper and keener with each succeeding year until the character has become firm and unswerving, never compromising any standards of right. Men who compromise what they know to be principles of right in their youth never turn out to be substantial old men. The highest type of old men are those who moulded their thought from their childhood and with each succeeding year ground down a keener and finer edge upon their sense of distinction between right and wrong.



Self-Expression.

UNDER our present wage-earning system we have in a large measure destroyed that desire for production and individual expression which is normally found within every life. It is the purpose of education to make every member of society useful in some way that it may not become a burden to his fellows. In accomplishing this we have overemphasized the professional life and have underestimated the industrial life. The young man's ambition as he leaves school these days is to secure and hold a good job. To do this he is obliged to adapt himself to the requirements of his employer. Such a discipline is good for a time, but for a man to be obliged to respond to the daily round of mechanical duties for a whole lifetime makes a pure

machine out of him. The world needs something more from him than mere faithful service. A dumb animal can perform those duties. There is a creative instinct in every mind and for a man to rise out of the animal world into an intelligent social circle of fellow-men in which he is entitled to equal rights he must give expression to that which lies dormant in his mind. This should be fostered in the child until it is able to originate and develop that which is useful to the world. The spirit of creating something useful even though it be only a toy must continually be kept before the developing mind. The child will get an infinitely larger amount of pleasure out of its toys if it is taught how to make them than if it is given money to buy them and will develop an instinct for production instead of lavish expenditure. Every member of society owes it to the world to buy less and make more of something. Create a toy, a tool, an instrument, a labor-saving device, a thought, an idea, a noble sentiment, a higher religious conception. Let it be something useful to the world which depends entirely upon your efforts.



It Depends.

It depends largely on how a boy walks when he is going to school as to how he will succeed later in life when he is thrown against some of the really difficult problems. The boy who drawls along as if he were driving snails and had a whole world of time to kill will likely keep on killing time long after he leaves school. The boy who goes with a hop skip and a jump and can hardly wait until he has an opportunity to recite his lesson before his teacher will meet the problems of life much in the same way and will take delight in tackling the hard tasks. Boys, when you go to school, lift your head like a spirited horse, fill your lungs with fresh air and be ready to tackle any difficulty that may come in your way.

CHICAGO'S NEW MAN FACTORY AND ONE WHO "MADE GOOD"

Rollo M. McBride

Mgr. of The Parting of the Ways Home, 122 W. 22d St., Chicago, Ill.

IN the year 1900, there lived in Bristol, Belgium, a poor, hard-working widow by the name of Remmers and her only son, Emile, aged ten, a bright, manly boy, to whom she was very much attached. Unfortunately for Emile, his mother married a second time and the stepfather did not take kindly to the boy. Therefore, he became a trouble-breeder. It was then decided that Emile should be sent to the United States. The father then proved extremely kind to him and bought his ticket to Chicago. Believing that America was a wild and dangerous place—and Chicago in particular inhabited chiefly by Indians and cowboys—he presented Emile with two revolvers, saying: "Take care of them; you will need them when you get there."

Sailing from Liverpool via the Allen Line, he encountered unusually bad weather, passing through a blinding snow-storm—the waves mountain high and the ship rolling and tossing in the gales. In fact, the passage was considered to be one of the most stormy ever experienced by even the most hardened sailors. They were seventeen days en route, arriving at Halifax, N. B. Emile, with the other passengers, was compelled to leave the ship and take train to Montreal, owing to the severe weather and the ice in the St. Lawrence River. They were three days making this short trip, being stalled by the immense snowdrifts. It was necessary to force the way through the walls of snow and ice with snow-plows.

In due course of time Emile arrived in Chicago and, calling upon the French consul, he was able to secure a position as porter in one of our finest restaurants. He took the little money he had left and paid for a room. This done, his means were exhausted.

The second night, going home from work rather late, he was attacked by two toughs, as he passed under the "L" tracks. They pounced upon him, gagged him and threw him upon the ground. He, realizing his danger, drew one of the revolvers his father had given him and fired several shots. The toughs promptly took to their heels. The shots attracted the attention of a detective, who, rushing to the scene, saw two men running away and one upon the ground. He therefore grabbed the only one he could find and Emile, thinking him another hold-up man, commenced to fire wildly again.

It was necessary for the policeman to blow his police whistle for help—and the



Emile Remmers.

upshot was that Emile landed at the Harrison Police Station in the patrol wagon. This station is famous for having housed many of the world's most notorious criminals. It has since been torn down but was then a dark, gloomy jail—enough to strike terror into the heart of an innocent young boy—alone and friendless in a strange land—unable to even speak our language.

He was brought up before the judge the next morning and—not understanding our customs or ways or language—and little realizing the drama enacted about him—sat patiently in the prisoners' dock, listening to the testimony—yet unaware of the evidence given against him. The detective swore to three charges—disorderly conduct, carrying concealed weapons and resisting the law. On the first he was fined \$59, on the second, \$56.50 and on the third, \$31.50, or a total of \$147. Having neither money nor friends, he was committed to the House of Correction to work out his fine at the rate of fifty cents a day. It seems incomprehensible that a judge could pass so severe a sentence as this on the mere, unsupported word of a police officer and not learn the other side of the story.



Parting of the Ways Home.

The famous Black Maria, with its capacity of seventy, backed up at the Harrison Station and took its load of human driftwood, among them a trembling, frightened boy—Emile. The doors clanged shut and they started for the House of Correction. Here the doors were unlocked and the men unloaded. They entered the large receiving room, with its shower baths, barber chairs, benches and the bags in which the prisoners leave their own clothes when they are stripped. The bags are then sealed. The men go first to the barber chairs, then to the shower baths, and then don the uniform of the House of Correction—picked from the clothing piled on the benches along the walls, perhaps discarded by some unfortunate discharged in the morning. They are then taken to the cells.

Locked in his cell, Emile realized at last the full and bitter meaning of his conviction. His heart was broken—his manly spirit crushed. He fell upon his knees with the tears running down his face. He murmured brokenly some little prayer his Christian mother taught him. All night he rolled restlessly upon the little, narrow bunk—thinking, thinking, thinking—wondering what would be the outcome. Early in the morning with the rest of the prisoners he was called to go out to work. He had no privileges other than those granted by any penal institution—no clock, no calendar, no newspapers. He was permitted, however, to draw a magazine or book from the library.

Emile was a model prisoner and Superintendent Whitman was attracted by his manly face and strict compliance with the rules. I might say, in this connection, that Mr. Whitman is considered by all of the criminologists of the world to be the most humane—and yet the most practical—and the farthest advanced in the knowledge of the proper care and handling of prisoners of keepers of institutions of his time. He is greatly beloved by all the guards and prisoners under his care. This, then, was

the type of man that took an interest in Emile and did so much for him.

Notwithstanding the dirty work and the soiled clothes, as day after day Emile pushed his wheelbarrow to and fro, Mr. Whitman saw through the unprepossessing exterior into the heart of the innocent, unfortunate boy. He saw that Emile was out of his element and ordered him to his own home. He was given a bath and a suit of spotless duck and assigned as a waiter and houseman under Mrs. Whitman's direction. Mr. Whitman says that it was wonderful to note the change in the boy—out of the noise and dirt and discouraging surroundings of the institution into the peace and quiet of the superintendent's home. He asked innumerable questions of all with whom he came in contact and gained a knowledge of English most unusual, considering the short time he was there; for Mr. Whitman, after a great deal of trouble, had two of the charges against Emile dismissed and he was discharged when he had served only 108 days of his sentence.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitman gave him a warm handclasp and bade him good-bye with a great deal of good advice. They also gave him fifty cents and when he passed out of the House of Correction he was handed a card to one of our charitable institutions for the aiding of discharged prisoners. Upon his arrival at this place, they took his record, gave him a lot of advice, handed him fifteen cents with which to get something to eat, and told him he had better try the hotels and restaurants for a position like he formerly had. He started out and asked for work everywhere in his broken English. No one seemed to want him or to have any interest in what became of him. Hour after hour passed and at last—discouraged and weary—he went back to the charitable institution. They then gave him a card to the Chicago Municipal Lodging House, which nightly houses 600 or more unfortunates from the underworld. He remained there three days. The last night he was informed that he could not come back there.

He was in despair. He had no home—no friends—no money—nowhere to go. He had made a fruitless effort to join the United States Army, but they informed him that he was too small. Then he tried the navy, but was told that he could not speak English plainly enough. He had spent the fifty cents Mr. Whitman gave him in cheap meals—merely existing from day to day. He had reached the point where he concluded that there was nothing left for him to do but go back to the Bridewell and ask his good friend, the superintendent, to keep him, for he felt that no one wanted him and that no opportunity of any kind awaited him.

After hearing the boy's story, Mr. Whitman called up the Parting of the Ways Home and asked me if I could not use a bright, neat, careful boy. He scrubbed,

cleaned and assisted me in every possible way to get the Home ready. This was just before the opening of the Home. At the expiration of nine days, I was able to secure a position for him in Memphis, Tenn., as storekeeper in a prominent hotel, at \$40 a month, room and board. Surely there was no one in Chicago more happy and contented than the bright, smiling boy I put on board the train for Memphis that night. He shook my hand again and again, vowing to "make good."

Several letters had passed between us, and one day this week, much to my sur-

prise, the door opened and in walked, all smiles, a neat, nicely dressed, prosperous looking young man—Emile Remmers. Throwing his arms around my neck in his impulsive, foreign fashion, he said: "Oh, Mr. Bride, how I love you! How I love this Home! For if it had not been for the Parting of the Ways Home and you, I might have become a thief or worse—and I don't want to do anything wrong!"

After telling me his experiences during his absence, he produced a pocketbook, well filled, and a bankbook, showing that

(Continued on Page 982.)

HABITS, THEIR DEVELOPMENT AND HOW TO BREAK THEM

L. E. Eubanks

SOMEONE has defined man as a bundle of habits. Doubtless he is much more, but certain it is that habit plays a leading part in every life.

To understand the nature and power of habit is great capital; if our youth could start their careers with such knowledge there would be few misspent lives. Repetition brings ease and naturalness, so whatever course a man finds himself on at the dawning of maturity is the one he will most likely pursue to the end.

We are proud of some habits; we like to boast that we have read good books till trash does not appeal to our taste; a husband likes to hear his wife tell of his never forgetting the good-bye kiss, etc. A story is told of an old gentleman who never missed waving to his wife on his road to work. At a certain corner he had turned and waved his right hand every morning for fourteen years. Arrangements were changed one day and this man found himself on a night shift. The friend who accompanied him regularly states that the waving was continued as before, notwithstanding that the corner was in absolute darkness. The movement had become wholly unconscious, and not until his attention was called to the matter did the old man realize that he did it.

This sub-conscious mind of ours should be studied. I think a little practical psychology could well be substituted for some of the useless things in our school curriculums. We live under the direction of this sub-conscious mind; every involuntary process of bodily economy is managed by it. In other words, we live by habit. The conscious mind guided our first tottering steps in babyhood, taught our legs the "trick," then turned the reins over to the sub-conscious mind. Isn't it a good thing that we do not still have to stagger around

the plan and think to make one foot follow the other?

But I started out to talk practically of the development of habits, especially bad ones, and give my ideas of how to shake them off.

Repetition wears a path in the brain just as many feet wear a path through a vacant lot where half-a-block's distance can be saved. The more frequent the thoughts follow this path the smother the road becomes, and the longer the path exists the greater becomes the number of its tributaries. To speak more literally, when we think a great deal of a certain thing its area in the brain enlarges, and other thoughts are modified. In the confirmed drunkard "all roads lead to Rome"; you might speak to him of a vacation trip, of how you enjoyed the fishing and fine mountain water. His mind would accompany yours this far then bear away into the old path. He would picture himself hot, tired and "dry," just right for a "bracer." How refreshing a cold bottle would feel to his hot palms. Nonsense, water was made to run machinery and bathe in! Beer for him! And away he goes to the saloon.

So the first thing in dealing with a habit is to unravel the ideas. Segregate the one you wish to shun, and let none of the others touch it. The weeds and grass must be allowed to grow again, the path must fill up and the foundations of new structure occupy the space.

To abandon the thought thus is the first essential. In most bad practices thought is everything; no man can use tobacco, opium, whiskey, etc., unknowingly. The thought must precede the action; and as long as you keep the mind away from it all is bound to be well. I think I have the backing of all authorities in saying that some habits can be broken **only** by mental discipline. Th

slave to sexual debauchery, preëminently, can never escape without a change of thought.

Now there can be no compromise in this matter. Your pledge to self, to your better, true, normal self, must be to turn from the thought of your particular habit **instantly**. Give it absolutely not a second's hearing, and you have thrown up the strongest possible defense.

Substitution is a powerful aid. By this I mean the cultivation of some habit to take the place of the abandoned one. The writer used this in giving up tobacco. My hardest time to get over was the hour after a meal, so I got a friend to be on hand when I rose from the table, and we took some light recreation. During part of the time I was employed at work in which I took little interest, and temptation was then much stronger than when engrossed with games that I liked. The point of making your practice of the new habit fill the exact time when the old one held sway is important.

So the motto must be: **Guard the thoughts and keep busy.**

There are considerations of a physical nature, too. The state of one's health has a vast deal to do with mental stability, as no one will deny. No effort should be spared to make the health as nearly perfect as possible. Exercise and rest, attention to the diet, bathing and regular hours, every endeavor for physical improvement, will pay handsomely. Regular exercise is directly beneficial in its mechanical effect; the circulation of blood is quickened and equalized, preventing that suffusion in the brain coincident with too much thought. Since it has been proved that the mind's action is affected by the character of the brain's blood supply, that poison blood produces **poisonous thoughts**, who can doubt that abundant oxygen given to the stream of life through exercise and deep breathing tends to wholesome thought?

The nature of the habit and the disposi-

tion of the person have much to do with the battle. Some of our weaknesses steal their way to our very hearts. We realize their baneful effect, yet love them; the "dope fiend" knows he is killing himself, but he hugs the viper to his breast and would protect it with his life.

When this stage has been reached a form of insanity confronts us. We must seek a lucid interval to prepare for the next attack. The best time for self-examination is upon arising in the morning. Then the nerves are calm, the brain at its best and every organ and sense most nearly normal. In the morning, then, hear your trial. There are two of you, and you're going to thrash this thing out once and **forever**.

First, do you want to master this habit? isn't it highly necessary—even imperative—that you do so?

Your normal self answers yes.

When you have broken past resolutions haven't you invariably regretted it?

Yes.

When you have won a few battles hasn't the fight grown easier?

Yes.

Will you be sorry tomorrow morning if you hold firm today?

I shall be glad.

Isn't it true that you will be the gainer in every way by conquering yourself?

Yes.

Then the verdict is given, and there must never be an appeal. You are free because you **will** that it **shall** be.

Later in the day when suggestive occurrences are encountered, the other, the abnormal, self will try to impeach these facts; but you must not permit this intruder to open his mouth. **No, not a word.** He must cease to exist—die like the despot he has been.

"In time of peace prepare for war." Renew your pledges every morning, as you think with delight of your progress. Believe in your true self and an ever-helpful God.—Health.

BRINGING BEAUTY INTO PLAIN LIVES

IT is bondage to the commonplace which kills the youth in many women. Their senses become blunted by monotony, until at last they follow their dull round of duties without joy and without enthusiasm.

If we were to ask, however, "What are the commonplace things?" we should get many answers. The woman who is not blessed with worldly goods would say: "Oh, the commonplace things are mending and darning, and washing dishes, and cooking three meals a day."

But the woman of larger income would have a different list—the commonplace in her life has to do with the management of maids and the trials of continual social duties.

Even the wife of the multi-millionaire is bored by the sameness of her frivolous routine.

For it is not only the poor who live plain lives. I have seen people who paid twenty dollars a day in a big, beautiful, busy metropolitan hotel, whose days were empty of all vivid interests.

Yet there is little need to waste sympathy on these affluent paupers, who, if they will only put their wits to work, may open up new worlds of delight, new vistas of endeavor in lines of art, music, literature, philanthropy.

But the plain lives of the poor? How may they be beautified? How brightened? How may the women who scrub and cook and sew find relief from dullness?

There is only one way. To bring them to a recognition of the duty of the commonplace.

Many of our greatest artists and writers have shown us this beauty. They painted cottage interiors, they have pointed out the poetry of every day life, they have pictured for us the simple joys of the blazing hearth, of ruddy children, and of rest after toil.

Yet, in real life, we do not often appreciate homely joys and occupations, for most of us hold an ideal of pleasure which includes idleness and frivolity, and lavish expenditure.

An old man once said to his fastidious daughter, "My dear, if ham and cabbage were five dollars a plate, you'd like it better than terrapin." So, if toil were the privilege of the few, we should all reach out for it with eager hands, and would count those lives plain which were spent lazily.

The woman who brings herself to a realization of true value; who adjusts herself to the inevitable, who recognizing the limitations of her surroundings, still makes the most of them, is the happy woman.

If you love nature, yet are chained to a city square, must you sigh forever for the forests and streams, for the farm and the garden plot? What of your back yard? You can make it blossom like a rose if you will and digging among the roots will bring color to your cheeks and brightness to your eyes, and when you sit amid your roses and your honeysuckle you can forget the hot pavements and the noise beyond.

You love books? Or pictures? Must you have them in your own bookcases or on your own walls to be happy? Why not seek out the free exhibitions and art stores where you can feast your eyes on greater treasures than any you could ever hope to possess? Or, if you must read, there are hundreds of books on the shelves of the public library for your perusal. The difficulty with many of us is that we will not take advantage of the things which are right at hand. I have known women who sighed and complained of the monotony of the summer spent in town, who made no effort to relieve that monotony by the trips which were absolutely within the means. In the big city parks there are places where streams run cool and quiet and where there is the dim greenness of forest spaces. Why stay shut up in a stuffy room when a five-cent carfare will take you to such a haven of delight? You lunch in a napkin, a book from the library the world forgotten. Try it the next time that life threatens to overwhelm.

I wish that more women understood the joy of the busy life, the poetry of shining pots and pans, the economic value of savory stews and of sparkling soups. I wish that they might place housewifely skill side by side with parties and fancy work as a means of killing time.

Last winter a whole porchful of women at a southern resort crocheted red silk can napkins on the tops of corks. The corks were to be used to protect the ends of a pair of scissors, a useful article, perhaps, but it gave an energetic person the "creeps" to see that rocking chair brigade displaying proudly such senseless bits of achievement, when hardly one of them would have admitted her ability to make an omelette or broil a steak.

Monotony comes only to those who do not calmly and accept it. And beauty may be found somewhere if we will only look for it.

A PLEA FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS

Lula Dowler Harris

IT is early to ask for a Christmas reform while suffering with the heat of summer, but many are not only thinking of Christmas with its coming obligations, but are actually preparing for it.

Let us stop! Look! Listen! Are you keeping Christmas as Christ would like you to? Are you giving in many instances because you feel obliged to? Stop making that beribboned article you are working upon and buy a warm shawl for some old lady who is too poor to buy one. Stop buying military brushes for bald-headed

men, stop burning that piece of wood you expect to decorate and send to some one to wipe out a last year's obligation. Stop storing presents you have received and do not want, but which you mean to wrap in tissue paper, tie with brilliant ribbon and send to some one you dislike next Christmas. Stop buying things that people do not want nor cannot use. Stop spending more than you can afford for a present just because Mrs. A. gave you an expensive present last year.

Stop reducing your husband to the verge

of bankruptcy and to a state of despondency because you want the postman to leave as many parcels at your door as any on the avenue. Stop making a nervous wreck of yourself and driving your husband and children from your presence by constantly trying to keep even with or ahead of some other woman in your set. To be brief: stop being foolish.

Look around you and see the little children thinly clad and poorly fed. Look at our homes for the aged and the destitute. Even when these institutions do their best there is many an old person shivering with the cold and many a cripple needs a crutch.

Listen to the promptings of a regenerated heart. Listen to the cries of the needy, the sick, the sorrowful. If you have nothing more to give than a kind word of encouragement to the despondent or a word of sympathy to a bereaved friend, or a cheerful word to the sick be sincere in the giving. Be a hypocrite—if you must—every other day in the year but on this—the day we celebrate as his birthday—be sincere. Listen to your conscience which tells you you have been very selfish regarding your Christmas gifts. You have given many presents grudgingly and with no good wishes, although you tied a beautiful card on your present which read: "I wish you a merry Christmas." You have criticised many of your presents because they were not as nice as the ones you sent. When Christmas with its excitement is over and you take a sane view of the matter do you not realize you have a lot of foolish presents, piles of tissue paper, yards of ribbon, dozens of cards that represent money that might have been spent to a better advantage?

Do you sometimes commit a twofold sin at the Christmas season by committing sins of omission and sins of commission? Do you fail many times to give to those who need it and do you ever fail to give the article needed? Do you omit love when sending a gift? Love and good will should accompany every present sent out on his birthday to be consistent with his teachings. Do you omit the names of your best loved from your list, or leave them until the last, knowing they will love you just the same with or without a gift?

Do not stop giving, for we are taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive. But give with no thought of receiving value for value. Give to the poor and needy. Give to those you love the thing you think they need. Give a kind word and a smile to all. Give to friends if you wish but be sane and unselfish in your giving.

Be consistent in your Christmas buying. Do not buy bric-a-brac for your friends while an unpaid butcher's bill faces you. Do not give to those you dislike simply because you feel under obligation to do so. Do not give a barefooted child a fancy dressed doll. Do not give an old, almost sightless, woman a fancy-work bag.

Resolve to be sensible, sincere and consistent in your Christmas giving this year if you wish to have a Christmas such as Christ would like you to have. Play Santa Claus to your own family if you like and to as many others as you can, but be unselfish in your actions if you would experience the peace and comfort that should abide in every heart at the Christmas season.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CHINESE MOUNTAINS

Geo. W. Hilton

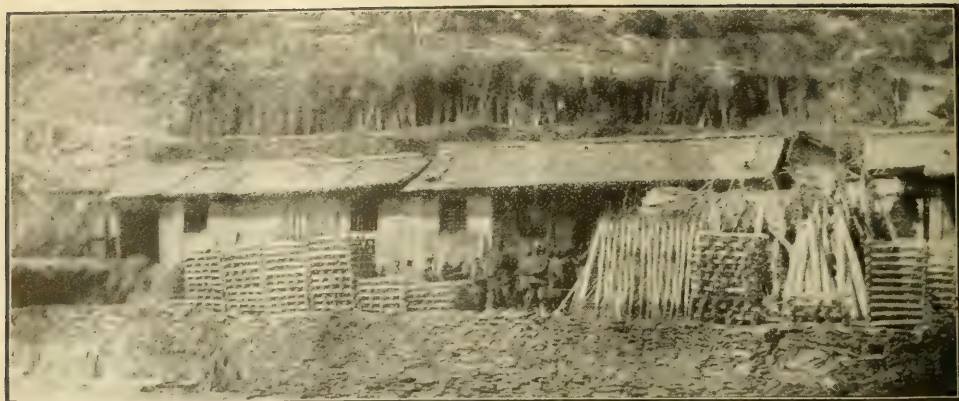
IN relating this adventure, I do so with different feelings than those I had at the time of its occurrence nearly two years ago. Then it was a very serious matter. Now when I look back to that time I can laugh at my fears.

It was on a Saturday afternoon in the month of August, when a native Christian who lived in the mountains west of us, came to our village with the word that the wild hogs were eating up his potatoes, and he wanted us to come out to his place and shoot them for him. This man was a friend of old Dr. Atwood, one of the first missionaries who ever worked in our province. The doctor had supplied him with some seed potatoes from America, and his

entire living depended upon his potato crop, which he hauled to the cities each fall and sold to the missionaries.

He came with the story that an old mother hog and a litter of eight pigs, each weighing about a hundred pounds, were coming to his patch each evening and not only eating what they wanted, but also doing a lot of damage by rooting out potatoes and leaving them lie, so he begged Mr. Corbin and me to come and shoot them for him.

At this time we were living in a small village in the edge of the mountains. We went there on account of my health, which at that time had improved so that I was beginning to get around again, and we decided that a trip to the mountains for a



Mountain Village, China.

day or two was the kind of a tonic I was most in need of.

So on the following Tuesday Mr. Corbin and I hired two burros or donkeys and loading upon these our bedding, along with our guns and ammunition, we started about nine o'clock for the mountain village. Putting our packs on the donkeys and then climbing on top of the load, we began our climb of perhaps 10,000 feet to the top of the mountain pass.

Our road followed a dry creek bed and was very rough on account of the many loose stones lying everywhere, among which the burros must pick their way. Thus we travelled upwards for several hours through a deep gorge cut out of the solid rock, the sides of which showed strata of rock of almost every color; here and there a stunted pine tree crept out of a crevice in the rock, and among these pines we saw many golden pheasants, a very beautiful bird with a long, flowing tail, sometimes two feet in length. I shot several pheasants with my little twenty-two caliber rifle, this being the only gun I owned at the time.

Mr. Corbin carried a large caliber rifle for the big game. About three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the summit of the pass, and after following a dry stream down on the other side of the mountain, we came to our destination about five o'clock in the evening.

It was a small village with perhaps twenty houses, which nestled against the side of the mountain. The hills on the south and east were covered with a growth of scrub pines and other small timber and brush. Here we were told was the home of the hogs we were after.

Almost the first thing we heard in the village after our arrival, was that on Saturday evening the old mother hog, which must have weighed about five hundred pounds, was feeding with her litter in a potato patch about a hundred yards from the village. Suddenly the villagers heard a piercing scream and then heard the pigs

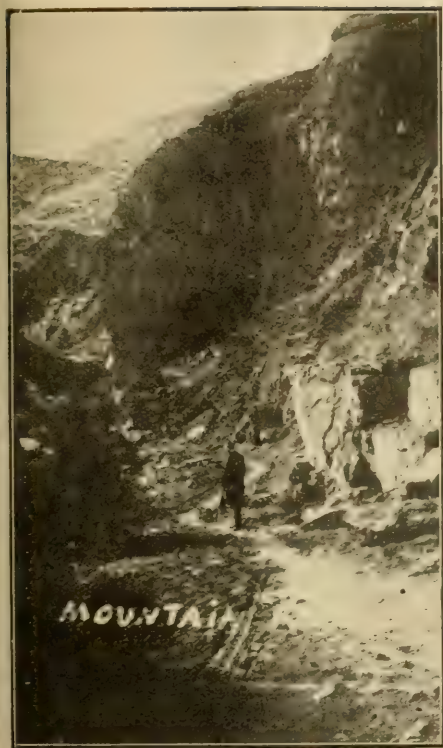
squealing. Going to the edge of the village they beheld a very strange battle going on. A large man-eating leopard had crept up behind the hogs and pounced upon one of the young ones which it killed almost at a single blow. But now the mother hog was fighting fiercely to protect her family, but Mr. Leopard finally succeeded in carrying off his prey, and the rest of the hogs fled to be seen no more before our arrival. They also told us of a large boar that had been the terror of the village the year before, but had lately disappeared. They told how one villager had tried to drive him out of his potatoes when the boar made a rush for him, terribly mangling one of his legs with his huge tusks. They told us this hog made tracks as large as a small cow, and not having had any experience hunting this kind of game we anticipated some rare excitement. And we were not disappointed, although it came in a different way from what we expected as our story will show.

After a supper of potatoes and boiled pumpkin we secured a young man for a guide, and started for the fields about a mile from the village.

When we arrived there we could find no fresh tracks, although there were plenty of cow tracks, or such they appeared to be to us. But the boy insisted that they were hog tracks. These, however, were several days old, so after we had lain down in an oats field for about two hours and had seen nothing of the hogs, we were ready to say "I told you so."

Even in August it gets quite chilly in the mountains at night, and as we were getting cold and the moon was nearly down, we decided to return to the village for the night, as it is very dangerous to travel in these narrow mountain roads unless it is light enough to see to shoot, on account of the leopards.

We started for the road and had just reached it when we heard a scream from the top of the mountain. Almost immediately we heard the brush begin to crack and



Mountain Road in China.

knew that a leopard was coming directly toward us. It seemed to be chasing some kind of an animal as we could hear it panting as it came toward us through the brush, which also kept us informed as to the direction it was traveling which was directly toward where we were standing.

The suspense was something terrible as we stood there in the only open space near us, which was only about fifteen feet square, having brush on three sides and a little cliff about ten feet high behind us, which gave us but little chance to shoot should the leopard come our way, as he seemed determined to do, for he came steadily on, while we tried to plan some kind of a defense, for they will attack a man most anywhere after it gets dark, so as to hide their movements. Mr. Corbin gave me his large rifle, saying, "You can shoot the best, so you take it and stand in front." Then he took the smaller gun and stood behind me, while the Chinaman stood behind him, stricken with terror.

We knew we were in a tight place and that at most we could not get more than one shot, and if that failed some one's life would likely be the forfeit. And so we waited while the leopard came on. I have had buck fever while hunting deer, but the feeling was not the same this time. My heart

seemed to beat against my ribs like a trip hammer and I wondered a time or two if the other two could not hear it beat also. If the critical moment had come then I am sure I could not have hit a leopard at ten feet, unless it had been by accident. I would have run away if I could, for I believe with the darkies, that "it's no disgrace to run if you git scared." But where could I run? Brush to the right, brush to the left, a wall of rock behind and a leopard in front.

But at this moment the noise in the brush ceased, and we all decided that the leopard was now sneaking quietly upon us, and you may imagine our feelings about this time. I glanced at the wall of rock behind us, fearing any moment to see the fiery eyes of the leopard ready to spring upon us. But they never came and it seemed we had waited for hours. The moon went down and we were left in darkness, such as one seldom sees only in a forest. After a wait of perhaps half an hour, which seemed to us many times longer, we decided that the leopard had smelled the powder from our guns and fled. Yet we feared to move for fear he might be lying in wait for us by the road. So I asked the boy to throw a stone in the brush where we had last heard the noise, but he was afraid and would not until I told him if he did not I would, so he says, "You be ready to shoot, I will throw." When his rock struck the brush away went the crashing noise again, this time up the mountain away from us, and the panting also began again; then we discovered that the panting was made by a small deer, which had caused us all this scare. Then we had a good laugh over it and started back to the village. We determined, however, never to hunt for leopards or wild hogs again unless it was in the light of a full moon. Next day I went back to the spot to find the tracks of a deer where we thought the leopard was in hiding.

A leopard had really been chasing him and had him nearly exhausted, but no doubt he smelled us and let him go. The deer in turn ran until he found he was free from his enemy and then lay down to rest, and was disturbed by the rock thrown into the brush. I followed the tracks for some distance and was rewarded by getting a sight of the deer about half a mile away.

Thus ended my first adventure in the mountains of China. I have had others since, but none which gave me such a fright as our first hunting trip for wild hogs.

Ping Ting Chou, Shan Si, China.



I set out on this ground, which I suppose to be self-evident, that the earth belongs in usufruct to the living; that the dead have neither power nor rights over it.—Thomas Jefferson.

THE DIVISION FENCE

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

AN old fence stood between two houses as a wall of separation. It was high and had an aggressive appearance which suggested division. It proclaimed the fact that it had been built to separate two families; it stood there an effectual bar to neighborly intercourse. Mr. Hazlitt, who had built it in wrath and anger, was dead, and his son, Robert, who lived in the old colonial house, wished the fence had never been built. The Trent house on the other side of the fence was not old but it had been shut up for nearly fifteen years.

Paul Hazlitt was a politician and when he lost his seat in the Senate, he was led to suspect that his neighbor Mr. Trent had used his influence against him. They had words of anger and recrimination and the fence was built in a day, all the available workmen being set to work upon it. Then the children were warned to keep away from it and the friendship of the past was forgotten, leaving only bitterness and hatred. There were moments when Paul Hazlitt regretted his hasty action. The friendship of years was dear to him, but before the fence had been standing six months he was carried out to the little graveyard and with him were buried all enmities against his neighbor; for Robert Hazlitt, his son, had resented the building of the fence, yet when his father died something kept him from tearing it down. It was one of the last things his father had done and he did not like to set himself on record against it. But he had always liked the Trents and as the years went by he wished that some one of the family would come back and occupy the house so that the old neighborly intimacy might be renewed. Robert Hazlitt, with his man Sam, lived in the Hazlitt mansion built by Grandfather Hazlitt.

"It's a burnin' shame to see a fine old house like that go to rack and ruin," said Sam meditatively one evening as the two men were sitting in the yard.

"I get so tired of seeing the windows and doors shut all the time that I feel like opening it myself. To think of those people gadding about the world, and a house like that to live in is disgusting," remarked Paul Hazlitt in reply.

"They do say down at the store that Virginia Ann is the only one of the family living and that she is not likely to ever come to America," vouchsafed Sam.

"I wish she'd sell it to somebody then who would move in. I am getting tired of being without neighbors, particularly in winter time."

"Yes, it's awful lonesome here in the winter, that's a fact," agreed Sam.

Just then a neighbor came and sat on the lower step of the porch. He lived a mile away but he often dropped in to talk with Robert. After discussing the corn crop and the probability of an early frost, he said, "Travers told me today that the Trents are poor, have lost all their money, most of them are dead and this is about as they have left."

"They always were an extravagant lot so I am not surprised," said Robert. "You remember how Warren was always trying to borrow little sums of us? He is owing most of the boys around here now."

"He owes me all the money he spent on the last good time we had together," laughed the neighbor. "But he is welcome to it. They say that some of the Trents are coming here to live again, since this is all they have to come to. Travers told me I don't know how true it is."

"I'll be glad to see them back," said Robert, heartily. "I am not the one to keep up a quarrel which started over twenty years ago and never should have been started in the first place. I've a great mind to tear the old fence down before they get here!"

But here the cautious Sam interfered. "How do you know that they want to make up before you see them? Maybe you do tear it down, you'll have to go to work on 'build a higher one than this after they come'."

To which sage advice Robert answered never a word, but went on talking to his neighbor about the fall wheat sowing.

In the early days of October the station hack drew up before the door of the Trent house. Robert had almost forgotten the rumor of their expected arrival; so had every one else; as no one knew any definite facts, gossip died out for want of material to feed on. Robert was sitting in a chair reading his paper when he saw the hack come up to the door. A lady stepped out and went at once to the door and tried to fit a key into the lock. It was hard to manage, the key would not turn and the hack-driver came to her assistance. It resisted his efforts at first but after using his penknife and resorting to methods unknown to women the key finally turned in the lock and the door was forced open. A little boy of six years was with her. As she came out to direct the man to bring in the baggage her face was stained with tears which moved Robert strangely. It was Virginia Ann, who used to domineer over him shamefully when she was ten and

she was sixteen. She was evidently unhappy. How she could remain in the house for the night was a problem whose solution was yet to be found.

For a moment Robert debated the question as to what he should do under the circumstances. Then he arose and went over to assist the hack-driver in bringing in the trunks. Virginia Ann was standing near the door as if afraid to look any farther. The rooms were dark and a moldy, musty smell was all pervasive.

"Glad to see you back. Do you remember our old neighbor?" said Robert holding out his hand.

A look of relief overspread her face. Why, yes, it is Robert Hazlitt," she said. I did not think the old house would be like this. I hardly know what to do," she began helplessly.

"Tain't fit to sleep here nohow," put in the hack-driver.

"Perhaps you had better go with him to town and stay at the little hotel and then come back in the morning and see what can be done with the house. It needs airing before you stay in it."

She hesitated a moment, "I had thought my wanderings were over. When I came to this house I wanted to stay, but if you think best I shall do as you suggest."

"Get right in, ma'am, I'll take you back to town. You shouldn't come out here to-night nohow."

She had not taken off her wraps and as she stood there in the early twilight Robert was touched by the sadness in her face and manner. "What must be, must be," he said. "We shall come back in the morning; and I thank you for your assistance."

She walked slowly to the hack; the boy was already seated by the driver. With a last good-night she left Robert Hazlitt standing in the early gloom gazing after the hack as if it had taken something precious away from him.

The next morning, Robert came as soon as the hack brought her and offered to go over the house with her. She had brought a woman along from town to help clean the house and get it ready to live in. In the morning light she looked more like the Virginia Ann who had made a brilliant marriage and left her home for foreign lands, a number of years ago. "This is so kind of you," she said. "Are we really going to be neighbors? You see I remember the fence which barred us out!"

"It is no barrier now," Robert answered. "I have been wanting to tear it down for some time. Those were the happiest days of my life when we were all good friends and lived happily together in peace."

"And they were my happiest days," she replied softly. And that was her only reference to the past. All day Robert assisted in putting the house in a habitable condition and was tired when night came.

Much had been done. Virginia Ann and her boy, Robert, remained in their own home that night. They were busy for a week getting everything as it should be to live there during the winter. Robert came every day to offer his assistance or to do something for them.

Before the snows of winter fell Robert and Sam pulled down the fence which had caused such troubles and heartaches and the neighbors could once more have easy communication. The old quarrel was more easily forgotten when the fence was gone.

Virginia Ann was strangely happy and the rest and peace were most welcome. She had been a widow for two years and her heart had been constantly turning to her home in America. But it was not until her brother's lingering illness terminated in his death at Nice, that she found herself at liberty to follow her own inclinations and go home.

Robert found, as the winter evenings passed so pleasantly in her sitting-room, that all these years he had been waiting for her coming. But he waited still longer fearing lest the love he felt for her would not be returned. Then one night when they were reviewing the past she told him how her father had grieved over Paul Hazlitt's alienation. And Robert explained that his father's illness had made him suspicious and that he had also regretted the quarrel. While their thoughts were busy with the haunting memories of the past, Robert told her of his love; then all the barriers were completely torn away, and they entered a new career of bliss.



THE ODOR OF THE RAINBOW.

Everybody has heard of the pot of gold buried at the end of the rainbow, but there is another old belief connected with this meteor that is not so familiar nowadays. The attention of meteorologists was called to it, a few years ago, by Mr. Richard Bentley, of the Royal Meteorological Society.

It appears that over half a century ago a controversy took place in the English newspapers as to whether the rainbow emitted an odor. A belief in such an emanation existed in antiquity, and has been echoed by several modern poets. Thus it is mentioned in Pliny, Aristotle, and a Greek writer referred to by Coleridge, in his "Table Talk"; in the "Peripatetic Philosophy" of Georgius de Rhodes; in Bacon's "Sylva"; in Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals," and more lately in a poem by Robert Snow.

The origin of this curious belief is explained by Mr. Bentley as follows: Everyone is familiar with the increase of scent given off by plants and shrubs on a warm evening after the air has been newly washed by rain. This would naturally often coincide with the appearance of a rainbow.—Scientific American.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE BIBLE AND PROGRESS.*

Woodrow Wilson, LL. D.

The thought that entered my mind first as I came into this great room this evening framed itself in a question—Why should this great body of people have come together upon this solemn night? There is nothing here to be seen. There is nothing delectable here to be heard. Why should you run together in a great host when all that is to be spoken of is the history of a familiar Book?

But as I have sat and looked upon this great body of people I have thought of the very suitable circumstance that here upon the platform sat a little group of ministers of the Gospel lost in this great throng.

I say the "suitable circumstance," for I come here tonight to speak of the Bible as the Book of the people, not the Book of the minister of the Gospel, not the special Book of the priest from which to set forth some occult, unknown doctrine withheld from the common understanding of men, but a great Book of revelation—the people's Book of revelation. For it seems to me that the Bible has revealed the people to themselves. I wonder how many persons in this great audience realize the significance for English-speaking peoples of the translation of the Bible into the English tongue. Up to the time of the translation of the Bible into English, it was a Book for long ages withheld from the perusal of the peoples of other languages and of other tongues, and not a little of the history of liberty lies in the circumstance that the moving sentences of this Book were made familiar to the ears and the understanding of those peoples who have led mankind in exhibiting the forms of government and the impulses of reform which have made for freedom and for self-government among mankind.

For this is a Book which reveals men unto themselves, not as creatures in bondage, not as men under human authority, not as those bidden to take counsel and command of any human source. It reveals every man to himself as a distinct moral agent, responsible not to men, not even to those men whom he has put over him in authority, but responsible through his own conscience to his Lord and Maker. Whenever a man sees this vision he stands up a free man, whatever may be the government under which he lives, if he sees beyond the circumstances of his own life.

Our present life is a very imperfect and disappointing thing. We do not judge our own conduct in the privacy of our own

closets by the standard of expediency by which we are daily and hourly governed. We know that there is a standard set for us in the heavens, a standard revealed to us in this Book which is the fixed and eternal standard by which we judge ourselves and as we read this Book it seems to us that the pages of our own hearts are laid open before us for our own perusal. This is the people's Book of revelation, revelation of themselves not alone, but revelation of life and of peace. You know that human life is a constant struggle. For a man who has lost the sense of struggle life has ceased.

I believe that my confidence in the judgment of the people in matters political is based upon my knowledge that the men who are struggling are the men who know. That the men who are in the midst of the great effort to keep themselves steady in the midst of pressure and rush of life are the men who know the significance of the pressure and the rush of life, and that they the men on the make, are the men to whom to go for your judgments of what life is and what its problems are. And in this Book there is peace simply because we read here the object of the struggle. No man is satisfied with himself as the object of the struggle.

There is a very interesting phrase that constantly comes to our lips which we perhaps, do not often enough interpret in its true meaning. We see many a young man start out in life with apparently only this object in view—to make name and fame and power for himself, and there comes a time of maturity and reflection when we say of him: "He has come to himself." When may I say that I have come to myself? Only when I have come to recognize my true relations with the rest of the world. We speak of a man losing himself in a desert. If you reflect a moment you will see that is the only thing he has not lost. He himself is there. What he means when he says that he has lost himself is that he has lost all the rest of the world. He has nothing to steer by. He does not know where any human habitation lies. He does not know where any beaten path and highway is. If he could establish his relationship with anything else in the world he would have found himself. Let it serve as a picture.

A man has found himself when he has found his relation to the rest of the universe, and here is the Book in which those relations are set forth.

No man can sit down and withhold his hands from the warfare against wrong and get peace out of his acquiescence. The most solid and satisfying peace is that

*Extract of address at Denver May 7, 1911, at tercentennial of the King James Version.

which comes from this constant spiritual warfare. For liberty is a spiritual conception. And this great Book does not teach any doctrine of peace so long as there is sin to be combated and overcome in one's own heart and in the great moving force of human society. And so it seems to me that we must look upon the Bible as the great charter of the human soul—as the "Magna Charta" of the human soul. There are kings upon the pages of Scripture, but do you think of anything in Scripture than as anything else than a mere man? There was the great King David, of a line blessed because it was that from which should spring our Lord and Savior, a man marked in the history of mankind as the chosen instrument of God to do justice and exalt righteousness in the people.

But what does this Bible do for David? Does it utter eulogies upon him? Does it conceal his faults and magnify his virtues? Does it set him up as a great statesman would be set up in a modern biography? No, the Book in which his annals are written strips the mask from David, strips every shred of counterfeit and concealment from him and shows him as, indeed, an instrument of God, but a sinful and selfish man, and the verdict of the Bible is that David, like every other man, was one day to stand naked before the judgment seat of God and be judged not as a king but as a man. Isn't this the Book of the people? Is there any man in this Holy Scripture who is exempted from the common standard and judgment? How these pages teem with the masses of mankind! Are these the annals of the great? These are the annals of peoples—of the common run of men.

The New Testament is the history of the life and the testimony of common men who rallied to the fellowship of Jesus Christ and who by their faith and preaching remade a world that was under the thrall of the Roman army. This is the history of the triumph of the human spirit, in the persons of humble men. And how many sorts of men march across the pages, how infinite is the variety of human circumstance and of human dealings and of human heroism and love! Is this a picture of extraordinary things? This is a picture of the common life of mankind. It is a mirror held up for men's hearts, and it is in this mirror that we marvel to see ourselves portrayed.

A tree, ladies and gentlemen, is not nourished by its bloom and by its fruit. It is nourished by its roots, which are down deep in the common and hidden soil, and every process of purification and of rectification comes from the bottom—not from the top. It comes from the masses of struggling human beings. It comes from the instinctive efforts of millions of human hearts trying to beat their way up into the light and into the hope of the future.

If any statesman sunk in the practices which debase a nation will but read this single Book he will go to his prayers abashed. Do you not realize, ladies and gentlemen, that there is a whole literature in the Bible? It is not one Book but a score of books. Do you realize what literature is? There is no great book in any language that is not the spontaneous outpouring of some great mind or the cry of some great heart. And the reason that poetry moves us more than prose does is that it is the rhythmic and passionate voice of some great spirit that has seen more than his fellow-men can see.

Literature is revelation of the human spirit, and within the covers of this one Book is a whole lot of literature, prose and poetry, history and rhapsody, the sober narration and the ecstasy of human excitement—things that ring in one's ears like songs never to be forgotten. And so I say, let us never forget that these deep sources, these wells of inspiration, must always be our sources of refreshment and of renewal. Then no man can put unjust power upon us. We shall live in that chartered liberty in which a man sees the things unseen, in which he knows that he is bound for a country in which there are no questions mooted any longer of right or wrong.

Can you imagine a man who did not believe these words, who did not believe in the future life, standing up and doing what has been the heart and center of liberty always—standing up before the king himself and saying: "Sir, you have sinned and done wrong in the sight of God, and I am his messenger of judgment to pronounce upon you the condemnation of Almighty God. You may silence me, you may send me to my reckoning with my Maker, but you can not silence or reverse the judgment." That is what a man feels whose faith is rooted in the Bible and the man whose faith is rooted in the Bible knows that reform can not be stayed, that the finger of God that moves upon the face of the nations is against every man that plots the nation's downfall or the people's deceit; that these men are simply groping and staggering in their ignorance to a fearful day of judgment, and that whether one generation witnesses it or not, the glad day of revelation and of freedom will come in which men will sing by the host of the coming of the Lord in his glory, and all of those will be forgotten—those little, scheming, contemptible creatures that forgot the image of God and tried to frame men according to the image of the Evil One.

You may remember that allegorical narrative in the Old Testament of those who searched through one cavern after another, cutting holes in the walls and going into the secret places where all sorts of noisome things were worshiped. Men do

(Continued on Page 982.)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

CANNING VEGETABLES.

MRS. FRANCES BELL.

The method described below is that which is used by the U. S. Department of Agriculture:

IN selecting vegetables to be canned, only young tender ones should be used, as they are superior in flavor and tenderness to the more mature ones. If possible gather them in the early morning and can immediately while they are fresh. If this is not possible, keep them in cold water or a cool damp place so they will remain crisp until you are ready for them.

The principle of sterilization is the same for vegetables as for fruits. All utensils used must be thoroughly sterilized.

Corn.

In order to retain the original sweetness and flavor of corn it must be canned very soon after it has been pulled, within an hour if possible. Experiments have shown that the amount of sugar diminishes very rapidly after the ear is pulled from the stalk. The ears with full grains not yet beginning to harden contain the most sugar.

Cut off the corn and pack into glass jars which have been sterilized. Pack the jars full, then add a level teaspoonful of salt to each quart and fill up the jars with cold water. Place the lids on loosely, do not screw them on. (The ordinary screw top jars may be used but the later improved spring top jar has been found more satisfactory.) Have ready a common wash boiler, for which a false bottom has been made of wire netting or strips of wood. Place the false bottom in the boiler and put in as many jars as it will hold conveniently; do not crowd them. Pour enough cold water into the boiler to cover the false bottom and come up three or four inches on the sides of the jars. Only enough

water is necessary to form steam and prevent the boiler from going dry during the boiling; it is not necessary to have the water up to the neck of the jars. Place the lid of the boiler on tightly and bring the water to a boil and keep it boiling for one hour. Then remove the lid from the boiler and let the steam escape so the jars may be removed from the boiler and sealed. If jars with rubbers are used sterilize the rubbers before sealing. The jars can now be set aside or placed back into the boiler until the next day. (If the spring top jars are used they can be sealed quite conveniently without removal from the boiler.)

On the second day the jars should be unsealed, placed in the boiler again and boiled for one hour. Then seal again and allow them to cool as before. Repeat this operation on the third day. The jars may now be set aside for a day or two to see if sterilization has been complete. If decomposition does not set in, set away in a cool dark place. In using the spring top jars, a test may be made by releasing the spring at the side and picking up the jar by the top; if the top does not come off you may feel quite sure that the corn is keeping. If the top comes off, the corn should be emptied out and the jar filled with a fresh supply, or if not far advanced in decomposition to injure the flavor, it may be all right when sterilized over again. If any jars spoil, increase the time of boiling to an hour and a half.

The advantage in cooking for three short periods in a closed vessel at a comparatively low temperature (the method just described) instead of cooking for one short period at a high temperature or for one long period in an open vessel, is the difference in freshness of flavor and color; the first method retains these

qualities to the best advantage. The volatile oils which give flavor to most vegetables are not lost during this process of sterilization. The necessity of cooking the vegetables for three successive days, is to kill all the spores which may develop from the bacteria which may not have been killed even after boiling for one hour. If these spores are not all killed the vegetable will not keep.

String Beans, Peas and Asparagus.

These are canned in the same way as corn. Select young tender beans, string them and break into short lengths, then pack into the jars and follow the directions given for canning corn. Shell young peas, pack in jars and can as corn. Can the young tips of asparagus in the same way.

Lima Beans.

Discard all pods that have begun to harden, shell and can as corn.

Eggplant, Squash and Pumpkin.

These are preferable cooked before canning. Pare the eggplant, cut in thin slices and drop in boiling water for fifteen or twenty minutes. Drain off the water and pack the slices in jars. Cover with water and can as corn.

Pare squashes and pumpkins, steam till soft then mash and pack in the jars. Can as corn, only cook for one and one half hours instead of one hour each day, as the heat penetrates the jar very slowly. Squash and pumpkin may be cut into small blocks after being pared, and canned as corn without previous cooking.

Other Vegetables.

Beets, cauliflower, carrots and parsnips usually keep very well in the cellar over winter, but if gathered during the early summer and canned they make excellent vegetables for the winter, as at that season they are not yet stringy and have not developed the strong taste objectional to some people. Cook as you would for the table, then slice or cube the beets, carrots and parsnips and can as corn.

LOOKING AHEAD.

Now is a good time to start your plants for the winter window garden. If care is taken in the selection of plants suitable for the situation to be given them, one can avoid disappointment. Many things will not grow in a house heated by gas, or even lighted by gas, unless certain precautions are taken, and these precautions vary with the kind of plants selected, and the light given them.

For a west window, geraniums, and more geraniums, are the very best for ordinary culture. All heat-loving plants possess some powers of resistance to the obstacles to growth presented by the average west window. If one can have an east window, many more things may be tried, the variety being larger. For a south window, about all sunshine-loving plants may be chosen, according to taste. For a north window, the choice is more limited, but many beautiful things will grow in a north window where a good light can be had. Many plants will defy disaster if given the proper degree of moisture in the air, but few plants will grow and flourish with wet feet, or in water-soured soil. All these things must be given attention when choosing for the window garden, and it is well to remember that plants are like children, and require individual care—even plants of the same kind needing different care, at times. Be sure to take a good floral magazine—one not too much devoted to the nursery interests of the editor and publisher. Unless you know something of plant culture, you will make a bad job of even the fewest and hardiest; but a little knowledge and a determination to learn, coupled with a real love for your plants, will go a long way toward success.

Many pot shrubs may be started from seeds, and the plants be well along by time for removal to the house. Many plants must be potted and the pots sunk in the soil under conditions as to sunlight most agreeable to them.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—What can we do in order that some of the "Good old-time ways" may be revived? (Kindly send your name when sending in questions.)

Answer.—Live in harmony with the conditions of the present generation as completely and as thoroughly as the people of yesterday lived in harmony with the conditions of their generation and our cup of blessings will be full to the running over. The reason their ways were so splendid in their time was because they adapted themselves to the conditions of their time. The reason we sometimes are dissatisfied with our time is because we have failed to make the same adjustments which they were willing to make. It is a question of individual adaptation from the cradle to the grave and those who fail to make the proper adjustments as they go along must be sure to be dissatisfied. This world is more than a joke. It presents some serious problems that call for something other than a mere voice of dissatisfaction with the general run of things. Aggressive adaptation must come from each individual and there will be a splendid feeling of satisfaction about the good ways of the present which will serve us as the good ways of the past served those of yesterday. It does not mean that we live as our parents lived but that we live in our generation as our parents lived in their generation and our problem will be solved. The ways of the past can never be reinstated but we can adopt ways that will serve our present needs admirably.



Question.—Why do parents neglect the training of their children? A. R. Hollinger.

Answer.—They have too many hogs and cattle and too much money to look after. Their children are expected to rough it through the world but remain obedient, which they seldom do because they are allowed to grow up like wild colts. When the fathers become the companions of their sons and the mothers the confidants of their daughters there will be fewer scapegoats running loose, fewer sorrow-burdened hearts for parents and more happy homes. Children should at least receive the same amount of attention that the young pup gets which is being trained by its master to become a useful dog.



Question.—What is the best way for the parents to keep the confidence of the boy or girl while growing up? Dallas B. Kirk.

How keep the confidence of the child? H. A. Hoffert.

Answer.—Never deceive the child in any-

thing. Always be perfectly honest and frank when dealing with it. Never give it nor allow any one else to give it any unjust blame, criticism or punishment. The child is a sensitive being trying to find its relations to the world about it and should have the sincere sympathy of the parents in its efforts. In doing this it makes thousands of innocent mistakes which are often taken by the hasty parent to be signs of the devil in the child, developing stubbornness and all sorts of meanness. The child is an innocent little piece of creation which needs the loving guidance of wise parents to help it over its mistakes. Its mistakes must be corrected kindly but firmly, but its curiosity must also be wisely satisfied. Many a child in its simple way asks questions which sound funny to the ears of the adult. Often it is only laughed at and sometimes ridiculed before others. Depend upon it, if the child is in any way reserved it will be more cautious in its approach to you the next time and in a very short time it will seek for information from other sources where it will not be humiliated in the same way. Its little problems may seem funny, but they should never be laughed at but treated with all seriousness if you wish to remain the confidant of your child.



Question.—Whom can we get to work in the farm kitchen? Anna List.

Answer.—A very difficult question, indeed, and one which must be answered more and more by the inventor. The day will likely never return when girls can be secured to work in the kitchen as they could in the past, so we must look elsewhere for a solution for the problem. As much as possible reduce the housewife's work to a science. It is almost imperative that girls in these days be given training in domestic science so they may be able to reduce their work from drudgery to a system. Vacuum cleaners, gasoline engines for the washing machines, gasoline or electric flatirons, coal oil stoves for both cooking and baking, water systems, furnaces and many other such labor saving devices can now be secured at moderate prices and will do much to simplify the work for the woman in the kitchen. Every device which will save steps for the housewife will give her a longer lease on life and will give her some opportunity to enjoy her home instead of being the slave of the home. The farmer solves his help problem by buying all sorts of labor-saving machinery, and why should not the farmer's wife be entitled to the same privileges?



Note.—We have a number of interesting questions on file for this department which will be taken up and answered as rapidly as we have room for them. If you have any questions you should like to have ap-

ar on these pages please send them to us. indly give your name and address each me. Several questions came in where the riter apparently forgot to sign his name and so we are not able to give the name the author with the question.

AMONG THE BOOKS

Early Christianity.

This is a splendid little handbook for the reader who is in any way interested in getting acquainted with the conditions existing during early Christianity and the significance of many of the expressions and symbols used by the writers of the time. Mr. S. B. Black, the author of the book, has undertaken a difficult task in presenting this material because the average reader begins with his mind pretty well made up as to what conditions existed at that time. He succeeds, however, in an admirable way in presenting a splendid lot of valuable information for the open-minded reader. Published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Price 40 cents.



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THE BIBLE AND PROGRESS.

(Continued from Page 977.)

not dare to let the sun shine in upon such things and upon such occupations and workshops. And so I say there will be no halt to the great movement of the armies of reform until men forget their God, until they forget this charter of their liberty. Let no man suppose that progress can be divorced from religion, or that there is any other platform for the ministers of reform than the platform written in the utterance of our Lord and Savior.

America was born a Christian nation. America was born to exemplify that devotion to the elements of righteousness which are derived from the revelations of Holy Scripture.

I have a very simple thing to ask of you. I ask of every man and woman in this audience that from this night on they will realize that part of the destiny of America lies in their daily perusal of this great Book of revelations—that if they would see America free and pure they will make their own spirits free and pure by this baptism of the Holy Scripture.—Homiletic Review.



CHICAGO'S NEW MAN FACTORY.

(Continued from Page 968.)

within less than twenty months he had saved more than \$265.00. He is very ambitious and his one object and aim in life is to have a restaurant of his own and become a successful business man. At the present time he is employed as storekeeper in a first-class hotel in one of the largest cities in this State.

About this time, Old Charley went into the House of Correction to serve his two hundred and ninth sentence. It is said of him that if he should leave there today he is expected back day after tomorrow. He has a regular job on one of the gates and when he is released his position is only filled temporarily.

If, when Old Charley was released the first time, there had been a Parting of the Ways Home to receive him—to feed him, clothe him and assist him to employment—the city would have been spared the cost of arresting and rearresting and the House of Correction that of feeding and refeeding. This would have been enough to have operated the Parting of the Ways Home for years to come. Not only this but Old Charley—like Emile Remmers—would have become a successful and prosperous business man—a useful and respected member of society.

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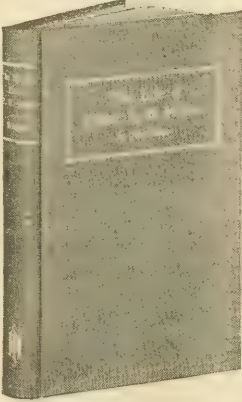
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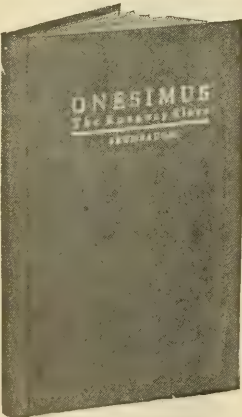


One of the most prominent characters in the Church of the Brethren during the latter part of the nineteenth century, and one whose life figured most largely and effectively in the affairs of the Brotherhood, was Elder Robert H. Miller. The history of the church would indeed be seriously lacking in completeness were the part which his life helped to make omitted. The author of Elder Miller's life has done a worthy service in gathering into a volume, in such graphic detail, so much valuable information concerning our beloved brother's earthly career. In the years between his Early Life and Ministry and his Later Life and Death, Elder Miller was a power as a debater, an editor, an educator, a leader, and a preacher. Every brother and every sister ought to read the book.

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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardiest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

September 26,
1911.

Vol. XIII.
No. 39.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

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Elgin, Ill.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

September 26, 1911.

No. 39.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

What Some Country Churches Are Doing.

IT is not our intention to get outside the boundary line and discuss religion in this department, but in dealing with social progress we are of necessity brought in close contact with religious activity. In studying the problems that confront the person who is interested in the strengthening of country communities we are forced to this decision that the church can and is doing much effective work. One great hindrance is the lack of leaders, well trained and efficient.

The DuPage Presbyterian Church of Plainfield, Ill., is one of the most brilliant examples of what a church can do to improve the social life of a country community. Had we the space and the privilege we should like to tell how the spiritual life and organization of this church has been developed and of how a modern building has been erected at the cost of \$10,000 to replace the old one which had become too small, but we shall content ourselves with the supplementary work of the church.

Ten years ago, on leaving the McCormick Seminary, Mr. Matthew McNutt became pastor of this church. In Rev. McNutt's own words this is what he found: "The church and manse lots, enclosed by the remnant of a wire fence, were veritable weed patches. North of the church stood some old tumble-down sheds, the sight of which made every passer-by shudder and think to himself, 'Surely the Lord hath deserted this place.' The manse had the same neglected appearance and everything about the place reminded one of a man who had gone away on a long journey and had forgotten to leave anyone in care of his abode.

"No one had united with the church for five years. A clubhouse had been put up in the neighborhood to house an organization that called itself 'The New Era Club' but whose chief object and amusement turned out to be dancing, though its original promoters had hoped for it something better. Many of the young people of the neighborhood, including church members, were spending their evenings there. The

dancing element from the surrounding towns had also begun to frequent the place."

He found no fault with the church officials other than that they were using antiquated methods. "No one knew better than they that the affairs of the church were not going well and none deplored more than they the sad and apparently hopeless situation. Had they not been of the right kind of stuff the church would doubtless have disbanded years ago, as many such churches have done."

The young people of the community needed some clean beneficial amusement and the first thing that Mr. McNutt did was to organize an old-fashioned singing school which met one night each week in the church. Some very good singers were developed and this was a great assistance to the church services and Sunday-school. After the singing school was established a gospel chorus was organized. The purpose of this chorus was to go from home to home and sing for those who could not attend church regularly. Both the singing school and the gospel chorus soon became very popular in the neighborhood. "The church building was not suited for social gatherings, so a series of sociables was planned at the different homes. These were not the money-making kind; they were sociables indeed. The older people often attended and engaged in the play with the young folks. Refreshments were served free. At these gatherings special attention was given to strangers and to the backward boys and girls, and a few of us always had upon our hearts those who were not of the fold of Christ. They grew to be a sociable lot of folks, I tell you! They became well acquainted. And such fellowships! Such friendships! Such companionships! And all centering around the church."

The young men conduct a lecture course every winter and they have some high class attractions on the program. The course is not conducted as a money making scheme. It is intended to furnish wholesome amusement and instruction to the neighborhood;



A Pupil Who Can Neither Read nor Write, Who Pays Her Way by Useful Work.

She Is a Waitress in the School Dining Room, Does Beautiful Woodwork, and Plays the Cornet in the Band.

and we might add that it is well patronized by the entire community. Rev. McNutt says that they have begun a library which contained a thousand volumes a year ago. As it grows it will contain a large number of reference books, especially on scientific agriculture, civil government, sociology, nature study and domestic science.

Are you asking about the results of Mr. McNutt's work? The clubhouse which had been a festering sore in the neighborhood was closed within two years because of a lack of patronage. The young people found something better. I need not describe how the social atmosphere of the community has been cleared. Next week we shall have something to say concerning a minister in Pennsylvania who for the last ten years has been building up a strong rural community in a district that was once practically forsaken.

The Vineland Training School for Feeble-minded.

The Vineland (N. J.) Training School for Feeble-minded Boys and Girls is worthy of notice by all those interested in race improvement. Most of us believe in the conservation of human life and energies, and that it is wrong to throw any human life into the rubbish heap as absolutely worthless. If some are feeble-minded, unfortunately, the rest of us should endeavor

to give all the training that they are capable of, and if possible make them self-supporting. It is not enough to place a weak-minded person in an institution and simply board and clothe him. Modern society demands something more. The principle of the Vineland school seems to be to develop the best that there is in the child and if possible make him self-supporting. In the Review of Reviews for September there is an illustrated account of the Vineland Training School.

The teachers do not use force or compulsion but some incentive is given to work and in doing this an effort is made to get the pupil interested in some one thing if possible even if it is only a toy. There is a merit system also. "Each child is provided with a store credit card, and upon this it gets a mark from each teacher to whom its lessons and conduct have been satisfactory. Each of these marks is equivalent to a penny, and on Saturday the child can go to the store and buy as many pennies' worth as there are marks. The children who fail in lessons or conduct are not punished; they simply do not get the marks that would have enabled them to gratify some long cherished desire for ball or top, for doll or hair ribbon."

The children of the school have organized a very unique society. It has only one purpose and that is to keep the members in a good humor, to prevent them from becoming despondent. "It has no



A Boy in the Imbecile Class Who Was Rendered Fully Self-supporting Through Training in Industrial Work.

Officers, holds no meetings and recognizes only two by-laws. They are these: One member seeing another member looking cross or sad must say instantly, "Do you along?" and the other member must answer with a smile.

Besides the usual branches of the common schools, the various trades and music are taught.

The Campaign to Save the Babies.

We have already mentioned the method that New York City has been using to lower the death rate of infants during the hot summer months. Many other cities also have established pure milk supply stations, where nurses not only distribute pure milk but they also teach mothers how to care for their children during hot weather and how to feed them. Among the cities doing progressive work in the matter we find Newark, N. J., Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven, Conn., Baltimore, Birmingham, Nashville, Memphis, Louisville, Wheeling, Washington, New Orleans, Cleveland.

New Orleans is conducting a very vigorous campaign. We read the following in a recent number of the Survey: "The New Club of New Orleans has accomplished much. Not only have pure milk stations been established for the distribution of milk at a nominal cost, not only are mothers being instructed in all that pertains to

their babies, but the members of this club, who are women prominent in social and philanthropic life of New Orleans, have made educational tours in their automobiles, speaking from their machines or from the tops of soap boxes to anyone who would listen, on the welfare of the baby."

A Race Congress.

A very unique meeting under the name of Universal Congress was held at the University of London from July 26 to July 29. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss "in the light of modern science and modern conscience, the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called colored peoples, with a view of encouraging between them a fuller understanding, more friendly feelings and a heartier cooperation." The meeting was cosmopolitan, delegates and others being present from twenty-four nations. Altogether, over two thousand attended the congress and of this number a large proportion were actively engaged in some kind of sociological or anthropological work, many of them being teachers in universities. No radical or reformatory movement was initiated at the congress. The aim was simply to get together and talk over matters mentioned in the statement given above. Foreign speakers took an active part.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A Lesson From German Schools.

"Our educational system is fearful of the practical man," says E. G. Cooley, former superintendent of schools, who has just returned from Germany full of information for the Commercial Club of Chicago about the way in which that country trains its industrial workers. "School men don't like to work with him, don't like to take him into the system. But in Germany they go to the other extreme in their middle and continuation schools. The man with a theoretical knowledge of the subject has to demonstrate unusual power before they will consent to use him."

In this comparison Mr. Cooley reveals the reason why "Made in Germany" has come to mean so much in the markets of the world. German education produces specialists in "pure" as well as in applied science, and great scholars in every branch of learning. But in educating those who are to fill its shops and factories the country seeks first of all the practical. Its continuation schools give general and technical instruction to boys who are daily employed and who apply constantly what they learn.

Vocational education is gaining favor in the United States. It should and probably will make great progress rapidly. Against it, however, is the spirit of which Mr. Cooley speaks. As often displayed, this spirit is pedantry—the result of traditions based upon the separation for centuries of scholarship from manual work. What Mr. Cooley says should stir our educators to a desire for closer relation with the world of industry.—Record-Herald.



Senator Bourne for La Follette.

Senator Jonathan Bourne of Oregon announced on Sept. 4 that he favors the nomination of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin for President on the Republican ticket one year hence.

Senator Bourne is a true progressive and is a man of great wealth and a politician of much force and shrewdness. He has been in full sympathy with the so-called Oregon movement and took a determined stand in opposition to the President on the question of the recall of judges in the Arizona constitution. In his recent interview Senator Bourne said:

"Why have I for months been so insistently for Senator La Follette for President? Because he has many of the qualifications which I believe are absolutely necessary for a man to possess in order to properly fill the high office of the nation's chief public servant. He believes in popular, not delegated government; realizes that general welfare, not selfish interest, must be the motive of all successful and permanent government. He is honest, courageous, able, dynamic, with 25 years' experience in legislative and executive public life. Though radical in manner he is extremely conservative in thought and action, with high ideals, broad ideas and strong convictions. General welfare is his goal and selfish interest his abomination.

"I urge the big business interests of the country to study the laws of Wisconsin enacted since he was first governor of that State; hold him as the dynamic personality of that electorate, responsible for all these laws. If investigation shows them to be productive of personal liberty and property rights, then support him for President. If destructive of personal liberty or property rights bitterly oppose his candidacy. Such an investigation will show Wisconsin laws to be constructive, not destructive; progressive, not reactionary; intelligently conservative; not blindly radical.

"Senator La Follette is a statesman, not a politician; a deep thinker, not a demagogue. His candidacy presents an opportunity to nominate and elect a President on his record and not on another man's indorsement or promise to follow in another's footsteps. He can and in my opinion will be nominated, and if nominated will unquestionably be elected."—The New Era.



One Hundred and Seventy-one Dead Horses a Day.

While the hot period of July in New York was more severe than usual, the deaths of work horses due to the heat during those six days is a very strong argument in favor of the electric commercial wagon. The health department of New York City, which has the task of removing dead horses, reported that during the six working days of the hot period 171 horses died each day—a total of 1,026. These horses represented over half a million dollars cash value, which was entirely wiped out in a single week. In addition to this, the horses not affected fatally were able to work at scarcely half their normal capacity, and fully 25 per cent of the drivers' time was consumed in staving off sunstroke by frequent applications of water and frequent rests in the shade.

It is estimated that the money represented by the horses which died would pay for a sufficient number of electric vehicles to do all of the work done by the horses, and do it more efficiently and economically.

In New York City, where it is estimated that there are in the neighborhood of fifty thousand draft horses, not less than four per cent die annually from the effect of heat in summer and slippery pavements in winter. This million-dollar annual loss is in addition to the normal deaths, and represents a tremendous increase in the cost of horse-haulage.



The German Antarctic Expedition.

The "Deutschland," the ship of the German antarctic expedition, which sailed from Germany in May, is expected to reach Buenos Aires in September. A leisurely voyage has been made over parts of the Atlantic that have hitherto been little explored in a scientific way, and oceanographic and physical observations have been carried on. Lieut. Filchner, the commander of the expedition, will join the ship at Buenos Aires, together with the last part of the equipment, including the ponies and dogs.



A Student Peace Movement.

The International Union of Students recently founded at Leipzig, Germany, to promote friendly relations between students of all nations, to strengthen interest in questions of international progress, etc. held its first meeting on Monday, July 2 at the Hotel de Pologne. The speaker was Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard University, this year serving as exchange professor at the University of Berlin, and Professor Lamprecht, rector of the University of Leipzig. Great enthusiasm was manifested by the students present.



Gamaliel Bradford.

The death of the veteran Gamaliel Bradford removes a genuine patriot who made a substantial contribution to the science of government, and frequently, as in the anti-imperialist agitation, gave an admirable illustration of his ability to stick to his guns even when most severely criticised. He was one of the growing number of men who believe that the failure to make our Cabinet responsible to Congress by giving them seats on the floor of the House is one of the great defects in our form of government, and to the advancement of this belief he gave much time and labor. It must frankly be admitted that the whole anti-imperialist adventure in which this country has been engaged has furnished much experience to reinforce Mr. Bradford's contentions. Whether we shall ever obtain the radical reform he desired is a question which only time can answer. He was one of those unpaid servants of the people who was of especial use because he was fearless, superlatively honest, and patriotically devoted to the public welfare.—The Nation.

EDITORIALS

The Weekly Chat.

In this issue you will find the initial page of a weekly chat which will be conducted by Shepard King. The purpose of this department will be that of stimulating young people with high ideals. There comes to every young man and young woman a time when it is necessary to keep noble incentives in mind to tide them over the period of indifference which often results in a careless life, and can in many cases be avoided if proper precautions are taken by filling the mind with helpful suggestions. Mr. King is a man of experience and can point out many valuable helps that will lead to a higher life.



The Forces for Righteousness.

What shall be the forces surrounding the boys and girls tomorrow? That depends in large measure upon the activities of the present. There are in the world powerfully organized forces for evil doing everything in their power to destroy manhood and womanhood. Against these forces there are mighty powers for good striking deadly blows to the evil tendencies. On which side do you and I come in? Or are you and I too busy getting our own little souls saved to have any concern about the conditions that will surround the children of tomorrow? If we are indifferent about the evils about us and refuse to take an active part in putting them out of our midst when we have an opportunity we surely must be held responsible for the evils of tomorrow, and perhaps our over-anxiousness about our own souls will defeat our purpose in the end. It is vital and essential that a man be concerned about his soul, but for him to be interested in that alone and refuse to perform his obligations toward his fellow-men will make him a selfish man, a state of existence which the Master denounced in bitterest terms. We can not excuse ourselves on the ground that these evil forces have no direct effect upon us or perhaps not even upon our children. Remember that they do affect our neighbor and perhaps in a very definite way are the means of his complete failure. Will you line up firmly against the evils of your community?



Qualified Men.

Have you ever observed how easy it is for a good man to wear out and die and how tenaciously a worthless man hangs on to life? Somehow, in the economy of this world all the good men are fastened down somewhere and it is almost out of the question to find reliable, competent men for the many positions that are open. If you get a good man you are obliged to pry him

loose with a crowbar from a place where he is already greatly needed and you completely upset the plans of the community where he lives. The man who will not be missed when he leaves and will cause no vacancy by his absence is not in demand these days. He might die and the progress of the world would never be affected by his absence. If a man is to fill any place of any consequence in the world he must believe in something and he must stand for something. He must put his life into that which he believes is worth while. Look about you in your own community and see the men who are your leaders. Are any of them negative forces? Are they the ones who always kick when anything is to be done for the community, or when any changes or improvements are to be made? No, the men of any consequences in any community seldom kick. They stand, lift and push. If the kickers had the running of this world they would soon kick themselves out and wonder which way they are going. Fortunately there are only a few kickers and knockers in the world.



School Days Again.

This is the month which calls the children away from the home and places them among their many little friends in the schoolroom. They will be under the tuition of their teacher for the next eight or nine months and the ideals of the teacher will in a large measure determine their future career. Hundreds of mothers will feel relieved because they feel that for a few hours of the day at least they will be free from the responsibility of governing their children. There now come some grave situations that will require serious consideration on the part of the fathers and mothers. What shall be your attitude toward your children during the coming months? Shall you turn them over entirely to the school influences and let them mould their characters during that time or do you expect that your influences shall play a considerable part in determining their future career? The easy thing for the parents to do is to dismiss the children from their minds and let them be guided entirely by their surroundings during the day. Remember, however, that while they are away at school, they, perhaps, for the first time will be thrown upon their own judgment among their playmates, some of whom do not come from Christian homes such as yours, and their plastic little minds must decide between purity and impurity. Their tender lives which have always been shielded will be exposed to dangerous and sometimes vicious influences, and in their eagerness to learn they will get much that is unwholesome. It must be heartrending for a mother who has always carefully guarded her little one to find that its mind has become saturated with impurity while among its playmates.

But what shall be done? Shall the mother always keep her loved one away from the playmates and constantly keep it under her own watchful eye? No, that would be bad for the child, because sooner or later it must learn to think for itself and by its own judgment decide between right and wrong. The parents who will take the easy way about the matter and let the child rough it for itself will suffer many heartaches in a few years because of the thousand cases where the child used bad judgment. The child needs your watchful care every day while away at school. The mother washes the little tot nice and clean and dresses him in a spotless suit and turns him out to play. In a short while his little face will be covered with dirt; his hands black and his clothes soiled. Should the mother let him go and never care for him he would after a while grow to be a dirty vagabond, not fit for the association of other people. But instead of letting him go the kind mother cheerfully gives him a bath and patiently washes his little clothes and presses them until every spot and wrinkle has been taken out. The next day the little child repeats the same thing but the loving mother again cleans him and gives him a new start. So he goes day after day, but after a while he learns to be careful to keep his hands and face clean and finally he learns to clean his own clothes. The mother can then look on him with pride and trust his judgment. Just so with the little child as it goes off to school. It may come home with its little mind all soiled in the evening. What are you going to do about it, mothers? If you will let the little one rough it for itself, after a while its mind may be that of a vicious vagabond. The little mind is not able to decide between right and wrong. Will you take the little one into your arms and wash its mind nice and clean to give it a new start tomorrow? Then tomorrow it may be all soiled again, but will you wash it as carefully as you did its little clothes and give it a bright start in the morning? You must do this many, many days and then, after a while, the child will learn to keep its thoughts clean, and in time it will be able to pass reliable judgment between right and wrong. In a few years that mind will have become strong and vigorous and you can look upon your son or daughter with pride because they have learned to think aright and you can trust their judgment. The home should be the place of refreshment where the little child can have its mind cleansed every night. Be your child's companion and it will seek your association because of your kindly interest. Its little mind will be refreshed by the wholesome atmosphere of your mature judgment and it will come to you again and again if you will admit it.

Human Values.

The value of a farm is generally deter-

mined by its productivity and its market conveniences. As the owner discovers new earning powers in the soil the value of the farm increases. By taking the earnings of any one year as the interest and counting 6 per cent as a fair rate of interest on general investments, he can easily determine the actual value of his farm at any given time. He can at any time get the market value of his hogs, cattle and horses and all his chattels. His property values can easily be estimated but when the man attempts to place an estimated value upon himself he finds an entirely different problem. What is he actually worth to his community? Is he of any particular value or would the community be better off without him? That is, is he a dead weight, an expense, a negative factor to the economic, social, moral or religious interests of his community? Let us make a few calculations. Suppose a man's actual living expenses are five hundred dollars per year. If he does not earn five hundred dollars per year, or has not accumulated enough property to earn that amount for him he is an economic dead weight, because those expenses must be supplied from some other source. If his earnings are one dollar less than his expenses he is a financial failure to that extent. If his social influence is in any way a hinderance to his neighbors he is again an expense to the community because that hinderance must be counteracted by social tendencies from some other source which is an expense to that extent. If the man's morals are bad he is a negative factor and is working directly against the best interests of the community. He is an expense to the standards of manhood and his influence must be counteracted by men of a higher type and as a result he must be counted a dead weight to the extent that his moral are destructive. If his interest in religion is at the freezing point he again is working against the best interests of his community and what he lacks in religion must be supplied to the neighborhood from some other source or the neighborhood will suffer miserably by a dearth of religious influences. All of these factors must be brought up to the point where they equal or exceed the expense mark. A truly successful man must have all of them normally developed in order that he may have no deficiency charged against him. He may be an expert in finances but if he lacks in morals, religion or social help he is not a successful man. His success cannot be transferred from the economic to the religious element of his makeup, nor can it be transferred from the religious to the economic. It is every man's duty to his community as well as to himself to see that no one part of his nature is in any way a dead weight to his community. Make an inventory once in a while and see where you stand.

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A CORK LEG

T. D. Foster

THE head of the largest artificial limb factory in the world is responsible for this iconoclastic statement. One must bow to his superior knowledge. One more illusion is shattered and the cork leg famed in song and story stumps merrily off the stage.

The cork leg tradition is deeply rooted in the public mind, however, and cripples still send in orders for cork legs. When they get elaborate compositions of wood, rawhide, steel and rubber they send wails of disappointment through the mails, "Where, oh, where are their cork legs?" The manufacturer politely explains that the cork leg is a myth, that there have been legs in which cork was used for filling around certain parts of the framework on account of its lightness, but that even that use is now rare. Then he explains that Cork, Ireland, once had a famous artificial leg factory, and the term, "cork leg," may have originated there. Modern science is depressingly hard on song and story. So the famous Miss Kilmanseg, who "could not, would not, should not have wood nor a leg of cork, if she never stood," could not have had a leg of cork if she wanted it, and the "richest merchant in Rotterdam" never had a beautiful leg of cork. Still there is some solace left, for nobody can prove that Pliny's Elean did not have the wooden foot made for himself after he cut off his own foot to escape from the stocks, or that Sergius in the first century B. C. did not fight twelve successive battles with the aid of an artificial limb of his own construction.

There was, too, the sixteenth century Huguenot, whose arm was shattered and who refused it to be amputated, because he would rather die than live without fighting. They promised him an iron arm with which he could guide his horse, and the Queen of Navarre stood by him and held his hand while it was cut off. She furnished the iron arm too, and the doughty Huguenot did great battle with it. The peg leg of Peter Stuyvesant is left to us. So even with the cork leg struck out, artificial limbs have their place in story.

The rare artificial limbs of the sixteenth century displaced the heavy iron contrivances. After that improvement was tried, and a number of noblemen owe their immortality to their artificial legs rather than to moral attributes. The "Anglesea leg," named for its wearer, the Marquis of Anglesea, who lost a leg at Waterloo, made the worthy more famous than his fighting did.

Taking this leg for a standard, the Americans marched on to victory.

The Civil War gave the first great boom to the artificial limb business in this country, and Yankee ingenuity rose to meet the emergency. What the Civil War began, the railroads and trolley cars continued. Accidents are the price of rapid transit, and statistics show 100,000 persons are killed or injured in this country by railroads or street cars in one year. The increase of manufactures and the use of improved machinery have led to more accidents and have increased the demand for more artificial limbs, and modern surgery has helped along the trade. Antiseptics have lessened mortality in amputation cases tremendously, and the man who died under the hands of the old-time surgeon, now lives to dance on an artificial leg.

The old-fashioned peg leg still exists, but in an improved form, and is bought by many cripples on account of its cheapness. Every improvement in artificial limbs has been toward simplicity. The earlier forms were lumbered up with machinery, articulate toes, and all sorts of things that could get out of order. All that has been done away with, and better effects are gotten by methods infinitely simpler. The leg has keen joints, but the great thing in artificial leg or arm making, particularly the former, is the fitting. That is where the skill comes in. No two cases need exactly the same fitting. It is absurd to imagine stock sizes of artificial legs can be kept and just strapped on customers.

An artificial limb factory is rather a grewsome place. Appliances for every variety of crippled leg or arm are there—legs for hip, knee and ankle amputations, for deformities, arms, hands, fingers and toes. In one room webbing and leather are being made into supports and straps to fasten around the shoulder or waist, or, as is often done in a woman's case, to a corset. Next door is the wood shop, where willow and basswood, carefully seasoned, are carved into the contours of natural limbs, every leg and arm being different in form, size and character from all others, because each is moulded after a special model, to suit the person who is to wear it. Further on these moulds are covered with tightly-stretched rawhide, and this rawhide receives an enamel coating. In another room rubber is being vulcanized and moulded into feet and hands, which are covered with calfskin. In the last stage of the process

the leg or arm is set up, the parts put together, and the springs and straps adjusted.

American manufacturers are exporting artificial limbs in large numbers and from all parts of the world orders for artificial limbs come into the United States. When Count Okumer, of Japan, lost his leg

through a bomb thrown by an anarchist, he sent to America for an artificial leg. The Prussian Prince, Galitzen, came all the way from St. Petersburg to this country to have an artificial leg made. The list might be extended indefinitely and would sound like an "Almanach de Gotha."

THE GOOD MOTHER

Madison C. Peters

OUR American homes with their old-fashioned mothers, made our Republic peerless among nations. The German Empire is great because German mothers are good. England is mighty because British mothers are pious. The real secret of a nation's greatness is a sanctified motherhood.

It is a fact worthy of note that the classics do not place high esteem upon the mothers of those periods, and this may be the reason of their defective civilization. Even Shakespeare omitted to portray an ideal mother. His fathers are a well-known and touching group. His wives and daughters are ideal, but the mothers are not only singularly few in number, but do not possess the more commendable qualities which we might expect. Juliet has a mother, to whose heart of stone she appeals in vain. Hamlet's mother brings a pain to his distressed mind.

Richter is quoted as having said: "Unhappy the man whose mother does not make all mothers interesting." What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of mother's love fixed in a permanent outline? If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.

Mothers, your trust is fraught with everlasting issues. You foreordain the eternal destiny of the child. By a holy example live into it a divine life. Napoleon realized the fostering influence of home when he said, "What France wants is good mothers, and you may be sure then that France will have good sons." God has put into the hands of parents, at their own hearthstones, a power greater than that which presidents, kings and queens wield and which issue either in the weal or woe of their children.

Women sigh for fame. They would be sculptors and chisel forms of beauty from the cold stone, to fill the world with the praises of their genius; or they would be poets and write songs to awaken a nation. But is any work on marble as lasting as hers who has an immortal life laid in her hands to shape for its destiny? Is the writing of any poem as great a work as training the powers of the soul crowned with the sapphire glow of immortality into harmony with God? Yet, how shall I say

it sorrowfully enough, there are women, increasingly large in number, who regard the duties of motherhood as tasks too obscure and commonplace for their hands and the training of the child is often left to a stranger and ignorant hireling.

Our women come to church to draw the inspiration of religion for their daily duties and then turn traitor to the first of all fidelities. If every mother could catch a glimpse of the future and see the possibilities open to her when a babe is placed in her bosom to be nursed and trained, she would be convinced that the work was worthy of her best powers and would commit to no other hands the sacred trust given to her.

We are drifting away from the home. Our country wants virtuous citizens and honest rulers and they must come from the old-fashioned homes. What this great nation needs today is mothers who shall realize that the home is the mightiest institution on the earth, and that in its secrecy they are determining through their children what the future shall be. If you could lift the veil and catch a glimpse of this momentous future, your soul would be fired with a patriotism which would lay the child upon the altar of God, with a devotion that would make the home memories so tender, so precious and so sacred that each life that goes out of your doors would carry a blessing with it wherever it went.

When we reflect that in this land alone there are more than 6,000,000 mothers, with millions of infants to be molded by their plastic hands and quenchless love, the prayer rises spontaneously from our hearts that God would bless the homes and mothers of our land. Our country's hope lies in this great element of power.

Who are our extraordinary men today? Are they the men whose mothers' heaven was an opera box, who ate arsenic to improve the complexion and to whom the Ten Commandments were an inconvenience? The kings among men today, our distinguished statesmen, our great writers, our learned lawyers, our skilled physicians, our eloquent preachers and merchant princes, are all sons whose mothers did spin and weave and knit, who were workers at home and who knelt every day before God's door of power.

CHARLEY'S LETTER TO MOTHER

Dear Mother: I inclose \$10 and 10,000 kisses, which please apply to my long standing indebtedness to you. You probably don't want any payment except in the latter medium, but I intend to pay you back both in cash and love, or as far as they can go toward paying you. If I lived to be a million years old and made weekly payments I couldn't begin to discharge the debt in full, but at least you will always know that I am not forgetting what I owe you for skimping and denying yourself so much, that I might get an education.

Deducting the ten which I inclose leaves \$87,575.25, which is still due you, and I shall vigorously fight any compromise, no matter how much you may insist upon settlement in affection alone.

Your last letter was so full of encouragement and good cheer that it made me feel like old Mr. Alexander the Great when he went out looking for more worlds to conquer. Things certainly have changed a lot in the last two weeks. I don't mind confessing to you now that for a while I was almost discouraged. Nobody seemed to need me, no matter how much I tried to convince them differently. But now, how different! The birds are singing and the sun is shining, and down in the innermost recesses of my pocket there is the musical jingle of real money; while in the equatorial region there is a complacent snugness that

eloquently tells me that I have recently eaten a good meal. This evening I am sitting here in my luxurious boudoir, clasped in the friendly arms of an easy chair, with the Goddess of Fortune smiling graciously down upon me from the frame of the old master that hangs on the wall. Two weeks ago she wouldn't look at me, and yet here she now is, practically eating out of my hand and making eyes at me something scandalous. I think she likes me.

The financial center of the world is slowly shifting in my direction, and I have twelve dollars of actual money in my pocket, with more waiting for me at the end of the week. It's perfectly wonderful how it rolls in at the rate of \$16 a week.

I like my new boss, and if he proves to be honest and industrious I'll stick to him. As a general thing all employers demand honesty and industry from the men they hire, and it seems just as important that the employés should demand the same from their employers. So as long as my boss is on the square he can count upon me through thick and thin.

I haven't heard a word from Nell. I wrote her when I got my job. Is she at home now? "Scads" Alcott is here after his summer in Wisconsin. He says he is looking for a position.

The account stands as follows, according to my reckoning:

To sitting up five (5) hundred nights when I was a baby.@ \$10	\$ 5,000.00
To walking 2,000 miles (approximately) trying to put me to sleep, @ \$1 per mile .	2,000.00
To rocking me to sleep nine (9) hundred nights,@ \$5	4,500.00
To singing while rocking nine (9) hundred nights,@ \$10 per song	9,000.00
To various sums advanced for circuses, ice cream, candy, etc., etc. (approx.),	500.00
To interceding with father in times of impending danger,	2,550.25
To dresses you needed but didn't get while I was going to school and college,	2,000.00
To efforts to make me wash, say prayers, read Bible, go to Sunday-school, and other Herculean tasks,	10,000.00
To loss of sleep while worrying about me when I went swimming, etc.,	2,000.00
To cash advanced on present fortune hunting crusade,	35.00
To interest on above,	50,000.00

Love to all and more anon.

Charley.

P. S.—You needn't worry. I'm not going up in one of them.

—Chicago Tribune.

POKING FUN AT "COUNTRY LIFE STUFF"

A FARMER'S wife of Henderson County, Illinois, takes as a text a recent article in the Farmers Voice, "The Great Problem Is to Keep the Land Owner Upon the Farm," and writes some verses "to present a new picture of farm life to some of your readers." These

verses are too long to publish, but the thought in them is indicated in the following: The first part pictures humorously "the kick a comin' 'bout us old farmers leavin' here, an' movin' to some town that's hummin' with noise an' life an' cheer." "They say 'don't rent your land to tenants' be-

cause they don't know how to farm; prices of grub will go clear to the sky; 'twill do us smart folks lots of harm.

"They try to make us old 'hayseeds,'

Think the farm's the only place,

Just so we'll keep on working here

Raising cheap beef to feed the race.

"They try to make things look good to us. But, say, country life commission, teachers, editors and all, just stop your fuss and let a granger ask a question. When country life is made to be ideal, and we can rest a little later in the morn, and through the day, too, we'll like farm life, but who, oh, who, will raise the corn?" That picture is enlarged upon, and "you can't hire men to work these days out on the farm so far from life. They care naught for granges, farm clubs and such." Farther on the farmer is "tired of goin' dirty, milkin' cows and chorin' round, as I must when the hands skiddoo. It seems kinder hard to have to stay and keep on workin' an' worryin' so, when I'm well off an' able to pay." "You high collared folks, shut up a while, let pap for once go stepping high." The next lines picture the imagined conveniences of living in town. "You may talk to the young folks if you will," "an' take from the city some laborers, too; that's the place to go with your 'country life' stuff. Not to us who have stayed till our backs are bent;" "let us learn to forget the weary road we've gone; let us practice a while at signin' checks."

This is a real voice from the country, a picture of a condition that many a farmer and farmer's wife will recognize instantly and feel the cramping pain of it. It is all right, too, to poke a little fun at the teachers and editors. All teaching worth listening to must stand or fall on its own truth and value, but there is also a serious thread of thought running through these lines and their mild ridicule may help us to see the principles underneath. We ought to see just what is true about it, and not discount a jot of the hard reality of farm work.

* * * * *

But it is not true that the "country life commission, teachers, editors and all" consider themselves "smart folks" and that they look upon farmers as "hayseeds;" but perhaps they must plead guilty to a bit of unselfish argument in sometimes asking the farmer to consider the race and the future in raising beef and saving the soil—but not raising "cheap" beef. But for the most part the argument is put on a strictly economical basis, and in the long run, considering the permanence of farming and country life that is both profitable and desirable, all the argument is strictly economical as well as moral. It takes a struggle and a constant and careful discrimination to see the truth that affects us.

Next the thought is raised that country life can not be ideal, and the farmer get rest and pleasure and raise corn, and the other crops, too. If that is true, the whole business of farming is a failure, and there is no such thing as permanently satisfying life in the open country, and the farm is an unfortunate place, to run away from, at the first opportunity. Thoughtful insight will compel one to say it is not true. But to whatever extent it is true, or seems true under the present conditions, it is equally true of the labor and life of the town man. When we get down to the facts in the case we will find without doubt on the one hand that there are many things to make farm life more nearly approach the ideal and still have the farmer and the hands he can get not overburden themselves with labor; and on the other hand we will find that the men who make any sort of success in town are laboring strenuously, too, and that their life is far from ideal—and that in town or country the problem of the necessary labor is not so great as some other things that relate to the enjoyment and satisfaction of the men and women who work whether as owners and employers or as "hands" and young people who are wondering what their chance will be to get an independent business. Work, and hard work, is inevitable, everywhere that success and happiness is earned.

* * * * *

It is only the one phase of the farm labor problem to note the difficulty of getting reliable help when wanted. The other side of it is to make conditions that will attract better help and more help, or else to so change our system of farming and use still more machinery to enable us to do with less help. Resist the thought as we will we shall never get hands without attracting them with the rewards and the conditions—not a whit more than all this talk will prevent any family from leaving the farm and going to town unless that family is convinced in their own minds that the better place and the greater comforts are in the old country home, whether the farm work is continued or not. Many a farmer reported in the Voice has solved his labor problems. There are people retiring with the greatest satisfaction upon their farms who don't have to milk the cows or do the chores, or any work in the field or only so much of it as they voluntarily choose; and people can get very substantial comforts and enjoyments by "signing checks" right from that farm home.

* * * * *

The "keep on workin' and worryin' so," is an immense problem for all people and it by no means ceases when they go from the farm to the town and begin "signing checks."

Workin' and worryin' is one of the fun-

amental problems of life, but it can be and must be measurably solved in town or country before we really live very much, always remembering, however, that fairly balanced work, even very hard work, is a prime enjoyment to the man or woman who sees the end for which he is working and holds it as a high ideal and ambition.

The writer has personal knowledge of the fact that many men of the town work as long hours and under as great or greater strain than the farmer. But even this is not the fundamental question; it is such a balance of work and insight and aspiration and enjoyment as brings rest and satisfaction to the mind in all its needs and cravings. That is the thing to struggle for at all cost in the town or country, and it is the very thing that the tired farm people are quite likely to miss when they move to town and have no cows to milk and chores to do.

The allusion to "high collared folks" betrays a thought that is easily dissipated by a little sunlight. The fact is that high collars are almost as much out of fashion in town as in the country, and that the question is not on the width of collar, or whether any collar is worn, but what the man is doing of useful service for himself and the world, and of the suitability of his

dress to that occupation. Thousands of grimy looking people without collars, work in the many occupations of the towns, and not a few of these are far dirtier than farm work, and yet these toilers do not look down upon that condition of their useful service, and a few hours later you see them all neat and clean and with just as high collar and as much dignity as anybody else. They enjoy and respect their work and whatever clothing or conditions are appropriate for it.

The country life commission, teachers and editors, are talking with the young folks and with good effect where they have a fair hearing; to talk country life to the city laborer to entice him to the farm in the sense this writer puts it, would be as shallow and insincere as she thinks it is for the said teachers to talk this "stuff" to the farmer to get him to raise "cheap beef to feed the race." But all that the Voice and these teachers are working for is to have all these persons and the farmer and his wife and son and daughter to see the truth about it on all sides, and then let each one make intelligent choice of action. There is a truth about it that many farmers see and have acted upon with very satisfactory results, and frequently the Voice reports their experience and opinions.—The Farmers Voice.



Using the Bee Sting Cure.

BEE STINGS AS RHEUMATISM CURE

THE sting of the honey bee has been found to be an excellent cure for rheumatism, when applied systematically.

One sting will not cure your rheumatism, neither will two or three, but if you will let a bee sting you every day your rheumatism will soon disappear. That's what prominent physicians say who are watching

an interesting experiment in Cincinnati.

John Renner, of Cincinnati, long a sufferer from rheumatism, is taking the bee sting cure. The accompanying illustration shows him beside the hive while the stinging bees are being applied to his arm. He had already taken two weeks' treatment, about seventeen stings, and he liked it. At first he was hardly able to hobble about

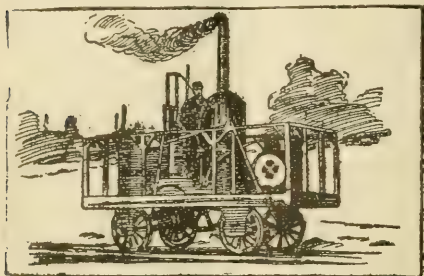
with the aid of a cane, but now Renner can walk almost as springily as any person. It is estimated by physicians that the poison injected into his system by the stinging honey bee has made the marked change in his chronic condition.

Only a few cases are on record where bees were used to cure rheumatism. Mr. Fred W. Muth, of Cincinnati, who is applying the stinging bees to Renner's arm in the above illustration, became interested in bee-culture through his having rheumatism. Now he has the bees and no rheumatism.

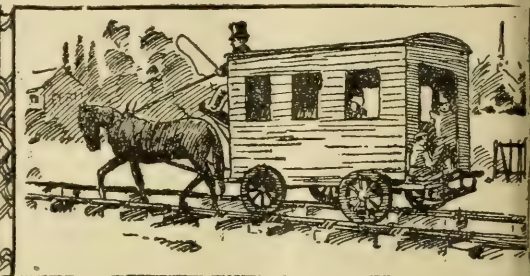
Physicians who are watching this interesting experiment say that the formic acid

which makes the sting of the honey bee so sharp and painful for the moment is the agent that nullifies the dreadful rheumatic pains. Sharp and painful as the stings are it is a pain of relief compared to the dull and incessant pain of rheumatism, declares Renner, the patient.

In the above novel treatment Mr. Renner visits the apiary twice each week, taking from three to five stings at each visit. After the system is once inoculated with the formic acid of the bee stings, the patient is supposed to become immune to rheumatic attacks.—Technical World.



The First Steam Engine.



The First Railroad Train.

FAST FREIGHT MOVEMENT TODAY

FAST freight lines were the outgrowth of unsystematic and inconvenient methods of handling freight by the early railroads. These lines were privately owned and conducted. They served a useful purpose in their day, but finally were taken over by the railroads, such as the Pennsylvania Company, finding they could better serve the public direct, and today are giving better service than ever.

The freight carrying in the '50s was done by many independent companies. There were no great transportation systems then covering thousands of miles of territory. Each company was independent, and would not carry freight any further than the end of its own line. Here goods had to be transhipped to the road that was to carry them further. Nor would a road permit its cars to leave its own tracks. There was no system of car exchange. Each road felt that if one of its cars ever got onto the rails of another line, that would be the last it would ever see of it; and this was about right, too, for some of the roads would purloin the rolling stock of another, sometimes even removing car frames from the trucks of one road and putting them on trucks of their own road.

Moreover, the difference in track gauge on many roads also operated to prevent unbroken shipment of freight from point of origin to destination, even if there had

been willingness to exchange cars. The transportation of freight was therefore tedious, expensive, inconvenient and slow. No company would be responsible for freight except on its own rails. If a shipper sustained loss or damage he had to get after the line on which the damage was sustained, and as this often involved long-distance suits, the feeing of unknown lawyers, and many unpleasant things of that kind, the shipper usually pocketed his loss and said no more about it.

Methods of the "Specials."

This state of affairs brought about the fast freight lines, so-called. It agreed to see to the transportation and care of a shipment of goods from consignor over all roads to the consignee, no matter how great the distance nor how numerous the reshipments. The freight line owned its own cars and had its own schedule of rates. It made its own collections and paid each railroad its fixed share for the transportation service it had rendered. Its cars had broad-tread wheels, making them usable on tracks of differing gauges.

This method proved so popular that quite a number of fast freight companies were organized.

The Star Union Line's association was most intimate with the Pennsylvania, which subsequently bought it. It handled its first

freight in February, 1864, after the purchase of 55 cars from the Little Miami Railroad. It through-routed cars between the East and Middle West and insured the time of goods in transit. For insuring delivery of dry goods in five days from New York to Chicago, it charged 25 cents per hundred extra. Now such freight from New York is delivered in Chicago practically in two days.

Bought by the Roads.

After the Pennsylvania had acquired the roads over which the Star Union Line operated, there was no longer any reason for existence of the latter, since the different roads had been merged, so the Union Line offered to sell all its properties, rights, good will, etc., to the Pennsylvania Company. The offer was accepted in 1873, and thus the Star Union Line ceased to exist as a distinct freight carrying company, although it still actively continues its function as the recognized through-freight line of the Pennsylvania system between the East and the West. But it belongs to the

Pennsylvania Company.

The history of the Star Union Line is practically the history of all the privately-owned fast freight lines on all roads.

By 1875 the private fast freight lines had generally disappeared.

Two new methods of service have succeeded the private lines. These are the coöperative and company fast freights. The coöperative method is an arrangement by which each road that is a party to it contributes part of the equipment and receives a pro rata share of the total earnings. The executive staff of the service operates under the direction of a board of managers made up of officers representing the different companies. Agents in business centers everywhere solicit business.

On what are known as the standard lines, such as the Pennsylvania, general merchandise preference freight, moving westward from tidewater, gets third morning delivery in Chicago. That is, freight loaded Monday evening in the New York terminal is delivered in Chicago and St. Louis Thursday morning.

Quickening Freight Movement.

The reason for morning delivery everywhere is that it facilitates the business of both railroads and merchants. If a train should arrive at destination at 10 or 11 o'clock in the forenoon there would be inconvenience all 'round in handling the goods before the day should be over. Freight deliveries are figured in periods of 24 hours. Trains leave the eastern terminals each evening as soon as possible after the close of business, and reach their destinations in the early morning. This is also true of freight movements from the West. There are six classes of freight, in which fall all kinds of merchandise.

Commodity freight is unclassified and consists of coke, coal, iron ore, and such products.

Much has been accomplished of recent years by the railroads in the fast forwarding of freight by reducing the number of yards and carefully systematizing the service therein. It was in these yards that most of the time was lost in dispatching trains. The Pennsylvania lines' great Conway and Scully yards were organized to facilitate the freight movement, and they have repaid their enormous cost.

The capacity of cars for carrying freight, and of locomotives for hauling it, has been greatly improved and strengthened within 30 years. Then the average freight car weighed 20,000 pounds and carried 20,000 pounds—as much dead weight as live weight. Now the average freight car will carry 100,000 pounds and weigh but 35,000 to 45,000 pounds. There are steel cars in service now for the transportation of iron, coal, lime and such material, that will carry 155,000 pounds. Enlargement of the capacity of locomotives has been even greater than in cars, most of them weighing now 150,000 pounds as against 50,000. And there are some locomotives in service for exceptionally heavy work that weigh 250,000 pounds.



THE LAD WHO THINKS.

Jacob Longanecker.

IN the central part of Ohio there was a family of three boys, all of whom were bright, but poor. All were eager to go to college, but lacked the means to take them. The youngest was a slow thinker, but was determined to get the means to take him to school. There was a cave in the near neighborhood with a branch of water coming out below the hill, called the Snakes' Cave; as it was said snakes would gather in it in the fall and winter. There was an offer of a hundred dollars to the person who would rid the cave of snakes. The youngest boy, called John, thinking over the matter, thought he would try for the hundred dollars. So he got a half bushel of sulphur, carried it into the cave, and built a wall in the mouth of the cave, so that the sulphur fumes would be confined in it. He then set fire to the sulphur. John's brothers laughed at him, but he said: "Wait and see." The next day the snakes were coming out by way of the branch of water. It seemed like wagon loads of them were coming out, and when a few days after they opened the door of the cave, not a living reptile nor any other living thing was found in it. "Oh," said John's brother, "we could have done the same thing if we had only thought." That was the secret. He thought; they did not. John went to school with the hundred dollars and got the start of his brothers and kept ahead through life. So the lad who thinks is the one who gets there.

BORROWING CARLOTTA AND WHAT CAME OF IT

Rene Mansfield

An Experiment in Atmosphere.

I DECLARE, Carlotta, I don't see what makes you act so! Don't tease brother that way. There, you see! Brother isn't so selfish as you are. He always gives things up to you like a little man. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Carlotta?" Carlotta's mother fixed the child with reproving, reproachful eye. Carlotta, holding behind her the toy she had taken from the little boy, stared, sullenly defiant, at a figure in the rug.

"Did you ever see such an aggravating child?" Carlotta's mother lowered her voice a little as she turned to the spinster wearily. But the child heard what she said, and her little mouth puckered into stubborn, ugly lines.

"Carlotta, come here to mother!" Mrs. Adams put her hand gently on Carlotta's shoulders and looked helplessly into the sulky, downcast face. "Now, dear, won't you try to be a good little girl? Why, mother is so ashamed to have you act this way—before company, too! Now, run along and don't be naughty to brother. See what a good little boy he is!"

As Carlotta backed away, giving no evidence of being at all impressed by her mother's plea, Mrs. Adams appealed to the spinster who had been sitting by silently with all the solemnity proper to such occasions.

"What would you do with a child like that? It's this way all the time. I really don't see where she got her disposition. It just breaks my heart to see her so selfish and so jealous of the least bit of attention we give to brother. I can't seem to get at Carlotta, somehow. I've tried everything, seems to me. I have punished her—I've tried to shame her—I've reasoned with her. And the more I talk the more the child seems to crawl into her little shell and keep me at a distance—her own mother!"

"And her father—how does Carlotta's father—?" Through the hall door the spinster could see the two children playing on the stairway, Carlotta amusing herself ostentatiously with the toy that had caused the discussion.

"He hasn't been able to win her over any more than I. After she had been especially naughty I've heard him talk to her for a half hour, telling her how unhappy she makes us, what a disagreeable woman she will likely grow up into, and how we want her to be generous and kind. She'll sit quietly on his knees until he is quite

through, promise indifferently to be a good child, and then when she gets into bed with brother push him viciously away if his little leg happens to be on her side of the bed.

"For a while we tried to make her give up everything to him. Then we tried ignoring her altogether. When her father came home at night, if she had been naughty during the day, he would have nothing at all to say to her, beyond asking if his little girl had been naughty that day to which she invariably answered in a bored sort of a way, 'Oh, 'course.'

"Well, brother, what is it now?" The wail of the small boy in the hall was too insistent to be longer ignored.

"Lotta took my twain, na'ty sing! want my twain!"

"Well, never mind, dear. Show Carlotta what a nice little man you are and let her have the twain for a while. Both of you put your things on and go out and play on the toboggan. I see the Wilson children are out there having a splendid time. Won't you please do as mother asks you, Carlotta! I want you to go out and play." The child made no move to get her wraps.

"Very well, then, Carlotta. You may go upstairs and stay there until I call you." Carlotta trudged upstairs as though it was a matter of complete indifference to her whether she was good or bad, stayed inside or went out.

"She's the most baffling child," said her mother. "I can't get her to go out and play happily with the other children. Nothing seems to please her. She just seems bored to death—a child of seven! It's unnatural. It's heartbreaking. But what am I going to do with her?"

The spinster had been placed in delicate positions of this sort before. "Oh, your theories may be all right, my dear. But wait till you have a boy like Johnny—or a girl like Susy." It was a familiar phrase and it usually terminated neatly the spinster's solicited but unrespected advice.

"Now, you know very well, Helen, that an old maid don't know anything in the world about bringing up children," she began accordingly with some acerbity. Then the pathos of Carlotta's little back as she had gone stiffly up the stairs a moment since came to her sharply. "But I believe I do know what ails Carlotta," she went on after a bit, rashly. "And I am so sure of the way her disposition could be altered that if you'll let me borrow her for a week or so, I'll undertake to alter it."

But, my dear, tell me your idea. Surely mother—" gasped Carlotta's mother. No, a mother last of all. Why, Helen, are drowning the poor child in a sea ofatives. With the best intentions in the world you are making her just what you want her not to be. You're all of you, even down to the baby, obsessed with the idea that Carlotta is a queer child with unusually selfish, unkind traits. Probably at the first we were mere tendencies, but constant emphasis has actually developed what you need to destroy.

I do really believe that a child's mind is so sensitive to other mind currents as a film of a camera to light waves. No matter what we may say to him, our real attitude toward the child is photographed in his plastic little brain. And if you hold the conviction that he is selfish, exasperatingly naughty, what chance has he to be anything else?

The whole atmosphere here is charged with your anxious concern about Carlotta's character. Why, my dear girl, don't you remember that imps of perversity ruled us when we were children—how we were obsessed to apply our tongues to the frosty spout and venture on the thin ice around the 'Danger' sign? I think it's the same instinct that takes a morbid hold on children when they are told not to be naughty, that or the other thing. Something tells them toward the interesting possibilities of the course that has been negatively suggested. Do you see what I mean? The thought of what you do not want them to be is more deeply impressed on their consciousness than what you want them to be. Then, too, Helen, there is everything in expectancy. You've all gotten into the way of expecting Carlotta to display evidence of an unfortunate disposition. You've lost faith in her, and she knows it. That's why you are the last person in the world who would be able to change her mental attitude, because you've first got to change your own."

"But I can't tell the child how good she is when I can see—" began Carlotta's mother.

"That's it, my dear. Your emotional instinct overcomes your psychological interest."

"You see, mine would not. Will you really lend me Carlotta for a little while? I think I could keep her face washed and her stockings mended properly for a week, if you show."

"You can't think what a relief it would be," sighed Mrs. Adams. "But I am very sure she wouldn't go. I'll ask her if she'd like."

"Ask nothing! Just call her downstairs now."

When the child appeared in the doorway, she calmly defiant, the spinster jumped quickly and taking Carlotta's hand in hers, swung her around the room with infectious light. "Carlotta Adams," she cried,

"what do you suppose your mother is going to let you do? The nicest thing you ever heard of! We're going to play at keeping house for a few days, just you and I—we're going to have tea parties in my parlor and games you never played in all your back yard! Hurry up and get your things on, Carlotta. I'm crazy to get started! Hurry!"

Carlotta was dazed. Her mother catching up the tone of the spinster's enthusiasm brought out her little coat and hat and bundled her into them before the child quite understood what it was all about. The hauteur that sat so strangely on the pretty face gave way to a timid reflection of the anticipated pleasures with which the spinster seemed to be bubbling over.

Before they started out together the spinster found occasion to say to Carlotta's mother: "You've got to readjust the family mind, remember, Helen. Believe that Carlotta is normally generous and sweet-tempered and affectionate because that's the way she is coming back to you—you'll see!"

* * * * *

And Carlotta's mother, with awe and thanksgiving, saw that these things were so, when, perhaps two weeks after, the spinster returned the child she had borrowed. At once she saw the change that had come over the little face. In place of the constrained look of solid defiance there was the untroubled, natural expression of childhood. Her clear eye looked out frankly on a world that no longer misunderstood her.

"Oh, we've had such a beautiful time," said the spinster, when Carlotta and the ecstatic small brother had withdrawn to the playroom. "Just as I said, dear,—all she needed was a change of mental atmosphere. She is unusually sensitive to suggestion. It was really easier than I expected to win her over and change her habit of thought."

"At first the child was bewildered. She had come to believe she was a naughty little thing of whom nobody approved. I think just at first she thought it was rather a joke on me that I should be so utterly deceived in the small person, called Carlotta. But after a while doubts of her own badness assailed her, and finally the insistence of belief in her goodness broke down entirely her childish convictions. It is perfectly amazing how quickly the habits of thought are formed in childhood. If you give a child a pack of cards and tell him to divide them, putting the pack of red cards in one pile and the black in another, and then have him repeat the process, but reverse the position of the red and black cards, he will have the greatest difficulty in this reversing of their position. But once he accomplishes it, it is quite as difficult for him to return to the first method."

"Always at night just before Carlotta went to sleep I'd talk to her about the pleasant things we were going to do the

following day, and try to impress her with the way I expected she would meet things. You know, they say a child is most impressionable at this time. The conscious mind is less active, and the sub-conscious forces are strengthened.

"During the day I never admitted, even to myself, that the child could do a really mean action, and she simply couldn't help responding to this attitude. Oh, and another thing, dear, that may help you, and that may have a great deal to do with Carlotta's perversity,—I had no opportunity to compare her actions unfavorably with the

brother's. I think that only kindles a fire of resentment that can't possibly have a good effect.

"There, Helen—there are the old theories. But they've worked out like magic with Carlotta, as you'll discover if you yourself don't backslide into your old attitude toward her. If I catch you at a young woman, I'll keep on borrowing till she won't know who's her own mother!"—Reprinted, by permission, from September, 1911, issue of *American Motherhood*.

AN AWAKENING

A. M. Gillespie

THE girl is going to come out here to learn how to cook and keep house, is she? Well, it's the only sensible idea Flossie Adams ever had in that fluffy, yellow head of hers; and if any one in the world can teach her those things that person is you, Mary—you and Caroline—for a better cook I have never seen than our girl, considering her age," said Hiram Bridgton, with a look of pride at his eighteen-year-old niece, whose cheeks took on a flush of pleasure as she gratefully glanced up at the broad, good-natured face of her uncle.

"Yes, Caroline is a good cook, and a pretty useful person to have around," assented Fred Winthrop, the hired help, as he handed two great buckets of creamy milk to Caroline's aunt. There was no reply from the girl; but, as she bent over her work—that of seeding cherries which were to be preserved that morning—a tell-tale flush suffused her cheeks, and once as she raised her eyes they were unusually bright.

To an observing person it might be readily seen that, in spite of her efforts to conceal her feelings, Caroline Bridgton had learned to care a great deal for the opinion of Fred Winthrop, and his praises were very sweet to her ears. As for the young man, if he had stopped to analyze his feelings, he would have found that Caroline occupied a greater portion of his heart than he imagined, but he had as yet had no awakening, and things seemed destined to drift on in this way indefinitely.

The next day was the one the expected guest was to arrive. The morning dawned clear and bright, with a delightful breeze that was greatly appreciated, as the day that had just passed had been unusually warm. It seemed even the day was doing its utmost to extend to Flossie Adams a cordial welcome, and every one about the farm house awaited her coming with a sort of joyous anticipation, with the exception of Caroline. She was ashamed of her own

selfishness, and had succeeded in hiding her feelings deep in her heart, and vowed she would let no unwarranted feeling of jealousy take possession of her. It meant to treat the girl with all kindness and felt sorrowful that she could not enter heartily into the spirit of glad expectation the others seemed to feel. However, she would do her best to cheerfully welcome the girl. Fred had chosen to go to the station for the guest, and he seemed in a way averse to the idea, but sprang into a light buggy and gathered up the reins in a great show of spirits. Caroline went about her work as cheerfully as possible, and soon a delicious repast was set on a snowy table.

In a short time the sound of carriage wheels, above which rose the sound of a silvery peal of laughter, announced the rival of the guest. Caroline, with her aunt and uncle, ran to the door in time to hold Fred carefully, almost tenderly, as a dainty whiteclad figure from the carriage. With a toss of her golden curls and another gay laugh the pretty girl was to greet those awaiting her.

"I never stand back on etiquette!" she announced, in her vivacious way. "I take for granted you are glad to see me, even as I am you!"

She was wonderfully at home from the first, and to Fred's delight she praised the old house, the flower gardens, the orchard and the animals about the farm, and with great tact and delicacy, she praised Fred also. He was flattered and pleased, for he was so unlike anything he had ever been accustomed to; and before he knew it, the girl had succeeded in winning his admiration for which she was striving.

As soon as Flossie Adams had learned that Fred Winthrop was not a "hired hand" from necessity, but that he was the son of wealthy parents in New York, who had seen his health breaking down, as the result of having applied himself too closely

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THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

YOUNG readers,—you and I are now going to have a nice friendly chat together in each *Inglenook*; what do you think about it?

I give this little department to you; I let it to belong to our young folks, and I'm going to try to make it a cozy little corner in our magazine, but you will have to help,—a little,—I want you to write to Mr. Miller, occasionally, he will give me my address, about the "Weekly Chat." Tell me what you should like to have a chat on; some subject you would like to have discussed; something that will be beneficial to the department readers and I will try to help to the best of my ability.

There are human ties which should bind together all mankind in Christian love; I am myself a young man yet, and that's exactly why I feel such a warm interest in all young people. I know the difficulties, the defeats and victories, which bridge the span from childhood to maturity, and I think I have experienced most of them. An old saying tells us that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and I wonder how many of you have found out as I have, that a little sound advice, followed in time, is a great deal better than gaining results through unguided experience. Well, I've found out, and now I think that one is never too late to accept advice, while giving it. Here is an attitude that I used to be proud of: I don't ask anyone about this; I am too independent. I won't let them know anything about it; I'll just go ahead, and then they'll tell me I'm not so dependent as they thought! Well, needless to say, I learned well the lesson that we all must learn, unless we profit from the mistakes of others. Now I advise you: Confide fully in your parents, young men; or in elders whose advice is sound. It is the secretive nature, so common in boys and girls of from thirteen to seventeen, or thereabouts, they wish to grow away from parents and those above them in age and experience; because they think that it is an essential of manliness and womanliness. Nothing could be further from the truth; nothing so dangerous, and let me tell you: Young men and women,—do not become estranged from your parents, confide fully in them. Let them share your secrets. **DO NOT GROW UP TOO SOON.** Do you know that you are boating now between the fairest banks of life's river? Youth and childhood are life's sweetest years; in them are mingled the joy and sorrow, the defeats and victories whose dear memory overshadows all in after life; and I long to be once more in the light-heartedness of those "Dim days passed beyond recall," as indeed they are. We realize it when we have reached the pinnacle and can

not go back. But now, you are in the midst of it all; in its very prime! among associations and care-free joy that will never return when once lost,—then why, my boy, do you so early wish to leave it all, and put on the assumed mask of mature manhood? Boys and girls all, why do you strive to leave behind the fairest days of your life and attempt to be men and women before you have the growth, the knowledge, or the judgment?

Be children as long as you can. You will be men and women soon enough. We can prepare for right manhood and womanhood in youth; that is what we should all strive to do, but we do not need to try to attain manhood and womanhood in the mere preparation.

Most of us have some great ambition in life, I am sure. The case of the totally "ambitionless" young man or woman is rare. Most of us have widely different ambitions, but we all have a destiny in this world. There is a place for us somewhere, which we shall fill. Abraham Lincoln said: "I will study and get ready, and all the while watch my chance." We can not all be Lincolns, in fact, I think that there is and always shall be but one Lincoln, but are you doing, in this one thing, as he did? Are you preparing and training yourself so that when the opportunity comes you will be ready? How pitiful is the case of the young man or woman who sees before them their opportunity, perhaps the one opportunity of a life-time, and must stand helpless; the one great fact staring them in the face: I have not been trained! They are helpless in that they must let their lives slip through the fingers of Father Time; until they have faded into oblivion, wasted, having done their race no good; they have but lived for the animal joy of living, and what is that?

Do not misunderstand, dear young readers; I do not mean to give the impression that a life is wasted if one does not attain great and everlasting fame in public life, and go down in history as a brilliant leader in his age; because that is a false idea. One does not have to become a leader to have not wasted his life. The life whose light has never shown beyond the circle of its own secluded environment, may be a more priceless gift to mankind than the one whose praises are sounded from the whole world; and whose light shall shine with increasing brilliance down through the ages.

Well, young readers, I have not commenced to talk with you yet, as I should like to; this is merely an initial chat to get acquainted; and I hope we can. I shall endeavor to make the chats to follow as interesting and as helpful as I can, and hope to get your coöperation and keep up your interest.

Let me help you over some of the rough places that we all come to on life's road, or try, anyway, won't you?

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

STRAIGHTWAY—WITHOUT PITY- ING OURSELVES.

Extracts here given are from the National Missionary Intelligencer for January, 1911. Professor A. G. Hogg, M. A., is in the Christian College, Madras, India.

THERE rings in my ear today a word out of an incident in the Gospels. In sending two disciples upon an errand Christ gave them this injunction: "If any one say unto you, 'Why do ye this?' say ye, 'The Lord hath need of him;'" and straightway he will send him back thither" (Mark 11: 3). Is the spirit of the owner of that colt the spirit of my own life? Is it the spirit of yours? The Lord needs of us this service or that; some surrender which costs us much; some money-offering which cripples our finances; some sacrifice which will interfere with our plans for ourselves or our families. Do we render this service—render it "*straightway*" without bargaining, without pitying ourselves, but gladly and as a matter of course? One of God's rightful resources is that our Lord Jesus can send to any Christian the message, "The Lord hath need of this or that," and that *straightway* this Christian should obey the message.

But if you do not, will it really matter after all? Has not God infinite other resources? Were an explanation not offered us in the Holy Book, how strange it might seem that our Lord had need of yonder ass' colt. How could he, who might by a simple prayer have summoned to his side more than twelve legions of angels, need that insignificant beast to enable him to make a worthy entry into Jerusalem? Yet we know—for the Book reveals to us the secret—that the mighty retinue of angels would not have served his purpose. He *needed* the humble ass, for only by this lowly means could he utter to the daughter of Zion the true message of his Kingship.

To us, then, who read the story reason of his need is known. But the owner of the colt the reason was given; to him the message was simple: "The Lord hath need of him." So, when a similar message comes to us, shall we not trust that somehow, in spite of infinite other resources, our Lord really needs what he asks of us?

The infinite resources of God are reason not for hanging back from requests but for giving freely. For there is a guarantee that no matter what surrender to him, we shall never suffer any vital loss or harm. That which really needs in the gift is not the *thing* given, but the *giving*, and out of his finite and supernatural resources he is always able to make good in some other form the thing which has been surrendered. To the Father of infinite resources Jesus prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass away from me." It was impossible, for the Father needed just this sacrifice. But through the infinite power of God the *thing* which he sacrificed—his life—was given back to him in glorified form, and he rose from the dead to become the Author of eternal salvation. The Father asked of our Lord what was his great uttermost. He asked of us, too, nothing less than our uttermost. "He is summoning us," said I. Mott in that solemn address at Edinburgh, "to larger sacrifice, one that is like unto a new experience, like unto a revolution, a transformation." "A life of reality will mean that we will all this night go with Christ into the garden." "If it be possible let this cup pass from me," he said; and I think you and I have reached the place where we actually see things so clearly with reference to the world's needs that, like our Saviour, we shrink back from what we see it going to cost.—*Bible Record*.

AN AWAKENING.

(Continued from Page 1004.)

to his college work, and had sent him to their friends' farm, in the hope of regaining his former health, then indeed, did the ambitious girl seek to gain his heart, and it almost seemed as though she would succeed, for he seemed greatly attracted to the girl, although he still treated Caroline with the same old tenderness of manner.

One day the couple went for a boat ride. Fred had asked Caroline to accompany them, but as she had a slight headache she declined, and watched the two drive away, while her own heart was very heavy.

Soon after, a ring at the telephone announced that a friend of Mrs. Bridgton was very ill and wished her to come immediately. "I dislike to leave you, Caroline," said the kind-hearted woman. "You have a headache, and I am sure I will not get back until late this evening. That will leave you to prepare supper for Fred and Flossie, and they will be hungry as wolves when they return!"

"I will manage it, dear aunt. Take plenty of time, for I will see that everything is all right," answered the faithful girl. With an affectionate good-bye the older woman drove away, leaving Caroline conscious of the fact that her head was increasing its throbbings every moment.

Out under the cool shade trees she sought relief, but all in vain. Never before had she experienced such a sickening sensation of pain.

Aware that it was approaching the supper hour, she went to the house and tried to get together the needed articles, but the intense pain that almost blinded her soon brought her to the realization that no meal could be prepared by her hands that evening, and she sought the hammock suspended between the trees, while the day slowly wore away.

Finally the sound of wheels caused her to look up, and she saw Fred and Flossie coming home. There was a look of petulance on the girl's face. Some way she seemed to have lost her prettiness. Her dress hung limply, and a rent marred its beauty. Her hair was hanging in an unattractive fashion, and above all the cross look that lingered on her face was most unpleasant to behold. There was a very restless look on Fred's face, but as he reached Caroline's side it vanished instantly, and he bent over her in alarm.

"What is the matter, Carrie?" he asked anxiously.

"Just a bad headache," she replied, trying to smile. "And do you know, Fred, I'm afraid you and Flossie will have to prepare your own supper. Aunt has gone, and don't believe I can do any cooking with this headache."

"I should say not! Don't you worry, little girl. We will take care of ourselves."

Flossie's look of petulance increased, as she set about to prepare the meal. She was afraid to tell Fred she had never soiled her hands with cooking, lest he should know of the purposeless life she had lived, and she was beginning to think his admiration for her was fast waning, anyway.

To her dismay she found biscuits would have to be baked. She had not the least idea of how it should be done, and the result of her culinary efforts can be imagined.

At last, the meal being prepared, she called Fred to partake of it. He regarded her in surprise when his eyes fell on her. A cross, irritable expression was plainly evident on her face, and when he spoke to her she answered pettishly. The beautiful mask seemed to fall from her, and her true self stood revealed. His eyes penetrated the interior and saw her small, selfish soul, her love for frivolous self-pleasure, which she would have, if necessary, even at the expense of another's happiness. Then he took his place at the table, where he tried to dispose of some of the viands. The biscuits would have been prized by the United States army as deathdealing missiles, so hard and unpenetrable they were. The meat was burned, the potatoes were soggy, and, to crown all, she had salted the strawberries, having mistaken the salt for sugar.

Fred tasted the food and looked at the girl. Suddenly there was a revulsion of feeling.

"I do not care for any more supper," he said, abruptly leaving the table.

Out in the hammock he found Caroline, dear true Caroline, and the words, "faithful unto death," came into his mind, as he saw the steady light in the eyes turned up to him.

"Have you finished already?" she interrogated.

"Yes, I have finished!" he returned significantly, "and, Caroline dear, I want to make a new beginning, if you can forgive my foolishness for the last few days. I want you to restore me into your heart as of old. My eyes have been opened, little one."

"Why, was the supper bad?" laughed the girl, mischievously. "Yes, I am afraid her suppers would not wear well, and what is of more consequence, the girl herself is not of the wear-well kind, either," returned the young man, smiling.

"Poor boy, you shall have flaky biscuits, strawberry shortcake, and all your heart delights in for tea, tomorrow."

"And the girl that serves them will preserve that sweetness of disposition and loyalty of heart that has the power to transform the simplest meal into a royal feast," replied the young man, whose heart had been made glad through his awakening.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

RECIPES.

Ada Van Sickie Baker.

Duchess Potatoes.—Six potatoes boiled, mashed, and rubbed through a sieve. Add some cream, yolks of two well-beaten eggs, salt, and a little pepper; beat, form into balls, and brown in hot oven.

Asparagus and Eggs.—Cut about two dozen stalks of asparagus into inch lengths, and boil tender. Drain, pour on cupful of drawn butter; stir until hot, turn into a bake-dish. Break six eggs on top, put a bit of butter on each; salt, pepper, and put in hot oven for a moment.

To Prepare Drawn Butter.—One-half cup butter, rubbed well with two table-spoons of flour; put in saucepan with almost one pint boiling water, stirring constantly till well melted. Throw in a sprig of parsley and serve at once.

Roast Pork.—Bake in moderate oven. Allow thirty minutes to the pound. Put cupful boiling water in pan to start, and moisten frequently. Serve with apple sauce.

Vegetable Soup.—Boil soup-bone till all richness is extracted. Remove from soup. Have a pint of ripe or canned tomatoes, some chopped cabbage, a small onion, one or two turnips, a couple of carrots, and some celery all chopped together. Add to soup, with a good dash of pepper.

Fried Parsnips.—Slice lengthwise, about a quarter of an inch thick, and fry in hot drippings. They will fry sooner if previously boiled, and should be very brown.

Tomato Mayonnaise.—Peel the tomatoes; cut each in half, and let stand on ice one hour. Make a mayonnaise dressing; put a little on each tomato.

Mayonnaise Dressing.—Put yolk of

egg in bowl, with pinch of salt, and beat till light; add half teaspoon dry mustard, and beat again. Add olive oil, drop by drop until it is thickening, then a few drops of vinegar, and the same of lemon juice. Continue this process until the egg has absorbed a little more than a gill of oil; then add a very little cayenne pepper.

Egg Sauce.—Add the chopped yolks of three hard-boiled eggs to drawn butter.

Peach or Apple Sauce.—Pare, core, and slice the fruit, stew in water enough to cover until done. Beat to a pulp with a good lump of butter and plenty of sugar; serve cold or hot, as preferred.



HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

M. ANDREWS.

1. To distinguish cotton from linen, moisten the tip of the finger and press it on the goods. If it wets through at once it is linen; while, if there is any cotton about it, it will take several seconds to wet through the threads.

2. In case of a severe burn bind on a pancake batter at once, if you happen to have it. There is nothing better.

3. For mending small breaks in a hot-water bottle, or other rubber articles, try a piece of adhesive plaster.

4. If your flatirons are rough rub them with fine salt and it will make them smooth.

5. This is a reliable remedy for freckles and moth patches: Corrosive sublimate eight grains, witch-hazel three ounces, rose water three ounces. Let the druggist prepare it and have it labeled "poison, for external use only." It is perfectly harmless to the skin. Touch the spots with it several times daily.

6. To bake potatoes quickly, boil them

in salted water for ten minutes. Then put them into the oven. The boiling water will heat them through and they will bake in a short time.

7. To put more water in a vase without disarranging the flowers of its contents may be easily accomplished by using a small funnel. This may seem a very simple suggestion, but it will prevent spilling of the water and the possible damage of a polished table.

8. Instead of using paper funnels in the pie crust to prevent pies from running over use a piece of macaroni.

9. I wonder how many housewives, when preparing a fowl for cooking, wash it thoroughly before cutting it up. I will tell them of a little incident that came under my observation the other day, at the house of a friend where I was staying. She picked the chicken, singed it, and instead of washing the outside, began to unjoint it. The chicken was very fat and so warm that the fat just melted and mixed with the dirt,—fingers and ashes that must have gotten on it while singeing it,—and I can just tell you that I would not have cared for the job of cleaning that chicken. I do not see how she ever could have gotten it clean, and doubt very much if she did.

This is my way: After singeing the chicken, tie the neck securely and cut away all bloody, dirty portions, then take an ordinary hand brush and scrub thoroughly with salt and hot water, inside well, and your chicken is ready to dissect, and will only need enough washing to remove the blood, if one is careful about removing the entrails.

10. A small towel attached to the kitchen apron is a great step-saver to the busy housewife. Hem some twenty-inch squares of butcher linen; sew a loop of tape on a corner of each towel; slip the loop over the apron band, and there will always be a towel ready to wipe the hands on.

11. To economize space when the kitchen is small, provide one or two camp chairs. When not in use they

may be folded, and if there is no better place may be hung on a hook against the wall.



NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

M. ANDREWS.

1. IN making round-ruffled aprons, the ruffle will sit much better if it is ungathered for six inches below the belt.

2. Mending a stocking with court-plaster is an idea for a mother to remember when traveling with children. When a hole suddenly makes an appearance in the knees of stockings,—as is often the case, and it is inconvenient to change them, cut a piece of black court plaster and affix it to the black stocking under the hole. As a temporary measure it answers very well.

3. When making dresses for grown girls allow for one or two inch tucks; loosen and lengthen the stitch on your sewing-machine; run the tuck close to the top of the hem; then change the stitch and hem up as usual. When necessary to lengthen the dress it is very easy to draw the loose thread out.

4. When you wish to launder any kind of clothing containing beading, fasten the end of a piece of tape to the end of the ribbon, and draw out the latter, leaving the tape in its place and cut the stitches. After the garment has been laundered, stitch the ribbon to the tape again and pull out the tape, and the ribbon is back in place again smooth and even, without the bother of using a tape needle.

5. When a dress waist is worn under the arms, rip the under arm seams and cut out from the seams all the worn places from the arm's eye to the bottom of the waist and put in a new piece, concealing the seam thus formed under a plait. Should there be no plait, make one or overhand the piece in matching figure or strip. Silk and wool waists may be mended this way, so that no one could guess that they had ever been repaired.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—What should be done for a colicky baby?

Answer.—1. **Cause.**—Belching and bloating, caused by fermented food, retarded digestion or inability of the stomach to empty itself at proper intervals. There may be spasms of the pyloric end or opening from the stomach to intestine. The condition may be nervous, and produced by child crying while nursing and swallowing air very much as horses do in "cribbing." The swallowed air may be returned from the oesophagus and not necessarily from the stomach.

2. **Relief** may be produced by vomiting freely, or relaxation of pyloric end of stomach, permitting the stomach to empty itself into the bowel.

3. **Treatment.**—Any means producing the above indicated relief. It may be peppermint in water, or a warm pack of hot cloths on the stomach; or a light emetic to produce vomiting. Owing to the presence of fermented food in the stomach and the accumulation of gas, the nerves of the stomach are irritated, and the irritation passes on the nerves to the nerve-center in the spine, and the muscles over the stomach area in the back are contracted and sensitive. So a simple, rational and effective treatment is to place the child on the lap, face down and thoroughly and gently relax the muscles from between the shoulders to the small of the back, by pressure, rubbing, and any manipulation that will produce relaxation of the muscles and relieve the nerve pressure. Be gentle; be thorough, and the child will be immediately relieved and enjoy the treatment. The same instructions will apply to any age suffering with acute indigestion or cramping of the stomach.—Dr. S. B. Miller, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Question.—Does any one in the family, the church, the nation or the world have need of sowing wild oats? Can a minister or member be said to be sound in the faith who claims that young people have need of sowing wild oats?—Landon West.

Answer.—There is absolutely no need of any man, woman or child sowing wild oats of any description whatever. The wild oats business is useless, foolish and positively dangerous. More lives have been completely wrecked by playing with sin than the average mind would be able to comprehend if an expert mathematician could give us the actual figures. No man has ever sown wild oats without suffering a loss that could never be repaired. You can mend a life but the scar is there to stay

and no amount of penitence, regrets, sorrows and mourning coupled with good intentions and splendid resolutions will ever take away the blot from that once fair page. To be sure, a chauffeur can run an automobile that has a bent spindle. He can get the spindle straightened again but he never drives that machine with the same satisfaction as he does the one that he has used for years that has never had a bent spindle. When he drives the once damaged machine he always has a suspicion that the same thing might happen again at any time. God can use a mended life but that life is never what it might have been had the boy or girl or man or woman never broken it. There is too much serious danger connected and absolutely nothing to gain in sowing wild oats. No minister or member who knows anything about the dangers of sin can consistently advocate sowing of wild oats. It would be more sensible to teach men to jump into fire than to jump into sin.

Question.—Why do church members sit in the back seats during prayer meeting?

Answer.—They are too much like turkeys, trying to see how far out they can get without getting out entirely. The place for the churchmembers in all religious gatherings is right in the thick of the fight, not lingering too close to the edges. When they sit in the back row they are likely to get shot by some one who is pointing his gun that way and then they will feel bad about it, and perhaps even try to shoot back which is not at all a nice thing to do. People always feel better if they get into the real life of a prayer meeting by taking an active part in it. People in the back row are not likely to feel that they are a part of the meeting. They consider themselves more as spectators, watching what the others are doing, and after it is all over they do not feel well about it. At a prayer meeting every one should have some part in the meeting and they should feel that their part is so vital that the meeting can not go on without them. The only time members should occupy the back seats is when the house is so crowded that all the seats are filled. Then let the visitors have the front seats and let the members take the back seats.

Question.—How should young people take life?—A. R. Hollinger.

Answer.—They should not look upon life as a thing to be despised and something to be gotten rid of at the earliest possible moment. It is not a period of sorrow and suffering. They should look upon it as an opportunity to be grasped for growth, development and usefulness. There is an unlimited field for growth, happiness and contentment, but it can only be realized by

ful work and service. Too many young people as well as some older ones merely sit because they do not care to assume responsibilities. Lethargy, laziness and indifference will dull the brightest minds and ruin even the highest ambitions. He who would realize some beauty in life must bring beauty into it. It requires an effort and a continual upward lift to change the possibilities of a young man into realities which he has actually experienced when his hair has turned silver. Life is no joke when there are plenty of men and women who have turned themselves into a huge joke by persistently being at odds with itself.

AMONG THE BOOKS

College Sermons.

This volume by Charles Carroll Albertson, D. D., contains a series of sermons to intelligent young men and women in one of the largest colleges and universities in America. The occasion and the opportunity which produced them have imparted an inspiration. The addresses have a wealth of sympathy and an intensity of appeal that capture the reader. Young people and all who enjoy a fresh handling of old themes will read the volume with interest and some may look to the reading with deep gratitude. Rev. Albertson has originality in presenting these sparks of life that lead the reader into a larger world. Some of the live wires in the student's heart are touched by him in the sermon on "The Call to the Heights." All of the sermons are short, but they are full of food for thought. Published by the Westminister Press, New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Price, 75 cents net. Postage 8 cents extra.



Half a Man.

Miss Mary White Ovington in this book gives a description of the status of the negro in New York City, based on a painstaking inquiry into his social and economic conditions, and brings out in a most forceful manner the difficulties under which the race is laboring in that city. It is a refutation of the claims that the negro has equal opportunities with the whites, and that his failure to advance more rapidly than he has, is due to innate inability. The strong development of racial consciousness, which has been increasing during the last century and is beginning to show signs of waning, is the gravest obstacle to the progress of the negro race. The simple presentation of observations, those given by Miss Ovington, may lead us to overcome more quickly that self-

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If you were at the meeting you heard some, perhaps the majority, of the speeches and addresses, but certainly not all. Anyway, you want to read them all. If it was not your privilege to hear any of them you can not afford to miss reading them. The fact that you are a member of the Church of the Brethren is a strong appeal to you to avail yourself of the opportunity to make yourself intelligent concerning the work of the church as represented at these great meetings.

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LULLABY.

Roland Rathbone.

A DREAM-SHIP sails o'er waters deep
From Very-Tired Land.
It cleaves the tranquil waves of Sleep,

So take thy mother's hand
And journey with her near and far.
The gentle light of Evening Star
Shall show the reefs and safely guide
Our vessel to the other side!

The gentle hands of angels blest
Shall set thy barklet's sail,
And thou shalt roam the Sea of Rest
Where dance the moonbeams pale;
And sweetest dreams thy crew shall be,
And elfin voices sing for thee
Some barcarolle of fairy-lore
Till thou shalt reach the other shore!

The other shore, O Baby-Bye,
Is one of golden sand,
With fresh'ning winds and opal sky—
They call it Sunrise Land.
Out there we'll find another day,
And mother dear will send away
The vessel and its drowsy crew,
To come again next night for you!



LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

James Whitcomb Riley.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; in
stead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so
Let something good be said.

Forget not no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his
head,
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown
And by the cross on which the Saviour
bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair re-
nown,
Let something good be said.

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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

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THE INGLENOOK

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HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

October 3,
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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

October 3, 1911.

No. 40.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Uniting the Forces of a Country Community.

LAST week we told of Rev McNutt's success as a country pastor at Plainfield, Ill., and this week we promised to have something to tell concerning a minister in Pennsylvania. Both men went directly from the college to their country charges, Rev. McNutt to a wealthy and prosperous farming district and Rev. Bemies, the Pennsylvania minister, to a backward and forsaken country town near Pittsburgh.

Mr. Chas. O. Bemies was graduated from the Western Theological Seminary in 1897 and a longing for the country caused him to take a country charge. Ten years ago he was called to McClellandtown, which was a small place of only two hundred and fifty inhabitants and located seventy-five miles south of Pittsburgh. His salary was \$800, which included his preaching at missionary points in the vicinity. He lived in town but the church was one mile out in the open country, for which reason we call it a rural church.

In the World's Work for August Rev. Bemies tells of his experiences during the past ten years, when he has been steadily building up the Presbyterian church at McClellandtown. The article should be read by all those interested in country work.

When Rev. Bemies began to work at McClellandtown he found the church in a deplorable condition both spiritually and physically. Lack of interest, petty strifes, factions and carelessness are terms that describe the conditions better than anything else. "There is no use, nothing can be done," was the general sentiment. Fault finding was rampant. Further, several members seemed to have been interested in the sale and use of liquors, because they strenuously objected to the minister preaching against intemperance. We said that the physical condition was not the best. The cemetery was neglected and full of weeds; but Rev. Bemies soon found a way to clean this up. He organized several "shirt sleeve parties" and had the cemetery put in model

shape. He also raised an endowment of \$3,000, the income from which is used in the care of the cemetery.

We admire the patience and intelligent method which he used. He was not impetuous like some who try to thrust reforms upon the people. For four years he quietly worked, studying the needs and motives of his congregation and at the same time he was steadily building up the church. At the end of this period of study he felt that he was qualified to make some definite move. Like many other social workers in the country he came to the conclusion that he could not have a prosperous church without a prosperous, progressive and intelligent community. There seems to be a kind of level that is common to both the religious and workaday life of people. In his efforts to raise the standard of living he aroused an interest among the farmers for better roads; and better roads were actually built. He also conducted a campaign for a township high school. The high school was built five years ago and through his efforts an agricultural course was offered. His own son attended the high school, was graduated from the agricultural course and is now superintending a model farm in the community. This model farm has an interesting history. Rev. Bemies worked long and hard to get some farmer to use scientific methods, such as spraying fruit trees, but with little success. He finally induced one man who was wealthy to allow his farm to be used as kind of an experiment station. This is the farm at which his son works and Rev. Bemies and his son are actually getting results in the community.

Concerning the social work of the church we shall quote a paragraph of the article referred to above: "In our church work we have always emphasized the observance of the special days of the year such as Children's Day and Christmas, by making an unusual effort to provide extra good performances and services. We have made these occasions to as great an extent as possible, centers of socially invited crowds. Our annual Sunday-school picnic ('cele-



"You can not photograph the smell."

bration,' as they call it here) is in reality the yearly reunion or home coming of the many who have gone from the community and who wish to keep up their social interest."

Rev. Bemies and his wife have had some unusual experiences during the past ten years. Naturally his efforts met opposition, and this opposition grew so strong that he was asked to resign by the Presbytery. He did resign for a short time but did not stop working. He continued the supplementary and missionary work of the church while his wife kept boarders to help pay expenses. During this time he raised money to erect an institutional building in the town, a thing that was sadly needed. This building is devoted to religious meetings, teachers' institutes, farmers' institutes, Sunday-school conventions, mining institutes, high school entertainments, concerts and literary society meetings and anything else that has to do with the social advancement of the community. Finally the church decided that they could not well get along without Rev. Bemies as their pastor. They called him back and as you may suppose the opposition has melted away. So far as the church proper is concerned, it has had a healthy growth, 264 having united with the church during the past ten years. He says that now he can preach against intemperance and other sins without being called to account by his members.

Baltimore Is Cleaning Her Backyard.

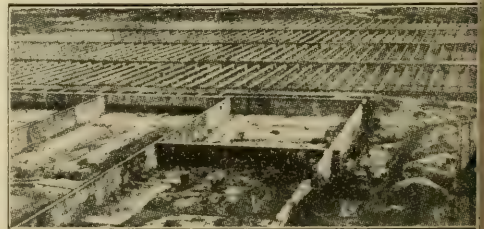
We were surprised the other day when we read that Baltimore has never had a municipal sewer system. Only four years ago the city began to construct a gigantic sewage disposal plant which will cost at least twenty million dollars when completed. The disposal of sewage in Baltimore involves difficulties that many cities do not have to face. You know Baltimore is almost synonymous with oyster. The oyster farms in the Chesapeake Bay in the vicinity of Baltimore yield an annual income of something like \$50,000,000; and to empty all the sewage into the bay would

mean destruction to the oyster industry. For that reason as well as negligence Baltimore has never had a general sewer system. The fact nearly takes one's breath when we remember that the population of the city is 600,000.

Until recently there have been 90,000 earth closets in Baltimore. During the past seven years individuals have built private sewers for their residences so that the number of open closets has been reduced to nearly 70,000. When we consider how easily disease is carried by rats and flies one can scarcely understand how Baltimore has escaped with a death rate so little above normal as she has. It is partly explained by the fact that the city is built upon rolling land and that there is a subsoil of sand which supplies a natural filtration bed.

There is no municipal system of cleaning out these cesspools but those who do the work must secure licenses. The matter from the cesspools is dipped or pumped out into barrels or tanks and hauled away. It is not necessary to say that a most foul odor accompanies the work especially when the pails have to be carried through the house out to the street. On account of the odor the work was formerly done at night but the rattling of the wagons over the paved streets became such a nuisance that the people decided they would hold the noses and allow the work to be done day time. Mr. J. W. Magruder in writing for the Survey has this to say concerning the filthy condition which Baltimore has tolerated: "It is no exception to see fecal matter flowing down the street gutters. Two instances during her investigation of housing conditions, Miss Kemp saw fecal matter flowing from rain leaders which connect with sink wastes on upper floors; a condition, however, which is explained if we stop to consider what it means for top floor tenants, of all ages and both sexes, to descend long stairways to a yard closet, only to find it a miserable and oftentimes nasty shack with little or no privacy, the one and only convenience of from two to eight families."

Is it any wonder that Baltimore has decided to abandon her filthy cesspools?



Birdseye View of Sewage Disposal Plant.

and construct a modern sewage system? While digging ditches for the sewers the workmen have found that the soil and subsoil underneath a large part of the city is so full of the discharges from the closets that they can scarcely endure the work. While we must criticise Baltimore for her carelessness and neglect we have to admire her in this that she is undergoing a thorough reformation. The new sewage disposal plant will be modern in every respect.

Water and Typhoid Fever.

In the Chicago Tribune for September 2, Dr. W. A. Evans, the well known health officer and authority on preventive medicine, tells us how easily typhoid bacilli may be taken into our systems by means of the water we drink. The greater part of his article deals with conditions in and about Chicago but it also points out some

regulations that are well worth heeding in the country: "Much of the village and farm typhoid is due to well pollution. Shallow well waters always are dangerous where the ground around them is occupied. Very frequently a shallow well is located right at the stable yard. The manure soaks through the soil and into the well. The people working on the farm drink the water for years without being harmed. Then some one on the farm gets typhoid fever, or a person convalescing from typhoid comes to the farm, or there comes a typhoid carrier, not sick himself, but passing typhoid bacilli. The excreta go on or into the ground near by, and the wash or seepage carries them into the well. The remedy is to drink no water from shallow wells or wells that are not cased or concreted down to the impervious deeper strata."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Facts About City School Systems.

The discussion called out by the educational features of the New York charter is one of the straws that show a widespread interest in school matters throughout the country. It is said by those who have been giving special attention to the subject that the 20,000,000 children who will register during this month of September in public, parochial, and private schools will be studied, understood, and helped as never before. Professor Paul H. Hanus, who is in charge of the comprehensive inquiry into New York City's school system under the direction of the Board of Estimate, gave four days to the study of the public schools of Montclair, New Jersey, and the results of that study have been published by the city's school authorities. The National Bureau of Education has just published the results of a month's study of Baltimore schools by the former United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. Elmer E. Brown, and two associates. Special reports will soon be published on investigations of the business management of Cleveland and St. Louis schools, while a number of important documents dealing with all-year schools, intermediate schools, school morality, a shorter course, and emphasis upon the "three Rs," by Superintendent Elson, of Cleveland, and his colleague, Dr. Frank J. Bachman, are now available. State Commissioner Cheney, of Connecticut, has stimulated important tests of the educational machinery of that State. At its recent San Francisco meeting the National Education Association appropriated \$6,000 for several school inquiries. In the meantime scores of superintendents in small and large towns

of their own schools.—Review of Reviews. are making serious and continued studies



Aviation in the Sahara.

The French government is pushing forward its plans for providing communication by aeroplanes in the Sahara, especially for military purposes. In accordance with the recommendation of the military committee of the Ligue Nationale Aérienne, and of General Bailloud, commanding the 19th army corps, a post for aeronautical studies will be established in the autumn of 1911 at Biskra, 140 miles from the coast. Particulars of this enterprise have been published in *La Nature*, from which it appears that five aeroplanes will be provided, four of them to be of metal, in anticipation of the fact that wooden apparatus would be seriously warped by the hot climate. The staff will consist of three aviators, under the command of Lieut. de Lafargue, and thirty other men.



A New Aerotechnic Institution.

Notwithstanding the fact that the word "aerotechnic" is not yet known to the dictionaries, institutions devoted to aerotechnic investigations are springing up in all parts of the world. The latest addition to the list is the Aerotechnic Institute, near Versailles, founded by M. Deutsch de la Meurthe, which, we learn from *Nature*, was formally opened on July 6. It has been endowed by its founder with a capital of \$100,000 and a yearly income of \$3,000, and is equipped with all apparatus necessary for experiments in aeronautics and aviation.

A Record Aeroplane Tour.

When he alighted upon Governors Island at 2:38 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, August 25, Harry N. Atwood completed his long journey from Chicago in triumph and established a new record for long distance traveling by aeroplane. He started from St. Louis at 8:05 A. M., August 14—12 days before—and, flying from 40 to 150 miles each day, he completed the 1,265 mile trip without difficulty or serious mishap. His journey is the longest ever made across country by aeroplane, and the first real pleasure tour. Atwood was able to fly every day, and each day he made headway, although on a few he was obliged to wait until late in the afternoon for the wind to die down. His longest day's flight was 286 miles made the first day and his shortest 27 miles made the last.



The Liquor Question in Maine.

A FAVORABLE but close vote on liquor prohibition in Maine was cast on September 11. This was not a vote on the question of preventing prohibition; it was a vote on abandoning it. The legislature of Maine adopted a prohibition measure in 1853 which was soon repealed, but in 1857 it adopted another which is still in force and which was strengthened in 1884 by a Constitutional amendment. It was on a proposed repeal of the Constitutional amendment that the referendum of the 11th was taken. The vote in the State at large gives a prohibition majority of 295.

One of the twenty cities went "dry." This was Calais, where the prohibition majority was 93. But taken together, the twenty cities voted 26,748 for the repeal and 14,640 against—an anti-prohibition majority of 12,108 in a total vote of 41,388. The rural majorities against repeal, however, were so large as to wipe out the city majorities for repeal. Fred N. Dow, son of Neal Dow, who was the father of Prohibition in Maine, is quoted as saying in the news dispatches that "in counties where prohibition has been best enforced it was best sustained."—*The Public*.



A Wisconsin Prophecy.

IN June, 1873, according to the Philadelphia *North American*, Edward J.

Ryan, chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, gave this prophetic warning to the graduating class of the University of Wisconsin:

"There is looming up a new and dangerous power. I can not dwell upon the significant and shocking omens of its advent. The accumulation of individual wealth seems to be greater than it ever has been since the downfall of the Roman empire. The enterprises of the country are aggregating vast corporate combinations of unexampled capital, boldly marching, not for economic conquests only, but for political power. We see their colors; we hear their trumpets, we distinguish the sound of preparation in their camp."

"For the first time in our political history money is taking the field as an organized power. It is unscrupulous, arrogant and overbearing. Already here at home, one great corporation has trifled with the sovereign power and insulted the State. There is grave fear that it and its great rival have confederated to partition the State and share it as spoils."

"Wealth has its rights. Industry and wealth has its honors. This it is the duty of the law to assert and protect, though wealth has great power of self-protection and influence beyond the limits of integrity. But money as a political influence is essentially corrupt; it is one of the most dangerous to free institutions; by far the most dangerous to the free and just administration of the law. It is entitled to fear if not respect."

"The question will arise, and arise in your day, though perhaps not fully defined: Which shall rule, wealth or man? which shall lead, money or intellect? who shall fill public station, educate and patriotic freemen or the feudal serf of corporate capital?"



SONG.

Alfred Tennyson.

Rain, rain, and sun! A rainbow in the sky
A young man will be wiser by-and-by;
Rain, rain, and sun! A rainbow on the sea
And truth is this to me, and that to thee

EDITORIALS

Unhappy Homes.

Unhappy homes are generally the result of thoughtlessness which has grown into selfishness. The home with a tyrant or a boss must always be unhappy as well as the family where there is some member who is always stubborn must have an atmosphere of unpleasantness. Where there is continual quarreling and scolding and dragging the home is robbed of its true atmosphere and it becomes nothing more than a place to eat and sleep and often it is not even an agreeable place for that. It is wearing on the nerves to be compelled to live in such an atmosphere even for a single day and when a child is obliged to spend the formative period of its life in such a place we need not be surprised if it will carry some of these traits out into the world with it. And what is the need of it all? Nothing is ever gained by quarreling, scolding or nagging and why should men and women engage in any of them? It is a bad thing for a man and his wife to discover that they cannot agree after they are married. All such discoveries should have been made before they were married and they should have mutually agreed that it would be better to live without each other than to institute a quarrelsome home. They would have been better off if they had lived happily alone than to be miserable in each other's company for the rest of their lives. But once having made the mistake of being unhappily linked with one who never agrees with you what is to be done? The first essential thing to do is to forever cut out scolding and quarreling. A man who scolds his wife may be able to get her into obedience but he will never succeed in changing her mind. A woman who nags at her husband may weary him to submission but he is not likely to accept her views. The parent who bosses the child may get obedience for a while but will never hold the respect of the child as it grows older. When married folks find that they do not agree they had better call a halt, lock the door and mutually agree that they will agree. It is foolhardiness for one of them to assume the role of boss and make the other submit. Where there is a boss there is going to be trouble sooner or later and they had better dig a big hole and bury any disposition toward bossiness because they will never have any legitimate respect for it in the home. Points upon which they do not agree should be frankly discussed between them, never in the presence of the children, each being given the courtesy of holding a candid opinion and then the light of their discussion both make concessions and act in harmony even if it is not quite what either should like to have done. If there is harmony between parents

there will be less quarreling among the children.



Happy Homes.

The first fundamental consideration in a happy home is cooperation between husband and wife. The home is a partnership affair and both members of the firm are equally concerned in everything that pertains to the home. Each partner must have the highest respect for the opinions of the other and each must have confidence in the ability of the other. The man who thinks he has more sense than his wife and that his wife made a fortunate hit when she married him, and, in fact, did a little better than she could have done anywhere else, has a few rooms to rent under his hat and is not worthy of the companionship of his wife. He needs to recognize in her his equal, or he had no business to ask her to be his wife. There must be a sense of mutual confidence and dependence, each contributing to the happiness of the home. Each has a personality and an individuality of his own which must be recognized by the other. It is not necessary that a wife should sacrifice her individuality when she enters the home. If she does, she will soon be made the slave of the home and be obliged to wear out her life for the husband and the children and after she is completely worn out will be looked upon as an object of pity by them. The husband takes advantage of the opportunities of standing for something in the community which is entirely right but he has no business to throw all the duties and cares of the home upon the shoulders of his wife that he may enjoy the freedom and publicity. His wife should have a personality and should stand for something in the community as well as he. She is entitled to the same consideration from him that he expects from her. There is a remarkable difference between a man being the head of the house and a man being the tyrant of the house. The happy home is the place where the burdens are shared equally and where each member of the home contributes to its happiness. Where the burden is all carried upon the shoulders of the wife even though it be done willingly, the husband will after a while lose some of his respect for her and will look upon her with some feeling of contempt. If the burdens are equally shared there will be a feeling of mutual love which will be strengthened each succeeding year, and the two lives will grow into a harmonious whole surrounded with an atmosphere of peace and quiet. If this atmosphere is allowed to pervade the home it will attract all of its members and instead of merely being a convenient place to eat and sleep the home will be blest with happiness, and the parents will have a mutual interest in it. Both must work toward a common goal to make a happy home.

The Child's Relation to the Home.

The child in the home must be more than an economic consideration. If the parents can do nothing but compute the money that will be earned and the steps that will be saved for them as the child grows older they have not caught the glimpse of their higher responsibilities toward their child. When it is first born it is only a life in embryo and it needs their care. It is a bundle of possibilities and the parents' duties are to help unfold those possibilities that the child may find its proper relations toward the outside world. As it grows older it becomes a center of activities which must be recognized as a new factor in the home and must be given due consideration and respect. Such consideration and respect, however, does not mean that the child must be allowed to have its own way and be petted and fondled until it becomes a selfish little somebody wanting everything its own way. Such treatment will spoil any child. The child naturally will want many things that are not good for it and the parents with kind but firm hands must teach it that it can not have them. The home is the place where it must learn respect for its elders and if the parents occasionally speak ill of some older person they need not be surprised if the child will soon show the same disrespect for its parents. Children are likely to do what they see and hear their parents doing. They must learn that they are only a small part of the world, but that they have very vital relations toward all with whom they come in contact. They must contribute toward the comfort and happiness of the home by helping to share the burdens of the home so they may understand something of the responsibilities of a home later in life. They cannot be equal bearers of the burdens and should not be expected to do so, but they should bear a small part so they can learn the lessons of thrift, economy and responsibility and can have some sense of moral obligations toward others when they are thrown into the world to make a home for themselves. If they do not learn the lessons of coöperation in the home they are not likely to learn them when they have a home of their own. It is the selfish children that institute unhappy homes when they build for themselves.

Look Higher.

Look higher today than you did yesterday. The minute your line of vision becomes limited to the little world in which you lived yesterday there will be a relaxation on your part and after that you will be likely to follow your own nose around and around the same old circle until your path becomes beaten with your own steps. It is all right to follow your own nose but be sure it is pointed upward. You are re-

sponsible for the pointing and if you pay more attention to the pointing and compel yourself to follow it you will get a good deal farther along in this world. The minute a man lets his nose point down he is likely to get it into some one else's business and then he gets into trouble. I have never yet heard of a man who got into trouble so long as he kept his nose pointed upward. There is plenty of room up higher and you have clear sailing all the way. Besides you will have plenty of good company. All the fellows who have any ambition and get-up keep their noses up. When you get your nose down you are likely to get into a dispute with some other fellow who has his nose down and then you are in bad company. Fellows of the quarreling and disputing type are generally found with their noses down. That is the reason they never get past the quarreling stage. Point your nose up for ten days; see how it feels.

Growing.

"It is your first duty to grow," said John Milton to a young friend. When a life stops growing it severs connection with the world and dwindles along for a little while and then dries up and withers away. It is a mistaken idea that the boy or girl must get a certain amount of book-larnin' and then must turn his attention entirely away from all growth and development. The time in school should be spent in learning how to grow and then that growth should continue until the last day of a man's life. Each day ushers us into a new world and we need to make some new adjustments to live the day to its fullest. If we have not learned how to continue our growth we will be sadly out of adjustment with the activities of that day and we will be likely to be entirely dissatisfied with the tendencies of the times. We need to keep our wires in close touch with the actual happenings of our time in order that we may not be thrown completely out of harmony with life. When a man stops growing he merely exists and at the best must be dissatisfied with his day because he is completely out of the rank and file of life. The only way to enjoy life is to drink deep at the fountain each day so the mental system may be continually refreshed.

There can be no growth without nourishment and the food for that must be wholesome and invigorating. It must come from real life and activity else it will be stagnant and will destroy instead of building up. There can be no growth when there is no exertion. There must be the continual reaching to one's utmost capacity and at least a glimpse of what there is a little farther on lest there comes a relaxation and then we have a stunted growth. Growth depends upon the individual and not upon the world in which he lives.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

A. C. Flora

IN the issue of Aug. 15 we tried to impress the readers with the vast problem which the divorce situation presents, and now we would have you realize that it is no less intricate and complex. The fact is that the burden of the present crisis lies somewhere, whether it be the general social status of the people, the degree of levity and thoughtlessness with which our marriage contracts are made, the lack of parental advice and teaching, or wherever the burden lies, one thing remains sure, that there is dire need of reform from some angle that we may be able to determine the number of divorces granted each year in our commonwealth.

We hear on every hand, by those who have been studying the divorce problem, that we need stricter divorce laws to meet the demand for the present complexities of the divorce problem, but it seems to me that we need not so many and complex laws on our statute books, as we need better home conditions, more teaching, and a new environment. It is true that some improvement could be made in a large way, for the lax laws in some States are a hindrance to the better laws in an adjoining State.

To this nonuniformity of State laws we must attribute the migratory marriage contracts as well as men migrating for the purpose of divorce. Also, we might borrow some good points from European marriage laws. In many places the license must be secured twenty days in advance and must be granted and recorded in the place where one or both of the parties live. Then in Germany, at least the time, place and reason for the dissolution of a marriage, whether it be by death or divorce must be entered on the margin of the original record, as we enter the discharge mortgage on property. This makes big-nies, of which we have thousands in the United States each year, practically impossible. In Germany, too, under its recent uniform imperial divorce law, in all cases of application for divorce, one year must be allowed for the deserting party to answer the summons of court or return to conjugal duty, before the suit can be tried. So in many places efforts toward reconciliation must be made before a case can be tried. It would seem that to adhere strictly to some uniform divorce laws might aid in decreasing the great evil, but evidently the larger part of the trouble lies somewhere else.

Would we dare make the assertion that the center for study and action is the home? Mr. James Bryce wrote, some years ago,

"One might almost say that the family is the fundamental and permanent problem of human society."

Questions concerning the family are, therefore, the most urgent concern, not only of the religious teacher, but of the statesman, the capitalist and the laborer; and if we make a careful search we will find many divorce germs lurking therein. Now, it is very remarkable that the institution has received very little study when compared to the institutions of church and state. Until within thirty years there was not a book with the simple title, "The Family," in the English language. Nor so far as can be found was there, thirty years ago, a course of lectures or a study of the family in any higher educational institution in our entire country.

In the home lurk the dominant principles and teachings that shall result in the salvation or destruction of our nation socially, morally and religiously. In the home boys and girls will learn to look on matrimony either as a sacred life contract, or as an institution for men and women to satisfy their brutal passions, which may be dissolved at will. Are we teaching our boys and girls some of the fundamental points of their natures? Are we giving them stepping-stones in order that they may cross the dangerous period of youth safely? Are we giving the daughters of our home the real facts of married life, or do we allow them to go on thinking that the new relation is a dream? Are we going to teach our children some of the many lessons that they should know, or shall we allow false modesty and prudishness to come between us and the highest good of our progeny?

It is said by many of our best physicians that thousands of our homes are made miserable by venal diseases, and that most of these cases were contracted after marriage from the husband. These diseases take all of the pleasures out of life, and in many instances are the cause of separation of man and wife. It is hard to determine the relative proportion of divorces caused by this problem, but if the facts were known the figures would be astounding.

That the divorce problem has been drifting has been due largely to our indifference to the movement. We have done comparatively little to check it. We have done little in training the inmates of our homes in the fundamental religious and social virtues of reverence, obedience and docility, in the practice of righteousness and the service for others, in habits of industry, frugality, and the wise use of property, and in those qualities of patience and

the perfections of self through sacrifice and endurance, that make strength of state and the fiber of society.

Let us remember that after making liberal allowances for justifiable divorce, the present enormously large and increasing volume of divorces can and should be greatly reduced. Also that a large part of our divorces are not due to any real effort at attaining higher ideals of life, as is sometimes claimed, but are simply the yielding of the weak and unintelligent to the temptations that come of the hardships of life or of the positive purpose to seek selfish gratification. The mining camps, the easy-going pleasure seekers of our cities, the selfish rich, and people of low ambitions in the back districts of our country towns are far removed from those higher considerations. These people need higher ideals of what the family means to society and to the individual. Let us put forth our greatest effort to raise man's ideal of life to a higher plane. Samuel W. Dike, Secretary of the National League for the Protection of the Family says: "The church as a whole is not awake to the needs of concentrating attention on the home in order to secure those high ideals of marriage and family life, that need personal sacrifice of individual ambition to domestic and public interests, and the pur-

ity of physical being, that are essential to happy and fruitful marriages."

Investigation will go on as a matter of course. So far as possible we should get at the real reasons for divorces. How far is it true that the ideals of a nobler life lead to divorces? How far is divorce made the means of attaining nobler social ambitions? On the other hand, how far do motives of the baser sort enter into our divorce cases? How far does lust on the one side, or resentment of the proper relations of sex on the other, enter into the causes that produce divorce?

Prof. Geo. Howard, a careful and learned writer, has said lately: "Venereal diseases are five times as numerous as tubercular diseases." It is further the opinion of many who have made careful and wide inquiry on the point, that diseases of this kind are a powerful factor in the divorce problem. How far are these opinions correct? How far does divorce come from an untrained selfish egoism that knows nothing of the joy of self-denial and the transformation of the hard conditions of life into opportunities for good? Let us search to find where the real cause for divorce is and when that has been accomplished, determine to forever use all of our powers to decrease the evil. Let us put an end to all the forces that tend to corrupt our individual, social, moral and religious life.

MORAL THOUGHTLESSNESS

G. W. Gilbert

WHAT ought I to do? This is the question every thoughtful patriot must put to himself as he considers the distress, the poverty, and the ignorance of his fellow citizens. Gavutama Buddha, as a young prince, met, it is said, on one of his walks, three men who roused his pity. "Who are you?" he asked. "We are Disease, Old Age, and Death," they answered. From that moment he set himself at work, and by contemplation, and by teaching to relieve the world from the evils of Disease, Old Age and Death.

The inhabitants of New York meet daily in their walks figures even more distressing. They see on men's faces, not only traces of disease, they see, too, traces of greed. Human faces which might have glowed with love are set on evil. Men and women are restless and devoured by care. They see not only poverty, human frames starved for want of food and shivering in the cold, they see also degradation, men and women who are ready to eat the food

the swine do eat, and prepared for any crime and vice.

I have met the evil of our times. I have seen the poverty, the degradation, the sorrow, and the restlessness of my fellow citizens. The cause of it has been my study during many years. "Sin," man will say, "is the bottom of it all." The selfishness of the rich, the drunkenness of the poor, the idleness and vice of the classes. The many who so say direct the attacks against the evil they see. I take up a labor paper. I find eloquent words demanding against the selfishness, the astuteness and the greedily-designed policy of the rich. I take up a capitalist's paper, and find like words directed against the selfish tyranny of trades unions. I take up missionary papers and read their attacks on the publican's subtle destruction of sobriety. They have their justification. Selfishness is the corruption of human nature, but I question if designed selfishness is a fruitful cause of evil as moral thoughtlessness.

There is another cause at the bottom besides the sin against which orators declaim, and to cure which so much energy is spent. That cause I would suggest is moral thoughtlessness. People in pursuit of their pleasure or their profit do not realize what they do. They are not designedly selfish, they don't plan their neighbor's ruin, but they are self-absorbed, and are ignorantly cruel. This more especially in regard to the treatment of parents by their children.

The celebrated painter Watts has expressed this in his terrible picture of Mammon, which from the wall of the gallery in which it hangs, preaches a sermon to a wealth-loving age. He represents a figure hoarding wealth and comfort, who clothed in gold and seated as a king, thoughtlessly, unconsciously crushes with his fingers a woman's head.

Moral thoughtlessness, I submit, accounts for many of the diseases and other evils we see. Profit makers do not think of the profit comes by others' losses—if the workers through whose work the dividend is large, have enough wages for the support of body and mind,—if the tenants of the houses, by whose rent they live, have sufficient share of air, water, and light, which are God's gifts to the people, or if the articles by which they increase the circulation of their papers develop suspicion and pride. They do not think of the man whose money they have won on a bet, of the sorrow he takes home, of the revengeful feelings they have encouraged—of another enemy they have let out to prey on the workers' earnings. They do not think of the burden their idleness imposes; how they waste time, some one must work harder, how if they do not pull their own weight in the boat some one must pull harder.

The purchasers of cheap things do not think of the sweated labor—the long hours—the starved bodies—the ruined lives by which they profit. They are not designedly selfish, and when they are attacked as the enemies of society, the blows miss their

consciences; they have designed no evil—they are even generous in their gifts and loud in indignation against others' faults. Their fault is only thoughtlessness, but it is this thoughtlessness which has made this evil.

The same is true of pleasure seekers. They do not want others to suffer, that they themselves may be happy; but they do not know how the book they read—how the play they patronize—how the drink in which they indulge—how the luxury which absorbs their money, affects others. They do not consider how the acting of certain scenes must demoralize the actors and pervert the sense of purity. They do not weigh the effect of a careless laugh at a low joke, of the wear of a being in a state of constant excitement; of the absorption of money in drink or luxuries which others want for necessities. How can the dark street be cleansed, so long as the money which might have cleaned them is spent on drink, on extravagant banquets, on jewels, on unique curios? Pleasure seekers do not design others' suffering—they are often very kind-hearted, very ready to throw their gifts, and respond to any tale of sorrow; but they are just as thoughtless.

Moral thoughtlessness accounts for much of the evil our heads deplore. When the question arises in the sight of that evil "What ought I to do?" each one of us can sure answer for himself. The apostles' direction "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ" comes on the top of our day's reflections with new force. To bear others' burdens, is not just to give them relief as they toil under life's load; it is not even to consider them in our votes for a generous protest against a selfish municipal policy. To bear others' burdens is to think of others in every little act of our daily life—to consider how our words hinder or cheer them in their upward struggle—to check our business or our pleasure with the thought of others' needs and by so doing fulfill the before-mentioned laws.

THE SOFT-DRINK EVIL

G. H. Knot

IN three hours from seven o'clock until ten o'clock, on Saturday night of July 6, according to the following Sunday morning's Register and Leader, Des Moines, Iowa, the following sums of money were spent, in the down-town section alone, to gratify false taste: At the soda fountains, \$940; for cigars, \$350; for liquors, \$4,500; at cheap theatres (usual admission five cents), \$100; for candy and fruit, \$175; total, \$6,065, a thousand times

worse than thrown away—all in three hours.

This is an everyday occurrence, especially on Saturday night, and it is repeated in every city in the United States. The people of the world, the good and bad, meet on a common level to satisfy a false sense of taste. The saloons of course are the great overshadowing evil; but while the soft-drink establishments are away behind in the race to destroy health, they are doing

business every minute from early morn till midnight. The evil of the soda fountain is appalling, and increasing in magnitude every season. It is the advance-guard of the saloon. What the Sunday-school is to the church the soft-drink concern is to the saloon; and our ministers and reformers have a false sense of their duty when they spend their time Sunday after Sunday, year after year, talking about things that happened from two to five thousand years ago and without a protest letting their congregations fill up on stuff that no other animal would touch. When all the young people in the city, and most of the old ones, will allow the druggist to make garbage barrels of their stomachs, there is something the matter with our preaching.

This is an evil that is beginning to hold the whole country in its grasp. When the temperance men and women acquire the soft-drink habit, they are no longer temperate. If it were as popular to drink whiskey and beer as it is to drink these things, a great many of our young people would be doing it. I think we had better quit trying to save souls and go to saving bodies. The man who thinks he can save his soul and make a cesspool of his stomach has "rooms to rent." Self-destruction, self-pollution, self-dissipation of any kind that destroys the normal equilibrium of the body and mind is a sin if anything is. If some man gave us a beautiful house, nicely furnished, in which to live, it would certainly look like a sin to turn the hogs into it. A man's body should be kept clean and normal and capable of performing its proper functions for the greatest possible length of time. No person is going to develop a clean, healthy, normal mind when his system is full of the stuff they dish out in the drugstores and soft-drink establishments.

If the people realized the poison contained in the essences and flavors used in soft drinks they would be astonished, and the cheaper the drink the more adulteration it contains. There are dished out over the counters thousands of gallons of fruit-flavored sundaes that contain very little fruit, mostly adulteration, and death-dealing stuff containing more or less alcohol. In thousands, the appetite for strong drink is unconsciously developed and innocently acquired through the soft-drink route; and even if there were no alcohol in these mixtures, the habit of drinking flavored stuff becomes fixed, and eventually fails to satisfy.

Here are samples of formulas used in the cheaper grade of soft-drink establishments:

Pineapple essence: glycerine, chloroform, aldehyde, butyrate of ethyl, and butyrate of amyl.

Apple essence: glycerine, chloroform, nitric ethel, aldehyde, acetate of ethyl,

valerianate of amyl, and saturated solution of oxalic acid.

Cherry essence: glycerine, acetate ethyl, benzoate of ethyl, aenanthyate, and saturated solution of benzoic acid in alcohol.

Personally, I would rather let some one else drink these chloroform and acid preparations.

The effect of this soft-drink habit upon the pocketbook is serious; the effect upon the health is alarming; the people would be alarmed if it were considered at all.

A false sense of taste is largely responsible for a false appetite. It causes a man to over-eat, makes a glutton of him, shortens his years, makes life miserable, makes him a monstrosity in appearance, fills his system with disease, and deadens the fibers of his brain, and the man who over-eats usually over-drinks. It is intemperance and intemperance in any form is dangerous.

It isn't necessary to spend time now commenting upon the money spent for whiskey, and the starvation and misery it causes; we have done that before. Soft drinks take money, too, and a whole lot of it. The five or ten hundred an hour spent for soft drinks and adulterated candy is spent by girls whose fathers can scarcely pay their rent. No woman can consistently blame her husband for spending money for intoxicating drinks if she spends for soft drinks.

There is another serious side to the soft-drink evil; the drinks are not always soft. I doubt if there are many drugstores in Des Moines where you can not get a "toddler" if you ask for it. I have seen it tried. I know of more than one instance where men went into one of the best drugstores in Des Moines and asked if they could have a little brandy in their ice-cream soda, and got it. They didn't have to sign any papers or make any promises; simply got what they asked for, paid for it, and were told to come again.

What is the remedy for this soft-drink evil? Water. When people are drinking water they are not drinking "booze" from drugstore slops. People have to drink something during the intense heat of the summer. When they can't get water they get something else. There are few persons who would not lessen their consumption of either soft drinks or intoxicants at least one-half if they could get good water conveniently.

Let the city council place drinking fountains on the principal down-town streets. That will solve the soft-drink habit, and the hard-drink habit, too, very largely; and there is just one reason why drinking fountains are not on our street corners,—they are kept away by the influence of the saloonkeepers and druggists. In towns that do have them the saloonkeepers are constantly on the alert to have them taken out.

We have watering troughs scattered all over the city, for the benefit of horses, but people aren't so well thought of; they are prevented from getting water on the street by the gang who have substitute stuff to

sell—and the people seldom complain. Snatch the water from a thirsty man and tell him he must drink poison or go without; and he meekly takes the poison.—Leadership.

HOME ATMOSPHERES

Anne Guilbert Mahon

DO homes possess individualities? Do they radiate atmospheres which can be felt unconsciously by every person who enters them?

Anyone who will make a study of different homes will soon be convinced that they do radiate atmospheres, just as people do, and that the home, even though its furnishings be inanimate objects, is a silent but unmistakable expression of the character of its maker and mistress.

Take, for instance, the home of the fussy, prim, immaculate housekeeper, the one who considers tidiness, more often primness, of more importance than the comfort of her family. The crash-covered furniture, the uncomfortable, unserviceable chairs, the drawn blinds, the ornaments standing in stiff rows on the mantel, the pillows piled with mathematical precision on the couch, all radiate an atmosphere of stiffness, of discomfort, which is felt the minute one enters the room. We know just what sort of person the housekeeper is, even before we see her, fussy, sharp, uncomfortable to live with—her home is a reflection of her character.

In contrast to this is the home of the careless woman, the untidy housekeeper, who strives to keep up appearances on the surface but whose closets and bureau drawers are receptacles for every conceivable article. In this home, the carpets are faded, the blinds always strung up at different angles, the upholstered furniture is full of bumps and hollows, the rocking chairs are likely to give way under you at any moment. There are streaks on the windows and a stale odor of tobacco smoke about the curtains. The broken ornaments on the mantel are turned around in a surreptitious endeavor to conceal the broken part by placing it against the wall at the back. Dust clings to the books and magazines on the table. The couch reminds one of a poor old horse, whose ribs are sticking through the skin. Its pillows are soiled and shabby. We are prepared for the mistress of the house when she comes into the room clad in a soiled gown, her shoes worn down at the heels and needing blacking, her hair in curl papers. We could guess at her character and her appearance from one glance at her parlor.

There is the living room which is loud

and gaudy, with cheap, glaring carpet, showy pictures in wonderful gilt frames, pretentious ornaments, imitation lace curtains at the windows, cheap, shoddy, unsubstantial furniture. The owner of this establishment proves to a florid, boastful, flashy woman, and the burden of her conversation is the value of everything, how much she paid for this article, how much for that. Her conversation is as offensive to good taste as is her home, but she evidently thinks that her visitor is deeply impressed by both.

It is not hard to discern the home where "baby is king," or where there are so many little ones that the whole house is monopolized by them, where—as an eminent writer on the subject of child training expresses it—"the house is made adjustable to the child." Playthings strew the floor of the living room. Horses, dogs and other animals in various stages of disability, headless dolls, and stray blocks, are to be found in all sorts of queer places, under the couch, among the pillows, under the piano. The windows bear the marks of smeary little fingers. Sometimes the baby coach is to be seen in one corner of the room. Crumbs of cake and cracker strew the carpet, and the furniture is blurred and sticky from the imprint of greasy little fingers. One glance shows us that this home is given up solely to the children, and we infer that the mother is, too. We fully expect to see the tired, faded little woman who comes into the room with a baby in her arms and another little one dragging at her skirts, both clamoring loudly for attention and monopolizing their mother, as they evidently do the house.

What a rest and a change from all these is the home where the atmosphere of comfort, of peace, of tidiness strikes us the minute we enter the door, where we feel, involuntarily, that this is a home. The carpet in the living room, the wall paper, the furniture, while not necessarily expensive, are all in good taste, quiet and restful to the eye. The curtains are unpretentious, but they are crisp and spotless. The chairs are chosen for comfort rather than for ornament, and it is an easy matter to make oneself comfortable. The few pictures on the walls are good ones, cheerful, pleasing subjects, brightening and refining the room,

The couch is a big, roomy affair, heaped high with soft pillows, with dainty washable covers, piled in such a way that they really invite use, instead of saying, "hands off." The piano stands open, as if intended for use, and a few pieces of music lie on the top in an orderly pile. There is a long, low bookcase ranged along the wall, filled with well-chosen, standard works, easily accessible. On the table, in orderly piles, but looking as if they were frequently used, are the current magazines and an attractive lamp—which testifies silently of happy home evenings. It may not be what one would call a "handsomely furnished room,"

but it radiates the true spirit of home. One feels upon entering it its atmosphere of rest, of peace, of comfort, of happiness. It is a pleasure to linger in the restful, cheerful, comfortable room. We know what manner of woman that home-maker will be bright, cheery, self-poised, tidy without fussiness, sympathetic, tactful. She comes cheerily into the room and greets us with a cordial welcome and a warm handclasp. We feel "at home." Would that more homes were like hers!

Housekeeper and home-maker, what atmosphere does your home radiate?—Every day Housekeeping.

PHYSICAL NURTURE OF THE CHILD

Mrs. E. E. Kellogg

Little Habits in Cleanliness.

PERSONAL neatness is a health habit of great importance in the child's training. The old saying that "dirt is healthy" can not be borne out in view of the developments of modern science which have proven beyond question the close relation between dirt and disease.

Not that the child should be restricted from activity nor from contact with nature to keep him clean. He can be taught the dangers in dirt without being made finicky, and the habit of personal neatness once established becomes a lifelong blessing.

Children of three or four years are not too young to be instructed in the art of making themselves clean. Provide them with suitable toilet articles and teach them the right way to use them. A small camel's hair scrubbing brush or the rubber "Kleanwell" brush is useful for the hands and feet. For the face a square of old worn Turkish toweling or several thicknesses of cheesecloth serves most admirably. It is always better that the child wash in a running stream of water, as under the faucet. Water in a bowl soon becomes too polluted to be considered cleanly. If a bowl must be used, thorough rinsing with clean water should be the rule. The child should be instructed to first wash the hands thoroughly before making any application to the face. Direct the child to bathe the eyes from without inward toward the nose and to make sure the corners are clean, as also the inner edges of the nostrils and behind the ears.

Care should be taken that the washcloths and brushes to be used are kept absolutely sweet and clean. Sour smelling, musty face-cloths may become a source of germ distribution, as may also dirty towels.

Most young children are sufficiently observant to recognize when the hands are

soiled and the earlier they are taught to properly and thoroughly perform the office of washing them for themselves the better. The use of soap is a general necessity for the removal of dirt. Most children greatly prefer a scented article and are often more easily enlisted in the warfare against dirt if permitted a perfumed cake to use. Only the purest varieties should, however, be allowed. Much poor soap has a fragrant smell. Whenever soap is applied it should be afterward thoroughly rinsed off the skin with clean water, and then the surface carefully dried with a clean towel.

The hair and scalp as well as the face need to be kept in a cleanly condition, and should be well washed whenever dirty. No set rules can be laid down, since the frequency with which such care is needed depends on individual conditions. With some children once a month will suffice; with others a thorough shampooing is essential once a week or more often. A vigorous brushing of the hair daily aids both in cleanliness and growth. While the child is in a bath is the best time for washing the hair. Use a lather made of any pure soap, rubbing it through the hair and over the scalp with the ends of the fingers. Afterward the soap should be completely rinsed from the hair with warm water, finishing the operation with a gentle douche of cold water to prevent taking cold. A thorough drying before it is dressed is also essential, and particularly so if the hair be long and is to be braided or in any way massed upon the head.

Every child should be early taught that nails "in mourning" demand especial attention, not only for the sake of appearance but because the dirt collected underneath them often harbors some of the worst of disease germs. And these germs, passing with his fingers to his mouth or to his

food, may occasion the child serious illness or a scratch from his nails upon his body be productive of much harm. At least once each day, and more often as needed, the nails should receive a thorough cleaning with nail brush and orange wood stick. Sharp metal cleaners are undesirable for use on children's tender fingers, neither should the nails be cleaned while dry with a knife or any instrument which will scrape the nail, thus making it rough and less easily cleaned the next time.

The file serves a better purpose than scissors for keeping the nail in shape, and if the child is instructed to file each nail gently after the cleaning, to match the oval shape of the finger end, it will be less likely to become broken and ragged. Hangnails, which are sometimes the seat of entrance for infections, should be avoided by care of the cuticle around the nail.

The child's fingers cannot be too watchfully guarded in matters of cleanliness. He should likewise be taught to keep his fingers when unwashed away from his eyes, nose and mouth.

School children are much subject to trachoma, a disease of the eye resembling granulated lids, caused by a microbe carried directly to the eye from door knobs, dirty slates and books and other articles which children habitually handle in the schoolroom.

In case of certain infectious diseases the specific germ abounds in the mouth and nose secretions. Through the agency of the fingers these secretions are conveyed from one to another or to articles handled in common, and play a prominent role in the spread of disease. This is not difficult to understand when one remembers with what frequency, yet all unconsciously, the fingers of the child visit the nose and lips. The saliva, too, is made free use of for a great variety of purposes. The child uses it for cleaning his slate, for moistening his hands, in playing ball, he wets his pencil joint with it, and, following, perhaps, his mother's example, he cleans his face with

a saliva-moistened handkerchief, a procedure positively dangerous because of the abundance of germs in the saliva.

Dr. Chapin, superintendent of health for the city of Providence, says in this connection: "Little children's clothing and everything that they touch must of necessity be continually daubed with the secretions of the nose and mouth. It is well known that between the ages of two and eight years children are more susceptible to scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, and whooping cough, than at other ages, and it may be that one reason for this is the great opportunity that is afforded by their habits at these ages for the transfer of the secretions. Infants do not of course mingle freely with one another, and older children do not come in such close contact in their play, and they also begin to have a little idea of cleanliness."

Doctor Chapin's "Don'ts" for school children, which follow, contain health precepts which mothers will do well to inculcate into the minds of their children before they are of school age:

"Remember These Things:

"Do not spit if you can help it. Never spit on a slate, floor or sidewalk.

"Do not put the fingers in the mouth.

"Do not pick the nose or wipe the nose on the hand or sleeve.

"Do not wet the finger in the mouth when turning the leaves of a book.

"Do not put pencils in the mouth or wet them with the lips.

"Do not put pins in the mouth.

"Do not put anything in the mouth except food and drink.

"Do not swap apple-cores, candy, chewing gum, whistles or bean-blowers, or anything that has been put in the mouth.

"Keep your hands and face clean; wash the hands with soap and water before each meal.

"Never cough or sneeze in a person's face: Turn your face to one side."—Good Health.

SHE NEVER FORGOT IT

J. C. Begley

REMEMBER well, and bear in mind That a good, true friend is hard to find.

And when you've found one, good and true,

Change not the old one for the new."

"Father, I just feel like giving Joe Evans

p." These were the words used by Grace

Gillman, as she sat on the porch with her father, who looked up in astonishment. Joe Evans was the township constable, and the son of Henry Evans, their nearest neighbor. From childhood they had been thrown into each other's society, and Mr. Gillman thought the day was near at hand when Joe would be his son-in-law. He finally said:

"Grace, what does this mean? Has he

not always been kind to you? I am sure he does not love another. Tell me all, for my anxiety has reached a very high pitch. There is surely something back of it. Tell me what it is."

"Oh," she replied, "Joe seems all right, and would make a good husband. I shall always esteem him as a friend, but it seems to me that when a girl can marry a millionaire's only child, she makes a mistake by tying up with a farmer's son. Joe's father owns a good farm, and has a nice bank account; he might be worth \$15,000, but there are five children, and Joe's share would be a measly \$3,000. Think of how much I am robbing myself by choosing Joe, when a fortune of a million lies at my feet!"

"Who has it?" asked the father.

"Why, Charles Hadd, our summer boarder. His father is a wealthy metropolitan banker, and Charles is the only heir. He has asked me to be his wife, and it would be suicidal for me to refuse."

"Grace," said the astonished father, "you have as yet not been long enough acquainted with Mr. Hadd to consider such a matter. Get thoroughly acquainted with him, and then decide for yourself what is the proper course to pursue. But we will discuss this matter fully in the meantime, and I want you to be your own judge as to your future destiny. But, pray, make no decision, until after mature deliberation."

"My decision is already made," replied Grace. "It is no use to wait. He might change his mind, and I'd better strike while the iron is hot. You know that procrastination is the thief of time."

"Yes, but if he loves you he will not dismiss you from his mind, and if he doesn't love, he should not have you. You will not accept him for several months, at the earliest, will you?"

"Several months! Why so long as that? He'll be back to the city before one month has gone by!"

"Yes, but if he is in earnest, his love will remain. Come, my daughter, let us learn more of this man who has taken the love from the man that held it these many years. Well, I must go to town; I'll be back in two hours."

Daniel Gillman did not have to go to town, and did not think of going until a few minutes before he started. He wanted to learn something concerning the summer boarder, and made his way quickly to the telegraph station. He then sent the following telegram to Jonas Hadd, the metropolitan banker:

"A man claiming to be your son, Charles, is here. Wire description that we may extend credit. Daniel Gillman."

After sending the telegram he went to the news stand and purchased a city

daily. He sat down to read it, but his attention was soon arrested by the following personal:

"Charles M. Hadd returned today from a three days' visit in Baltimore and has resumed his position in the metropolitan National Bank, of which his father, Jonas Hadd, is president."

He could hardly wait until he received an answer to his telegram. The minute seemed like hours to him. It finally came and read:

"My son, Charles, is here, returned yesterday from Baltimore; party there claiming to be Charles is a fraud."

"Jonas Hadd."

Mr. Gillman mounted his horse and rode home as quickly as the noble steed could carry him. After putting the horse in the stable, he went into the house, and noticed that there was a light in the parlor. Without demanding admittance he opened the door. There, cozily seated, were Grace and the summer boarder. Both were surprised and greatly displeased, at being intruded upon.

"Mr. Hadd," said Mr. Gillman, "what does this notice in the city paper mean? And with this he handed him the paper which he purchased in town."

The summer boarder took the paper, and read it, blushing the deepest crimson. He knew not what to say. He finally had the nerve to say:

"Oh, that's where the reporter got his of news, and 'manufactured' a person. Well, he's entitled to another guess. I was not in Baltimore, and I'm not going."

"Be that as it may," replied the father, "how about this telegram?" And the telegram from Jonas Hadd was read audibly by Mr. Gillman.

"You—you telegraphed to my father? reported the summer boarder."

"Not your father, but the one you claimed was your father, and you have heard his reply. You may settle your board bill, and vacate the premises."

"Oh," said Grace, "this is too sudden. Let him stay till morning, and then we'll discuss the matter."

"Facts need no discussion," said the father. "Mr. Hadd, or whatever your name is, you owe us four weeks' board, let's settle up!"

"I'd have to give you a check, which you would not accept, I know. If you wait till morning I'll go with you to town, secure identification, get the check cashed and settle with you in full," said the summer boarder.

"All right," said Mr. Gillman, "get to your bed as fast as your legs will carry you!"

He obeyed. But the next morning he failed to appear at breakfast. Mr. Gillman went to his room, but he was not there. Evidently, he had taken French

leave. Grace was the only one that was surprised.

After breakfast, Mr. Gillman went out to the barn to get his favorite horse, Ben, but he, too, was gone. The summer boarder had taken him along, sure! After informing his wife and daughter of the missing equine, he started afoot for town, to advertise for the fugitive.

Before proceeding a mile, to his great surprise, he met Henry Evans, and his son, Joe, the former riding his missing horse.

"What does this mean?" inquired Gillman.

"It means this," said Joe, "that father and I captured your summer boarder with the horse, at 3 o'clock this morning, when I was returning from the doctor's office, where I was called when mother became violently ill. We saw him with the horse, riding at breakneck speed. I thought something was wrong, and, as he refused to give any account of himself, I arrested him on suspicion. On his person, I found the locket, which I presented to Grace last Christmas. We have him in the borough bastille, and were coming to see you before proceeding further."

"No need to see me," said Gillman. "You've done right; he did steal Ben, but we have not yet discovered the loss of the locket. Well, I'll go to town, and make information against him."

The trio went to a magistrate's office, where information was promptly made. The prisoner gave his name as William Nelson. He was convicted of horse stealing, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. It fell to the lot of Joe and Henry Evans to escort him to the penal institution.

When Mr. Gillman was at home again, he handed Grace the locket, and said:

"Grace, did you discover that this locket was missing?"

"No," said Grace, in astonishment, "where did you get it?"

"From Joe Evans. He found it on our summer boarder at the time of his arrest."

"Well, of all things! I wouldn't have lost it for anything!"

"Grace," said the father, "I hope this has taught you a much-needed lesson. Never forsake an old friend for a new. You now see what your new friend is, and you also see what your old friend, Joe Evans, has done for you. Joe never found out that you had thrown him from your mind, and he shall never learn it. It is known to you and me alone. There, let it die. But, above all things, never forget what a lesson you have learned in this painful experience."

And Grace never did forget it.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

The following is a curious Sanscrit legend of the creation of woman:

In the beginning, when the Twashtri came to the creation of woman, he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left.

In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows:

He took the roundness of the moon,
And the twinkling of the stars,
And the curves of creepers,
And the clinging of tendrils,
And the trembling of grass,
And the slenderness of the reed,
And the bloom of flowers,
And the lightness of leaves,
And the tapering of elephants' trunk,
And the glances of deer,
And the clustering of rows of bees,
And the weeping of clouds,
And the fickleness of the wind,
And the timidity of the hare,
And the vanity of the peacock,
And the softness of the parrot's bosom,
And the hardness of adamant,
And the sweetness of honey,
And the cruelty of the tiger,
And the warm glow of fire,
And the coldness of snow,
And the chattering of jays,
And the cooing of the kokila,
And the hypocrisy of the crane,

And the fidelity of the chakravaka, and compounding all these together he made woman and gave her to man. But in two weeks the man came crying: "O Mighty Master of Mysteries! Thou who hast made all the wonders of the world, take again the woman that thou hast given me; she teases me, tantalizes me, and tires me, and I cannot live with her more." And Twashtri took the woman away. But in two weeks the man came again, and cried out: "Give me back the woman that thou made; I cannot live without her."

"How, now?" came the answer. "You brought the woman to me, saying that you could not live with her. What do you want?"

"Alas 'tis true," said the man. "I do not know what I want. I cannot live without her and I could not live with her."

And Twashtri answered: "Take the woman now, and do the best you can together, for I made her for you and you for her."



WHY AMERICAN PRAIRIES ARE TREELESS.

Prof. B. Shimek, of the State University of Iowa, has been studying this question in Iowa, where the treeless prairie originally covered more than seven-eighths of the total area of the State. He finds that the absence of trees is not due primarily to the soil or the topography, nor to such causes as prairie fires, the former abundance of

the bison, etc., but is an effect of climate. Moreover, it is not due to a deficient rainfall, so much as to an excessive rate of evaporation. "The prairie areas are uniformly so situated that they are fully exposed to the factors which cause rapid evaporation, namely, the sun and the wind. During much of the year they may present conditions quite favorable to plant growth, but there are seasons and there are portions of the year, especially in midsummer, when evaporation and consequent desiccation become so extreme that only those plants which are especially adapted to dry regions can survive."



SOME ECONOMICAL WAYS.

SOME one has said that the best way to economize is to do without until you have the money to pay for what you want, and there is a lot of truth in that. But there are many ways of economizing—of practically eating your cake and still keeping it, and it is not the women of the household alone who must begin this kind of economizing. The men of the family can do a lot of it, saving many pennies which are now allowed to go to waste through carelessness on the part of the "strong right arm." One of the ways in which the head of the house should begin to pick up the scattered pennies is in fixing up the furniture—tightening the loose joints, adding a bit here and there, gluing or by the use of suitable nails or screws, sandpapering, staining, varnishing or painting. Look after the doors that "hang," or squeak or sag in other ways; attend to the windows that rattle, or the cords that won't work, or the catches that won't catch, or the cracked or broken, or loosened panes of glass; or the broken steps, hanging gates, loose pickets, wires or boards; nail down the boards on the sidewalks, or make new ones; open the clogged kitchen drain, clean out and mend the eavestroughs, and gather up the fragments of lumber, cutting and storing it for kindling, and in hundreds of ways, calling but for a minute of time, keep things in good repair and avoid the necessity of buying new, or doing without. When we are wailing about the ignorance of our girls, let us look at the

boys for a moment. The home life is just as much the product of the boy as it is of the girl, and every boy should know just as much about mending things about the home as the girl is expected to know about patching and darning. It is just as bad for the boy to run in the street, leaving the girls of the family to wrestle with out-of-repair household things, as it is for the girls to let them wear dilapidated clothing. Boys should be taught to do things, as well as the girls. Hard times is a condition brought about pretty much by careless extravagance and waste.



WHERE IS THE ORANGE SWEETEST?

How many growers and eaters of oranges are aware of the fact that the blossom end of the fruit is sweeter and of a better flavor than the stem end? Such is the fact, writes A. L. Bancroft in *Pacific Rural Press*.

The way I made this discovery is this: To get the most satisfaction in eating an orange is to place a newspaper on the floor; with a sharp knife divide the fruit about half way between the two ends and place the cut pieces on the paper. Then, as eaten, slice off a wedge-shaped piece and straighten out the curve of the back of the slice. This separates the cut sections of the sacks holding the juice and enables them to be easily taken into the mouth, and the juice is released more quickly and pleasurably than in eating the orange in any other way. But the juice-sacks being divided by the cutting in this way, release the juice, which runs out so freely as to make sloppy work of the eating, which should really be done in seclusion rather than make a social function of it. But by leaning well over the paper on the floor the clothing is safeguarded and you can have the time of your life in orange eating. Try it.

It was when cutting up and eating oranges in this way that I discovered the difference between the flavor of the two ends. Test it for yourself and see.

THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

THE other evening as I sat in my study,—my eyes fell and fastened upon these words from the Bible on my knees: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," and the thought came to me to have a moment's chat with our young men.

The start is terribly easy: The crowd gets together, perhaps, the older and more experienced lead the weaker on; and how many young men when asked to drink, will refuse, offend the friend who asked, probably losing that friendship thereby; and be made a "sissy," in the others' eyes? Even against their inward wishes, there are but a pitiful few who would not consent under the circumstances, and here lies the great danger. Once drawn into this subtle scheme of the strong against the weak; the evil against the virtuous,—alas; how small are the chances of the virtuous! It is a weak struggle against the prevailing spirit; yes, it is one of the great tests,—which show in an unmistakable light the make-up of the young man; it shows him as weak, and powerless to resist; or portrays him a man in spirit and being, bold—as a man should be,—to express his views as he sees them; and stand by those views at all hazards; not considering the losing of a friend; for is such a friend a real, true friend in every sense of the word? Is he not leading his associates into the same dark pit into which he, himself, is falling? What is such a friend, anyway?

Just the other evening an incident occurred within my view which will linger in my mind for a long time to come; it was not seemingly very important,—but I will tell it to you: I passed a saloon in the downtown district; but you wouldn't have known it was a saloon; that is exactly the great evil,—it didn't look like a saloon; it concealed with clever conceit,—as the vast majority do,—its real significance. Rare ferns and palms lined the windows; beautiful furnishings and glittering interior could be seen behind the outer mask. It was a dark, cold night,—and the bright light inside shone out with beckoning invitation; welcoming the passerby from the sloppy, inhospitable street. Dreamy music came from somewhere among the inner luxuriance,—ah! twentieth century mask of allurements! Enticer and merciless wrecker of American manhood! But what interested me,—I even stopped in the street to watch the drama,—was two young men, who stood outside the glazed door beneath the sheltering portico; well dressed young chaps, classmates and comrades, no doubt. One was set upon going in, and was trying to convince the other to accompany him.

What a simple setting for a drama! yet a drama it was,—to me. "Here," I thought,— "is a great test in that young man's life,— what will he be; a man or a weakling?" Though I heard not the words they spoke; saw not the many passing along the sidewalk; jostled and pushed aside,—unheeding I kept my eyes fastened upon the pair in the doorway. And then the final act came: the actors parted; one went in at the glazed door which concealed the irresistible magnet which drew him in; the other wheeled, and disappeared in the crowded street. How simple! How small and unimportant! perhaps you say; yet that had been one of the crucial tests in a life; enacted before the hurrying, unnoticing throng,—perhaps I was the only one who saw it or was interested. One was weak; an incompetent being,—the other a man, in that one thing at least. One was intent on ruining himself; the other as intent upon keeping out of ruin. I wonder with which, young readers, your sympathies lie? Which one shall be you?

After all,—what enjoyment is there in it? What but burning up soul and body in a wild, unquenchable craving? That is not pleasure, is it? The man is weak; but don't revile him,—don't shun him after he is in the net. Even though a beast, pity, and not censure, is what is needed. Try to help, young readers, in the great uplift; if you should save just one of your associates from this ruin,—it would be your share. By patience, by reasoning, by love and pity; saving just one would be your whole work; that would be your share.

We are all given a brain, and the power of intelligent reasoning by the Creator: the power to understand and appreciate the higher things of life; to see in their right light, the great works of an all-wise God. How pitiful, then is that young man,—wealthy beyond estimation by the possessing of such a power,—a strong, clear brain and body; unsullied by any evil,—giving himself, unresisting, to the debasement that lies beyond the outer mask of the saloon?

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!" Are you going to find that out by actual experience? Are you going to allow yourself to be cast into the depths of degeneracy where so many thousands have been cast before you?

Henry Ward Beecher, uplifter and friend of every young man in trouble, in the preface of his "Addresses to Young Men," which you should read, tells the reader, "Do not submit your judgment to mine; or hate because I denounce, nor blindly to follow me; but to weigh my reasons, that he may form his own judgments. I only claim the place of a companion, that I may gain his ear." But you will see the evil, and the two paths, and I pray you may choose the one that leads away.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

WHAT WAS SAID ABOUT THE SERMON.

Dr. A. M. Brodie.

AT the close of that wonderful sermon on the mount by our Savior recorded in Matt. 5, 6, 7, we find these words in verses twenty-eight and twenty-nine of chapter seven: "And it came to pass, when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching; for he taught them as one having authority, and not as their scribes." R. V.

Those people began making comments on the sermon just as people do nowadays. We are told that they were astonished. Let us look through that sermon and find what they were astonished at. Here is a teacher that comes and compels them to listen. Some say, "Why, you know that preacher just hit me where I live. He seems to understand my case exactly." He was a different teacher because he had such a marvelous insight into human nature, and he had remedies for all the ills of mankind.

They were astonished at his particular order of religious service. They were accustomed to worshipping in the temple where the priests with their robes and gowns went through with a certain set form. But this Preacher came with another method of worship. He said, "You can worship God in the field and on the hill side. You must worship him in the heart and in spirit and in truth."

They were astonished at what he said about the money they were putting in the banks. He said: "Don't lay up treasures upon earth. Lay up treasures in heaven, where thieves do not break through and steal."

Then they were astonished at his method of greatness. Some people think they are great according to the number of servants they have. That was not the Master's idea. It is not the number of people serving you but the number of people you can serve that determines your greatness. Jesus was the greatest of all because he was the servant of all.

Then Jesus had a new method for the world's conquest. Men had conquered the world with the sword, but he conquered it with love. Love is the greatest thing in the world.

They were astonished because Jesus said the kingdom was for all men. They thought it was for the Jews only. But Jesus broke down the fences and extended the kingdom to all the world.

The greatness of Jesus was that of character as over against office. The scribes

were the office holders, they were the authoritative teachers. They were the direct descendants of other officers. Jesus did not pride himself upon his family. He never taught about the schools. He never said, "I have certain degrees," etc. No set of church members ever got together and ordained him as a minister. He came down from heaven. He recommended character.

Notice the difference between character and position. It matters not whether you occupy this position or that, your life must have the true ring. People know genuine goodness when they see it. When they heard that Man Jesus speak, they said, "There is a difference between that Man and our scribes. He speaks with authority."

The scribes were peddlers of other men's thoughts. They did not have an experience for themselves. It was like stage play. When Jesus said, "My Father," they knew that God was his Father. When the scribes got up and said, "Jehovah," it was like talking about a machine somewhere. When Jesus talked about heaven and the world beyond he talked as if he knew. It was the authority of knowledge, of actual experience, over against simple tradition; the authority of love over against indifference. The scribes interpreted the law to people but they themselves did not live the law. They did not have any sympathy with the poor outcast.

There never was a sick person brought to Jesus but what he healed him. There never was an outcast appealed to him but what he received attention. Little children came to him because they saw he was tender and loving. All classes came to Jesus. They found tenderness and sympathy and love and healing.

Now, dear friends, how are you and I to be followers of Jesus? Shall we be teachers with authority? The first thing we shall have to have will be goodness and purity of life. I do not care how many books you study, unless you have goodness and purity of heart you can not be a true follower of Jesus.

The second thing is knowledge. Jesus said, "If you want to get knowledge, come to me." He says, "Take my yoke upon you." Do you know the difference between a yoke and a collar? You put a collar on a horse, but you put a yoke on a pair of oxen. There are a lot of people going through life wearing collars and chafing under their burdens, but Jesus said, "Wear my yoke and I will get under the other side. My yoke is easy and my burden is light. Take off the collar and get into the yoke alongside of me."

Your work will be of value just as it is empered with love. We can not "bear all things" without love—not our own love, but the love of Christ. I do not care what is you do, if you are doing it for the faster it will be easy. It is not the putting on of any robes, not having the hand of any bishop placed upon your head, but is just having the love of Christ in your heart.

They were astonished at Jesus, and if you and I have that love of Jesus in our hearts then the people will be astonished at us too, because we teach with authority—the authority of character, the authority of knowledge, and the authority of the love of God shed abroad in our hearts.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations.
... and lo, I am with you alway."



SENTENCES ABOUT PRAYER.

From article in The Sunday School Times of August 20, 1910, by Supt. D. E. Hoste of the China Inland Mission.

THE essential point about prayer is that it should obtain an answer.

Honest subjection to the will of God so far as one knows it is a foremost condition of answered prayer.

True religion must begin at the center of one's being.

The Syro-Phoenician woman illustrates an important condition of answered prayer—a humble spirit . . . a knowledge of one's true condition.

We are unable to find the way to the Throne of Grace as long as we take any credit to ourselves.

Those who permit themselves habitually to grieve the Spirit of God by thought, words, or actions contrary to his will, will not obtain answers to their prayers.

It is to be feared that sins of the tongue lie at the root of a great deal of unanswered prayer.

The foremost motive for effectual prayer must be the glory of God and the extension of his kingdom.

There is often delay in receiving an answer to prayer, even when conditions are fulfilled so far as the individual is concerned who offers the prayer.

Unless we do our part in persevering

supplication, we shall not win the victory.

Sometimes an upright person may be mistaken as to what is really the highest good in the most desirable issue . . . the one who would succeed in prayer must have an ever-deepening consciousness that he is not sufficient of himself to think or plan anything as of himself.

The only way to become proficient in prayer is to spend much time praying.



The Clothesline.

(Continued from Page 1039.)

It will last for a long, long time. But the common, twisted wire, sold at the grocery stores for 50c to 75c per hundred feet, is an extravagance, as it is nothing but poorly galvanized wire, will rust, and the strands will break, and the clothes will be ruined in a very short time with iron rust, and tearing on the broken strands. Get the best.



Of General Interest.

YOUNG people just starting out in life can not afford to "run accounts" at the store. It is a policy that will surely cause trouble in a short time. It would be far better to live closely and pay as they go; and many people resolve to do this; but the merchants are so anxious for their trade that they insist on the credit plan, and the foolish and inexperienced young people do not look ahead, until they get into trouble. Pay as you go, and you will not go so often.

Teach the little one table manners as soon as he can sit at the table and handle a spoon. Nothing forms so complete a dividing line between well-bred and ill-bred people as their manners at table. Eating in company with others should be taught as a festival, not merely for the gratification of appetite. Many a child whose education at home has been neglected has suffered untold mortification when making mistakes in company in the little etiquettes of the table.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Choice Tested Recipes.

M. ANDREWS.

Cream Pie with Variations.—For each pie take 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of butter, the well beaten yolks of 2 eggs, and 1 tablespoonful of cornstarch. Cook until thick, flavor to taste, and put in crust previously baked. Beat the whites of eggs stiff and put on top, then set in the oven to brown.

VARIATIONS: *Spice Pie.*—When the filling is cooked stir through it one scant teaspoonful of cinnamon and cloves.

Cocoanut Pie.—Cook as directed and beat 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoanut in the whites of the eggs.

Chocolate Pie.—Grate 2 heaping tablespoons of chocolate to each pie and cook in filling.

Banana Pie.—Slice 2 bananas into baked crust and pour filling over it.

Orange Pie.—Same as banana pie, using oranges instead of bananas.

Graham Pudding.—One cup sour milk, 1 cup molasses, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon and cloves, 1½ cups graham flour, 1 cupful chopped raisins. Steam three hours and serve with sauce.

Old-fashioned Cup Cake.—One cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 3 cups flour, 4 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor to taste. Cream butter and sugar together, add milk, flavor and baking powder, and lastly the eggs well beaten. This will make two small loaves or one large one. I use this recipe as the foundation for almost every kind of cake. For raisin cake stir in a cup of seeded raisins; for cocoanut cake add a cup of grated cocoanut; for nut cake a cup of chopped nuts, reserving some whole meat for the top. For chocolate cake add a

couple squares melted chocolate and a very little more flour.



Little Helps.

To patch umbrella covers, get a supply of black court plaster from the druggist (which is silk covered with an adherent), moisten the adhesive with a little water and place over the hole on the outside of the umbrella cover, pressing it firmly down; this makes a very neat patch.

Fancy Japan tea trays, and also lacquered wooden ones, may be cleaned by this method: Rub the surface with a flannel dipped in milk until all marks are removed; dry with a clean cloth, sprinkle a little flour over, and polish with a soft piece of old silk.

For bottling catsups, pickles, and sauces, have the corks full large, soak them in boiling water for a few minutes, then force them into the neck of the bottle. They should be put far enough into the neck of the bottle so a little sunken space is left to be filled with a sealing wax.

For removing stoppers from glass bottles, such as decanters, vinaigrettes, etc., run a little sweet oil around the crevice, warm at the fire, then wrap a rag round the stopper, grip the stopper in a jamb of a door, grasp the body of the article and twist gently round to right and left, being careful not to spill any contents, while doing so. The most obstinate and tightly fixed stoppers yield to this method.

The easiest way to clean and sweeten the old glass jars is to wash them carefully, then put them in the wash boiler with enough cold water to cover them, and add enough good soap powder to make a strong suds. Allow them to come to a boil and keep covered; take from the stove and leave to steam until

cold, keeping covered. If the jars are to be used at once, rinse them with hot water, and fill rapidly. When buying new jars, see that there are no flaws and blisters in the glass, and test thoroughly for leaks.



Water Glass for Preserving Eggs.

WATER glass is chemically known as sodium silicate or silicate of soda. It may be obtained in two forms, granular or liquid. As it is rather difficult to dissolve, we would suggest that you purchase it in the liquid form. It will cost you about 50 cents a gallon. This is a rather strong solution and is about the consistency of thick molasses.

For preserving eggs the following formula has given good satisfaction: To every ten quarts of water add about one pint of water glass or sodium silicate. The water should be first boiled and then cooled before using. Place this solution in the desired receptacle and carefully add the fresh eggs. For good results the solution should cover the eggs at least two inches.



For the Laundry.

For an inexpensive soap, good for all household purposes, this is recommended: Shave four large bars of yellow laundry soap into very thin slices, and put into two gallons of soft water over heat. When nearly dissolved, add three ounces of powdered borax, and two pounds of sal soda; stir until all is melted, and take from the fire; when nearly cool, add slowly, stirring, one ounce of liquid ammonia, mixing it well. Let stand one or two days, then cut into bars and let them dry in a warm place.

To iron shirtwaists, iron neckband and cuffs first on the wrong side, then on the right side; next iron the sleeves, then the fronts, then the backs, as the fronts should be ironed while quite damp. Care must be taken to iron the sleeves properly. Fold the sleeve at the

side seam, but do not iron across, as there should be no fold down the center; loosen the sides by slipping the hand inside the ironed portion, turn the sleeve over and iron the underside; then turn the sleeve over, with the hand inside, so that the seam rests on the table with the unironed strip above it; smooth out the strips with a small iron, then slip the iron inside the sleeve and with the point toward the shoulder, smooth the top of the sleeve and the gathers. Do the same with the cuffs.

Flatirons heated by gasoline or denatured alcohol are now on the market, and it is claimed that four or five hours' ironing can be done at a cost of one cent an hour, either inside the house, or outside. The iron can also be used as an emergency stove to heat water or get little lunches, by removing the handle. This is more convenient than gas or electric irons, as there are no connecting cords to hold you to one place. It is claimed these irons are perfectly safe to handle.

Many bluing contain Prussian blue as an ingredient, and the Prussian blues are a compound of two salts, which are precipitated by alkalis; this accounts for many of the rust spots found in clothing, and to avoid rust spots, be sure to wash out every particle of soap by good rinsing.



The Clothesline.

ABOUT every woman who "does her own work" knows how aggravating it is to have the clothes marked with a streak where they double over the clothesline, or to have the line break just as one gets the wash pinned on it from end to end. Such things will happen to the hempen or cotton rope, in spite of care, and it is much better to buy the braided wire line, if it can be had. This can be left out all the time, and can be washed clean on wash-day with gasoline, or even soapsuds, and

(Continued on Page 1037.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—How can one get any money ahead with the present high prices of living?—J. H. Younce.

Answer.—Cut down your living expenses. Never spend quite as much as you earn. Watch the little bills and cut them out wherever you possibly can. Always ask the price of an article before you buy and make sure the price asked is the regular market price. Save your dimes because no one else will save them for you. Make things instead of buying them. If you can't make them, learn how, and then make them.



Question.—In what way could a young lady, whose health is not the best make some pin-money, to spend for some necessities which she needs?

Answer.—In the Inglenook of September 12, on page 948, a young lady of poor health tells how she made some pin-money. We would recommend outdoor work as much as possible. Keeping chickens is very profitable with the present prices of eggs, and caring for them is a pleasant outdoor recreation. For one who can sew neatly, making useful articles, such as pin-cushions, workbaskets, doilies, etc., is a pleasant pastime, and they can usually be sold very readily among the neighbors. Raising and selling flowers and vegetables is very profitable in many communities, especially if you live in or near a good town or city. If your health is poor avoid work which will tie you down to long, strenuous hours, such as clerking, office work, etc.



Question.—Will houseplants do well in a room where you burn gas?—Miss H. Hosford.

Answer.—No, houseplants generally will not do well in a room where gas is burned, unless the room can continually be supplied with fresh air. The air must be kept in circulation so the gas has no opportunity to affect the plants, and that is very difficult in a living room. Plants in a room equipped with gas will dwindle along rather sickly but will never become hardy and beautiful like those kept in a room free from gas. Plants will not even thrive out doors in large cities where there is much smoke and gas. Butte City and Anaconda, Montana, are conspicuous for the absence of vegetation because of the gas and smoke from the smelteries, which is so dense that the sun often cannot be seen until late in the forenoon after the smoke is scattered by the wind.

Questions.—Are lace curtains sanitary?—E. L. Craik.

Answer.—No. They are splendid receptacles for dust and all sorts of disease germs. Washable curtains are much more sanitary. Lace curtains, of course, can be washed but it is more difficult to keep them clean and consequently in many homes they are left uncared for, until they become loaded with dirt. So long as they are kept perfectly clean there is no danger, but generally they look cleaner than they really are and many good housekeepers are guided by general appearance instead of by close inspection.



Question.—How much money does it take to attend college one year?—Clyde Lee.

Answer.—That depends on how economical you are. I know of one student who attended college a whole year and spent \$7.50 in money. The rest of his expenses he paid by working. I know of another student who spent \$900 in one year. The young man who has good health and wants an education need not be discouraged because of a lack of money. There are plenty of opportunities for him to work his way through. He can start in as janitor or errand boy and if he is a deserving young man he will not need to be janitor more than one year. The expenses of the average student in the average college amount to about two hundred dollars per year. By a little looseness and extravagance this can easily be raised to four or five hundred dollars or by careful economy it can be reduced to something less than two hundred dollars. Expenses for girls run about the same and the opportunities of working their way through are fully as many as for the young men. Generally a girl's clothes cost more than a boy's because she needs more. However, all girls will find that college folks are very common folks and they need not dress so expensively as they are likely to think before going. All ambitious college people wear very simple clothes. They are more concerned about what goes into their heads than about what goes on their back.



Question.—How can you remedy a shotgun from scattering the shot?—Floyd Hought.

Answer.—Put in only one shot.



Question.—How keep peace in the family?—W. E. Stump.

How can unity in the home life be best preserved?—Ruth E. Williams.

Answer.—Place the family on a cooperative basis. Make each member of the family a partner of the firm, and let each one feel that the welfare of the entire family

offers unless it has the coöperation of that one member. Frankly discuss all questions that affect the welfare of the home and let all members make suggestions; then let the mother and the mother take up the matter and discuss it alone and act in the light of the information gained, giving due consideration to all the members of the family. The parents are the head of the house and the children should have a high regard and respect for their parents. Sometimes children take a notion into their head that they could run the affairs of the home better than their parents can, but in spite of all their wisdom they owe respect to their parents and should have a high regard for their parents' feelings. They will have opportunity enough of trying their hand at running affairs when they have a home of their own. For the present they are under their parents' roof and are not yet so wise as they will be when they have a home of their own. Children should learn to live peaceably together in the home, for if they cannot live together in peace while they are under their father's roof they will not be likely to live in peace with their neighbors when they get older. In the home is where the lessons of good citizenship should be learned, and especially those of peace and good will toward those with whom we live.

AMONG THE BOOKS

God's Balance of Faith and Freedom.

Dr. Lucius Waterman, in this book, deals with the interesting subject of the relations of authority and liberty of faith and freedom. The author accepts of faith once for all delivered and gives his reasons for this acceptance. He is a scholar who, for the sake of truth, stands fast in the faith and freedom for which Christ made men free. The reader will find that the author has proceeded in his work with cautious suavity, and has not been carried away either by feeling or prejudice. Touching the general trend and import of Christian history, he is interesting and suggestive. He opens a large and luminous view. He maintains for faith the things that are of faith and for freedom the things which belong to freedom. Published by the Young Churchman Company, Milwaukee, Wis. Price, \$1.00.



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Minister—"It was very good of you not to waken me. I am very thankful for what has been a most refreshing sleep."

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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

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ELGIN,

ILLINOIS

October 10,
1911.

Vol. XIII.
No. 41.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

October 10, 1911.

No. 41.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

A Study of Flowers in Schools.

WE were out driving the other day, wife and I and the little girl, and we passed a schoolhouse, which is a fair sample of what our country schoolhouses usually are. It was a brick building of conventional style, with a rickety door and more rickety porch steps; some window panes were knocked out; the outbuildings were disgraceful sheds and the playground was covered with dense thicket of weeds two or three feet high. Not a sign of a tree was seen on the grounds. The only outside decoration was an old rusty road scraper which was drawn up near the building. The term of school began the week following. It brought to mind the picture of another school building which I once saw in a Western State. This building was a frame structure of a store box type and we fail to find words to describe the appearance of the front entrance. But that is not all; the building stood in a swamp for the simple reason that by the government system of locating country school buildings this particular swamp happened to be where the schoolhouse roads crossed. There was abundant high ground not many rods distant along either road. The environment has anything to do with a child's character, what effect do you suppose a dilapidated school building, and a neglected playground, or what is worse, a swamp, will have upon the school children? Some may say that it gives them a rugged Spartan training but we have failed to see very many evidences of such results. A neglected school property in the heart of a prosperous farming district is a disgrace and it is there for one of two reasons, either ignorance or willful carelessness. It is not necessary for the children of the farmer to attend a school that is only half a school. Some districts and countries are waking up to the fact that the purpose of the schools is to develop character as well as do some

other things. In the United States we are becoming intoxicated with the results and supposed results of manual training while we forget that human beings are something more than bread winners and money makers and that "life is more than raiment." A writer in the Craftsman expresses this neglect very well: "What we need in America, and everywhere else over the world, are schools through which our children pass as down a broad road, learning hourly the value of all human environment, mental or physical—a road free to all, with the refreshing winds of liberal ideas blowing over it, and the sun of honest thought rendering wholesome every fresh experience. This road should lead up to the high peaks of imagination, and down through the wide peaceful valleys of practical toil."

Since nothing develops the finer and more lovely parts of the child's character better than a study of nature and animals the countries of Belgium and France are introducing in their schools the study of flowers. The children are taught the habits and the construction of flowers in the most practical way. The teachers do not depend entirely upon books. They with the children plant little gardens and study the flowers; and above all they teach the children how to appreciate a flower. There was an educational conference held at the cities of Brussels, Bruges and Antwerp not long ago and the educators present emphasized the value of flowers in school life. They advocated the use of not only living, green flowers but also mural decorations in flower designs. It is said that the beauty of these three cities during the conference was something well worth seeing. In Brussels there were beds of flowers about the roots of the trees and flowers in profusion along every window sill and arches over the streets. One of the lecturers at this Belgium educational conference said: "To understand and thus love flowers

teaches children to understand that pity is as fine as duty. The health of children will be improved through this interest in growing things, as the joy of the eye is an element of good health."

The schools of France are introducing courses in flower study and in the rural districts the making of gardens is emphasized. This is what Madame Masset, who had established a flower school, has to say: "We are counseled in our country schools to teach our children beauty in all its possible expressions, through books, pictures, sculpture; but I have found that my little pupils are neither old enough, advanced enough, nor alert enough to understand the masterpieces of great achievement. Most famous pictures and books have failed to interest them. On the other hand, I found that nature never fails to awaken their enthusiasm. So we live and study close to her ample, kindly heart, and our lives are filled with the beauty that the greatest artists cannot quite achieve." Madame Masset is a French school teacher of very simple habits.

From such contemplations we return to our first picture of a little old schoolhouse in a patch of weeds and it makes us ashamed to own it as one of our own. Perhaps the path on which the wayward boy, the helpless girl, the careless farmer travels leads through poorly kept school properties. Perhaps we would all be better human beings if we loved flowers and trees more, and helped them grow. Do you think so?

The Worth of a Life.

In the State of Arkansas a negro boy only fifteen years of age was condemned to be hanged on the eighth of September. The name of the boy is Earl Gilchrist and he was convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of another negro boy, Will Longley, on June 4. The penal law of Arkansas is somewhat out of date when compared to that of other States. Between the ages of twelve and fourteen children are amenable to the law, and over fifteen they are subject to the extreme penalty. No child under twelve can be convicted of murder. In the prosecution of the case it was claimed that the defendant was nineteen but evidence has been introduced later proving that the boy is only fifteen years old. The Supreme Court has granted a stay in the execution and it is hardly possible that the boy will receive the penalty imposed. All broad-minded people, at least, hope that the boy's life will be saved. True, he is only a negro boy but he may be and undoubtedly will be worth something to

society. There are some indications that he is not mentally responsible for every thing; but under any circumstances the boy deserves a chance. It would be a shame a boy of that age should receive capital punishment in a country which is supposed to be Christian. The boy should be put in a reformatory institution, not a prison, and the reformatory ought to be one that actually reforms. Arkansas has a chance to make a change in her antiquated penal laws.

Burial Costs.

Sometime ago we indexed this subject as one which ought to be inquired into for the *Inglenook* readers but this is the first time we have had the courage to write about our expensive ways of caring for the dead. To many it may seem a sacred subject and one that ought not to be molested. Some may think it is sacrilegious to economize in funeral expenses. Prof. Graham Taylor writes: "Burial customs and costs have always and everywhere been considered to be either so sacred to the privacy of grief, or so dominated by the fetish-like customs superimposed by the racial or religious precedent, as to preclude the analysis, criticism, and constructive treatment which the modern mind applies to almost everything else." High cost of living and close competition in every branch of life almost force us through this high wall of tradition with the hope that something may be done to lessen the financial burden imposed upon the grief stricken relatives. We have frequently heard the statement that it is cheaper to live than to die.

The Rev. Quincy L. Dowd has been making an investigation into burial costs and by his leave Prof. Taylor has given a synopsis of his findings in the Survey.

During the undertakers' war in Chicago one company advertised caskets for \$15 which sold as high as \$50 in other cities and they offered caskets from \$75 to \$200 which sold elsewhere from \$500 to \$700. This illustrates the large profit in funeral goods. Most European countries regulate the cost of funerals. The services are really conducted by the state or the prices are regulated so that there is very little exploitation. The United States gives practically no protection to the people either by custom or law. Here is a picture that is repeated many times over in undertakers' establishments. "This is the last thing you can do for your wife and you don't want to be haunted by the thought that you were mean." The children are standing about while the undertaker continues, "If you don't do the right thing by their moth-

they will curse you to their dying day." The poor man buys an expensive outfit which finally reduces to want the children of the dead mother. It is found that caskets costing from \$14 to \$16 are sold at wholesale at from \$60 to \$80; and boxes costing from \$7 to \$12 they sell at from \$10 to \$25. The usual profit is about 150% on caskets. This shows us that the retailers do not secure all the profits. Prof. Taylor says that in many localities there are too many undertakers, which makes competition close. Where only a few funerals are

secured by an establishment, large profits are necessary to pay expenses. The New York School of Philanthropy has made an investigation in that city and they have enumerated 494 undertakers. These undertakers have averaged 78 funerals per year at a net profit of about \$60 each. Competition is close, so close that 436 undertakers out of the 494 average only four funerals in five weeks while some others average only one funeral in three weeks. More evidence on this subject will soon be available and we shall try to keep you posted.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

How Farmers Are Farmed.

The Gresham Herald points out that agricultural land in all parts of the country is sold at too high a price to be either safe or profitable. "To pay \$500 to \$1,000 or more for an acre is simply trifling with fate," warns the Herald. "No piece of ground in existence is a safe investment in a farming way at such prices." This is very true. At the same time there are ten acres of good land in Oregon to every one acre used, and great areas of farmed land very indifferently used; yet a homeseeker cannot get this speculatively held land at any reasonable price. It is under-assessed until it is used, and then the user is taxed on everything it does. Perhaps we must make some approach toward the British Columbia conditions, where land held idle is taxed eight times more than land used.



The "Annexation of Canada."

Press comments in Canada and in England reveal much rejoicing over the laying of the annexation bugaboo by the defeat of the party pledged to tariff reciprocity with the United States. The spirit displayed ought to quiet for a long time those jubilant individuals who have shouted on every possible occasion their belief that Canada was only waiting a favorable opportunity to become annexed to this country. As a matter of fact, the average Canadian is well satisfied to remain under the British flag. He does not like the United States in any respects. His feeling dates back often to the time when Canada was a refuge for fugitives escaped from slavery or for condemned sympathizers. Appeals to preserve the integrity of the British Empire have stirred his patriotism. In the last twenty years he has seen a great development of

his own country, and he realizes its vast possibilities. British institutions and his own constitution he finds very satisfactory.

It is a pity the annexationists on this side of the border have been so noisy. The more sober thought of the United States looks with indifference on this question. If eventually Canada shall wish to come into the Union she will, no doubt, be cordially welcomed; so long as she chooses to remain outside, we should desire the friendliest and closest relations, political and commercial, possible with her. Our country is great enough in itself without need of annexation, though closer commercial relations in time will come.—Record Herald.



Premier of Russia Assassinated.

Peter A. Stolypin, President of the Council of Ministers since 1906, and Minister of the Interior, of the "Empire of all the Russias," was assassinated while attending a gala performance of the opera in the city of Kiev on the evening of the 14th. The Czar was present at the opera at the time of the shooting, having come to Kiev to be present at the unveiling of a monument to Czar Alexander II., which had taken place in the afternoon. He had also received deputations from the new western Zemstvos, and had given a reception to the nobility, previous to the special performance of the evening which was to mark the close of the festivities. Mr. Stolypin received two wounds. One bullet cut his hand, and another grazed the liver and lodged in the spine. The assassin was instantly apprehended, and was found to be a Jewish lawyer named Dmitri Bogroff, who seems to have been playing a double part between the police and the revolutionists. He was in the confidence of police officials and gained entrance to the

opera house as a police spy. It was hoped for a day or two that Mr. Stolypin's life might be saved, but peritonitis set in and he died on the 18th. The Jews of Russia are panic-stricken, fearing retaliatory massacres. Thirty thousand troops have been poured into Kiev to prevent excesses. Mr. Kokovsoff, minister of finance, who was appointed acting Premier after Mr. Stolypin was shot, has sent a peremptory circular to the various governors on the maintenance of order. This was the fourth attempt on Stolypin's life in five years.



Rice Famine Threatened.

A rice famine threatens the Philippines. The price of the staple is already above all previous records and is advancing by leaps. The supply on hand in the islands is very limited and the general scarcity of the cereal throughout the Orient makes unlikely any substantial relief from importation. The likelihood of an extended famine has led Indo-China and Siam to prohibit the exportation of rice, and a similar measure of self-protection is expected from Rangoon. It is suggested that it may be possible in the Philippines to substitute corn and wheat for the usual staple diet as soon as prices become prohibitive. Public relief of some kind probably will prove necessary and the governor-general at Manila has appointed a commission to investigate.—The New Era.



President Upholds Dr. Wiley.

President Taft has placed his label of approval on Dr. Wiley, the government expert, under the pure food and drug act, and declares that the doctor is not at all the wily one that his jealous accusers have charged. There has been friction in the agricultural department for a long time over what constitutes food and drug adulteration, etc. Wiley favors a drastic policy against the use of preservatives, etc., in food and he has aroused the antagonism of powerful interests and also some of his official superiors. Finally charges were brought against him and his dismissal was urged—this recommendation being approved by Attorney-General Wickersham and also formally by the President. Wiley was charged with having employed Dr. Rusby, a New York expert, on a basis of \$20 a day for laboratory work and \$50 a day when testifying in court, whereas the utmost that could be paid anyone under the law was \$9 a day.

A congressional committee then inquired into the situation and it was brought out

first that Wiley was not guilty of making the illegal contracts with Rusby, and any way that there were precedents for such evasions, for the Remsen board had been employed on exactly the same basis, with everybody's knowledge and approval. The President was thus forced to take sides either with Dr. Wiley or against him, and after reconsidering all the facts he upheld Wiley absolutely. He commended the doctor's earnest efforts in the cause of pure food and directs Secretary Wilson to reprimand Dr. Kebler and Dr. Bigelow, who have been putting obstacles in his way. It is probable that there will be a shake-up in the department and that some of the merest of dirty work will have to go. Incidentally the President gives Dr. Rusby a hard slap and shows up how even these big experts are not above cheap grafting in their own interest. Rusby, it appears, while drawing \$20 a day for laboratory work, had turned over some of this work to a substitute who received very small pay.—The Pathfinder.



Harmon Is Too Old.

The average age of Presidents at inauguration has been only 53, and of the three elected who were more than 64, two died within one year. Governor Wilson will be 56 in 1913 and Governor Harmon 67, so that at the beginning of the next presidential term Harmon will be three years older than Wilson would be after serving eight years as president. President Taft is now only 55 years of age. Certainly Harmon's age is a great objection to his nomination for the presidency.—Cleburne Daily Enterprise.

It is certainly an exposition of good judgment for voters, in making a selection for presidential timber, to seriously consider age along with ability. Young and active men of today have more power and executive ability than those of more mature years. In the foregoing case Wilson has Harmon "bested" by eleven years, practically a political lifetime.—Cleburne (Tex.) Chronicle.



State Obligations.

It is no sentiment but a practical thought which has caused the idea to grow that the State should not allow mere economic pressure to break up homes or separate mothers from their babies. Studies have been made which indicated that in the end it is the State which pays for these disasters. When a home goes to pieces because the bread winner has acquired an industrial disease, the entire community suffers a loss.

EDITORIALS

Passing the Time in Old Age.

In the question and answer department of this issue, the question was asked, "How may old people pass their time best after their children have gone?" Your editor is so young a man to answer this question intelligently so we have asked two men of age and experience to answer the question for us. Elder J. D. Haughtelin of Panora, Iowa, is one of the pioneer settlers of Iowa, who has grown old on the field of battle but who has not ceased his useful activities. The secret of his happiness lies in the fact that he still has a young heart and goes about doing good. Elder L. W. Teeter of Ellettsburg, Indiana, has grown old and gray but he is still one of the active men of the church. He is a member of the General Mission Board and is well known throughout the church. Both of these men are actively engaged in work in their local congregations and they find their greatest joy in being loyal in their service. They know what it means to be an old man with children away from home. The happy old man must have been a happy young man. Old people are the ballast of the world. They have a distinct mission to perform without them the world would suffer serious loss. The enthusiasm of young life needs to be tempered by the mature judgment of old age. Raising a family is a part of a man's duty in the world, but it is only a part. After he has raised his family he still owes much to his community and his greatest pleasure in old age lies in finding his opportunities of doing good and of giving a helping hand to his fellow-men who are about him. This world is built on the cooperative plan and the old and young need to work together toward the common goal of leaving the world better than we found it.

Two Sides.

There are two ends to a road. There are two sides to a board. There are two faces to a coin. There are two accounts in book-keeping. There are two poles to a magnetic needle. There are two sides to a question. A man cannot easily stand at both ends of the same road at the same time, nor can he comfortably lie on both sides of a fence at the same time. So long as he remains standing at one end of the road he may remain entirely ignorant of the nature of the road and may not even know that there is another end. If, however, he walks

from one end to the other he may get a fairly intelligent conception of the road and he will at least be convinced that there is another end. A man may lie down to rest in a sandbar patch on one side of a fence when there is an empty spring bed on the other side of the fence. So long as he lies there and refuses to take a look at the other side he may argue that he is resting in the most comfortable bed that can be obtained. No amount of persuasion would ever make him believe anything different. Get him to go to the other side of the fence and he can see for himself. Neighbors sometimes get into a quarrel and each emphatically declares that he is absolutely right and the other is in the wrong. They forget that there are two sides to the question and it is extremely likely that both are wrong, or it may be that both are partly right. If they would only have the courtesy to exchange sides they likely would both change their minds. Let each stop and see how he would feel if he were in the other man's position. It never hurts the man who is in the right to make an honest investigation, but it will strengthen his own conviction to test his own thought by matching it with that of his neighbor. To compare and to contrast is the work of the true scholar and philosopher. A man should be broad enough to confer and big enough to consult. A man should ask his neighbor what he thinks about a thing and then place himself into his neighbor's position before he is absolutely sure that his neighbor is entirely in the wrong and that he alone is in the right.

Indifference.

The most contemptible trait in human nature is indifference. It is laziness enthroned and selfishness reduced to a science. Some men and some women sever themselves completely from the needs of humanity, and although surrounded by multitudes, they live in a lonely desert by themselves. They don't care about the feelings and wishes of any one else. Even fathers or mothers sometimes sever themselves from the best interests of their family. A man who comes home day after day and sits down to his meals without a word of appreciation to his wife or his children draws himself into his little shell and lives alone in his own little world. He may wish to excuse himself on the ground that he is making money for the support of the family and is providing all the comforts that any family should wish to enjoy and, therefore, he should not be expected to make

himself agreeable when he does not feel like it. No amount of money or bread and clothes furnished by him will atone for his lack of courtesy and attention to his wife and children. No matter how he feels about it, he has no right to make himself disagreeable to those around him. The wife of Thomas Carlyle found herself in a lonely home in the country while the great man of letters shut himself up in his study and wrote the life of Frederick the Great. At the meal hour he would sit, absent minded, at the table, lost in a deep study, and scarcely passed a word with his wife. With tears in her eyes she said, "A little kindness or attention from Carlyle glorifies me." Life is not worth living if we have no time for the little kindnesses and attentions which give joy and glory even to the most obscure life. What is the use of having friends and neighbors if one will not take the pains of extending the civilities of life to them? Many a faithful wife longs and almost starves for a word of appreciation from her indifferent husband. If she could have only a little mite of the attention he used to show her during their courtship days her heart would bound with joy. The reason she does not get it is because he has allowed himself to grow selfishly indifferent. He looks out for the comforts of number one which is the most contemptible thing a husband can do. It requires some effort for one to always be agreeable, but what if it does? It requires some effort for a man to feed himself, and yet no man would think of foregoing the pleasure of eating. Some men put themselves out a good deal to get something to eat and it would make life more pleasant for themselves as well as for their families if they would exert the same amount of effort to make themselves agreeable to their families.



Haste Without Hurry.

A man may make haste without getting in a hurry. The hurryup man generally rushes around with all of his fingers turned into thumbs, his nerves turned on edge and his clothes in a general dishevel. Like Pope's poets, with

"Fire in each eye and papers in each hand
They rave, recite and madden round the
land."

He leaves a general bustle and disturbance behind him as he goes, and yet seldom accomplishes anything of much consequence. The man who moves in haste when necessity demands it, is never in a hurry, but like a strong engine on a clear,

clean track, simply puts on more pressure and dignifiedly moves at a more rapid pace. Mr. J. L. Williams in speaking of ex-President Grover Cleveland said, "He never did anything hastily, if he could help it, though he could perform huge tasks at a single sitting when under pressure. When the celebrated Venezuela question was on hand he was away on a fishing trip. On the evening of his return Secretary Olney dined with him and they talked the Venezuela matter over until half-past ten. Then he sat down and wrote until half-past four the morning, sent his manuscript to the typewriter, revised it by breakfast time and at ten o'clock despatched it to the capital. But he had been thinking about it all through his fishing trip. That was why he took the trip, to get away from the turmoil and see things clearly in perspective." A man can make the greatest haste if he sits down and waits till he gets over his hurry. Hurry and competent work never fit together. They are strangers and do not know each other. A man who wishes to accomplish a large amount of strenuous work needs every bit of his energy to be applied on his work and cannot spare any of it to be wasted in hurry. If he hurries he is likely to lose patience, make himself and everybody else miserable, fail to accomplish his work and finally break down, a nervous wreck, and after he is dead and gone the world will give a sigh of relief. The man who works to his fullest capacity without being in a hurry will find time to give a lift everywhere he may chance to go and will be missed the minute he leaves. Make haste to fill your mission but don't hurry.



A Strong Center.

Keep the center strong. Keep a clear brain, a vigorous heart, well expanded lungs and a good digestive apparatus. Keep a clear conscience, a clear record, a clear imagination and a sincere soul. So long as there is a strong center the attacks from without will have little effect. Disease germs can make little progress when they attack a well cared for body. Neglect the center and they easily get a foothold and make marvelous progress, pave grave roads and in due time completely undermine the whole system. The minute a man loosens his grip and depends on the strength of his vigorous body to tide him over dangerous risks, he scatters his central force and then he is the victim of disease. A vigorous, healthful body should mean a vigorous, healthful soul. When the mind is care

ally guarded and kept free from the de-moralizing tendencies which are likely to make an attack upon the imagination the outside evils are not likely to make much progress. Let the mind run riot, however, and the central forces will be attacked at once. Scatter the strong center and the moral and spiritual life is shattered and likely to be completely ruined. When a man begins to depend upon the strength of his own moral makeup he leaves his central forces open for attack and that is where

the enemy is likely to strike. Every strike in the center means a death dealing blow. No matter how strong he may be nor how well he can withstand outside attacks, he cannot afford to expose his center. He can stand a pretty good rap on his skull but he does not want anybody to monkey with his medulla oblongata. So long as he keeps on duty and minds his business he can be on the safe side, but he always needs to keep his eyes open and see that operations are kept up about the center.

THE DAY OF SPECIAL PRIVILEGES

J. C. Chason

HERE is a growing socialistic prejudice against the man of millions. It is not his fault that he has amassed a fortune while others about him have grown poor. It is not his fault that destiny has shaped his end toward success in business, while others have been marked with misfortune. It is not a crime that a man be gifted with commercial acumen while his neighbor can not achieve a hold in financial way.

Yet there is a certain class who seem to regard the millionaire as an offender against the body social. It does not occur to such people that if the socialists' idea were carried out, and the fortune of the world was divided so that all would have an equal share, within a generation some men would be poor and others rich again. It also does not occur to such men that there is a difference in the moral and mental make-up of the successful business man of today and the less fortunate neighbor.

There is a wide difference between the capitalist and the cobbler. Both may be religiously and morally good men, but there is a difference in the quality of their brains. One is fitted for making a fortune; the other is fitted for making shoes. It can not be helped. It is the way of the world. If the one enjoys a special privilege, it is because he has paved the way for it by his industry and thrift. He is equipped for money making, just as the cobbler is fitted for the manufacture of shoes. It is amusing or disturbing, just as we feel about it. But men will take the growing privileges when they can. Some of us are quite sure that we are slipping our moorings in regard to what are

deemed our natural rights. Others realize that we are doing just what has been done always before. Certain it is that we are seeking some interesting examples of class consideration, and some other, equally interesting, examples of class oppression.

As a matter of fact there has never been a time in the history of the world when there has been really less class distinction and class oppression than exists today. Heretofore the world has gone naturally about this business of showing the little fellow that he did not amount to much and making the big fellow feel that he was almost divinely called to enjoy special privileges. There was reason for this. As a rule he has more strength than the small man, both physically and mentally, and these were given him not by man but by nature. It is easy to say that these come by accident. It is the best we can say in the face of political philosophy which demands the subordination of the individual to the will of the masses; but we have not yet proved that they were accidental. It may be that men are born to rule, that they come stamped with the imprint of hierarchies and powers of which our philosophers know nothing. At any rate, they come.

Does anyone really honestly believe that men like J. P. Morgan and Andrew Carnegie can be ruled by the same principles and ideas that govern the carpenter, or the cowboy? One has a physical and nervous organization so much superior to the other that they cannot be described in the same breath; and as for ideas, one sees the whole working organizations of society where the other merely grasps in a remote way at the

same thing. They can not be governed alike. These men can not be made equal. The best you can say—the best an honest government can say—is that their interests, their value to society, will be considered and judged according to their respective merits. J. P. Morgan must have the consideration which his ideas and force deserve. The man of meager means, whatever his calling may be, must be equally recognized according to his individual merits, but no more.

Because one man is a millionaire is no reason why the penniless man shall have the right to blow up or wreck his business. There must be a balance maintained, and how this balance is to be maintained is a question of great moment—a very subtle question and one which has never yet been partially solved. We have the idea firmly fixed now that our government is superior to any of our individual selves, but we have not yet clearly fixed this idea in our minds what it is that we owe to the individual. One thing is certain: the fittest will win, and it will always be a case of the fittest; so we would best accept conditions

as they are, and give our millionaires a chance.

Some may have made their millions very questionable ways, but others have made theirs honestly. It is due to the better understanding of business that they have amassed large fortunes, while others have remained wage earners and common laborers.

We can not all be millionaires, and it is well that we can not. We need the man of millions, and we must have men to perform the labor necessary for successful operation of our great industries; and we must have the farmer, the mechanic, the clerk, the physician, the lawyer, and on down to the common, everyday laborer, in order that we may carry on the great work of building up a strong and prosperous nation; that we may maintain our supremacy among the nations of the world. Let each of us be content with our station in life, using our best efforts to succeed in whatever position we may occupy, remembering that the force and power of our government is derived from the various positions of a contented people.

HE LOOKED FORWARD

Joseph F. Novak

ONCE upon a time a Contented Man sat down to think. Thought he: "I've lived in this world for forty years, and it hasn't been a life of treading on rose petals. I've worked hard, amassed some money, of which I've lost a considerable portion; I've had more trouble than perhaps the average man, but, in spite of it all, I've been quite contented, for I've always believed that sometime I would get ahead. Now I think that time has come, and I hope the comfort which I deserve will linger with me for the rest of my days. However, I wish I could look forward and see the happiness in store for me."

No sooner had he uttered his wish than appeared an Ugly Thing leering over his shoulder.

"Being a brave man, the face and person of the Ugly Thing scared him not, so he waited until it spoke.

"I hold the key to every year of the future, and I alone can unlock the years and let man behold what is in store for him," said the Ugly Thing. "Wouldst look?"

The Contented Man considered: "If I look I shall be satisfied that no harm will befall me, and as I see no immediate danger, why should I not look?" He turned to the Ugly Thing.

"We cannot change the future?" he asked. "It is irrevocable," answered the Ugly Thing, leering; "still, to rest your mind, you'd better look."

"Let it be so, then," consented the Contented Man.

With a yowl, the Ugly Thing caught the Contented Man by the hand, and at once he looked upon the future years of his life spread out before him.

For a while the Contented Man looked with pleasure; then suddenly he became afraid as he saw the times change.

He saw his house burn down, the savings bank fail, his money lost, and other dreadful things, with only an occasional gleam of pleasure here and there. And at the end, he saw himself sick and weary, obliged to live out his life alone.

He turned away, while the Ugly Thing
 vied in glee.

Ah, me," mourned the Contented Man
 despair. "I have lived through much ad-
 versity with contentment, because I knew
 that it was to be my portion. But now,
 knowing that I must live through trouble to
 the end of my days, and that I cannot es-

cape it, ah, it is too much! Had I not
 known, I could have borne it."

Whereupon he rushed from the presence
 of the Ugly Thing and up to the attic
 where he hanged himself, and thus escaped
 his troubles to come.

Moral: After all, better be content with
 the present.



"Deep down in their hearts there are kindly feelings."

PATIENTS AND PATIENCE

H. D. Michael

SELDOM is one taken to a hos-
 pital unless too sick to be properly
 cared for at home. Then all that is
 done for him is for his best, but alas!
 how little some patients appreciate the
 care! They rustle around and tear up the
 nurse's face or speak cross to the nurse when
 she puts them in a cold pack to bring their
 temperature down to a safe and comfortable
 degree, or complain at everything that is
 done.

It is a dark picture, but I assure you it
 is not overdrawn. It is from real observa-
 tion.

But there is a bright side. Some patients
 have patience and will bear even inatten-
 tion, with no thought of saying a cross
 word, but have a smile for the ones who
 come to help them, even though late.

There are also ones who will watch every
 turn to see where the attendants may be
 saved a few steps; then carefully guard

those places so as to make no special burden.

That is an encouraging fact, for it shows that deep down in the hearts of so many there are kindly and considerate feelings for others; for surely a patient with much patience is a desirable one compared with a petted, impatient one with not enough good judgment to consider others as beings that get tired.

The scrubbing of the floors, so carefully and regularly done to keep the rooms free from dust and dirt, is all for the safety of the patient. The regular taking of the temperature and pulse-beat both day and night is also that the true condition of the patient may be known.

True, it may be annoying to be awakened by a nurse for the only purpose of getting your temperature and pulse-beat, when in the midst of a peaceful dream, but, considering why it is done, any patient surely should exercise more patience than some do.

Allowing some to sit up or be up a little each day, while others, apparently as strong are kept in bed, is according to the best judgment of their physician, and should be no cause of some losing their patience.

Some will lie quietly in bed for days, between visits of friends, while others quietly impatiently ask every half hour, or thereabouts, whether or not the visiting hour has come, even though it be several hours until that time.

All such things, caused by lack of patience or good judgment, are a source of annoyance for the nurses, but seldom do they lose their patience.

Now, dear reader, this picture is not drawn to make us see the dark side only but none of us knows what a day may bring forth, or how soon we may be hospital patients; so consider how much we may be able to lighten the burdens of some if we are patient at all times. Patience is a jewel whether we are in a hospital or at home, sick or well, rich or poor,—yes, in every one and in all walks of life.

PICKING HUCKLEBERRIES

S. Z. Sharp

ONE morning in autumn brother and I started out, each with a bucket, to gather huckleberries. We soon came to a large tract at the foot of Stone Mountain, in Pennsylvania, covered with huckleberry bushes. Each bush seemed to have some berries, but none had many, and we both began to pick. Brother soon became tired and said, "I am going where the berries are plentier," and started up the mountain. I saw that there were plenty of berries here to fill my bucket, if I kept on picking. So I kept steadily on, and reached home early in the day with my bucket filled with fine fruit. Toward evening brother came with about a quart of berries in his bucket. He had tramped all day from one patch to another, but found none to suit him. He looked for a place where he could fill his bucket quickly.

This incident reminds us of what we see every day. There are thousands of people comfortably situated, who think they are making money too slowly; so they sell out and move to another place, only to find that this does not suit them, either. So they move again, and keep on moving until they are old and have but little more than when

they began; having lost much in selling out and spent much in traveling.

A great philosopher says: "Three removals are as bad as a fire." Many American people are a restless class, and when one started to move from place to place, will keep it up. We do not mean those who move from force of circumstances or ill health, but have to change location for a different climate or elevation. Nor have we reference to tramps and hoboos, who are no good anywhere, but to many good people, who would make a good living and have something left for their children, if they would stay where they are and be satisfied with making money slowly.

Here is a large class who want nice work, easy jobs, short hours and big wages, always moving from place to place to find something better; they wind up in the evening of life with very little gained. One of the great industrial problems of today is how to get workmen who will earn their wages. When we were young and worked on the farm, farmers paid a bushel of wheat for a day's work, and wheat was not over a dollar a bushel. Then we knew nothing of the ten-hour system, but worked early and

ate, generally from sunrise to sunset, with one hour off at noon. Now farmers get no more for their wheat than they did then, and must pay two and two and a half times as much for a shorter day's work; and yet workmen are not satisfied, and we frequently hear of strikes. Here in Colorado miners make from three to seven dollars a day, and when the year is up seldom have anything saved. What we want to emphasize is, "Not what we get, but what we save is what counts."

Many of the wealthiest men of the nation began with low wages, or very small capital. David Rankin, a former millionaire of Missouri, began life with a few dollars, but stuck to one place and one vocation, and left millions to his children. He worked according to a system and learned that the word, system, is a synonym for "success." Marshall Field, the merchant prince of Chicago, began life with a small capital, remained in one place and in one business; adhered strictly to system in all his busi-

ness, and left forty millions behind when he departed.

Russell Sage started out in life with the motto, "Not what one earns, but what one saves is what counts." He had a very small capital to begin with. He saved every penny he could; wasted no money in amusements, which so many do; and was careful in his investments. He used to say that money grows and bears fruit if you plant it right, and when he wound up his earthly affairs he left \$180,000,000 for his wife to disburse in philanthropic objects.

From the above we learn that almost any one can make a good living, and lay up something for a rainy day, if he selects a suitable vocation, sticks to it, uses economy and works systematically. But when I see persons leaving a fairly good job to find a better one, or moving from place to place, I always think of Brother Samuel and myself, picking huckleberries on Stone Mountain.

LITTLE HAPPINESSES

Kate Gannett Wells

AM I never to get rid of the tiresome sense of responsibility for other people's happiness?" exclaimed a young girl. "I do so want a vacation from being sympathetic and helping other people to have a good time."

But her older friend gave her scant comfort, save as she told her that the trouble lay in her looking out for big things to do instead of taking hold of the little happinesses, close at hand, to be won for others.

Still the girl pleaded for release from her self-imposed duty and wished she had no conscience, so she could have a good time all to herself. For as things were it was sure to be her fate that, just as she was really enjoying herself, she grew miserable because she saw some other girl who had no one talking to her or caring for her, and so she had to do something to find somebody for her.

It so happened that the brother of the girl who was bemoaning her convictions overheard her complaint and bluntly told his sister that, when girls mingled with their friends, they would soon find that, unless they lessened their efforts to convert young men into disinterested fellows, they themselves would be neglected and

some one would have to turn missionary to them,—that she ought to show more tact or the fellows would learn to avoid her as a doer of good, and the wall-flower girls would be indignant because she took them as duty;—and that a social gathering was a place where people got their deserts and that was all there was to it.

Then, put on her mettle for self-defence, the sister's better nature asserted itself as she declared, "I never thought I could do big things for others, only I get worn out. Little things seem so ordinary, but I've got used to doing that kind and I guess I'll keep on in that line."

Perhaps it is the actual truth and also the commonplaceness of this story which makes one realize that, after all, the unconscious kindness in any gathering is what makes one have a good time. It is not only girls and women who are lonely in society, for young men and boys are quite as apt to suffer from the neglect of others. Yet the girl, who is a social favorite, need not fear, lest she compromise herself through a shy fellow's fancy that she may like him particularly well just because she is decently cordial to him. He well knows that the way in which either cordiality or dig-

nity is shown makes all the difference in the excess or lack of either. Still the one quality which is lacking in our American girls is graciousness. That charm never misleads the man to overvalue any grace shown him by a girl, since he realizes that grace is hers by nature, a possession never to be given away, and that same grace will warn him, if he should be presumptuous, with the same delicacy which will cheer him when he is lonely.

It is indeed wretched to feel all the little snubs which people, young and old, can contrive to inflict upon others, but it is far more deadening for one's self not to have the capacity to feel them. To be capable of feeling and sensitiveness, but to practice self-control and to care most for real things and real folks creates a noble, tender character. To lose delicacy of perception in any way makes one blunt, unsympathetic, and self-conceited. The longer we live in the world the more do we find that happiness comes to us just in proportion to the pleasure we extract out of little things. If we wait for great occasions of joy or thankfulness, we shall long, perhaps always, wait in vain; while if we rejoice in the little deeds of sweet temper and sunny faith, we can get much delight out of almost nothing.

Akin to gatherings, in the opportunities they offer for giving little happinesses, are boarding houses, which are often lonelier for the inmates than solitude itself. Their capacity, however, for being otherwise is large as was proved by one of them, in which no one before had ever known any one. Then there chanced to go to it a woman with a great genius for friendship, who, left alone in the world, hoped to find a home in a boarding house, not realizing that if she should it would be of her own making.

At first no one spoke to her, a few bowed and so it continued for two or three days. Then because of her rich, warm, human sympathies she wished her neighbor good morning. The neighbor was surprised but wished her the same. At dinner there was a slight conversation. At supper the opposite neighbor was drawn into the talk; soon each went to her own room. By the end of two weeks, however, everybody in the large house exchanged greetings, conversation was general throughout the meals, there were lingering talks on the stairs and in the entries. At noon the men asked the women if they had any letters to post, and at night everyone left his or her evening greeting at the widow's door.

Friends invited her to stay with them. "No," she replied. "I have found a home among busy people and we need each other."

Last winter she died suddenly. "How sad," said the friends of her former life, "to die in a boarding house!" "How beautiful," said the boarders, "that she died right among us all who cared for her, for she has taught us to need one another."

It was sympathy she gave; it was friendship she received. Of social caste she knew by hearsay. Of character she knew by her patience and endurance. One thought guided her life,—that she had a personal responsibility for making brighter the odd moments of every one with whom she came in contact. She had no money to give and but little time. Sympathy, intuition, cordiality were hers in abundance; the more she gave of them the more she had, till now she has gone we say,—Was there ever another woman with such a genius for friendship! Yet her genius was simply her sense of responsibility and delight in creating for others the little happinesses of life.—*Boston Cooking-School Magazine.*

IN THE SANDHILLS OF WESTERN NEBRASKA

Arta Ethlyn Kocken

QUITE the natural thing for me to do after being graduated from high school was to apply for a country school. It was what "all the girls" did, so did not seem to be a matter of much moment.

Two weeks before time for school to

open two members of the board came to look me over to see if I would do. Being taken unawares I was somewhat abashed and in some manner let them know that I would do my hair up and lengthen my skirts. I rather enjoyed trying to be business-like in my talk about contract, wages,

nty warrants, etc. My sister had reached me on these terms. I had never seen a contract nor a warrant.

I attended the county institute and for the first time the thought came to me that it might not be so easy to teach "readin', 'rithmetic" as I had supposed. But I trusted to luck and felt sure all would come out right.

On a Sunday morning in August I started on a sixteen-mile ride to my school. My sister went with me, for I could not be expected to find the way through the hills alone. It was a beautiful morning and we got it in planning the work for the first week. The simple stories she told me to tell them about Clytie, the little sunflower, to others just as old were as new to me as they would be to the little tots to whom I was to tell them.

For miles we wound in and out among the sandhills with neither house nor tree nor even a windmill tower in sight. About when we stopped at a little weather-beaten one house and were told it was the next one on the road. But what a long time it took to go to that next house!

At last we came in sight of a forlorn sod house set on a high hill; not a tree nor did nor even a sunflower near it to make the scene a little less dismal. The nearer we came the more dreary and lonesome it seemed. The rough dirt walls were low and the flat roof was covered with a layer of mud. No grass grew about the house and a hot wind swirled up the fine sand in great heaps. This was to be my home.

As we approached, a frail little woman, early but neatly dressed, came to meet us. Three little children about of a size clung to her skirts.

The house was in the shape of an "L," one wing was given to me for my room. It had a floor; the other one did not. In it was a wooden bedstead, a rickety stove, an old chair and a set of home-made drawers in which hung the gaudily-decorated marriage certificate of the owners of the home, in which their pictures were, of course, inserted. The window was curtained with a bit of lace and a vine of a wandering Jew added its mite of cheer.

I shall never forget that first meal, the gravy made from pork grease, and the biscuits, none of your light, white biscuits, but nice, yellow soda biscuits. And the

Towards evening we started to find the schoolhouse. They said it was two miles by road. We walked on and on till we convinced we had got off the right trail.

My sleep that night was not without dreams. Once we were startled by the voice of a cat which had made its entrance through the open window and was perched on the foot of the bed, giving us a serenade.

I was occasionally compelled to turn over a corn cob in the mattress. Certain little visitors were persistent in their welcome. I was reminded of "Threescore and Ten at a Blow" in "Great Story-tellers."

In the morning we drove to school and took with us the three children. The ride seemed only too short that day. As we rounded the base of a large hill the schoolhouse came into view. It was a long, low sod building with hills on either side. A small window was cut in the end, and sitting by the door were the other three children. A path led to the door, and on the left were the remnants of a little cornfield, for this had been a dwellinghouse. The man who had lived there had died. What could they do with the house? No one would live there, but at last a happy thought struck the neighborhood—they would use it for a schoolhouse.

There were two rooms, a schoolroom and another, where the children played; I called it the gymnasium. The rough dirt walls had been smeared over with some sort of a sand mixture and then white-washed. One or both coats were broken off in places, leaving blotches of brown, white, or the bare black earth.

There were two little crooked windows. One of these we curtained with daisy chains made of bright papers. This, to me, seemed pitiful, but to the children it was a most wonderful creation. In the other we stowed the pail of water. This had been carried a mile over the hill in the open pail and was peppered with sand. Nevertheless it served to wash down that big lump that came into my throat so often the first week. The door was of rough pine and opened just far enough to allow one person to squeeze in. We propped it open with a sunflower stalk. There was a floor in the schoolroom, but about the third week one of the men of the district helped himself to that of the "gym."

The schoolroom furniture consisted of a rickety table, a broken rocking chair, two good chairs, donated temporarily, two others with broken backs, a cracker box and a soap box. The blackboard was a piece of a man's rubber coat tacked on the rough wall.

The roof was of branches covered with sod, but almost anywhere I could look up and see little white clouds floating by. Then there would come to me the consoling

thought that the same blue sky arched over the roof at home.

The second day a snake a yard and a half long entered the schoolroom and was dispatched with an umbrella. On many mornings we found the tracks of a coyote in the sand.

One day I entered the schoolroom, to find two inches of water on the floor, and rain coming from the sod roof almost as hard as it had come from the sky in the night. Our pictures and paper curtains were a sorry sight. The few books were saturated, and I would have cried had it not been for the reassuring croak of a frog.

In such surroundings I taught for two months. Our county superintendent then used her influence to have the grain removed which was stored in another little house in the district, and the last four

months of the term were spent in quarters somewhat more comfortable. A few desks were given us by the city schools, for which we were very thankful.

In spite of such difficulties the interest "my six" never waned. They were all eager to learn; they were used to hardships of all sorts; they did not mind the heat of the sun and never complained when the sand burned or prickly cactus made their little feet bleed; they would come on the coldest days, though they froze their hands and ears. One little fellow braved a two-mile walk on a day when the thermometer registered over thirty below zero.

And thus amid such difficulties and hardships the boys and girls who were to be the very warp and woof of the Great West were being trained for citizenship.—*American Journal of Education*.

A COMPLETED ROMANCE

Ada Van Sickle Baker

FRANK CHAMPTON settled back in his chair and looked at his companion. He, being the executor, had just finished reading the will, which had been left by the father of the young man sitting beside him. There had been one request that had taken them both by surprise. It referred to a piece of property in a city which they were unaware the deceased had ever visited. It seemed very strange he should have owned real estate there, and had never mentioned it to his only son and heir. Something of the surprise the young man felt was shown in his face, and the executor, studying him closely, noted it.

"Is it not all right?" he interrogated.

"Certainly; my father always did right. He could not do otherwise," answered Wilbur Haverling, almost curtly. Then in a more quiet tone he added:

"You may go now, Champton. I believe there is no more business to transact to-night."

Wilbur Haverling stood by the window till the tall form of Frank Champton disappeared around the corner. Then he threw himself into an easy chair, and tried to solve the mystery.

"Strange that father should have this property, 'Rose Retreat,' in Wisconsin and I have never even heard of it! Who is Marietta Weston, anyway? The will states

that 'Rose Retreat' shall belong to her, and her descendants forever. I never knew there was such a person. She surely is not a relative, or I would have known of her existence. I wonder if it is possible the may be some explanation in that square pasteboard box in the safe. I will see!"

The box was soon reposing on the small table before him, and its contents were slowly examined. Deeds, bills, receipts and various papers, yellow with age, were scanned, but no mention of Marietta Weston, or the property known as "Rose Retreat" was found.

At last, as he reached the bottom of the box, a bundle of old letters, tied with a bit of blue ribbon, caught his attention. Taking one from its envelope, he quickly scanned a few lines, then replaced it and tied the all with the ribbon, as they had been before. He had too much honor to read what was not intended for his eyes. He had read but a few lines, but they were sufficient to show him he was trespassing on sacred ground. Those lines written in a delicate, feminine hand, revealed a romance of bygone days. They told of the sacrifice of two loving young hearts, brought about because John Haverling, the father of the man holding the age-stained missive, had not acquired enough of this world's goods, at that time, to satisfy the selfish, worldly hearts of the girl's parents; and because one by the name

Thomas Weston seemed to be more fortunate in that respect, the girl had been strongly commanded to reject the one of her heart and marry this other.

Wilbur Haverling carefully replaced the packet, as it had been before, but another reel, wrapped in thin tissue paper, fell apart, revealing an old daguerreotype. A pair of sweet eyes looked up at him from the fair, girlish face. The mouth was full-lipped and beautifully formed, while betwixt dimples lurked in the soft curves. It was a face altogether pure and lovable, and the man sitting there realized it was no wonder it had captivated his father's art. He turned the picture over, and on the back was written the name "Marietta Collins" in the delicate handwriting of a girl.

His own mother had died when he was a mere boy, but he realized she had never been his father's ideal of womanhood. She had been very beautiful, but a cold haughtiness had marred her perfect features, while the purposeless, butterfly sort of life she had lived was antagonistic to John Haverling's high idea of life and its responsibilities. The son, who had become acquainted with this romance of the past, now knew why those sad lines had come about his mother's lips, and why the patient brown eyes wore an almost pathetic expression at times. "And he loved her all these years," he mused, "so much that he has remembered her in his will. I wonder what sort of a woman she is, that my father could love her so well; and what sort of a place is Rose Retreat? It must be charming from the name. I believe I will take a trip, for the special purpose of seeing this spot, and the woman my father never forgot."

To think, was to act, with the impetuous young fellow; and the next morning he was speeding by rail to the city that had conformed his father's best love. Upon his arrival he had little difficulty in finding the lovely spot, and a veritable bower of roses appeared to him. So he surveyed it upon his approach. Roses, roses, everywhere! Great arches encircled the quaint old walks, heavy with their burden of perfumed beauty. Thrifty bushes, covered with the flow-ers, dotted the smooth, sloping lawn. Climbing roses covered the wide, old-fashioned veranda, and it seemed one could look in no direction without encountering the perfect flowers. There were other flowering plants in abundance, too, but roses predominated over all others.

Wilbur Haverling drew a long breath of

delight, as his eyes roved over the charming scene.

"If the woman is fair as the place, I do not wonder that my father loved her so," he thought, as he ascended the steps and rang the doorbell.

From a side entrance, in the wide hall, a girl appeared, and opened the screen door. The man gazed at her in speechless amazement. He believed for a moment the original of the daguerreotype stood before him! The same full, perfect lips, captivating dimples, and sweet eyes. The contour and expression of the face were the same as those of the picture resting in his pocket. At last he found his voice:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Marietta Collins?" he questioned. The girl gave a great start of surprise, and regarded him in amazement.

"No, sir, I am Marietta Weston. Collins was my mother's maiden name."

The man blushed painfully.

"Excuse me," he said, in embarrassment, "I have made a mistake, but so many things have occurred in the last few weeks, my brain is sort of confused. My name is Wilbur Haverling. My father was a friend of your mother. May I see her, please?"

Then a sad expression overshadowed the girl's face, while the sweet lips trembled, as she could scarcely form a reply:

"My mother left for the heavenly home only a few years ago. I am an orphan, fatherless and motherless," and the girl sank to a near-by seat, while convulsive sobs shook her slender form.

The man tried to comfort her, and when she learned that he, too, had lost both parents, a bond of sympathy seemed to be established between them.

He told her of the discovery he had made of the old love letters, and the strange bequest, which had given "Rose Retreat" to the woman the old man had loved, and to her descendants forever.

"And you have come to contest that will, and claim 'Rose Retreat' for your own? I can not blame you. It should be yours by right." There was a sad note of despair in the girl's voice.

He glanced at her in amazement; but she saw nothing of the look. Her eyes were lingeringly gazing over the rose-dotted lawns, while a wistful expression was plainly visible on her face. When her eyes came back to his face, she saw the re-proof written there.

"How can you think me so small?" he asked in a grieved tone. "In the first place, it was my father's desire that this home

should go to your mother, or any child she might have; and in the second place, a man would be pretty small, especially when he is well supplied with this world's goods, to take a home away from a woman like—"

The sentence was not finished. The flood of impetuous words was arrested on his lips, before completed, but not before the girl, whose cheeks were suffused with color, understood his meaning.

"I beg your pardon! My hasty tongue is forever getting me into trouble, but I hope you will not consider me too forward if I ask if I may have the great pleasure of coming occasionally to see these magnificent roses, and enjoy their fragrance?"

The girl's eyes searched his face, and seemed satisfied with the expression of truth and manliness written there, for his wish was granted; but before many weeks had elapsed, the audacious young fellow was asked what he considered the meaning of "occasionally," for his visits grew more and more frequent; and then he smiled and asked that, instead of the word, "occasionally" he might use the word "constantly." That must have been granted, also, for finally he came to dwell at "Rose Retreat" with the woman of his heart, and in the unity of their life and love, the romance that had begun so many years before was brought to a happy and triumphant culmination.



FIRELESS COOKER.

MANY people seem to be interested in the possibilities of the fireless cooker, while not a few seem to fail to understand the place it is fitted to occupy in the kitchen laboratory.

All cooking is done by the application of heat in some form; without heat there is no cooking that we know anything about. Now, the fireless cooker is not a generator of heat. It neither generates heat, nor does it provide a place where heat can be generated. On the other hand, it is simply a utensil or contrivance to conserve heat that has been produced elsewhere. The fireless cooker, then, is a box or receptacle with tightly closed walls, which are a non-conductor of heat. And on exactly the same principle that the cooker conserves heat, it conserves cold, also. That is, neither heat nor cold passes readily from within the non-conducting walls of the cooker outside, nor from the outside within the same. The fireless cooker, then, is a well designed appliance to keep hot things hot and cold things cold.

The advantages of cooking certain ar-

ticles by the long-continued, slow process are well known to good cooks; and right here comes in the usefulness of the casserole and fireless cooker. For instance, certain dishes, as meat, puddings, custards, etc., after being thoroughly heated by the coal or gas range, may be quickly transferred to the fireless cooker and inclosed air-tight. After ten or twelve hours these dishes will be found not only to have been transformed by the long, slow process of cooking in the pent-up heat into well cooked and delicious viands, but also to be still hot. Hence the primary use of the fireless cooker is to provide a ready means for the application of the long, slow process of cooking; and, with it, this process can be carried on as well by night as by day. The individual housekeeper will soon learn how to adapt its uses to her own times and occasions and special needs.



AN ALL-AMERICAN FERTILIZER.

In the complete fertilizer which is necessary to restore to the soil all the elements that are taken from it by growing crops there are three ingredients necessary—phosphates, nitrates and potash salts. Immense deposits of phosphate rock have been found in this country and the geological survey has set apart 2,400,000 acres of phosphate lands which only await the action of congress to be developed. The survey is engaged in a thorough search for deposits of potash salts and nitrates, but so far no great success has been met with. Congress has appropriated \$20,000 for this purpose, and any person having minerals which are thought to contain these fertilizing elements can have them analyzed free by the government. These samples can be sent direct to the U. S. Geological Survey at Washington, or to the special branch office located at Fallon, Nevada, for the purpose. A statement of the locality where the deposits are found must be sent with the sample. If an all-American fertilizer can be developed, it will keep millions of dollars at home which now go to other countries.



One day, after the brakeman had been pointing out the window and explaining the scenery, says the Denver News, one of the passengers whispered to the conductor: "Conductor, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger? He seems to be a very nice fellow. It seems a pity he should be crippled."

"That's just it, ma'am. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he just wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

THINK there is no doubt but that America leads the world in the field of inventive, educational, and commercial progress; but nearly all the great inventions, discoveries and ambitions of science, etc., have been perfected and realized during the last hundred years. Just think, young readers, how the world has advanced during the last century! How crude it must have been, we think, before we had steamships, telegraph and telephone systems, or great labor-saving devices as we have now! It was, indeed, a crude and undeveloped period. But now, what a great and rapidly increasing civilization is springing from the hands of our latter day educators, inventors, investigators and scientists, and is throwing great light of understanding and development over our land!

Now, for instance, about inventors and their work: Perhaps the greatest invention of recent years is telephotography, by which pictures may be transmitted across the continent by telegraph. M. Edonard Belin, the inventor of this, has surely made possible a great stride in world development. Wireless telegraphy has been another remarkable invention. Just think how wonderful to send messages hundreds of miles without the aid of wires!—air currents alone conduct the message between the wireless instruments. A few years ago this was unknown, but now, should this great work of Guglielmo Marconi be suddenly taken from the world, it would seem like being cast back into the primitive again.

Thomas A. Edison, though, I hold as America's greatest inventor, because of his having perfected so many great inventions of inestimable value to the world. His experiments and labors have been chiefly directed in the electrical line; and the wonders he has performed with this mysterious agency are truly marvelous. He has been truly called "The wizard of electricity." Among his inventions are: his system of sending as high as six telegraph messages over the same wire at the same time (how wonderful the world thought it was when one could be sent!); the phonograph; the incandescent electric lamp; and the commercial subdivision of electric light, so that it can be generally distributed the same as gas. This latter achievement had long been considered impossible, having been voted so by the English House of Commons; but

America triumphed, and Edison was the man who accomplished it.

Here are a few great inventors, and their principal achievements. What would this world of ours be, had they not been! Robert Fulton, who first invented a practical steamboat; Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph; Peter Cooper, who built and operated the first successful locomotive in the world, and that in America; C. H. McCormick, inventor of what is now the great boon to the farmer, automatic harvesting machinery. Cyrus W. Field is another—he joined the old world and the new by means of the Atlantic cable. He spent fifteen years of his life laboring to the realization of this ambition, and success finally came to him on July 27, 1866.

These are just a few who come to my mind, but they were the **originators** in their lines. We do not use their inventions now, of course, as they were originally invented. The old inventions that the world of a hundred years ago thought perfection have been vastly improved upon by later minds. I think to those old-time men to whom the idea first came belongs the great share of the honor; but they are forgotten now, to a certain extent. While Franklin, if he were to look upon the great automatic printing presses in the work rooms of our great newspapers, would be astonished, and Fulton, gazing upon the massive hulks and wonderful construction of the "Lusitania," or the "Connecticut," perhaps, would not believe his eyes; yet those inventions would not have been introduced into the world to be improved upon, had not the original mind conceived the first crude idea of them. And so I think the old-fashioned, primitive men who made possible the descent of such great blessings to their posterity are themselves entitled to a great share of glory.

You will find that reading about the lives and works of our American inventors is a pastime both interesting and helpful. The life story of Thos. A. Edison is especially interesting,—or was to me,—and as you read it you find yourself constantly exclaiming about the massive brain and wonderful work of that immortal man,—seeming to be possessed of superhuman endurance in his constant and unceasing labors to a greater development of his race.

There is a wide field in self-education, young friends, in reading of the proper kind; and nothing ever interested me more than the reading of life histories of great men and women,—inventors, educators, and scientists who have helped our race to its present position in the world of events.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND THE HOME.*

We have discovered in these latter days that the body and the spirit are not pitted against each other in mortal combat, but are fitted to be mutually stimulating. This means that biology and religion may have a common mission in the regeneration of man; that they may be mutually helpful, and that both are needed to achieve the highest possible expression of human power.—Prof. J. M. Coulter.

If the home-makers are true to their tasks, then need there be no fear of the modern city's vitiating influences; if the home-makers are conscious of their responsibilities, then will they blend with the home life the fine advantages of the modern city, the finest that have yet been known of religious education, industry, art, music, and all kindred uplifting influences.—Rabbi David Philipson.

The teacher is not to force his religion on the student, but to help him find his own religion with the postulate that every man should have a religion of his own. Modern psychology will attempt to meet the needs of the student with the actual experiences that have taken place in the lives of men, and it will help him to see that some of his own fragments of religion are worth preserving. On the other hand, I can not believe that the psychology of religion will meet the whole need of the student.—Prof. Josiah Royce.

The years of early childhood are the time when the child in the Catholic home learns the duty of honoring God. Beside its mother's knee are learned the prayers that in after years will be a source of strength and consolation in the trials, sorrows, and temptations of life. Through these simple home lessons of the greatness, the goodness, and the love of God there is nourished in the plastic mind of the child a fear and love and confidence in him. And through these sentiments the first motives of conduct are instilled.—Rev. P. E. Blessing.

The ideal motto for the church should be: "Nothing done for the child in which the parent does not share the responsibility." The church should help the parents to meet new conditions, and should show how such subjects as prayer, the Bible, the Sab-

bath, amusements, creeds, can be wisely treated in the modern home. It should be that parents teach the children to think independently, to expect religious change, and to meet them without loss of faith. Prof. Irving F. Wood.

The hope for the future, the promise of the new day, lies in the simple fact that there is evidence that reverence for personality is entering more and more consciously and more and more powerfully into all the relations of our modern life; that our moral and spiritual life is less and less dependent on merely external authority, and gaining in inwardness, in freedom and power, in strict accord with Christ's own conception of what the spiritual life should be.—Prof. H. C. King.

The only adequate method of preventing divorce is to instill into the minds of youth the realization that marriage is one of God's ordinances; that it is the highest and holiest relation of life, and should be consummated from the highest motives.

The only way to prevent divorce is to give to youth the high ideal of marriage and that can only be done by including among the vital features of religious training.—Mrs. Frederick Schaff.

How can the small school of less than a hundred, holding sessions in a single room, derive greatest advantage from the teacher training class? First, by a class of selected pupils of the senior age, taught at the Sunday-school hour. This will answer the teaching-problem of tomorrow. Second, by the class of teachers meeting on a weekday hour, pursuing a definite course of study. This will answer the teaching-problem of today. Third, by a union class, formed from several schools. This will give the power of a united movement.—Rev. I. McElfresh.

The church should have a clear idea of the place the home has in the common work of the two institutions. A most fundamental need here is that the church learn to keep its hands off from work that belongs to the home. So far as it is possible it should study to do so. The church and its subordinate institutions have been altogether too careless in this respect. The plea that the home can not train its own children properly is superficial and mischievous, if it leads the church or Sunday-school to take over the work without a vigorous effort to get the home to do its own part.

*Excerpts from addresses delivered at the eighth general convention of the Religious Education Association.

the home needs to be taught self-respect and to help itself.—Rev. S. W. Dike.

As to sexual matters, we have no right wadays to let any boy or girl leave school satisfying the laws of attendance without some essential information on these moral themes, and a series of at least occasional talks should go on through the high school and into college. Otherwise, our youth are not forewarned and forearmed against the most insistent and insidious of temptations.

To separate religion and sex does great wrong to both, for to teach sex, at least to the young, without religion is to leave out the motivation which is most practical and effective, and to conceive Christianity without sex is to lose some of the choicest and deepest insights.—Pres. G. Stanley Hall.



CHINESE UNREST.

MISSIONARIES in China are reporting alarming unrest among the natives, serious that those located in outlying provinces have in some cases been ordered into the nearest cities for safety. The movement appears to be purely anti-foreign, based upon the principle, "China for the Chinese," and is provoked by the activity of foreign capital, rather than by religious prejudice. The United States government has shown commendable vigor in anticipating the situation, and a number of gunboats are trolling the China coast in the vicinity of the threatened districts. As an illustration of the small regard shown by strong government for a weaker comes the news that these gunboats have even penetrated inland waters, despite the fact that there have been no overt outrages and that the Chinese government is doing everything which could be expected or required.



TREATING PRISONERS AS HUMAN BEINGS.

A NOVEL plan has been put into operation by the State of Vermont in caring for the inmates of her prisons. There the unfortunates are trusted and treated like other human beings. They come and go almost as freely as the members of the jailer's own family. As far

as possible everything suggestive of punishment or disgrace is banished and the prisoners are made to feel that their imprisonment is to give them the opportunity to restore them to a healthy moral condition so that full self respect may be regained and that they may be fitted to go out in social life and do their full part as useful members of the community.

This plan of treating prisoners is made possible by State law authorizing the keepers of prisons to set their prisoners at work, either inside or outside the walls. During the last four years out of the eight hundred prisoners treated upon the new plan only two escaped and these were recaptured, brought back and given long terms in the House of Correction for betraying the trust reposed in them.

Under the system now followed in that State great savings have been effected in the care and management of the prisons, besides developing the latent instincts of manhood in the prisoners. Vermont's penitentiary has become a place of reformation and not of punishment, as our civilization demands.—*The New Era*.



THE QUESTION.

Were the world good as you—not an atom better—

Were it just as pure and true,
Just as pure and true as you;
Just as strong in faith and works;
Just as free from crafty quirks;
All extortion, all deceit;
Schemes its neighbor to defeat;
Schemes its neighbors to defraud;
Schemes some culprit to applaud—

Would this world be better?

If this whole world followed you—
followed you to the letter—

Would it be a nobler world,
All deceit and falsehood hurled
From it altogether;
Malice, selfishness, and lust
Banished from beneath the crust
Covering human hearts from view—
Tell me, if it followed you,
Would the world be better?

—Selected.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Jennie Neher.

In making scrapbooks considerable paste is required, so I will give our readers a good recipe for library paste of which I make use. Take one pint of soft water, one teaspoonful of alum, one teaspoonful of resin, three whole cloves; add the alum, resin and cloves to the water, and when it boils, thicken with three teaspoonfuls of flour that has been dissolved in cold water; let it boil two or three minutes, then put in pint glass jars, and it is ready for use. It will keep indefinitely.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry and hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times; then wash out in soapsuds.

Proper ventilation in bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

In making soups put the meat to cook in cold water.

Mildew can be easily removed by first wetting the goods; then rub on common hard soap, then salt, and lastly dust on starch; then place article where the hot sun shines on it. After it dries if any traces of mildew remain after washing the goods, give the second application.

Red ants can be exterminated by sprinkling a little powdered borax in their haunts.

Machine oil stains can be removed if before washing the spot is rubbed with a cloth wet with ammonia.

Stoves may be kept looking nice for some time by rubbing them thoroughly with a newspaper every morning.

To prevent hair from falling out, wet it thoroughly once or twice a week with a weak solution of salt water.

After taking loaves of cake out of the oven set them in their pans on a wet cloth for a few moments, when they will readily turn out of the tins.

Good rice pudding: Five quarts of milk, one cup of rice, one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins. Bake two hours.

Never place feather beds or pillows in the sun. It is a great mistake, as the sun will

act on the oil, and give the feathers a rancid smell. Air the beds on a windy day in a cool place where it is shady.

To take pain away from a cut finger, before binding it up dip the finger in turpentine. This takes away all soreness and causes the cut to close and heal rapidly. If you happen to shut the door on your finger or bruise it in any way, put it in water as hot as you can bear it. In a short time change it for hotter, and keep it in water at least fifteen minutes. If the foot is bruised treat it in the same way, only you should keep it in hot water thirty minutes, if very painful.



CURIOUS FACTS.

The average stride of an ostrich is twenty feet when it walks, but when alarmed and going at full speed it takes steps from twelve to fifteen feet in length.

The largest plants in the world, even larger than the sequoias of California, are found in the waters of the Pacific Ocean and belong to the brown seaweed family. Each mass of plant has forty or fifty fronds from thirty to fifty feet in length. The whole mass floats, and is anchored by slender, cord-like stalk attached to rocks far below. The anchor line is about three hundred feet in length and is so strong that portions of it are cured and used as fishing lines by the Aleutian islanders.

Scales for weighing diamonds are so accurate that an eyelash will turn the balance.

The mills of the United States each year export more flour than all the rest of the world produce.

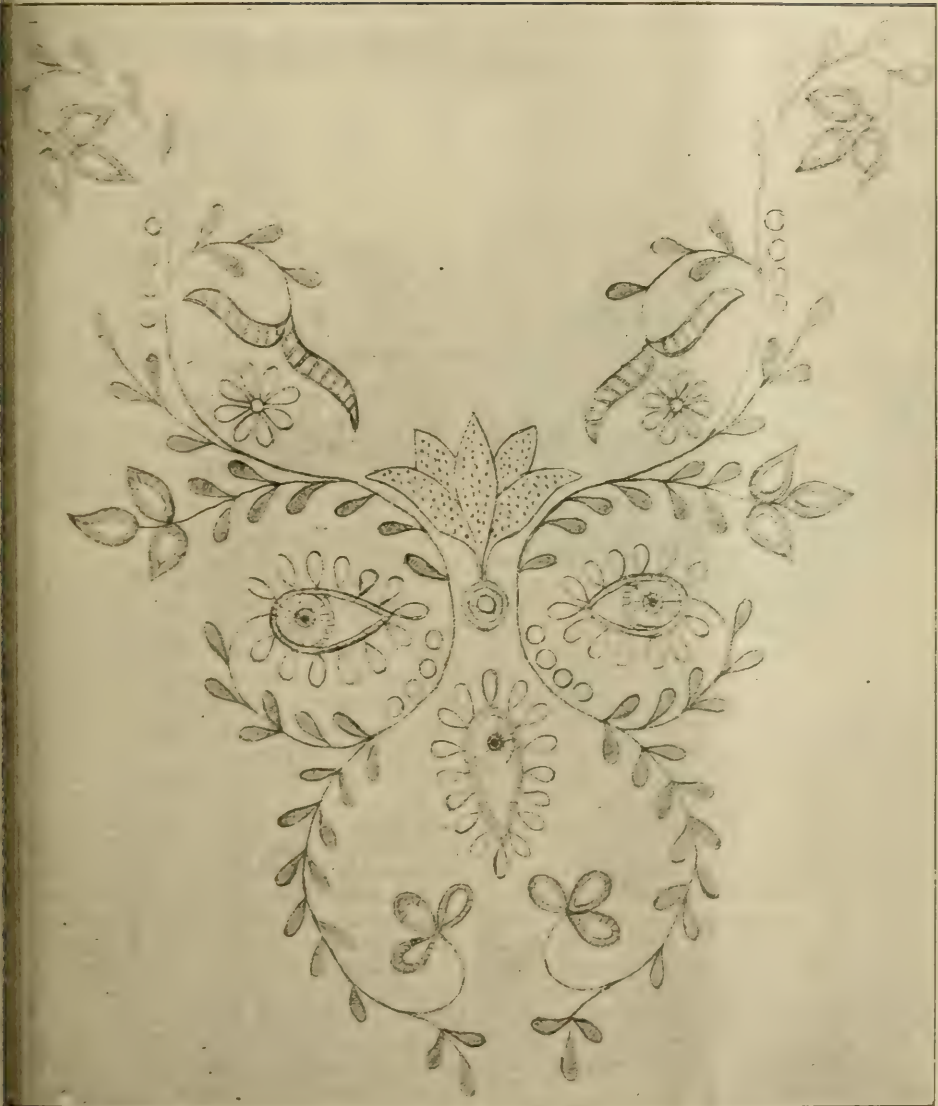
It is said that sixty thousand tons of eggs are consumed yearly in London.

Statistics show that the United States leads the world in the production of copper.

In some parts of Africa children prefer salt to sugar. A handful of salt on the gold coast will purchase two slaves.

Spiders are found in the forests of Japan whose webs are so strong that it requires a knife to cut through them.

A Swiss watchmaker has turned out a watch an eighth of an inch in thickness yet it is a splendid timekeeper.



Waist Pattern. Designed by Miss M. Andrews, Lawrenceville, Pa.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—How may old people pass the time best when their children are gone?—T. M. Calvert.

Answer.—An old author says: "Man never is, but always to be blest." The little tot, epitome of man, confined to the limits of the room, door yard, or mother's vision, longs for the freedom of the joyous, running, shouting school children. Arriving there, his enlarging vision imagines better days coming, when he shall have escaped the restrictions of teachers and parents. Having arrived at this stage, he is too much occupied to enjoy to the full, the present, so he looks to the evening for happy days.

Then arises the question now before us. Our reply to all is: Start in childhood to be happy. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God" (Matt. 6: 33). "Be content with such things as ye have" (Heb. 13: 5). "Do good unto all men" (Gal. 6: 10). Be happy now. Keep busy making other people happy. Be more concerned about securing knowledge and laying up treasures in heaven than securing wealth, honor and reputation. When your "children have gone," there are orphans that need homes, love and care. Do what you can for them. Good works, good books, good company make the days and years pass rapidly. The years of a busy, useful, happy old age seem much shorter than in childhood and youth; therefore, keep busy, useful and happy, and have no solicitude "how to pass the time best."—J. D. Haughtelin.

Answer.—Very much depends where their children have gone to, what they are doing, and what their conditions are; because true parents can not but be concerned about their absent children. If all is well with the children, then all is happiness with the parents, and vice versa.

In our question, religious "old people" must be meant; for how can irreligious old people be happy anywhere? If "a wise son maketh a glad father," then wise religious children make happy parents, even alone at home. And if the children are in the soul-saving business, away from home, the parents may be even happier than if they were at home. Parents are happiest when their children do the most and best; and, being blossoms of Jesus, they need not be overanxious about their welfare and safety, for Jesus said of such: "They shall

never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand . . . and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." All this brings happiness to the old people, without trying to be happy.

Again, when children so live, they are the subjects of their parents' daily prayers that they may prosper and be a continual occasion for thanksgiving unto God, the Giver of such children.

Besides, the lives of such children are a daily benediction upon their parents in the old home, for having produced and trained up their children to be the servants of the Lord and a daily proof of their success.

All this brings happiness to the old people at home. To complete their happiness they need to be glorious in the work of the Lord in their old home, like Anna, the prophetess, "who departed not from the temple, but served God with fasting and prayers, night and day." Delight in the law of the Lord, and meditate in it day and night; consecrate themselves and their substance to the Lord through his church, to save the world and glorify his name, and most happy shall they be.—L. W. Teeter.



Question.—What can be done by a body of Christians, such as the Church of the Brethren, to lessen the output of our divorce courts?—Virgil C. Finnell.

Answer.—1. Teach the children the real significance of marriage and of homebuilding. See that they are properly educated and trained to assume the duties of a home before they attempt it and make a failure of it.

2. Help enact more stringent marriage laws and see that they are enforced. Make it more difficult for people to get married and there will be less occasion for divorce. In case of a divorce allow neither of the parties to marry again so long as the other one is still living.

3. Let each congregation petition the law-making bodies to enact stringent marriage laws and follow up those petition until they bring results. It is not necessary to be a politician to do this but it is necessary to be a good citizen and every good Christian must be a good citizen.

So long as we are lax enough to permit men and women to get married two hours after they get acquainted no amount of divorce prevention will remedy our evil. When there is a call for a divorce it is pretty late to begin a remedy for the evil of that home. A little thoughtful prevention is worth ten pounds of cure, and the

vention must be applied before the trouble starts. The reform must come through good Christian citizens who know that it takes to make a good home.



Question.—Who was the author of the sentence, "Every act, every word, every thought of our life affects our future destiny, and thus through all eternity"?—J. D. Laughtelin.

Answer.—Thomas Carlyle.



Question.—Are the colleges of our land, including the Brethren schools, doing the right thing in persuading students to take their business courses and Bible courses before they have a proper literary training?

Answer.—All educators agree that the literary training should be taken first. The general complaint from business men to-day is that young men and young women come to their offices with nothing more than a short business course and they are not able to do the work satisfactorily. A student can take a short business course and earn some money but he will get more satisfaction out of his work and will enjoy it better if he will take the literary training first. He may take a Bible course and get some good out of it but he will get much more good out of his work and will be far better able to do good service if he will take the literary training first. Education is neither a matter of culture nor of financial economy but of utility and of life. All short cuts in preparation will mean lack of efficiency in service after taking up the actual duties of life. It is a pathetic thing for a man to come to the close of his life and find that he might have doubled his influence for good if he had taken a little more time for a more thorough preparation before he started. We must always remember that there is considerable difference between enthusiasm and trained ability. Enthusiasm does not cost much and generally dies out when things do not run smoothly. Trained ability represents a great deal of faithful preparation. It bears well in the face of difficulties and obstacles and will continue doing business long after the enthusiast has given up the struggle. It is always better to take the literary training first and follow that with a good Bible course. To be sure it requires more work and the student will have to wait a few years longer before getting on the actual battle ground, but there will be plenty of worlds to conquer even a few years later.

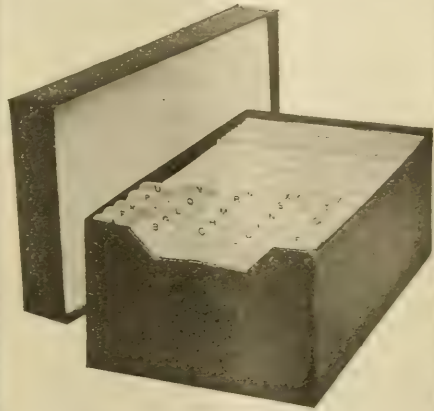
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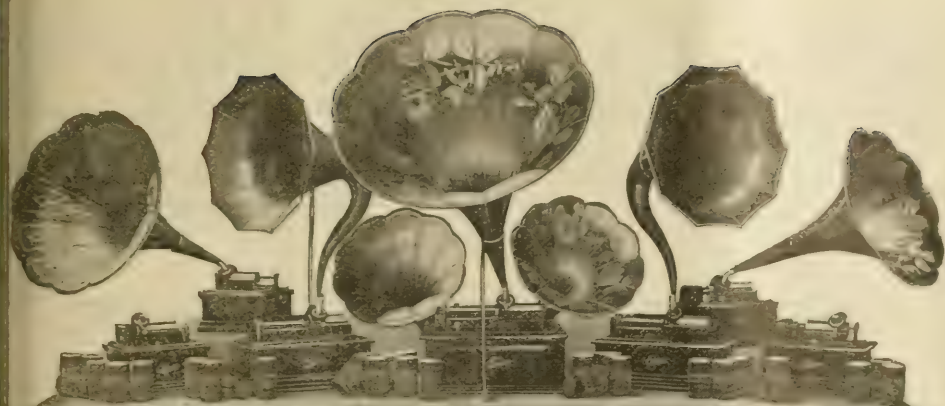
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SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardiest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

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THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

October 17,
1911.

Vol. XIII.
No. 42.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

October 17, 1911.

No. 42.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Care of Inebriates.

NO one fact, other than the hard fact of poverty itself, confronts social workers, in whatever particular field they may be engaged, so constantly as alcoholism," says Homer Folks. The social worker meets the effects of intemperance at almost every turn. The victim himself must be cared for, and if possible he should be given some sort of curative treatment, but the work does not end here. A dependent family must be looked after. Some of the children may be mentally defective as a result of heredity and destitution while the older children may be rapidly following the course of their father. Whether intemperance is a cause of dependency or whether it is simply an effect of some form of degeneracy, the judge, the probation officer and the social worker must meet alcoholism first hand. Drunkenness is no dream, it is a reality of most hideous form. We cannot disregard it, we have to meet this issue squarely the same as other issues.

All drunkards are not the same, hence the same cure or treatment will not do for every man. We may put drunkards into three classes: the accidental drinker, the occasional drinker, and the habitual drunkard. The last class could be subdivided in various ways. In the United States there are about four important ways in which we try to reform the drunkard. They are these: We preach to him, telling him of his sin"; we take the saloon away from him; we imprison him; or we send him to an institution for the care of inebriates. It is evident that no one treatment will do in all cases. It is not sufficient that we simply preach to a drinking man. Some may be cured in that way, but not all, or we would not have an intemperate man today. Taking the saloon away by popular vote is not al-

ways successful, especially where the wets and dries are about equal in force. Putting a drunk in jail simply gives him a place in which to sober up and it is valueless as a means of reform. Placing habitual drunkards in special institutions has been found to be very successful as we shall find out later. Each method is valuable and successful if applied at the proper time and place.

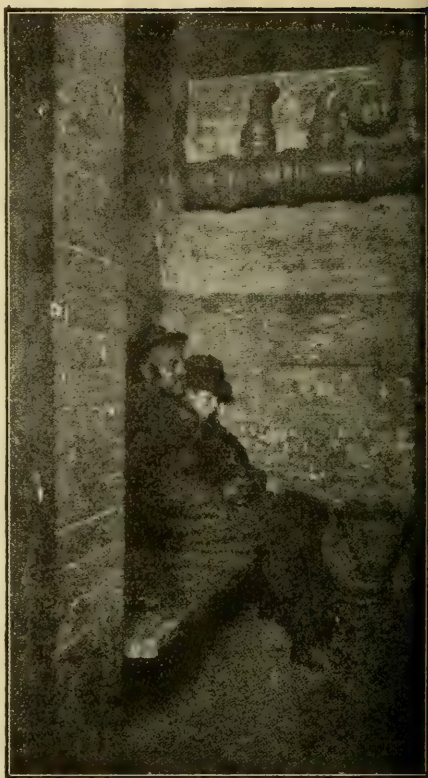
Students of the problem are coming to realize that intemperance is a kind of disease which cannot be cured in a day. The accidental and occasional drinker need no special treatment other than sympathy and direction by competent persons. It is the confirmed drunkard that should be treated as a diseased person. Several States have special institutions for these unfortunates and they are usually out in the open country where the men have a chance to do outdoor work. Farm and garden work improve the physical condition of the men and we all know the direct relation between the health of the mind and body. In the year 1904, Iowa passed a law providing for an institution for inebriates at Knoxville. As evidence that the institution has been of some value we quote from the second report: "We feel that our work here has shown conclusively that there is help for an inebriate in an institution of this character. The number received during the biennial period ending June 30, 1908, was 774. From among this number we have received a report from something over 300 who have never gone back to drink, and are living up to the requirements of the law and report each month to the clerk of the district court." Cleveland, Ohio, has had some experience in caring for persons afflicted with intoxication. The city has a farm colony of something like 1,000 acres at which inebriates and other offenders are treated.

Harris R. Cooley, who was recently director of the Department of Charities and Correction in Cleveland, believes that much can be done by the farm method towards reforming the drunkard. Three years ago the State of Minnesota decided to build a State institution for inebriates, and the matter has been under discussion in the Legislatures of Michigan, New Jersey and Connecticut. The State of Massachusetts, however, is the pioneer in the work. The State was forced to do something on account of its large urban population employed principally in mills, shops and factories. Drunkenness is always a more serious problem in the large cities than it is in the rural districts. We have before us statistics which tell us that in the year 1909 there were 90,550 arrests for drunkenness in the State of Massachusetts; and 45,124 of these arrests were in the dignified city of Boston. Naturally this does not include all because many drunkards are arrested for other crimes such as larceny and disturbance of peace. In Massachusetts, agitation for special treatment of inebriates began as long ago as the year 1868 when a committee was appointed by the Legislature to investigate the "matter of inebriation as a disease." It was not until the year 1889 that the long period of agitation bore fruits. The State decided to establish a special institution and in 1893 the Hospital for Dipsomaniacs and Inebriates was opened at Foxborough, where an effort is made to not only restore the physical health but also to strengthen the mental stability of the patient. By frequent interviews he is encouraged to keep away from drink when he is dismissed from the institution. The Foxborough institution soon became inadequate for all kinds of cases which required treatment and, a year ago, I believe it was that the Legislature appropriated \$50,000 to extend the work. Three new institutions are planned: a hospital for women, another for men and a farm colony for incurable inebriates.

For the accompanying illustrations courtesy is due the Charity Organization Society of New York City. They show the contrast between the usual method of caring for the drunk and the farm treatment.

A Swiss Penal Farm.

Mr. J. S. Gibbons, chairman of the Prison Board of Ireland, has said that every jail, every prison, should be a reformatory, also that our object should be, first, to make our jails and prisons perfect as reformatories and then to have them empty. We have just seen how it is



Murder in the Making.

possible to reform drunkards by getting them out in the open air and putting them to some useful employment. A change in the environment makes a change in the mental attitude of the man, and it is much easier for him to abstain from drink when he is busy and out of its reach. The same principle holds good in reforming criminals. When a man convicted of crime is placed in a condition where he can lead a busy life doing useful things it is much easier for him to "turn a new leaf." Whether confined in a narrow cell or when laboring in a road gang he is compelled to think of his criminal surroundings; but when working on a farm he naturally thinks of growing things and the pleasures of living. By moving the ball and chain, striped clothing and guards is no mere theory of the writer or any other person. It has been worked out in practice and it has been found to be very successful. The Witzwill Penal Farm in Switzerland is a conspicuous example of that method of conducting prisons. This small country of Switzerland could teach us many things if we would only learn. This farm contains perhaps 2,000 acres of land



The Foxborough "Cure."

mostly moorland. The land and initial buildings cost the government \$350,000 in 1895 or shortly before that, but now the value of the whole plant is estimated at \$50,000. An annual appropriation is granted the penal farm by the canton in which it is situated, but that is of no great assistance since the prison has to pay the rent for the land, which often equals or exceeds the appropriation. In the year 1899 the rental exceeded the appropriation by \$1,000. The prison management paid the difference besides expending \$7,000 for new buildings. What a difference between such a system and the ways in which our prisons are conducted in America! With us prisons are expensive but this one in Switzerland seems to be self supporting. The director of the institution, Mr. Kellerhals, is a farmer and a practical one, too. The secret of the success of the penal farm is in this statement of Mr. Kellerhals: "A superintendent should manage his institution as if it were his own farm. The buildings are for use not for show. They should be just what a good farmer would put up; the workshops and machinery should be just what a manufacturer would choose for the same purpose." He uses business methods in managing the farm and buys no saving machinery when it is profit-

able. It is not sufficient, he thinks, simply to put the prisoners to work, but he sees that their work is profitable. The buildings are planned and built by the prisoners and all the field tools such as rakes, hoes, wagons, and the furnishings are also made by them. But manufacturing is only a side issue to the main industry of farming. It is from the farm that the profits come. Every year they sell about \$20,000 worth of cattle and hogs, \$12,000 worth of milk, besides \$40,000 of agricultural products. When the weather is fit the men are all out in the fields and when it rains or is otherwise disagreeable out of doors the factories are running.

A critical time in a convict's life is when he is liberated and the management of the Witzwill farm has not overlooked this point. In the neighborhood there are homes for the unemployed whose purpose is to give the liberated man work until he can establish a foothold in society again.

If some such a system could be worked out in the managing of our penal institutions in the United States we would be ahead a large sum of money every year, and what is more it would be a great step towards reformation rather than imprisonment.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Snapshots of a President on the Road.

One or another of three views with regard to President Taft is entertained by almost everybody.

Some believe that he is a big, smiling,

good-natured "chump," who has filled his cabinet with grafters and is taking their advice.

Others believe that he is entirely honest but was brought up in an atmosphere of

wealth, surrounded by men who had secured their fortunes by exploiting labor, by buying franchises, and by securing the appointment of judges to protect their interests, and that he honestly believes the best form of government is a government of, for and by the corporations, and the only thing sacred under our civilization is property, and that judges are sacred because they are guardians of property rather than guardians of human rights, whereas the people are incapable of self-government and unsafe to decide whether a judge shall be recalled or not, because it tends to mob rule. In other words, that the citizens of this country are unreliable and irresponsible, and that power should be as far as possible removed from their control. Entertaining those views honestly, the President conceives, in the estimation of these apologists, that it is his absolute duty as President to select judges who will carry out such views, to pack the Supreme Court in the interest of the corporations, and to assist the rich to become richer in order that they may bestow charities. A benevolent feudalism is his ideal form of civilization, according to this estimate.

There is still a third class of people who regard him as utterly dishonest, as absolutely corrupt, as aiming to use his great position as President of the United States to enrich his family by granting concessions and privileges, with his brother as a go-between, to the rich and great combinations of this country; and they instance the fact that as Roosevelt's secretary of war he went to Rome and purchased of the Pope, or the Catholic Church, a vast area in the Philippine Islands for which he paid several millions of dollars, at \$18.50 an acre, and after he became President sold to the Havemeyers, or the sugar trust, 65,000 acres of the very choicest of these lands at \$6.50 an acre, his brother Charles acting as the go-between, and Wickersham, his attorney general (who before he became attorney general was attorney for the sugar trust), giving his sanction as the law officer of the government. These critics also cite the instance of Controller Bay in Alaska, where President Taft released several thousand acres from a forest reservation in order that the lands might be entered by Ryan and the Guggenheims as terminals for their coal roads, giving them a monopoly of this entrance to Alaska that should have been retained by the public. He also gave them notice in advance as to when he would open this country, and they had their men on the ground the very day that he signed the proclama-

tion in Washington, so that no one else could possibly interfere.

These three views, one or another, seem to be the views which, on the whole, are entertained by the people of this country.—The Public.



Italy, Turkey and Balkan States.

Mindful of the effect on the Balkan states and the "balance" in the near East of a naked grab in Africa, the Italian government has addressed a most remarkable note to such principalities now under Turkish rule in Europe as are possibly preparing to take advantage of the Tripoli affair and strike for independence.

The note says that aggression on the rights of Turkey in the Balkans or in Europe generally will be resolutely opposed. Italy joining other powers, if necessary, to protect Ottoman rule in that quarter of the world.

This is truly rich and delicious. The Balkan states must remain under Turkish sovereignty and must not take a step toward independence. Italy will fight them if they venture to throw off alien rule. But Tripoli, to which Italy has no legal or moral right of any sort, must be surrendered to Turkey—because—because—Italy needs the territory in her own business. She may grab, but other states—small states, of course—must not even dream of self-government and independence. She may declare war to enforce a preposterous "claim," but small states cannot even fight for nationality and freedom.

International politics will some day, we hope, be freed from cynicism and hypocrisy as well as from the elements of burglary and brigandage. But that day has not yet come. Let us establish arbitration when it is possible; let us also condemn aggression and spoliation, bullying and trickery.—Record-Herald.



Wets and Drys Agree.

The "drys" say there is more liquor sold in "wet" territory, and that there is the most crime, poverty and irreligion. The "wets" say that there is more liquor sold in "dry" territory, and that it is there that there is the most crime, poverty and irreligion.

So we see that the "wets" and "drys" disagree as to where the most liquor is sold, but that they agree that wherever it is, it is the place where there is the most crime, poverty and irreligion.—Catholic Abstaine

EDITORIALS

Driftwood.

The average man who starts out to make a career for himself is conscientious, honest and reliable. As he goes along, however, he is likely to allow himself to become like his competitors. He becomes lax in his honesty and somewhat indifferent about his standard of right. He becomes willing to compromise for the sake of the immediate gain that he may better cope with those who have laid up more means, although he has no intention of ever betraying any trust that is confided in him. It is only a matter of immediate convenience that induces him to lay aside his strict integrity. If he goes on in his career he may after awhile become a man of considerable renown and because he has never shown any outward signs of unfaithfulness his fellows will trust him with high positions of honor and influence. Then as he gets older the test will come as to whether he is genuine or whether he is driftwood. If he has compromised his standards of right for the sake of gain in youth there will come a time in his old age when that same trait will crop out and will get him into an embarrassing position. It is hard to say what our Secretary of Agriculture had in mind when he sold himself to the brewers, but it is quite evident by the voice of the public that six months ago people had a higher respect and regard for his sense of right than they have today. He has held a high position of trust but that gives him no license to betray that trust to the liquor men when he gets old. We cannot say that he thinks about it now, but we do know what the people think about it, and after all, the people generally are the power that be.



Untruthful Men.

Success in life depends very much upon the character of the men and women whom we select as partners, associates and friends. Place little reliance upon an untruthful man, no matter how brilliant he may be. If he will tell a lie for you he is just as likely some time to tell one against you and you never know when he is going to turn against you. It is never safe to identify one's self with anyone who talks too much. A talking machine is not the most reliable piece of furniture to have around. Pleasant manners will always have a permanent value but the man who makes more promise than he can keep, who consumes hours

explaining why his plans and schemes failed to operate, or who grows tearful and pathetic while talking about religion, or who grows eloquent and wrathful about political questions will add little strength to your character and will sooner or later prove a source of annoyance and irritation. It never pays to form partnerships with men of known immoralities. Sin is expensive and a sensual partner may find it necessary to encroach on your income in order to provide the luxuries of dissipation for his leisure moments. Look for the friend who will bring you strength and not weakness. Search for the man who is clear-brained and level-headed and who has in his mental make-up a fair allowance of good, ordinary sense, which is generally known as "good horse sense." Never count much on a brilliant friend. Steady qualities always wear best. Next in importance to the selection of a wife comes the selection of reliable friends. Identify yourself with the man who has won the respect and confidence of those who know him. Select your intimate friends carefully and then be loyal to them.



A Return to Simplicity.

The time has fully come for our generation to return to simplicity. We must learn that the highest forms of happiness are inexpensive and free to all who really seek peace and tranquillity. All the ills of our generation can be traced to the immoderation and excess of our people. Men love things more than thoughts, and have turned the world into a huge stable, warehouse, storehouse and a barn instead of a temple of the spirit. Today many people work hard six days of the week and on Saturday evening they rush about the town that they may give their money into the hands of some subtle financier, who for gold gives them a piece of paper and nothing more, or to some one who for their gold gives them a glittering counterfeit of pleasure which tomorrow wilts away and leaves them empty-handed. The cure of excess in gaudy equipage is in the return to simplicity. Men are really beginning to believe in the splendid pleasures of the middle ground. The farmer dreads a deluge as much as a drought, for both are fatal to his corn and wheat. The wise youth and man will draw back from the excessive rain of luxury as from the excessive drought of poverty, knowing that both injure the fruits of the garden of the soul. God has so built life that the enduring pleasures are

within easy reach of all his children. The pleasures of health, of exercise in the forest and in the field, or walking under the mid-night sky, of watching the clouds drifting homeward at the close of the day, the simple love of books, the winning of friends, and the cherishing of high ideals are all found in the path of simplicity and peace. It is excess that ruins life. It is simplicity that crowns each career. Great architects avoid ornaments. The Doric column has very simple lines and is beautiful forever. The Ionic capital has few leaves. The greatest passages of literature are the simplest. The sweetest songs are the home melodies with gentle chords. Spring water is inexpensive but is earth's sweetest drink. The bride that is artistic wears only one color, white, and one little spray of blossom on her breast. The greatest oration of our century, Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, holds few words of more than one syllable, and is the simplest speech in the history of eloquence. The one universal prayer, the Lord's prayer, can be understood by a little child, being great in its simplicity. The joy of simplicity is open for all. Our happiest moments, day by day, are those when we are conscious that we have grown in manhood or womanhood through the companionship of good books and conversation with wise friends. Nothing exhilarates like a golden hour of personal growth. What a glow pervades the mind when one approaches the last lines of a good poem. It is a gentle pleasure like that experienced when we listen to splendid music, or look at a rich sunset, or behold a mountainside golden with autumnal splendor. The keenest delight that ever ravished the soul of man is the delight of serving the poor and weak. After one has had food and raiment, life's feast begins when we help and serve and do good work.



Do It Now, and Do It Hard.

It is wonderful how much time some men can consume in telling how much they have to do and what a load they are carrying. Generally their heaviest loads are the imaginary ones. The man who is really worth while is the one who does a thing, drops it and shuts up about it. Henry Ward Beecher said he lived to a vigorous old age by doing his work only once. "Most people," he said, "do it three times: once in anticipation, once in realization and once in retrospection." When a thing is done, leave it and let the idlers stand around and talk about it. The man of strength and ability is known for his directness; while others

are circling around the difficulty he strikes for the center. He discovers the main point, strikes for it and scatters the force while the others are speculating about the difficulty. Strike while the iron is hot. If it is not hot, make it hot by striking. Find out what there is to be done. Get there. Get to work. Get away. Get at something else. Never mind what people will say or think about it. Be sure you are doing the right thing and then others may think what they will. Push things. Worry kills. Worry seldom hurts any man if he works at his work. More men worry themselves to death about imaginary trifles than are ever hurt by hard work. It takes a good deal more nerve force to patch up an excuse than it does to perform a hard task. Benjamin Franklin said, "The man who can make a good excuse is seldom good at making anything else." Sheridan said to Grant, "If things are pushed Lee will surrender." Grant replied, "Push things." Snap, vim and enthusiasm will take a man to the front, and if he puts joy into his work and works for work's sake instead of for his salary he will find some pleasure in life.



Improvements.

A letter came to our desk a few days ago complimenting the improvements made in the **Inglenook** during the last month. The new cover gives the magazine a more attractive appearance than it had before. We have changed the line-spacing so that the pages can be read without tiring the eyes and the type will look less crowded. We have shorter articles for our readers and hence more of them. We are using our utmost care in the acceptance of manuscripts and in the selection of illustrations so that only such material will be given our readers as will be of profit and help to them. We realize that there are still many places for improvement both outside and inside and we shall make them as rapidly as we possibly can. Our motto is "A better and a larger **Inglenook**." Additions and improvements will be made as rapidly as they can be afforded. We have now had the question and answer department for about a month. Would you like to have us discontinue that or shall we make it a permanent department for the **Inglenook**? If you are interested in that department and have any questions for that page, kindly send them to us. We still have a number of good questions to be answered which we have not answered if our readers want the department continued.

THE ART OF LIVING AMONG MEN

A. Cline Flora

OF all the arts, probably there is none that needs a more practical working basis than that of living with men. There are no applied sciences that need such thorough plans; none that need greater unanimity of effort; and none that need more universal attention. There is no other thing that is so taxing, requiring so much education, so much wisdom, so much patience, so much of the humanitarian spirit, as the art of living among men.

When we go in search of men who have labored on this subject, we find it a conspicuous fact that men of past and present ages have remained silent on the subject. For some reason, no philosopher has ever attempted a treatise, teaching the youth how to manage his faculties so as to avoid juring his fellow-men and at the same time secure peace, happiness and success. In fact it may be because the subject is too complex, too broad for any formal treatment. In this point Dr. Hillis says concerning the art of living with men: "It concerns the right carriage of the whole man, the handling of the body, and the maintenance of perfect health; the control of the temperment, with its special talent, or weakness; the use of reason, its development and culture; the control of judgment, with the corrections of its aberrations; it involves such a mastery of the emotions as men have over winds and rivers; it concerns confidence and conversation, friendship and commerce, and all the elements affectional and social, civic and moral."

A man, whether he be small or great, coward or hero, wise or unwise, stands on the centre of many circles and his life is exerting its influence in all directions. Close about him is the home circle; his immediate vicinity describes a larger circle; his business career describes a larger circle still; while beyond all these there is a silent circle of influence that has no limitations. It affects the sea of humanity as a stone that is cast into the water, which makes a circular wave that becomes larger and theoretically never ceases. There is no creature so taxed as man, having a thousand dangers to avoid and at the same time many thousand duties to perform. He who

would advance an adequate plan of life must propose a method by which a man can perform all these functions amidst all the conditions of poverty or riches, storm or calm, among friends or enemies.

To be able to see the underlying motives; to obtain skill in kindly rebuking the worst traits; to be able to call for the best acts; to be able to allay the violent passions and maintain peace when everything goes wrong; to meet the storming madness of men with calmness, will call for the best cultivated arts of living.

The sphere of the plant life is narrow, for it needs to propagate none but its own species; the path of the brute creation is narrow, for he can only walk, crawl, fly, or do as nature has provided for him. But man meets conflicts in his journey and the roads for travel are many. He has the problems of life to solve, and so many other duties to perform that he often becomes embarrassed and bewildered in seeking for a right method of procedure. Still these problems should not be surprising, for as things increase in size and complexity the difficulty of handling them increases. As man advances above the brute so must the complexity of his problems advance.

Living peaceably among men is hardly possible in this age of strife and warfare. Ambition and the diversified commercial interests are barriers to smooth living. There is only one attitude for the man of truth to take in this age of deviltry. He cannot mitigate the evil passions of mankind by compromise; he cannot allay the armies of drunkenness and iniquity by embassies, hence the only stand he can take is that of uncompromising hostility. He must decry the evil but he must also lend sympathy and aid to rescue the evil doer. Think of Luther as he stood in the midst of a throng of his enemies at Worms, demanding in unutterable tones the rights due the Christian world. His was an example of uncompromising hostility to the evil and a staunch stand for the right, which melted the hearts of friends and opponents.

Another principle of this art is the touch of personality through an attitude of kindness and helpfulness. Men languish in the

midst of a great sea of humanity for the want of a personal friend. Rev. Bates, a man who is spending his time to better the condition of the unfortunate in New York City, says that "the unfortunate class of men and women need nothing so much as the touch of a personal friend." Men are drifting into recklessness, falling into dens of vice, becoming more immoral day by day who by the aid of a friend could be led into ways of moral activity and become a valuable asset to their communities and to the nation.

In France, when her system of criminal law sent men to the galleys for small crimes, when a man was so unfortunate as to come under the influence of her penal institutions, he became less refined and more degenerate, because men were suspicious of the yellow passport which branded the wearer as being of the most infamous type. Then it was that Jean Valjean perchance darkened the door of the good old Bishop, Bienvenu. He was cold, hungry, friendless, vile, heartless, a vagrant, a galley slave, and one who had no sense of refinement or human sympathy; one who had not shed a tear for nineteen years. The good old bishop took him in and gave him food to eat,

fire to warm by and a bed in which he might rest. But the heartless Jean Valjea was not seeking sympathy; he was not looking for kindness in the form of a resting place; he was desirous of replenishing his knapsack with valuables; hence while lying on his soft couch he thought of the old bishop's silverware which he had seen on the table that evening and through force of habit skipped out with his treasure hidden in his bundle.

The gendarmes were suspicious on seeing a strange person prowling around in the alleys so late at night and arrested him and sought an explanation as to so much silverware in his possession. According to his story, that the treasure had been given him by a good old bishop of that town, he was taken to the home of Bishop Bienvenu. The good old bishop dismissed the gendarmes and turned to the thief, saying in a low voice, "My friend, you are now free from the officers and the silver is yours, but please promise me that you will use the silver to become an honest man." He became a new man and a social benefactor to all who came in contact with him. The French bishop, as described by Hugo, knew the art of dealing with men.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOLING OF THE FARMER

Frank G. Carpenter

THREE years ago I was a bankrupt. I had borrowed all the money I could on my farm and my credit was so bad at the stores that they would not trust me. I could not pay my interest, and I had decided to give up the farm for the debt and go back to renting. Then one of Uncle Sam's demonstrators got me to plant corn and cotton, and to work it after the plans of the agricultural department. I thought him a fool, but I was desperate and I followed his rules. The result has been that the merchants are now chasing me for my custom. I have paid off my mortgages and I have money in the bank."

The man who spoke thus lives in Alabama.

"I had always laughed at book farmers." It is a Georgia man who is speaking. "I was bred and bawn like Brer Rabbit, in a briar patch. I was brought up in the cot-

ton fields and cornfields, and I thought I knew all about my land and what it would raise. I didn't want no white-shirted man from Washington coming round to tell me how to manage my farm. I was raising from 100 to 200 pounds of cotton to the acre, and when my crop of corn was over fifteen bushels I thought I did well.

Mary Enters the Game.

"Then one of these demonstrators of the agricultural department came along and asked me to set out an acre and cultivate it his way. He told me I could double my crop, and that I might raise forty, fifty, sixty, and even eighty bushels of corn on the same ground where I had been raising twelve or fifteen. I laughed at him and told him he did not know what he was talking about. 'This land,' said I, 'is just naturally poor, and it won't raise corn anyhow. It ain't going to waste my time for nothing

"Well, at that, Mary came out. Mary's my wife, and a mighty good wife she is, oo. She leaned beside me over the fence; we talked to the agricultural man who was out in the road. Mary begged me to try it, and the man begged. He was a powerful nice man, and so to oblige the two I said I would do it.

"I put out that corn. He made me take my old mule team and the heaviest plow and throw up the ground to a depth of ten inches. Then he made me harrow it. I never heard of harrowing for corn. We did this in the fall, and the next spring we plowed deep and harrowed and harrowed again. I got the best seed I could find and cultivated the corn as he said.

"At the same time I concluded there might be something in it, and that if one acre was good, forty acres was better. So I took a field of forty acres away off behind some woods on another part of my farm and cultivated it just the same way. My acre near the road, which the man watched and told me just how to handle, grew so that everybody stopped to look at it, and to make a long story short, we husked sixty bushels of shelled corn from that acre. When the corn was ripe the agricultural agent asked me whether I thought he had made good. I replied that he had, but that I had other corn on the place that was worth looking at.

"I then took him through the woods to my other forty acres, which was just as fine as that on the road. You'd ought to see him look. Well, I got 2,000 bushels of that forty acres, and I now do all my farming that way."

One Negro Writes Letter.

My next human document comes from a colored man. He writes from Mississippi the head of the farmers' cooperative demonstration work in the South. After years of poverty and despair he has started raising cotton under government supervision. The spelling of the letter is as it is written. The penmanship I cannot reproduce:

"A. D. 7, 16, '10.

Sir:

"I rite you a few lines in the gards of farming agricultur. I do sey that your advice has Ben Folard, and your direcksion ve Ben o Baid, an I find that I am successful in Life. Say, Mr. Knapp, I do know that there is gooder men as you an as fair as you. But o that keen eye ov yourse that watches ever crook in farming, that can tell ever men whichever way to Gro to

be successful in Life. On last year I folerd your advicee, an allso on yer Beefor last. On 1908 i made 14 Bails of cotton, and in 1909 17 bails. I startid with one mule an now I own 3 head ov the great worthies. Thanks to you for your advice a Long that Line, and Great success in your accapation to you.

"Sey Mr. Knapp I am a cullered man. Live near Graysport, Mississippi. Corn a plenty, also make a plenty of Sweet Potatoes. But I read your advice aAbout them. Will close. Yourse.

(Signed)

"Wm. Washington."

The above bits of evidence are mere straws to show how the wind blows. Uncle Sam has a mighty stack of them in his department of agriculture and his mail is loaded with similar letters each day. He is teaching the South how to raise cotton and corn and is creating a revolution which has already added hundreds of millions to our national wealth. He has now something like 90,000 men and almost an equal number of boys who are raising corn under government direction, and the result is the creation of a new industrial empire.

More Corn Raised.

The corn crop of the South during 1910 was one-third of that of the whole country. It was nearly 1,000,000,000 bushels, and at the low price of 50 cents a bushel it was worth \$500,000,000. It exceeded by many millions the output of the gold mines of all the world for that year, and not counting the value of the fodder was more than half the value of the cotton, including both lint and seed. The increase of the corn crop of nine Southern States over that of 1909 was more than 158,000,000 bushels, or a value of nearly \$80,000,000, and this increase is 45 per cent of the total increase in corn for the whole United States during that year. These States were Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas. The total crop, as I have said, was almost 1,000,000,000 bushels.

One billion bushels! As a whole the figures stagger the mind, but load the corn upon two-horse wagons at a ton to the load and let each team take a space of forty feet on the roadway and the train of teams would reach almost eight times around the globe at the equator, the first wagon being nearly 200,000 miles distant by the time the last wagon was loaded.

Does it not look as though corn might become king of the South?

Experiments Are Public.

But the work is just at its beginning. It was originated and organized by the late Dr. Knapp only about five years ago. But there are already 200,000 farms scattered over the Southern States on which experiments are being made by boys and men as to the new ways of corn culture, and each of these is a school for the community where it lies.

The government has 550 traveling agents, who supervise the work, and each of these has a large number of demonstrators or teachers who visit the farmers every week or so and instruct them just how to go about raising the crop. Where possible they have these experimental plantations set out close to the roads so that the people can see the results as they go by on the way to or from town. They have organized farm clubs in several thousand communities and have caused the institution of hundreds of county fairs in the interest of improved agriculture.

Not only the government but the States, counties, and towns are interested in this movement and are giving to it large sums of money. The appropriation of Congress last year was \$250,000, but to this \$113,000 was added from the Rockefeller fund, and many thousands were given by the business organizations and the bankers, merchants and wealthy men of the various communities.

Talk with Farmers.

I wish I could give you some idea of the results that have already been accomplished. I have spent the week at the agricultural department talking with the agents of the farmers' coöperative demonstration work who have just come in from the fields and who are handling this enormous mass of correspondence. I have also talked with Mr. Knapp, who, like his father, the late Dr. S. A. Knapp, has special charge of this work.

They tell stories of hundreds of farmers who within the last three or four years, through proper farming, have climbed over the hill of difficulty into easy street, and of a large number who are making big sums of money. One man, for instance, a Mr. T. O. Sandy, bought a tract of land about three years ago south of Richmond in Nottaway County, Va.

He paid \$4 an acre for it and began to raise hay after the rules laid down by the department. At the end of two years he was getting five tons of hay per acre from that \$4 land and was selling the hay at

\$25 a ton. In other words, his gross income from land that cost him \$4 per acre was \$125 per acre. That man is still farming.

One of Uncle Sam's clerks has bought 1,200 acres within twenty-five miles of the national capital and he is putting it out to corn after government methods.

The land cost him \$10 per acre, and it is close to the railroad, within easy access of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. The scientists of the department tell me that the land needs only cultivation and the right crops to make it produce as much corn as the best soil in Illinois, Kansas or Iowa. It is within a half hour's ride by rail of Washington city, and it was bought at a much lower price than that of the second class lands of Texas and other States beyond the Mississippi.

Another farmer was induced to cultivate five-eighths of an acre of cotton after government methods. His plantation was then producing something like 200 pounds of lint to the acre. He began his experiment in 1908, at which time he could not afford to send his children to school.

Boys Are Big Factor.

One of the most important features of this revolution is the work being done by the boys. At the present writing the government has on its rolls 80,000 Southern boys, each of whom is now cultivating an acre of corn under government direction. These boys are in seven or eight hundred different counties, covering all the States of the South.

They belong to corn clubs which have been organized in various localities and are working for prizes offered by the bankers, merchants, board of trade, county clubs and public spirited individuals of their neighborhoods. They are also working for a prize given to the best boy corn raiser in their respective States, consisting of a diploma from the department of agriculture and a free trip to Washington, where they may spend a week, and see the President and Congress and the interesting features of our national capital.

The prizes given to such boys by the localities last year amounted to \$40,000 and more. They will probably be twice that this year. They consist of cash, farm implements, ponies, pigs, bicycles, watches, guns, books and everything which will tend to gladden a boy's heart and make him work.—Tribune.

WHEN SHE BURIES HER TALENTS

Alice M. Ashton

“HERE,” said the city superintendent, dropping his last handful of rice upon the station platform, “there goes my very best teacher! If that fellow needed a wife, why couldn’t he have been satisfied with some of the poor, misguided creatures who are longing their hearts out to be rid of the schoolroom? It is a sheer waste of genius for that girl to bury herself in the sort of home he can give her, while lots of the girls who can not teach long division properly, would make lovely house-mothers!”

“Do you think only stupid young women would marry?” demanded the pretty girl beside him, with a smile of challenge.

We all laughed, for she and the city superintendent made no secret of the understanding between them.

“My dear,” he replied, looking at her indulgently, “some of the brightest ones would marry, of course, only—they should be careful whom they marry!”

“So I suppose,” she said demurely, “they think!”

As we laughingly separated, one of the young girls with whom I had previously been associated in school, attached herself to me.

“Do you think as they do, Mrs. Ashton, about a girl’s marrying?” were her first words when we found ourselves alone. Everyone talks as if a girl’s career was ended with the beginning of matrimony—as if she is ever after only a sort of reflector for her husband’s glory! Why, I always tried to suppose,” she added with sweet seriousness, “that it was our natural destiny when we found the man, of course. Yet every time one of the girls is married there is this same expression of regret over her wasted opportunities; and what troubles me is that the mothers and wives usually have the most to say!”

“Is there something the trouble?” I asked her, perplexed. She is generally one of the lightest hearted of creatures.

“Yes, there is, you dear woman, and I want you to help me!”

My heart fluttered uncomfortably in an attempt to swell with gratitude at this confidence of one of my girls, while it sank with a realization of my responsibility. It is not an easy thing to give good advice to these young, untried lives.

“It is about my going away to school. I have made a good record so far, and I want to go to college, but father considers this foolish unless I intend to teach. He says I will want to get married by the time I am through, and that then it is all wasted. He agrees to send me, if I will promise not to marry before I am thirty. I do not wish to make any such promise. And I do not see how it can make any difference with my desiring an education.”

“Is there—some one?” I asked, very softly.

“Yes, there is,” she answered again very bravely. “We are young, and we do not mean to do anything imprudent, but—neither do we wish to wait until I am thirty. What do you think? Would you wait?”

I thought of my own late marriage—I was nearly thirty, and my husband thirty-five—deferred from time to time for various reasons. I thought of our new life together with its added burdens and its wonderfully added happiness which my husband often tells me we began ten years too late; and I looked at my girl tenderly.

What could I tell her? I do not believe in advising a child against its parents’ wishes except in extreme cases. Our faulty human understanding sees such a short way ahead, at best.

“If you were my daughter,” I said at last, carefully, “I should send you to college if I could afford it, since you desire it, irrespective of what you intended doing afterward. But I should not insist upon such a promise.”

“And you do not think matrimony is an institution which draws in the bright, talented girls, and turns out stupid, characterless women?” she added, growing delightfully sharp.

“No,” I answered, “I think capable girls will make capable wives and mothers. I can not feel, as many people seem to, that a girl is throwing away her ability and accomplishments when she marries.”

My girl did not go to college, but is endeavoring, by reading and studying in her own home, to fit herself for the life she has mapped out, not deeming her time wasted though she is preparing herself for the supposedly humble position of homemaker.

Does a girl bury her talents when she mar-

ries? In most instances her professional salary stops—when she begins her home-making, for the woman is rare who can successfully make a home and carry on professional work at the same time, and barring exceptional cases, the home should come first. Her talent ceases to be a money-earning possession, and consequently falls into practical disuse.

Is she now any better fitted to meet her new responsibilities than as if she had never possessed and trained her particular ability? Is the labor and expense of years now a thing of the past, except as it may prove a source of discontent in the new life? Must we advise our sons to marry stupid young women if they desire future domestic happiness?

Many years in the schoolroom have shown me much of the inner lives of the children and their mothers. Listen at any time to their playground conversation, and you hear repeatedly, "Mother says—," "Mother thinks—," "Mother does—." It is this mother influence that makes the teacher's lot a hard or a pleasant one. With the tiny tots, if teacher chances to think or do differently from mother, elaborate explanations are usually necessary to clear the infant mind of doubt. Later in their school life, the teacher feels the "mother influence" in every attitude of her pupils. If the mothers are ignorant or dissatisfied, the school atmosphere is surcharged with the same feeling. Only when the teacher's nature is the stronger of the two can this influence be counterbalanced. I always felt that when I had become personally acquainted with my pupils' mothers, I had won half the battle of school discipline.

Among those mothers were all sorts and conditions of femininity, many of whom had, at their marriage, "buried" talents of no mean degree; and, oh, the help those buried talents have proven—they must surely have been buried alive!

The bright, alert children of a successful teacher have often proved an incentive for a whole grade. There are exceptions to all rules, particularly when pertaining to human nature, and not all good teachers have bright children; but in many instances the mother who has once been a successful teacher knows how to give her little ones the training and help that tends to an unusual mental growth. Such mothers make homes in which books and magazines abound; where the husband and children are interested in the best that literature can give, where child-nature is a matter of study rather than conjecture. Their children

come to school with excellent information along the line of the lessons that is a great help to pupils and teacher. Never in my experience has a mother, who was a one time good teacher, failed to be of the utmost help in my school work.

"What a pity Martha never touches her piano!" people exclaim. Yes, it is a pity but while duties may crowd it out for a time, this busy young wife's talent is by no means lost. If any one could see the cosy home evenings she and her husband have together after the babies are safely in bed, no one could doubt that this simple music means more to her now than the one-time applause of admiring friends. A home in which there is really good music is a place where people enjoy going, and children brought up in such a home have a particular charm. How often this musical mother gathers her own and her neighbors' children about her at the piano, to train the sweet, tender little voices. What a help such a training is in the social life of the community, and what affection and admiration are tendered to this busy mother who considers her fingers very stiff and out of practice—appreciation that is genuine, as more critical applause now always is!

Should a society girl marry a poor man? That, of course, depends upon the girl—and the man! Many such girls have made, from very humble material, a home that a king might envy. How the little delicate ways, the refinement of manner, the tact, beautify the simple surroundings! How this is all reflected in the children of such a home, and how anxious other mothers are for their little ones to associate with such children, because of the grace they unconsciously assimilate.

Many young men shun the business girl as a possible wife. Is a good business girl necessarily unwomanly? Assuredly not, though many people hold to such a view. It is not the avocation; it is the girl herself, which counts in this matter. A well-balanced business girl will make the wife who sees the practical side of things, who can keep her own accounts, and who appreciates the fact that money is often a very elusive commodity. It seems absurd to think that a good woman must necessarily be a stupid one. And what a start in the world this practical mother often gives her little ones!

Anyone who feels that a girl is throwing away her abilities when she enters matrimony, should study the homes and children of their community—those homes and children which are the mainstay of our moral, mental and social existence. In every home

and in every child can be seen the unmistakable impression of the wife and mother.

The laying aside of a salary seems an important thing to many people but it is in reality a trivial matter when compared to many of the most sacred experiences of life.

To the thoughtless and unseeing, this no longer concentrated ability seems lost

among the other ingredients that make up the home; they fail to recognize it in the myriad of the rainbow lights that lift the whole from the common, sordid ways of life. For these "buried" talents are, verily, the "salt of the earth."—September Issue of American Motherhood.

THE OLDEST RAILROAD IN THE UNITED STATES

J. C. Chason

IT is no doubt a surprise to a great many people to know that the State of Florida has the second oldest railroad in the United States. During the year 1841, Hon. Wm. Call, who was afterwards governor of the State of Florida, realized the urgent need of some means by which the vast amount of cotton that was being raised each year in that territory, could be transported to the various markets, and believed that the best interests of all concerned would be served by building a road from Tallahassee, Florida, to St. Marks, Florida, a distance of twenty-one miles, so that there might be a direct line from Tallahassee, the centre of the cotton producing belt, to St. Marks, where the same could be loaded on the vessels, and shipped direct to New York, Liverpool, and other cotton markets. Accordingly, Colonel Call, together with two other gentlemen whom he had interested in the building of the said road, made application and secured the charter for the road, to be known as the "Tallahassee, St. Marks & Gulf Railway Co.," and they immediately began the construction of the road; however, they experienced much trouble in securing labor and material sufficient to build same, but by the most heroic efforts they finally succeeded in completing the road during the latter part of the same year.

This road proved a success financially from the day it was completed. There being no other means of shipping the vast amount of cotton that was raised annually in the territory traversed by the road, it is estimated that there were more than five thousand bales of cotton shipped each year over this road to St. Marks, making it one of the largest shipping points for cotton in the South.

At St. Marks, this cotton was loaded on the large seagoing vessels and transported

to the various markets throughout the world.

During the Civil War, the confederate soldiers were camped at St. Marks, for the purpose of protecting the vast amount of cotton that was being shipped from there; however, on one occasion, after several large vessels in the service of the confederate government had loaded with cotton, and were making to sea, they were overtaken by several men-of-war, in the service of the federal government, and rather than allow the enemy to get this cotton, they sunk their own vessels, containing several hundred thousand bales of cotton, in the channel leading from St. Marks, to the sea. There being considerable more cotton stored at St. Marks, and anticipating that the federal vessels would land there and take this cotton, the confederate soldiers rigged up a few old schooners, and hauled large rock and filled the channel leading from the sea to the harbor at St. Marks, thus cutting off the passage of any boat whatever.

The old days when this road was making large dividends for its owners, by charging high freight rates, for hauling the farmers' cotton, and the merchants' wares, have passed into history. With the progress of later times many roads have traversed this section, and the people of Tallahassee, and other towns that have sprung up with the advance of the times, now have direct lines to all the principal markets of the country. Yet this road has never failed to be a paying investment. St. Marks, situated on a bay of the same name, that abounds with all the varieties of salt water fish, has furnished to the inland markets more fish than any other point on the Gulf of Mexico. In addition to the vast amount of fish that are shipped from this place, several car loads

of oysters are shipped every season to the various markets throughout the country, all of which are handled by this road. With the exception of the fish and oysters handled by this road, there is but little freight hauled; nevertheless, there has never been a time when it failed to operate its trains, and its earnings have been the equal of any road of its length in the South.

This road traverses one of the finest sec-

tions of timber in the South; the pine and hard wood along the line of the road are sufficient to keep it in operation for many years, to say nothing of its other sources of supply, afforded by the bay, which are inexhaustible. The promoters of this road have long since passed into the great beyond, yet this road will ever stand as a monument to their business foresight. They builded better than they knew.

A GREAT SOUL IN A STRONG BODY

Dr. C. S. Carr

A PERSON may be perfectly healthy, may be in possession of a magnificent body complete in every part, and yet make poor use or no use of life. After all, health will never come to anything unless the power which health brings is put to some use.

Health is first, to be sure. Without health, little can be done. Health is the basic attainment, the foundation, but health alone does not make life worth living. Health alone does not justify or make desirable the career of any man or woman.

It is the health of the soul that wields the body. That is of first importance, after all. A great soul within a mean body can attain much in this world. This has been frequently accomplished. But a healthy body with a mean soul accomplishes nothing but harm.

Suppose we have a violin made of the choicest wood, put together by a skilled maker, designed by an inspired inventor. Let us suppose that it is tuned in every string, sensitive and ready to quiver at the touch of a bow. Suppose nothing is lacking in it, and it lies before us a perfect instrument.

Suppose we hand this instrument to one who does not know how to play on it. What is the result? Do we get good music because we have a good violin? The poor player can convert this beautiful instrument, capable of ravishing the human ear with divine melody—the poor player can convert it into an instrument of torture. Indeed, the perfection of the violin has become the very means by which it can be made more than ordinarily a nuisance and a thing of painful possibilities.

Just so it is with a good body and a mean soul. There stands before us a per-

fect specimen of manhood, a man having every muscle developed, every nerve trained, every organ in working order, respiration and assimilation all right, no disfigurement to mar, no bad habits to deteriorate—a splendid animal. It may be either a man or woman, but put into that body a mean soul, and what will be accomplished?

The body may be brought under strictest discipline, but all is in vain. To what end are these powers used? For what purpose are they manipulated and controlled? These are the questions that strike the reason of all human attainment.

In dealing with questions that relate only to the health of the human body, in all its parts, is, after all, but the masonry upon which the building is to be afterwards erected. Good masonry is highly important, and yet the foundation, however well laid, of whatever strength the material, is all futile unless it is to sustain some structure of sufficient value to justify the labor and expense put into it.

Suppose we have before us another violin. It is a cheap instrument, badly constructed, made of wood that is poorly adapted for such a purpose. The strings are broken, the bridge unsymmetrical, the bow disheveled. Hand this instrument to a master of the violin, bid him execute some music. At first he might shrink from the task, but on second thought he picks up the instrument and makes the best he can of the poor means through which he is to express his musical genius. He discovers one resonant place on the bridge, across which he strings perhaps the only string capable of musical vibration. On this one string, with an awkward and inadequate bow he pours forth melodies that enrapture the ear. To

be sure, the meanness of his instrument limits him. He finds himself unable to use the register to which he has been accustomed, to utilize the wealth of volume and quality which his own instrument would have placed at his command. And yet, with this poor instrument he is able to make music, while the other man who could not play, but had at his command the best of instruments, was able only to produce offensive sounds and distracting noises.

Just so it is with the soul and body. A great soul in a mean body can accomplish much in this world. Take away eyes and ears, take away legs and arms, but the great soul continues to shine forth, to give out the wealth of its own possessions.

Dyspepsia may keep back a great soul.

Organic diseases of the heart may fetter the wings of a great mind. Insomnia, business worries, domestic infelicities may handicap a great soul, but all these and more cannot squelch it.

A great soul and a beautiful, strong body are, indeed, the height of human attainment. Such a man or woman may not be rich in this world's goods, but they have reached the pinnacle of human attainment,—a great soul and a beautiful, strong body. But, if we must decide between the two as to which is of the first and chief importance in human life, a great soul or a fine body, our decision would be without a moment's hesitation, give us a great soul.—Cooking Club Magazine.

LIVE THE JOY PHILOSOPHY

Fred G. Kaessmann

DR. SCHOFIELD says: "The breath is altered by the emotions. The short quiet breath of joy contrasts with the long sigh of relief after breathless suspense. Joy gives eupnoea or easy breathing; grief, or rather fear, tends to dyspnoea or difficult breathing. Sobbing goes with grief, laughter with joy, and one often merges into the other. Yawning is produced by pure idea, or by seeing it, as well as by fatigue."

By all means let us have joy. Joy promotes health and long life. It makes life pleasant living. It wins friends, position, affluence. It is a duty we owe to others as well as to ourselves. In every way, view it from whatever angle you will, you will find it a moral obligation. A person can bring pleasure into the life of twenty persons each and every day, or he can make twenty persons miserable. If the twenty are well versed in New Thought methods and able to stave off the joyless thoughts of the joyous one, the fact still remains that the twenty must make a special effort that the one may radiate a misery which is habitual—and calling for no effort. Has any one the right to ask this from his fellows—day in and day out?

She walks down the street. You look at her. The look is enough. Gloom—gloom—gloom. What a terrible punishment she suffers! Because she will not change her thoughts she must go through life "hating herself, hating everybody else." Still, it is merely a question of choice. Say,

"Out with you—you devils! Out with you! Let's have light here. Let us have joy. Give us sunshine. I will smile. I will be pleasant. I will pass on the pleasant word. I will have sunshine in my heart. I will be happy." Then keep it up. You will change yourself without fail. Auto-suggestion can be depended upon to do wonders. Of course, it takes time—but so does everything else worth while.

See that cheerless one across the street? "They say" his wife is an abominable cook. "They say" he suffers terribly from dyspepsia because of her abominable cooking. Regardless of what "they say" put it down as a fact that if he would get a smile on, the chances are strongly in favor of the bad cooking's getting a fine run for its money. If you have dyspepsia, and would blame your wife or some one else, think it over. Perhaps some good hearty laughs each day would cure you quickly. Try it—on suspicion.

The important thing is this: It's all right to preach joy living. That's fine—and helps a lot. Still, it's better to live it. Yes, to live it all the time—not only on special occasions. The more you live it, you know, the easier it will be to live it.

Are you looking for a "snap"?

Do you like to come into some of the good things of life—without too much of an effort?

Here's your chance. It is easy to be a smiler—when you have gotten the habit.—October Nautilus.

TRANSPLANTING OF GRAND- MA FRANKLIN

A. M. Gillespie

THE town of Lisbon was debating the advisability of having old Mrs. Franklin live alone in her cosy little cottage, situated on one of the most desirable streets in the town; and the discussion that brought about the climax took place when the ladies of the Dorcas Society met one afternoon, to sew for a sale that would soon take place.

Mrs. Adams, a bright-faced little woman, and the instigator of the plan which she had introduced, snipped her thread in a businesslike way, then looked about her to note the effect of her words.

"You see, it's this way," she explained, as she scanned her white forehead with little worry wrinkles, "Mrs. Franklin is the widow of an old soldier and, of course, draws a pension. Then she has a small sum in the bank and, as she owns the cottage she lives in, she does not want for anything in particular, and seems perfectly happy in the care of her poultry, dogs and cats, to say nothing of her garden and flower beds. But that isn't the point!" Mrs. Adams paused again, that her words might produce more interest; then resumed, as she saw the look of interest and expectancy on the faces turned toward her.

"You see, although Mrs. Franklin has all the necessities of life, as I have said, still there is one thing which she has not, and which I consider very important. She has no one to care for her and protect her. All her relatives are dead, and her means are not sufficient to have some one to make their home with her; therefore, she lives her life alone, with no companionship, save her domestic animals."

"But she seems very happy. I never saw a woman with a more contented expression, and I believe everyone in town will agree that they never saw Grandma Franklin, as she is called, have a look of dissatisfaction on her face," spoke up another woman. The Dorcas Society members all thought hard for a minute, but were compelled to admit that Grandma Franklin had always worn the same bright look of greeting on every occasion they had ever seen her.

"But still that isn't conclusive evidence that she is happy," insisted Mrs. Adams,

"and I shouldn't wonder one bit, that if we could see behind the screens, we would see the tears and hear the sighs; for, of course, it stands to reason that she is lonesome, and often unhappy."

All the women looked very sober. Here was a new side of the situation. True, they had often wondered if Grandma Franklin did really get lonesome; but to think of her round, good-natured face being covered with tear drops, and the old lips trembling in a sigh, was something that did really need attention, if such was the case!

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if Mrs. Adams is right!" exclaimed a dark-haired woman, holding up a fancy apron for inspection. "Just last week I passed her place and she was looking very thoughtful about something. She said she was enjoying a tinge of rheumatism, but I don't think that was altogether accountable for the worry she was evidently experiencing."

"That's it. She just makes the best of everything, and suffers in silence; and I think, as sympathetic, charitable women, we should make some effort to place her in a position where she can at least enjoy human companionship."

"But what would you advise, Mrs. Adams?" came a chorus of voices. Businesslike Mrs. Adams had her plan of action all prepared.

"Well," she briskly answered, "you know the Dorcas Society has quite a large fund on hand at present, and I know of no worthier purpose it can be put to, than to give Mrs. Franklin the pleasant home she deserves in the Old Ladies' Home at Harrisbury. There she will have the companions suitable for her. She will be carefully looked after, and we will have the satisfaction of knowing we have done our duty."

She again looked at the listeners, for the approval she knew her words would bring forth. She was not disappointed, for words of encouragement greeted her by all, with the exception of one woman, who said, in a manner that showed she had been giving the matter careful consideration:

"Well, I don't just know what the result will be, in 'transplanting,' as you might

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THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

I HAVE always admired a person who could appreciate good books and good reading. From merest childhood the writer has been an ardent reader. The right kind was put into his hands until he was old enough to choose, and his choice then was a continuation of his earlier reading. For half the sordid wealth of the world he would not part with the knowledge gained thereby.

As the great Lincoln held, I place the Bible above all other books,—as the highest, most sublime and masterful work of man. Some readers, who have but dabbled in this Book, say it is "dry," and "uninteresting." But it isn't; it is teeming with a terrible interest; a wonderful age of battles and conquests and punishments; a great light, which showeth the right way; the beautiful tale of the Savior; infinite wisdom,—it is truly the Book of books.

In the world of poetical writers I think Tennyson the most beautiful in expression. It is said his temperament was that of a woman: gentle, kindhearted, and extremely sensitive. Young readers, have you read his works? I am sure most of you are acquainted with his tale of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. The main beauty of this lies in its wealth of expression, and his smooth, flowing recital of knightly deeds. This was the first I ever read of his work, which fact leads me to mention it; but his other work I found even more beautiful.

And "Evangeline"! Haven't we all read that beautiful and pathetic tale? The author, Henry W. Longfellow, has a fine style of expression. Descriptions of home and village life in Arcadia he gives with a masterful hand. Those old tales, everyone, young and old, should read; they pulsate with a vital, vivid interest, and not only that, they carry with them, also, instruction. Reading for interest alone is not harmful to any great extent, if the reading be of the right kind in moderation; but while reading, we should endeavor to choose that which carries instruction and knowledge along with the interest. There are very few young people nowadays who do not like books; but, alas! there are many who like the wrong kind of books. There are many pitfalls in reading; and perhaps a few words might help some to avoid, in a

small measure, those pitfalls. There are thousands of worthless books on the market today; thousands which do nothing but sap the interest of the young man or woman; imparting no knowledge,—at least no useful knowledge. Perhaps the reader will even forget one book a day after it is read, so absorbed is he or she in a new one of the same kind, until the reader's love for worthless literature becomes a craze that cannot be resisted.

By "worthless" books I mean the rank and sensational fiction of the great mass of writers, which, unfortunately, is allowed to flood the market: books of murder, deep mystery, criminal and detective fiction; worthless novels of love and trashy, fragile plot. Young readers, I have an interest in your welfare as a comrade; and let me say, Stay away from that class of reading! It will ruin you; it will degrade and lower your mentality, stunt you intellectually, and make you a confirmed worshiper of a great evil. Thousands of young men and women are first lured into a life of criminality, disgrace, and final death punishment by early reading of this hideous scum of literature; for instance, the young man, devoting his time to the reading of glowing tales of bank robbery, hold-ups, bold deeds of bad and daring men, stirring escapades and exploits, told skillfully by the master hands of deceivers and wreckers of manhood. The reader is fired with a desire to distinguish himself as did the heroes of his reading, and here, with the majority, is ruin; ruin, against which, my dear young friends, you should early guard by avoiding reading of this sort, shunning it as a terrible serpent, for a serpent it is, entwining its devotee in strong folds from which the pitiful being is powerless to escape.

Here is my favorite list of books, which I read and love:

The Merchant of Venice. (Shakespeare.)
 Uncle Tom's Cabin. (Stowe.)
 Ivanhoe. (Sir Walter Scott.)
 Ben Hur. (Gen. Lew Wallace.)
 A Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. (John Fox.)
 The Story Life of Lincoln. (Whipple.)
 Life of George Washington.
 African Game Trails. (Roosevelt.)
 The Making of an American. (Riis.)
 Little Men. Little Women.
 P. T. Barnum's History of His Captures.
 The Life of Christ.
 A Shepherd of the Hills.
 Sandy.
 Enoch Arden. (Tennyson.)

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

Christ's Valuation of Life.

Christ's valuation of life may be seen in his words and in his deeds. His words are not uncertain. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered;" "Ye are of more value than many sparrows;" "Behold, the fowls of the air . . . your heavenly Father feedeth them, are ye not much better than they?" Christ plainly teaches the value of the body. Yet he, of course, rated higher still the soul. "Fear not them," he said, "which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear him which is able to destroy soul and body in hell." This emphasis put on the soul makes all the more significant the fact that such a Teacher should say and do so much for the body.

Christ's works for the body are even more significant than his words. Indeed, almost all "the great works" of Christ, his miracles, were deeds done to the body. He preached as never man preached, but he also fed the five thousand and the seven thousand with the bread of this life, and healed all manner of bodily diseases. He was the Great Healer, and taught his disciples to become healers.

This emphasis put upon human life is the more striking in contrast with the utter disregard of life held almost universally by the world before Christ and very frequently since the days of Christ. In Asia, life has always been held in small esteem. Romans killed slaves to feed their fishes. Trajan in twenty-three days forced 10,000 prisoners and gladiators to fight to the death. "Christian" England put 72,000 thieves and robbers to the death penalty under Henry VIII. Late in the eighteenth century English law found 223 human actions worthy of death. Among these were cutting down young trees, shooting at rabbits, stealing five shillings, counterfeiting stamps used for the sale of perfumery or hair-powder. In colonial times Virginia made absence from church a crime, and for the third offense prescribed the death penalty (see "The New Era," pp. 88-89). How cheaply we hold life in America even today the following lessons show, and our record of murders and lynchings makes terribly emphatic.

Christ valued all human life. This was apart from all consideration of rank or character. He loved even the lowest and was the friend of sinners. He valued man as man. The world generally cares little for

man as man. "It begins to interest itself in a man when he is clothed with some outward distinction or wealth or birth or station. A poor man is a social nobody. Christ, on the other hand, highly valued in man only his humanity, accounting nothing he could possess of such importance as what he himself was or might become." He perceived what the world did not discover until nearly two thousand years later, that the so-called "common people" are the most important to the nation and to the world. Lowell called him "the first true Democrat that ever breathed."

He restored the sick and withheld not his healing touch from the loathsome leper. He identified himself with the obscurest of his followers, and chose his disciples among laboring folk. He paid a beautiful tribute to human nature in the respect which he showed to little children. His interest in men when ruined and depraved places a higher estimate on the worth of every man. The return of one such to a righteous life was an event of sufficient consequence to be celebrated in heaven. His estimate of the value of every human being is strikingly shown by his interview with the woman of Samaria. This woman, who in the eyes of the Jews was utterly worthless and contemptible, Christ reclaimed, and, by declaring to her his Messiahship, conspicuously honored. Twice at least he preached to an audience of one. He has been called the discoverer of the individual.

Christ's valuation of life was universal because all were worth saving and because all could be saved. He taught that human nature, even in its most debased and abandoned estate, was savable. This seems to have been a new truth to the world. The Old Testament Scriptures tell of good men who sinned, repented, and were forgiven; but I do not find in them the story of a single vicious, besotted, bestial man's being transformed, purified, and made godlike. Turn to the New Testament, and what a revelation of hope! Christ received into his kingdom publicans and magdalens, and delivered them from the power of sin. He told the story of the prodigal, and from that hour to this repenting prodigals have been receiving the Father's kiss of reconciliation. It was mainly, indeed, the outcast whom he came to save. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. He came not to call

the righteous but sinners to repentance. He was preëminently the Lord of life, physical life, life temporal, life eternal, because all life is of God.—Homiletic Review.



THE TRANSPLANTING OF GRANDMA FRANKLIN.

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term it, this woman who has thrived on this soil for almost seventy years. Here she is among friends, who care for her without remuneration. There she will be among strangers, and away from the familiar scenes she has known and loved so many years. I can not think it advisable to remove her to this new home, at her age."

"Oh, but of course, we would not take her without her consent, and if she gives that in a way that indicates she has fallen in with our plan, we will have nothing to fear in that direction!" returned Mrs. Adams, in a rather irritating manner. She was the wife of a wealthy merchant, and had been used to having people approve of all her plans, in an unquestioning way.

"Yes, I think Mrs. Adams is right!" declared her staunch friend, Mrs. Goeffrey, "and I think this 'transplanting' will give Mrs. Franklin a new lease of life."

So it was finally decided the proceeds of the Dorcas Society should be spent in securing admission for Mrs. Franklin into the Old Ladies' Home; and it was voted that Mrs. Adams and one other member should convey the tidings to the woman, which they did that same afternoon.

"You see, it's this way, Mrs. Franklin," explained Mrs. Adams, when she had made known their arrival, "we all feel uneasy in having you live here alone; and then, too, we think your life would be far more enjoyable if spent in the society of other women of your age, and you will always be provided with everything, without a bit of worry on your part."

"And I will just have to sit and hold my hands all day?" There was a look of dismay on the old face.

"Oh, no," answered the ladies, smiling. "You may have some pleasant occupation if you choose."

"But I can't have my chickens and ducks, and landy sakes, I won't be here to put up my fruit, and make jelly and preserves! Then, there's the flower beds will grow up in weeds. There won't be a thing for me to do at the Old Ladies' Home but darn my stockings, and I never was a great hand to wear holes in my stockings!"

The women looked at each other in

amazement. "But that's the very reason we want you to go, Mrs. Franklin,—to free you from all worries."

"My sakes! I don't mind my little mite of worries," replied Mrs. Franklin, energetically, nodding her head and looking at the visitors over the top of her spectacles.

But the women were not easily discouraged; and when they made their report at the next meeting they concluded with: "It was hard to make her understand it was the best thing for a woman of almost seventy to do, but at the last she consented, and I think we have reasons to be highly pleased with our efforts." So within two weeks Mrs. Franklin was installed in her new home. She was too tired to notice her surroundings much the first day, but early the next morning she was astir, and critically taking note of everything.

The first thing that received her attention was the bed she had slept in. She shook her head dolefully at the mattress that had made her old bones ache. "I guess these poor folks never knew the comfort of real goose feathers," she thought. Then she went to the window and looked out, not at the fragrant, dew-steeped flowers her old eyes had been accustomed to, but at the bare, unattractive street.

Breakfast was announced, and although it was daintily served, the poor woman could scarcely keep back the tears at the remembrance of her own little dining room, with its round, snowy table which, at every meal, held her own and her husband's plate, cup and saucer—a custom she had always kept up ever since his death.

She missed her pets,—cat, dog and canary. She felt lost without the care of her chickens and ducks; and more than all else, she wished for the sight of friends and neighbors, who had never failed to give her a word of greeting, when they had passed her cottage.

Here, in her new home, she was treated with great respect, but there was something the woman hungered for, and she knew it was the old home and its tender associations.

She stood it two more days; then meek little Grandma Franklin did a most unheard-of thing. She ran away!

She arose very early and, hastily packing her clothes in her suitcase, she tiptoed out, lest some one would see her and interfere with her plans. Then she found a policeman, who put her on a car which conveyed her to the depot. To her great delight the

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Women Who Keep Young.

There are many women who, no matter how long they may live, will always be young, and this is largely due to the fact that such women keep in touch with the interests of the world about them. This inspires healthy thought along other lines than the dull routine of domestic life, and gives them an outlook which keeps them from the stagnation that makes for senility. The habits, and not the flight of years, take the expression of youth from the eyes and the look of freshness from the skin, and inattention to vital questions takes the lightness of grace from their steps. Many women are old at fifty who should be young at seventy, and would be, if only they would keep their minds active and their hearts full of sympathy with others. The greatest foes to youthfulness and consequent beauty are laziness and indulgence in selfish ease. The woman who keeps young often suffers from bodily infirmities, yet refuses to give up and "go to seed" mentally. A sure way to ward off old age is not to fear it, use only legitimate preventives, look well after the health, and keep the body supple through regular exercise. The interest in the young should be kept up, though the woman of advancing years should not try to dress like her granddaughter, or to indulge in kittenish ways. They should surround their lives with sweet, warm affections, and above all things, avoid becoming bitter because of trials. Don't fall behind the times, or lose step with the procession, though you must now walk with dignity instead of the gayer activities of the younger generation. Cultivate sympathy and kindness, and avoid harping on the times when you were young. Dress according to your years, but have a great care for harmony and becomingness in your attire. Be just your dear, sweet self, and keep your mentality active and both mind and body healthy.



Saving in the Home.

We are told by one who is supposed to know, that the wastefulness of the family income must be laid to the charge of the women of the family; but while it is very easy to make such statements, it is sometimes hard to prove them. Systematic saving in a family is impossible, says Elliot Flower, without the active coöperation of

the husband and wife. The wife must be accepted as a full partner, and treated as such. In a large measure, she is the disbursing agent, and it is decidedly important that the disbursing agent should know what there is to disburse. It is not enough to give her "what you can afford for house-keeping expenses" at irregular times and in varying amounts; she must know what to expect, for no woman can plan on an uncertainty, any better than a man can, although she is frequently expected to do it. If a man's employer should say to him, "I won't give you a specified amount, but I'll hand you out a bit of money from time to time, as you seem to need it," that man would make a roar that could be heard in Mars. He couldn't stand the uncertainty. But a good many men expect their wives to stand just that kind of treatment. I think any woman would rather have a certain sum on a certain day, or week, or month than a somewhat larger yearly total split up in payments that vary as to amount and regularity. System, in the matter of providing for family expenses, is a saving in itself—a very considerable saving. In other words, I think \$1,200 a year, thus given, is the equivalent of \$1,400 or \$1,500 turned over to the disbursing agent, or on an erratic plan of a few dollars, varying in amount, at irregular times. It is absolutely necessary to successful saving, that we know just what is needed for living expenses, including all reasonable pleasures. It is difficult to systemize one part of a business while all the rest of it is running without any system. Find out what is needed, and how it can best be used, pay into the family purse as regularly as you would make payments on a note, and leave the matter in the hands of the "disbursing agent," as finally disposed of, in a business sense.



Dairy and Creamery Notes.

A chemical that prevents milk from souring is not always a help to milk. A recent investigation of boric acid for keeping milk sweet showed that the ten grains used would merely keep the milk from souring for some time, but at the same time permitted the putrefactive germs to develop very rapidly. Lactic acid ferments produce a healthful product and keep in check the putrefaction of the milk. One investigator says

would take 400 grains of boric acid to sterilize a single pint of milk. Of course, so much amount would be used, and the use of any such acid in milk should be discouraged, even if it did not injure the health of the consumer.

There is no gain in increasing the size of the dairy cow, as that increases the cost of maintenance. In selecting dairy calves, choose those that bid fair to make an ordinary-sized cow rather than a large cow. On some farms the managers are, by selection, increasing the milk yield and at the same time decreasing the size of the cows. Gradually the regulation of the milk traffic is becoming a fact in all our large cities. The regulations are quite generally extending to the farms outside the city limits, as it has been found possible to prevent the bringing into cities of milk that has not been produced under sanitary conditions. This is working an immediate good to the inhabitants of the cities and will ultimately prove beneficial to those producing the milk.

Many a farmer is debating whether to make butter on the farm or sell the milk to companies that supply the cities. As a farm proposition, the farm buttermaking is best, as that prevents any of the fertility going off in the form of milk. Butter contains no important amount of fertility and its production does not exhaust the farm. The skim milk is left on the farm for feeding stock. It is the more valuable, as it can be combined with foods rich in starch, like potatoes and corn, and make them the more valuable for feeding.

More attention needs to be given to the pastures in which the dairy cows pass the summer. They have been too long regarded as wild land, merely used for pasture, because unsuited for anything else. Therefore they have been neither fertilized nor drained and often produce only such grasses and plants as have forced their way in. We often see such pastures overrun with wild plants and shrubs, such as the low-growing juniper, hardhack and various forms of herbaceous growth that do nothing except keep out other plants. Some of the grasses growing are wiry and have little nutrition. Every pasture for dairy cows should be gradually brought under a high state of productivity, even if it has to be cultivated piecemeal for a few years.

As fall comes on, do not permit the pastures to be too closely grazed. It is better to feed the cows some corn or sorghum forage than to have them eat the grass down to the roots. Sod so closely grazed

becomes thin, and the root systems are lessened. Keep the sod as thick as possible, and in that way get the most possible out of the pasture.—National Farmer.



THE WEEKLY CHAT.

(Continued from Page 1095.)

Works of Longfellow.

Works of Whittier.

The Little Minister. (Barrie.)

Dream Life. (Ik Marvel.)

Of course, I do not mean to say that these books embody all the best ones; that would be foolish; but they are my favorites; and I am sure if you have not read them, they will prove good reading. There are books for boys, books for girls, books for everyone; in fact, we have so much to read now that often we do not even select our reading; reading anything just for the reading of it, but that is wrong. Reading is a source of profit and learning, or exactly the opposite, whichever the reader wishes to make it. You should see the great importance of choosing the right kind.

It is a great blessing, indeed, to be able to appreciate the higher things of life; to see the sublimity, the greatness, the worth and beauty, of the work noble minds left us; and I do not think that one is properly schooled in life without having read and tried to appreciate the many beautiful works that line the pathway of good literature.



THE TRANSPLANTING OF GRANDMA FRANKLIN.

(Continued from Page 1097.)

train was soon due, and ere long she was speeding to her loved home.

It was twilight when she arrived, owing to the lay-over at a small station, and she was unobserved when she tremblingly unlocked her back door and entered her own little home. Soon there was a lunch spread on the round table and, as she looked across at the other plate, a tear of thankfulness rolled down her faded cheek.

The next day the amazed neighbors came trooping in, but Grandma Franklin bravely told her story, and concluded with: "You all meant well, dear friends, but this has always been home to me; and I guess I am too old to be uprooted and 'transplanted,' so to speak, when I will have to begin anew."

And when they saw the look of peaceful happiness on the dear old face, they well understood the meaning of her words, and left her with the wish that she might be spared many years, to enjoy in peace, the old home she loved so well.

QUESTIONS AND
ANSWERS

Question.—Is it right to compel children from 12 to 16 years of age to attend the same place of worship with parents, or is it better to let them go where they like best?—A Luginbill.

Answer.—It is always desirable to have children attend worship with their parents, and every effort should be made to make the place of worship a desirable place to go so they will want to go there. Children on the other hand should respect their parents' wishes and as a matter of courtesy, at least, attend worship at the same place. It is highly important that children should attend worship somewhere, and it is always desirable that parents and children should worship together.



Question.—What is the age limit to attend college? W. E. Stump.

Answer.—Under our present educational system boys and girls are crowded through the grades too early and then the problem arises what shall be done with them until they are old enough to go off to college. They should be fourteen years old before going away from home to attend a college where they take their academy work and it would be better if they were sixteen. However, here a different problem presents itself. After finishing the grades the students do not care to go over the same work again. If they are kept out of school for a year they lose interest and will find their work more difficult when they take it up a year later. One must decide between the two alternatives. The student should be mature enough to understand what it means to assume the responsibilities of looking after one's own affairs to some extent. Parents will always find it better to send their children to our own schools and see that they are placed under proper supervision, but the school authorities should not be asked to assume the responsibilities of looking after students who are below fourteen years of age, unless the parents feel confident that the student is mature enough to take care of himself.



Question.—How much money should a girl spend in a year to be well dressed? How much should a boy spend? Libbie Hollopeter.

Answer.—These questions are difficult to answer because so much depends upon the conditions with which the girl or boy is surrounded, and upon the variation of prices in different sections of the country. It also makes a remarkable difference as to whether the mother and daughter are so situated that they can make most of their clothes or whether they are obliged to buy all of them ready made. It also makes some difference as to whether or not a girl is attending school. However, since most of our readers live in the rural districts, let us make two lists of necessary expenses for a girl sixteen years of age. One we will make as low as possible and the other moderate. Then in the same way we will make two lists for a boy sixteen years old.

Girl's expenses for a year	Low	Moderate
Winter suit	\$12.00	\$18.00
Two housedresses	2.00	3.00
Two dresses	4.00	6.00
Two pairs shoes	4.00	6.00
Two waists	2.00	5.00
Four suits underwear (summer and winter)	4.00	6.00
Head dress	4.00	6.00
Sundries	10.00	12.00
Total	42.00	62.00

Boy's expenses for a year	Low	Moderate
Suit	\$12.00	\$16.00
Overcoat	8.00	12.00
Work clothes	5.00	8.00
Underwear	4.00	6.00
Shoes	4.00	6.00
Hats	4.00	6.00
Sundries	5.00	7.00
Total	\$42.00	\$61.00

These figures of course would necessarily vary according to what the girl or boy had on hand from the year before. Of course, where a girl is attending school her clothing would necessarily cost more because she would need more.



Question.—Will hyacinth bulbs bloom two years in succession in pots in the house? Miss H. Hosford.

Answer.—No, not when they are kept in pots. They may be kept in pots one year and after blooming may be set out and left out over winter and they will bloom again the following spring. Hyacinths make a beautiful flower for the house for the winter. One's success in raising them depends pretty largely upon the preparation made before beginning their growth. Few soil

tain the proper elements for perfect bulb culture. That is the reason why most bulbs are produced in those few countries where the soil is right. However, you can make the soil at your disposal right by adding such elements as are lacking. Pulverized sheep manure or pulverized cow manure contains the necessary plant-building elements to make bulb growing a success. Mixed in the soil in proportion of one part soil to one part of either fertilizer they do splendid work. For culture in pots procure solid, heavy bulbs: plant a single bulb in a five inch pot, or several in a large pot or bulb pan. Fill the pots with soil; set away in a cool, dark place until they are thoroughly rooted and then place in a sunny window. For outdoor culture they may be planted any time from September to the final freezing of the ground for the winter. A sunny place with well enriched soil should be selected. They should be set six to eight inches apart and six inches deep. Before the ground freezes and they should be covered with leaves or coarse litter.

AMONG THE BOOKS

Herself.

This book of "Talks With Women concerning Themselves," by Dr. E. B. Lowry, contains truths vitally important to every woman. The health and happiness of mothers and their children depend upon their knowledge of the facts given, by this physician of national reputation, with unusual clearness and preciseness. Nearly every chapter in the book was written in answer to questions sent to Dr. Lowry by women readers of his magazine articles, which shows that women are awakening to the fact that they need more knowledge concerning the hygiene and physiology of their own bodies. Published by Forbes & Company, Chicago. Price, \$1.00.



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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

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SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

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EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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H. M. Fogelsonger

Making Criminals.

WHEN Charles Stevens became superintendent of the workhouse in Toledo he found that the inmates were being compelled to march on and from their work by the penitentiary lockstep method and that other things were being done throughout the institution to imitate a regular penitentiary. He soon changed all these schemes or making criminals and began to reform the boys. Out of two or three hundred prisoners that were paroled last year only four or five returned, which is certainly a remarkable record. Students of the subject agree that there is more than one method by which we are making criminals every year. They are made in the county jails, they are made in the penitentiaries, they are made by the police force where there is no well officered juvenile court, they are made by our modern life-rushing industrial system.

The important problem now is how to prevent the making of criminals. Jacob A. Riis thinks that the lack of home comforts among the poor is a great factor in filling penal institutions. In an article for the October Craftsman he says: "Successive tenement house commissions in the metropolis have shown us how the wicked home surroundings of the poor are bidding for the corruption of their children and we know it is so." He describes the tenement: The tenement without privacy or touch of home, that spews forth the boy to the street and to the saloon with its gambling and its license; where the brazen prostitute goes out and in, defiant of law that says she shall not, flaunting her tawdry finery before the tired girls whose bitter toil hardly suffices to feed and clothe their half-starved bodies. Their souls—I can hear yet the moan of one when I stood at her window

and looked out upon a dark air-shaft that was her daily outlook, all there was of it: 'Mary does not like to sleep there.' Mary had gone on the street. The reformers are right who strive with might and main to make better homes. There is the tap-root of the mischief." A great number of ways have been suggested by which we can get rid of the tenements but as yet there is nothing that seems to give entire satisfaction. All the larger cities have some regulations about the building of tenements so that the old style death trap is not being built very often any more. Effort is being made to bring as much fresh air and light into the rooms as possible; but after all is done a tenement building does not offer the privacy of a single dwelling house. The chief obstacle that prevents the building of one-family dwelling houses is the high rent that would have to be charged, a rent too high for the average workman to pay.

Where the population is congested the children have no place to play except the streets. It is said that in our cities crime is largely a matter of athletics. A healthy boy must blow off steam in one way or the other. Some social workers have tried the plan of getting the boys and girls interested in making gardens. Open spaces and vacant lots are nearly always available for this purpose in the cities. Worcester, Mass., had an unsightly dumping ground. Somebody conceived the idea of turning it into a garden. The children of the neighborhood were interested and they were put to work or play whichever you want to call it. It was found that they did 30 per cent better work at their books than they did before. The garden was enlarged the second year, and what is more significant, mischief and stealing in the neighborhood ceased. Mrs. Parsons reformed a whole neighborhood in New York City,—and the

boys had the reputation of being very bad,—by simply starting a garden. Last year she had eleven hundred boys and girls at work in the gardens. The "Pingree potato gardens" in Detroit furnish another illustration of the same thing. Making gardens and raising flowers have an uplifting effect upon the whole household and especially the children. How many a childish heart has been gladdened by the growing of a plant, straggling though it may have been, from the seed that she planted with her own hands! Wherever the vacant lot work has been conducted by an efficient leader remarkable results have been accomplished. As we walk along the streets in town we see many places which could be beautified by a few flowers, and we all know that children are hungering for such work. We see many pitiful sights in the world, but I think there are few more pitiful than a school yard destitute of flowers or grass, and there are hundreds of such in the United States. Perhaps a home surrounded by bare ground is more to be deplored. In the struggle for existence we all forget these things that help make the world better. When there are few or no home comforts and pleasures it is so easy for the children to become interested in things unhealthy both physically and morally.

Ruskin gives us new inspiration every time we read one of his essays or lectures. It was several years ago that I read his preface to "Crown of Wild Olive" for the first time and I do not know how often I have read it since. He makes one feel so unworthy of life, but at the same time we are given new hope. In the above preface there is one particular passage that is worth repeating. While walking along the street one day Ruskin saw a new public building which was just completed. "And the front of it was built in so wise a manner, that a recess of two feet was left below its front windows, between them and the street pavement—a recess too narrow for any possible use (for even if it had been occupied by a seat, as in old time it might have been, everybody walking along the street would have fallen over the legs of the reposing wayfarers). But, by way of making this two feet depth of freehold land more expressive of the dignity of an establishment for the sale of spirituous liquors, it was fenced from the pavement by an imposing iron railing, having four or five spearheads to the yard of it, and six feet high; containing as much iron and iron-work, indeed, as could well be put into the space; and by this stately arrangement, a

little piece of dead ground within, between wall and street, became a protective receptacle of refuse; cigar ends and oyster shells, and the like." No comments are necessary, we can make the application whenever we live.

Occupational Diseases.

The report of the Illinois Committee on Occupational Diseases contains some very startling as well as valuable information of the difficulties under which many factory employees work. The value of the report is emphasized by the fact that five out of the nine members of the commission were physicians of reputation. Brass molding seems to be one of the most dangerous occupations so far as health is concerned. The poisonous fumes which arise from the melted brass affect the laborers in such a way as to cause chills and fever, commonly known as "brass chills." The report discusses the cause of this disease: "Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, and as the latter is the cheaper ingredient, the poorer varieties of brass have the larger proportion of zinc. Brass founders' ague is probably caused by the sublimation products of zinc, and therefore the foundries making the cheaper grades are more dangerous to work in than those making better grades. In large foundries with good ventilation either natural or artificial, brass chills are practically never seen." Dr. Hayhurst, who made the report on brass poisoning, mentioned the case of one man as an average illustration of how this disease wrecks the health. This man worked fifteen years in the brass foundries of Chicago, both as a molder and foreman; and before he went into the foundry he weighed over 210 pounds. He soon became subject to the chills, and usually when one overtook him he went to bed, shaking like a leaf, teeth chattering, and with violent cramps in the legs. After the chill left, the fever came on, he went to sleep in a weak, emaciated condition. These chills continued and in the meantime bronchitis developed which finally terminated in asthma at the age of 34, fourteen years after he went into the shop to learn the trade. One year later he was unable to work in the brass foundry, in fact he was not in a condition to work at anything. The tragical side of the case was that he had a little home only one-third paid for while a wife and three children depended upon him for support. To those of us who have been shouldered to shoulder with men who have been made unfit for work at a middle age by an industrial disease this case

full of meaning. We need not mention the shattered dreams of a comfortable home at old age. Statistical evidence shows us that the mortality rate of the brass founders is two and one-half times as great as the mortality of farmers.

The report further shows that there is absolutely no excuse for this high death rate in the brass industry. By proper ventilation the brass fumes can be carried away so as not to injure the workers. It is a matter of ignorance or carelessness on the part of the management that accounts for lack of any system of ventilation in almost every foundry. Only six out of eighty-nine brass foundries in Chicago were found to have any ventilating system. Is it any wonder that the efforts of social workers are united in securing better labor laws in all the States? Is it not the duty of every

Christian to become interested in the working conditions of his fellow workers?

The Durham Chautauqua for Negroes.

During the past summer there was a Summer School and Chautauqua for negroes held at Durham, N. C., for six weeks. Teachers, preachers and missionaries were in attendance from all parts of the country. The purpose of the school is to give the rural teachers and ministers a more adequate training for their work. It is a difficult task because the country school teachers for negroes are so poorly paid that they can scarcely afford to attend the chautauqua. The term of school is only four months long and the average teacher's salary is only twenty dollars a month. Various courses and lectures of a sociological nature were given at the summer school. It is to be continued next summer.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Italy's Reason for War.

Italy has declared war for very meager reasons as nine-tenths of the wars in human history have been declared. The reasons given out by the Italian government state that Italian subjects have suffered at the hands of the Turks and that business interests of these subjects have been jeopardized in many instances by Turkish influences. The boarding of an Italian vessel by the commander of a Turkish warship and a forcible taking of mail on this transport is also cited as an offense against the peace and dignity of the Italian government. All the reasons taken together are not sufficient for plunging into war. A demand for compensation for these damages would have been the proper course to follow by the Italian government but it had a greater reason for conflict with its Turkish neighbor than the flimsy excuses given the European powers. It is the lust for land that has dictated its policy. It is the war motive of the Italian government. Other pretexts advanced may be dismissed as too feeble, too transparent for the world to accept.

Should the Turkish government collapse under this ordeal of a foreign war it may involve the whole of Europe in conflict. It has been an agreement among the powers that has kept Turkey on the map of Europe and the fall of that government and the consequent division of its territory

could easily bring on a general war. This is probably the reason for the earnest efforts of the European nations toward settling the contest in its very beginning.—The New Era.



Pennsylvania Dam Disaster.

The town of Austin in Potter County on the north boundary of Pennsylvania, and the smaller town of Costello below it, were almost entirely swept away by a mighty flood of waters on the afternoon of Sept. 30, when the great dam of the Bayless Pulp and Paper Company, on Freeman's Run, holding back more than 500,000,000 gallons of water, went out. The flood rushed in a wall, called fifty feet high, down the valley in which Austin lay, a mile or two below the dam. Houses a little up the hillsides escaped, and the few brick buildings, including the shops of the Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad, partly withstood the onrush of the water, but the wooden buildings forming the greater part of the town were swept away into kindling wood, and piled up in vast heaps against the railroad shops and the pulp and paper mills. With no warning but what came over the telephones from two courageous girl operators, themselves warned by a locomotive engineer, Harry Davis, who happened to be where he could see the dam begin to give way, the persons in the houses and in the streets were swept down to their death,

many being buried under tons of debris. The flood tore a great ravine through the town, breaking the natural gas mains, and in a few moments after the water had passed, the town was on fire. Twenty-four known dead, eighty-six missing and believed to be buried under the debris, was the official census on Oct. 2 for Austin. The death list for Costello was two. The property loss in the whole valley is put at upwards of \$6,000,000. Food, tents, physicians and State police were hastened to the stricken district.

The dam which is now a wreck was finished in 1909. It was made of concrete, and was 530 feet long, 32 feet wide at the base and 49 feet high. In January of last year, in a week of severe weather, it gave signs of weakening, and afterwards a second dam was built a half a mile farther back, to give greater security. Heavy rains had been falling in the Potter County hills during the week before the disaster, and the water was high behind the dam. On the day of the catastrophe the water was running over the top of the dam, it is said, for the first time. Finally, with a sharp report, the west end gave way; then with another report the east end broke out, and with a deafening roar the water crashed on its terrible journey down the narrow valley.—The Public.



Foreign Students in America.

Addressing the House of Representatives on the many new activities of the United States diplomatic service, Representative Foster, of Vermont, late chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, recently called attention to the effort made by our diplomatic and consular representatives to advertise the United States as an educational center, an undertaking that has been fruitful of results.

One of the outcomes of this program was the formation in Buenos Aires two years ago of a United States University Club, which has been the means of sending at least 20 young Argentinians to this country to be educated. Under the auspices of this club lectures are given on university life in the United States, illustrated with a large number of appropriate stereopticon views. Negotiations are now under way for an interchange of schoolboys between the Boston High School of Commerce and the preparatory department of the University of La Plata. There are now at least 400 Latin Americans studying in the United States, and the number is steadily increasing.

Through the efforts of our ambassador at Constantinople, supported by the State Department, Columbia University has voted to receive, free of all tuition charges, three students annually from the Ottoman Empire for the next ten years, to pursue courses of study in any of the departments of the university. These students are to be selected by the Ottoman government, with the advice and approval of the ambassador at Constantinople.

The education of Chinese students in America, a matter in which the United States government has always taken kindly interest, is assuming even larger proportions. These students now number between 800 and 900. Half of these are "government students," supported by the different Chinese provinces, and by the remittance portion of the Boxer indemnity fund. To insure that the indemnity students coming to the United States should not start with a serious handicap, but be fully prepared to enter the American colleges, an academy has been established in Peking by the Chinese government, where these students receive preliminary instructions under American teachers.



Oil as a Locomotive Fuel.

The advent of fuel oil has become an important factor in railway locomotion. It is estimated by the United States Geological Survey that from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 tons of coal per annum are replaced by oil, and a large part of this is used by locomotives.

In this connection there is interest in a statement which will appear in the forthcoming petroleum report of the Geological Survey showing the extent to which oil is used as a locomotive fuel. The author of this report, David T. Day, computes the total length of railway lines operated during 1910 with petroleum as a fuel to be 21,075 miles, a trackage practically equivalent to that of five transcontinental lines stretching across the United States from ocean to ocean. The number of barrels of fuel oil used by the railroads (42 gallons per barrel) was 24,526,883. This includes 768,762 barrels used by the railroads as fuel other than in locomotives. The total number of miles run by oil-burning engines during the year was 88,318,947. This would have carried one engine or train around the world approximately 3,530 times.

The advantages of oil as locomotive fuel over coal have been stated by Eugene Mc-

(Continued on Page 1129.)

EDITORIALS

Keep Busy.

Now that the long winter evenings are coming on, what are you going to do with all the time at your disposal? You can easily figure for yourself how much time the average person wastes by being idle through the winter evenings, which might very profitably be spent in some useful way. There is a twofold danger in this idleness. During the idle hours is when one becomes pessimistic and dissatisfied with one's home surroundings. During idle hours energy accumulates and seeks an outlet in some form which generally results in a misdirected deed and finally in mischief. Then comes the isolation of the young man or the young woman from the home and finally a drifting away from the community and some influences into the cities where it is almost a matter of chance as to whether or not they retain their former moral standards of living. If this energy had been properly directed and given an outlet in useful channels the young man or young woman could have become a valuable asset to the community and would have saved their parents a good many heartaches. There are many useful ways of spending spare time in winter. Let us suggest a few of them. Thousands of young people take up correspondence course of some kind. Others find pleasure in learning how to use a typewriter. Some do mechanical drawing or follow some general course of reading. A large number take up a systematic Bible study. Some of the evenings should be spent in a social way, meeting with the other people of the community. The time need not be spent in any sensational way to make it agreeable for every one. An evening may be spent in a home where there is a phonograph recital, and another evening in a home where some one can give piano recital. Those who are interested in kodaks can give an evening's entertainment with their pictures. Some one in the community can give a postal card entertainment where the crowd can take a trip to any part of the world on postal cards. Some one else can entertain the young people by giving them a trip to the Holy Land or give them a glimpse of a dozen Bible characters. All these gatherings will help to foster a community feeling and will give the people a common interest so that no one will wish to leave the community. An evening for such a purpose should be selected which will not interfere with any of the

church appointments. Saturday evening should never be selected, because on that evening everybody should be at home getting ready for the religious services of the next day. Any evening from Tuesday to Friday is a desirable time. The gatherings should begin early enough so that they can be dismissed by nine-thirty and every one can get home before ten o'clock. If one enters into the social spirit of the community one will think a lot more of his neighbors and will feel more like a human being himself. Young people have a natural desire to mingle and it is always more desirable to have them do so under wholesome influences than to have them spend their time at the cheap attractions given in the nearby towns. Definite plans should be made to spend some of the evenings at home. Most of them should be spent in the home, but enough of them should be spent in neighbors' homes and in wholesome schoolhouse assemblies and church gatherings to give the entire community a common bond of unity. Every hour of one's life should be occupied in some useful way for the social betterment of the neighborhood, for the intellectual development of the community, and for the spiritual advancement of the church.



Lower Education.

Higher education has received considerable attention during the last twenty-five years but just now our educators are asking some questions about lower education. Have our courses of study in our public schools given satisfactory results? The question is continually being asked: "Why do the young men and the young women flock to the cities immediately after they have graduated from the high school or from the college?" The answer is simple enough. Their education has directed them towards the business world. It has taught them how to be good clerks, good business men or good professional men and has turned their attention entirely away from the farm. Naturally enough they will fill the places for which their education has fitted them. These conditions, however, are rapidly being changed by a change in the public school curriculum. We have learned that knowledge is power on the farm as well as in politics or in business, and our institutions of learning are directing the attention of the students toward the farm in a way that has never been done before. The farm instead of being a place

where a man receives a crook in the back is made a place of study and investigation which will require the best trained minds to make it yield its maximum harvest. These trained minds must necessarily get their start in the public school. To supply this need a large number of State superintendents and county superintendents are making a special effort to supply the proper sympathy toward the farm in all our public schools. They are working toward what the farmer calls a practical education. This will be a valuable movement so long as we do not try to make our educational system a specialized course in agriculture. We must always keep in mind that the fundamental basis of a useful life is a liberal education which has largely been unhampered by specialization.



Negro Preachers.

One index of the life of a people is its religion. Emotionalism plays an important part in the negro's religion. This produces some good results but naturally enough a superstitious and emotional religion does not do much to affect the standard of morals. Professor Du Bois describes his first negro camp meeting as follows: "A sort of suppressed terror hung in the air, and seemed to seize us—a pythian madness, a demoniac possession, that lent terrible reality to song and words. The black and massive form of the preacher swayed and quivered as the words crowded to his lips and flew at us in singular eloquence. The people moaned and fluttered, and then the gaunt-cheeked brown woman beside me suddenly leaped straight into the air and shrieked like a lost soul, while round about came wail and groan and outcry and a scene of human passion such as I had never before conceived." Mr. L. C. Perry, in a sociological study, gives the following account of a service in one of the cruder churches of Nashville: "A very warm evening. Every seat in the house packed and most of the standing room occupied. Two stoves nearly red hot and the door kept tightly shut. Text: 'And the Lord spoke to Daniel in the valley of dry bones, saying, Rise ye up and meet me.' The sermon began something like this: 'Brethren and sisters, I started out early one morning, a long time ago, and knew not whitherward I was going for the Lord led me in ways unbeknownst to me, henceward I went on and on till finally when the day got hot I came down into the valley of Jehoshaphat. And as I went down the slippery walls of that

slimy valley my weary feet slid over rotten bones of many hell-parched sinner I fell not, although the valley was full of pits and horrible falls; I fell not, for a band of holy angels were rustling the wings around me to bear me upward and onward to meet my God, and they bore me on and I came to my Lord, and he was—Here followed a description of his meeting the Lord; but what he said could not be understood, for his voice was drowned by the shouts of twenty-five or more people. 'Then' my Lord told me to come here to Nashville, to Kayne Avenue, and preach to his chosen lambs for to rise up and meet their God—' Then much more shouting which, in fact, never entirely died out at any time, and only at intervals allowed the speaker to be heard. The harangue lasted in this strain for an hour and a half without touching the ground." Mr. Perry says: "Their prayers are often more offensive than their sermons. In the same city in a very small churchhouse where only forty-five were present, six of whom were preachers, the pastor called on one of the young preachers to lead in prayer. He prayed eleven minutes and after the first few sentences, fell into a perfectly uniform mode of expression and monotonous chant. His sentences were all alike, with the exception of only one clause in each. 'O Lord, my God, wilt thou be so good and so kind and so merciful as to condescend as to bless us? O Lord, my God, wilt thou be so good and so kind and so merciful as to condescend as to bless our little children?' And on and on with the use of this same expression till a blessing had been invoked on everything imaginable, from the stars in heaven even to the pavements of the streets, while at the same time another preacher was keeping up a symmetrical chant of repose. 'Oh, yes, Lord grant it, oh, do Lord, amen and amen.' The effect of all this was weird and one often had to pull himself together to realize that he was still in Nashville and had not been suddenly transported to Africa."



Applied Power.

The value of a man lies not so much in the amount of power he possesses as in the amount of power he can actually put into effect. There are plenty of good men in the world who have strong bodies and keen minds but cannot make themselves felt in the world because they failed to learn how to apply the power which is in

their possession. They make good storage banks but the expense of pumping out what is in them is almost as great as training new men. It is a sad waste of life for a man to accumulate power without learning how to transfer that power into life values. Money, knowledge and influence all represent power which should belong to the good of the general public instead of to any one individual, and while accumulating any one of them one should learn how to disseminate what one accumulates.

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KEEP THE YOUNG PEOPLE HAPPY

M. Elizabeth Binns

IN an article entitled "Is the Good Girl Getting a Square Deal?" recently published in *The Inglenook*, there is much food for thought. There are also suggestions for much that could be done.

Truly, are the good boys and girls receiving the recognition and encouragement they deserve? Is not the fact that they are good boys and girls easily accepted and nothing need be done for them? Oh, yes; their consciences are clear, that is so; but could not a little outside recognition be a pleasure and encouragement?

Why is it that so many girls become bad girls, and there cannot be those fallen girls without just as many fallen boys and men? Why must so many men and women with grown sons and daughters either tremble in dread of what might come, or go in sorrow to the grave because of what has come to them, through those sons and daughters?

Can nothing be done while they are good boys and girls, if not exactly to remove the temptation, at least to make the temptation less tempting?

The man who wishes to entice those boys and girls frequently holds out the idea of something doing every minute," something to arouse their interest, fill their minds, and keep them busy, with what he represents as gay times.

Cannot that need or desire, to which the few bad ones have answered, be met in a way that will not only satisfy, but perhaps cultivate the desire for innocent pleasures rather than leave our young folks always open to the temptation to evil, which is ever made so attractive?

If a farmer wants a field of especially good corn he does not wait till that corn

is ready to form in the ear before he does anything for it, and then, when he sees danger of its being poor, hurry and do a little something for its benefit. Oh, no; he begins with the soil; then care is taken in the planting, and all the time that corn is growing he has an eye on it, and is ready and willing to do anything he knows to make it more perfect. If he neglected it entirely during the springtime, would the summertime find it notably good?

Our young people are allowed to grow up with little effort made to fill their minds, hearts or souls with anything but the humdrum duties of life. Then when their fancy wanders to forbidden fields they are told they must not, but nothing is given them which they may do and find as attractive.

What is the natural tendency of youth? Activity, high spirits, love of fun; and if those high spirits cannot find vent in permissible fun they are sure to do so in what we call mischief, which is only fun gone astray; but find an outlet they must and will. Is that wrong? Not at all. Did Christ say, "Blessed are these sober, quiet, good children"? No; he accepted them and blessed them as they were, and he knew what they were. That they were fun-loving then is proven now by the toys found in the excavations in Greece, Egypt, Assyria and Palestine.

Now the church says they must not, after leaving their toys as small children, turn to such things as dancing, card games, moving pictures or vaudeville; but what does it give to sharpen the young wits, supply the need for active, pure, joyous excitement, or answer the demand to know something of the world outside their immediate vicinity?

School and schoolbooks—yes, they are good and necessary, but, how stale they become when one has gone over them but must still fill time with them!

The cold-hearted man of business, who desires to attract those young people, advertises "something doing every minute."

Do the good people have something doing every day, week or even every month? Then when they do have something it either must be so big or is such an unusual thing that they are completely worn out for days by it. You say it is expensive, always to keep something doing. A little, yes; but it need not be very expensive, and are not your boys and girls worth it? Were those cornhuskings, applebutter boilings, and school spelling-matches, of a few years ago, expensive? Were they popular? It is but a few years since I saw such gatherings in western Pennsylvania that even a large farm kitchen could not hold, but the overflow easily went over the rest of the house or to the barn. And were those people happy? Ask a few of the matrons who are just past young womanhood.

The young folks may say that is old-fashioned, but it can be brought up to date.

One State superintendent has advocated throwing open the schoolhouse every evening. He is broad-minded. He says the schools are for the good of the people; so why should they not be for the public benefit, instead of standing unused two-thirds, or sometimes three-fourths of the time? There are in them little social affairs of all kinds, always for the public; readings, musicales, debates, spelling contests, stereopticon illustrations, etc.

Are some of the school directors holding up their hands in horror, some of the taxpayers wondering how many mills on the dollar that means? The dancehall man and the vaudeville man can afford it, and your boys and girls supply the dollars. He can afford to put hundreds, yea, thousands of dollars, into amusing your young people and you pay the bill in heartaches when your daughters have been attracted to wayward paths and your sons are living double lives in the cities, both ashamed to come home.

Now is there a remedy?

One objection many older people have to evening amusements is that they keep everybody up so late. Need they do so? More particularly they need not if the good times are several times a week or every night. Could they not last from 8 to 9 o'clock or 9:30? then a few minutes for conversation and home by ten at the latest. In

winter they could begin by 7 or 7:30, and end accordingly. There can be a singing class with contests every month, using both religious and good secular music; a phonograph association, with recitals once a week; also a debating society, with contests on every subject imaginable.

There can be a postcard society, with one of those machines that reflect postcards. Everybody enjoys pictures. Journeys could be taken through the wide, wide world by means of those postcards. Some one would enjoy looking up information and stories about them, and manners and customs of the people shown could be discussed. Bible study for those so minded could be a feature of one evening a week. The geography, history, archæology, and manners and customs of the Bible can be made very interesting.

Some evenings could and should be given over to genuine fun. The old proverb has it that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and so it is. Taffy-pulling, apple-roasting, story-telling and simple games—don't suppress the fun. Of course the fun must not get rough and result in offense or destruction. That is not fun; that is mischief, where liberty has descended to license.

By all means have all the entertainment as inexpensive as possible. A box could be kept for voluntary contributions to defray the needful expense, and many a one when feeling jolly and happy would be generous, who in more sober moments would hold his pursestrings tight.

Should not giving to make people good, or keep them good through their good time, be just as commendable as giving to make them good after they have tasted evil?

Some of the evenings can be spent at various homes. In no case should there be any attempt to show off wealth, for that would defeat the end in view. Elaborate entertaining would make it impossible for some of the best-hearted people to give when they would delight to if they felt simple pleasures would be enjoyed.

Let us go back to the simple life in this as in some other things. Again you say it will take money! Even so. Think of the dollars that man of seductive entertainment sows. He affords it. Then think of the harvest of sorrow you reap from his sowing. Think again of the harvest of pure, clean happiness for your children, yourself and others, that may come from a few dollars of your sowing. Not only that, but you will have the consciousness of a work for good well done.

NATIONAL AND INDIVIDUAL HEALTH

D. L. Garver

ANCIENT history shows that nation after nation has been affected with many diseases, under which it has sickened and died. The history of the Roman race also shows that a large per cent has prematurely died for want of a better knowledge of the natural laws governing health and life.

When mankind becomes a little farther advanced along these lines, we shall know better how to live longer and happier lives, by avoiding the causes of sickness; many have learned that you cannot cure disease. If anything is cured, it is the person and not the disease.

When men learn how to live naturally they will live longer, and when the time comes they will drop off like autumn leaves and like ripe fruit from a tree. War has been the principal malady afflicting and killing nations, but its death knell is now being sounded by all the great Christian civilized nations of the world. Abolish war and intoxicants, and nations will live forever.

People are learning that charity and kindness have more force than gunpowder in promoting the welfare of nations and individuals. When a nation becomes sick with the war disease, and the drunk disease, and loses its moral stability, it must drag along through a miserable existence, and if no remedy is found finally die.

But now a remedy has been found. The American Peace Society and many other peace organizations in different parts of the world are laboring faithfully in moulding public opinion to a higher standard.

Not long ago President Taft and delegates from England and France signed arbitration treaties, binding their respective governments. This was a great event in the universal peace movement. When men and nations adopt that Christian precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," then we shall live long, useful lives, governed by brotherly love and kindness, and nations may endure forever.

If mankind continues to progress through the coming century as much as in the past, we shall soon reach the millennium, when war will be no more, and shops where the

raw material (boys) is manufactured into drunkards and criminals, gambling, dance-halls and the unmentionable places will be unknown, and there will be no criminal courts, penitentiaries and jails. The character of children will be moulded by reason and kindness, rather than by scolding and corporal punishment.

Spain was one of the most powerful nations, but has been afflicted with war and rum disease for centuries, and is now in her dotage with a large portion of territory gone. Her last severe spell was when her drunken officials blew up the Maine, and the United States thrashed her for it, and took her islands. The United States was afflicted for many years with the slavery disease. It became chronic and many thought it would prove fatal, but it finally came to a crisis in 1860, and there was a four years' struggle between life and death, but the nation has survived.

This slavery disease has left the nation with an immense doctor bill. The government entered into business with all the distilleries and breweries and rum sellers of the country and gets a share of the income from their business. A large per cent of this revenue is paid over the saloon counter by drunkards whose wives and children go in hunger and rags. Raising revenue in this way saves the rich people from paying so much tax. Some think that the United States will get rid of the drunk disease and raise revenues by a tax on values.

The field for improvement in the health of nations and individuals is boundless, but in comparing past centuries with the present we see wonderful advancement in civilization. Not many years ago men, women and children were bought and sold like dumb beasts, and this with the sanction of the government and some churches. Men considered it honorable to settle differences in opinion and insults by fighting a duel, and in visiting at a neighbor's home a man considered himself slighted if a drink of whiskey was not offered. Now civilized nations arbitrate war questions, and slavery exists only in a few uncivilized tribes. You can call at your neighbor's and not one in a hundred would offer you whiskey.

WHY BE HONEST?

C. E. Andrews

EVERY man has a policy of his own. It may be right or wrong. Some are honest, thinking that through the working of Divine Providence they may gain affluence as a reward for their honesty.

Others are honest from love of applause, liking to hear themselves well spoken of, and their actions commended. Others are honest, yet they may have the spirit and nature to be dishonest, but the fear of disgrace or prison or detection may deter them. Parents may teach their child to be honest, and will teach him that well-known maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," and when he is grown to manhood he may enter the dry goods business, and may sell the best material at the lowest price. He may fail, while his neighbor who cheats succeeds.

What will then become of your maxim? The young man that begins by being dishonest may acquire habits of concealment as he grows older but dishonest he will remain at heart. He may grow rich and there may be no apparent motive for this dishonesty, but the seed will grow. You may mildly suggest to him that he is doing wrong. His reply will be: "Oh, I am only sowing my 'wild oats.'"

"As a man sows, so shall he also reap," is not alone good Scripture, but good common sense. We never hear of girls being permitted to sow their "wild oats," yet why have not they as much moral right to do so as the young men? If one of them should try, however, what a tumult there would be! Mothers would lift their hands in horror, fathers would rave and fume, while the young man who would answer your mild suggestion by saying that he was sowing his wild oats, would be the first to give the sister the cold shoulder.

Honesty may be defined as good intentions to all men, fully executed without consideration of policy or personal advantage. The old man in Maine who said to his son, John, when he was going out into the world to seek his fortune: "John, 'Honesty is the best policy;' I've tried both"—could hardly be called a good adviser, since every man has a right to his own policy and what may suit me may not suit another.

All policy is more or less selfish, and we

should be honest from principle, not policy for policy may say, "Be dishonest."

An amusing incident is related of a man who sold milk in the city of London, where the fluid dispensed as produced by the cow is satirically called, "London sky-blue." He went to church one morning while the clergyman was eloquently discoursing on the rewards attending the practice of honesty. He told of boys who would not steal a pin, who had risen to the position of lord mayor, generals, merchants, princes, and men of high degree; and he frequently repeated the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy."

The milk man was charmed. He saw before him an open road to fortune and the monopoly of the milk business in his neighborhood. He resolved to be honest. He would no longer water the milk, but serve his customers with the genuine fluid. He did so and went home to the bosom of his family, feeling himself a truly wise and virtuous man who well deserved all good fortune. But he reckoned without his host. The good people he served had never seen real milk. London sky-blue had always been brought to their doors. This new milk was a great mystery to them; a thick yellow scum rose upon the top of it. The strange phenomenon was observed by every housewife on the street. Heads were thrust out of the windows and shrill conventions held. The milk was voted too dirty for respectable people to use; so they decided that they would first soundly berate their milk man and then discharge him.

When the poor fellow made his rounds the next morning he was met with broomsticks and abuse; and, having proved that honesty was not the best policy, he returned to selling "sky-blue," a sadder and a wiser man. Then, why is honesty the best policy? Because a clear conscience can only be secured by being honest; and what a lovely friend is a clear conscience. If you feed it well in youth it will need no medicine when you are old. The best food for conscience is kindly deeds, virtuous thoughts, honest dealing and truthful speech. It never refuses such food. Feed it as often as you like, and it will still call for more, and it pays well for its board. When you have the least it will reward you

the most. When your feet limp, it will make your heart dance. When your eyes are blind it will make your soul see. When your body is a prisoner to pain, it will lead you into a land as beautiful as the love of God.

Then we would say, Be honest, not from

policy, but because it is right, though it leads over the hill to the poorhouse. Honesty is the steppingstone to a higher and a nobler existence. Honesty is duty; and duty fences the path heavenward.

TRASH

Mrs. J. W. Wheeler

ONE of the most valuable hints apropos of house-cleaning is, "Don't have so much to clean." Greater simplicity need not sacrifice comfort or beauty; indeed it should enhance it. Modern architecture, interior decoration and furnishings confirm this; the ornate and bizarre are giving way, more and more, to chaste lines and simple ornamentation. It looks as if carpets, excepting matings, may be a genuine curiosity to our grandchildren. The wooden polished or painted floors with rugs are found to be more sanitary and on the whole easier to care for, doing away with the laborious cleaning and relaying of close carpets.

Built-in furniture reduces the number of movables appreciably; bookshelves, sideboards, window seats, settles and linen closets in the most convenient positions save considerable labor, in the course of a year. The bathroom has simplified work in the chamber; only in rural communities do we find the movable commode with its heavy wash-bowl and pitcher.

There are fewer and better pictures.

The heavy hangings of twenty years ago are rarely seen, and tidies, scarfs and throws have disappeared with the plush and felt lambrequins. What we see now are washable pieces to protect the polished surfaces, practical embroideries of white or colors that may be cleansed without injury. What a relief after the reign of painted plush, ribbon embroidery, felts and lace,—dust gatherers all,—that used to clutter and cheapen our homes!

Wooden and rattan furniture stands high as labor-saving. Comparatively few pieces of elaborately stuffed furniture are now seen; when cushions are desired they are made adjustable, fitted to the seats and backs, easily removed to be whipped free of dust on the back porch.

Why are not some of us quite so content to give up our musty, heavy, feather beds? The hair mattress is so much more sani-

tary, and after once in possession, is even more durable than the feather bed, and much easier to care for! Happily we are saying "good riddance" to the weighty calico comforters that have to be ripped apart and put together for proper cleaning; and soft washable blankets of cotton or wool have taken their places.

The unfortunate habit of hoarding makes house-cleaning a formidable task. We do not dispose of the old things when the new take their places, and the house becomes crowded beyond comfort. That disabled bureau is put away upstairs as a magazine for trash that should not have collected, and that rheumatic chair is set into some corner where it is hoped, for the safety of one's own limbs, nobody will dare to sit on it, or at best, it is conveyed to the attic or storeroom to gather dust and require handling at house-cleaning time. These old pieces,—I do not include genuine antiques,—are often a Godsend to some less fortunate family, when longer screws, new dowels, paint and glue have contributed their services. Camp life has opened a fresh outlet for superseded furnishings, and the Salvation Army accomplishes a genuine amount of good through donations of this sort that it receives. Surely there are ways to use old furnishings besides crowding the house beyond comfort.

Accumulations of smaller articles give even more trouble. Cast-off clothing that hangs about provides the best culture centers that can be thought of for moths and buffalo-bugs especially if, as is usually the case, they are soiled. If they are to be used again, in rugs or otherwise, the only safe way is to cleanse them at once, then pack them away from the dust.

Magazines and papers! How they collect and overflow tables, shelves, and closets, even the corners of rooms! The favorite excuses are, "I may want to read them again," "They're so useful in housekeeping," and "I want to clip some things." Now

while there is nothing better during convalescence than a pile of old magazines, except a new one, or in cleaning closets, nothing more useful than ordinary newspapers, and I must confess to a great weakness for "clipping," do we not forget that every week fresh batches are arriving? The writer had, in self-defence, a short time ago, to sacrifice her precious hoards. She began with her usual habit of clipping the little things that were so fascinating, but found

this would never do, it would take week and time did not permit. The only way was to select the choicest, especially the illustrated papers and tie them up in bundles for the Salvation Army collector and then send for the junk dealer.

No, when the house becomes filled with trash, there is no room for the article needed in daily use. The "first aid" to house-cleaning is to weed out the trash.—Everyday Housekeeping.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

WHEN John Cudahy, the millionaire packer of Chicago, recently bought of the Colorado Development Company a small section, extending from Imperial Valley, California, far into Mexico, his purchase included the little area where George Lembecke and Herman Ludwig, Germans, have lived for four lonely years, afraid to venture from their clearing in the thorny brush lest they become lost and perish on the blistering sands.

Only those familiar with the desert, and this region in particular, can appreciate the possibilities of a living death which the two men faced. They set forth four years ago from Yuma on a prospecting trip. Far beyond civilization their pack burros decamped, leaving them stranded.

For three terrible days they wandered over the desert. Finally they pushed their way through the thorny tangle of underbrush on the Colorado delta, and with shoes worn through, clothes in tatters, and bodies a mass of ugly lacerations, they stumbled upon a water hole, fed from the distant Colorado. Then they collected their outfit, determining that their only hope lay in remaining by this water supply until help came.

Realizing the possibilities of being forced to remain for an indefinite period, their German industry asserted itself. After making a small clearing in the damp soil of the delta they cut up their potatoes and planted them, and stuck most of their red beans into the ground.

While looking after their farming enterprise they also invented snares and other traps for wild game, whose little runways zigzagged through the underbrush, and in this way fresh meat was easily secured.

A lean-to made of branches and foliage provided shelter. Within a short time the two marooned men had become accustomed

to their wild surroundings and but for the knowledge that they could not escape without aid from the outside they would have found pleasure in their unique environment especially as their husbandry proved successful, eliminating all possibility of starvation.

Occasionally they would go to the outer edge of the brush and gaze wistfully across the limitless sand, but were not rewarded by sighting others of their kind.

"It looks as though we would die here," said Lembecke, despondently. "We could be worse off," was his companion's philosophical response, as he recalled the days of awful suffering when he and Lembecke trudged over the desert, lost, and without water, only taking to the thorn brush in their delirium.

One morning the whistling of a locomotive was heard. Lembecke, always of a melancholy cast of mind, turned white with fear. On the moment he thought it the sound of the judgment horn. To Ludwig the strange noise was a puzzle. In the four years they had been prisoners in the Mexican jungle no such noise had ever been heard by them before. He would not permit himself even to hope that the sound was really what it seemed to be. He and Lembecke finally crept cautiously to the edge of the thorn thicket, and there, a few miles away, they saw a construction train creeping across the glistening plain.

When night brought relief from the terrible heat the two men built a slow fire by the edge of the brush by which to guide their returning steps, and then set forth to tramp to the railroad. Never were common steel rails and redwood ties more welcome. When the two miners came to the railroad Lembecke fell on his knees, and bending down, fervently pressed his lips to the rails.

Of course their story was regarded with incredulity by the railroad men, but when

the latter visited the water hole, and took note of the patches of potatoes and beans, saw the snares for game, and sat down by the little lean-to and heard the amazing story of how the Germans had struggled to keep up courage, how they resorted to the hides from rabbits and sometimes a stray deer from which to make their garments, conviction was complete.

Lembecke and Ludwig will not be mo-

lest by the Chicago millionaire who has bought their little realm. They are still living there, having decided that as the railroad is within easy reach they may as well remain; in fact, every foot of the little clearing in the jungles which succored them when they were dying is endeared to them, and civilization has lost its charm.—Christian Monitor.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

THE Pennsylvania Dutch is the language of the Germans who emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1683, or when Pastorius settled in Germantown in the middle of the eighteenth century. At that time about 100,000 people settled principally in the southeastern counties of the State, such as Lancaster, York, Franklin, Cumberland, Berks, Schuylkill, and Lehigh. The emigration was due partly to the ravages of the armies of Louis XIV., and partly to religious persecution. The settlers came principally from the Rhenish Palatinate, Württemberg, and Switzerland, with a sprinkle from the Lower Rhine, Bavaria, Alsace, and Saxony. As most of the dialects spoken by these people belonged to the Alemannic and Franconian groups, the idiom of the Pennsylvania Dutch is really High German, and the confusion with Dutch is due to the fact that the settlers called their language "Deutsch" (German). Although a variety of dialects was origi-

nally represented, that of the Rhenish-Palatinate (Reno-Franconian) so predominated and influenced the others that the language may be regarded as fairly homogeneous. Owing to their segregation in religious communities, the emigrants clung tenaciously to their mother tongue, but were gradually compelled by force of circumstances to accept many English words, especially the names of objects in daily use, until the dialect can best be described as a fusion of Franconian and Alemannic with an admixture of English varying from one per cent in the rural districts to a large percentage in the towns.

The writings of the Pennsylvania Germans have been mainly of a religious character, such as hymns and polemical pamphlets. They were written as a rule in the High German literary dialect, with, however, a number of exceptions. Within the last forty years, however, a number of poems in the dialect have been written.

THE GHOST THAT SLEPT

C. D. Clough

IT was way back in the nineties, when I was rather a young man, who had had his ups and downs, and who had traveled over the country in all directions where railroads afforded the ordinary person means of seeing the American world.

I lived with my father and mother when at home, otherwise I existed anywhere I could secure three meals a day and some place to sleep and dream of things that would happen, as my past was mixed with so many trials and mishaps that I did not care to bring up any recollection of bygone days.

I was a man of the world in more ways than one. I was always on the lookout for trouble, with no fear of man or beast, yet there came a time when a man as dead as Hamlet's ghost gave me such a scare that I did not recover from the shock for several days.

At this time I was employed by what was then known as the Plant System of Railways, now the Atlantic Coast Line. The trains on which I handled trunks, suit cases, dogs and dead bodies were known as Nos. 32 and 35, running between Sanford and Tampa, Florida, a distance of 115 miles. At Sanford connection was made



Telling about the Ghost.

with a trunk line for Jacksonville and points north.

My conductor, Ed Anderson, was one of those eccentric fellows, generous, however, to a fault, but brave as a lion. We were the best of friends, and if he became involved in a row with some passenger who probably wanted to get a free ride on his nerve or face, Ed always called on me, and as a general thing the two of us made short work of any meddlesome fellow who thought he was entitled to all the privileges due the president of the road.

But to return to my story. It was a dark, rainy night, and as the train pulled out of Sanford about sunset, I noticed a box containing a corpse had been loaded onto my car, accompanied by the usual "first-class fare" ticket which doubtless was held by some relative in the smoker or parlor car. I paid no particular attention to the box, for it was the custom to transport the remains of the dead in this way instead of relying on the express company.

When our train was under full headway I heard sounds of "knocking" coming from that section of the car where the box was placed. I was busy writing up my check list by the dim light of an oil lamp, the chimney of which had not had a real cleaning in months, but the continuous knocking caused me to watch the thing in a more careful manner. The noise kept up and my fears grew on me so rapidly that I reached for a revolver which I always kept in the drawer of my desk, and turning around on the stool I sat watching for the ghost with my revolver leveled at the box.

About this time a strong puff of wind blew out the light, at the same time scattering papers and letters over the entire car. There I was in total darkness, in the very presence of a real ghost I thought, for the scattering of papers and letters, together with the inky blackness of the night, convinced me that I would soon be seized by

some departed spirit and carried off into unknown space and probably eaten alive. This was enough. I left baggage, mail, corpse and everything and climbed over a huge pile of trunks, and made my way to the engine.

The engineer was "Old Joe," and as I often rode with him, he of course thought nothing of my occupying the fireman's seat during at least a part of the run.

We pulled into the first station and according to the custom the conductor yelled out at me,

"How are you fixed up there, Jack?"

"Giving him the 'high ball,'" I exclaimed.

"All right, let'r go."

"Old Joe" opened his throttle and the engine once more resumed her speed.

At each station the conductor would put the usual question to me as stated above and in return I would inform him that there was no baggage.

Upon reaching Orlando quite a lengthy stop was made and the operator handed the conductor several telegrams asking for information about baggage that had failed to be put off at a number of stations.

This brought the conductor to my car to ascertain what the trouble was. Failing to find me in my car he proceeded to the engine and exhibiting the yellow missives enquired why I failed to unload the baggage at the proper stations. I told him about the ghost, but this only brought reproof from Ed, and it seemed at first that I would soon be without a job.

He was mad as a March hare and told me if I would take his place in the train, he would manage the baggage business in a satisfactory manner. I agreed to his terms and the boss of the train crew was soon installed as an ordinary baggagemaster.

As the train pulled out (as Ed afterwards told me), the ghost began to make the same noise as it did when I left the car. Ed went through the same experience that I

did. When the light was blown out and the papers scattered, the conductor vacated and crawled over into the engine cab by "Old Joe."

As we slowed up at the first station Ed called me out and we, together with the fireman, porter and "Old Joe," lighted a torch and proceeded to the haunted car, to find out the trouble.

It was not long until we located it. The box was placed on an unlevel space when it was carried into the car and as the train moved the motion necessarily caused the box to make a thumping noise from the continuous jar.

As soon as we located the "ghost" I did

not have so many fears, yet I could not help thinking of things that had happened and did not fail to level up the floor where the box lay, as that peculiar noise gave me a lonesome feeling that I could not shake off.

The corpse was transferred at a town near Tampa in order that it might reach its destination on another road. Well, the joke was on me, and the boys up and down the line did not fail to rub it in, good and strong. I recovered, however, but even now I would be very apt to seek refuge in the engine cab were I occupying the same position and a live ghost cut the capers this one did.

MRS. BROWN WAS HARD OF HEARING

J. C. Begley

YES, Mrs. Florence Brown, an aged widow, was hard of hearing, but it was not her fault. No, she could not help it, more's the pity. It is to be regretted that she could not hear any better than she did, but, after all, we are taught that "all things work together for good," and we believe it. And we think that the life history of Mrs. Florence Brown will prove that such was the case.

One evening, as she was passing the home of Miss Bertha Bell, she called for a drink of water. Bertha was a clever maiden lady, and promptly brought a pitcher of good, cool water from the never failing spring.

Bertha was busy writing a letter. This excited the curiosity of her aged caller, and Mrs. Brown was mean enough to ask her to whom she was writing it. She should not have done this, but she did, nevertheless. Such a question would have offended nine out of every ten ladies in the community. But Bertha Bell was an exception; she did not mind the interrogation a little bit. She promptly answered at the top of her voice:

"I am writing to Carrie Holman, a friend of mine, you know."

"Harry Coleman!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Oh, yes, Bertha, I see. Your love match with that fellow still continues. You may say it doesn't, but I talked that way myself when I was your age. Well, that's right, Bertha. Write him a good long letter, and

don't forget to ask me to the wedding when the time comes."

"I said CARRIE HOLMAN!" exclaimed Bertha, at the tiptop of her voice. Not until then did she realize the similarity in the two names.

"Yes, yes, I heard you. Harry Coleman, I understand it all. The long lost love match has been revived. He will make you a good husband, Bertha. Good luck to you both."

Bertha tried to make her understand the name more distinctly, but her effort was a dismal failure. She even handed her the letter to read, in order that the aged lady might learn the name of the addressee, but unfortunately, Mrs. Brown had forgotten her spectacles. Despite her best efforts, Bertha was obliged to allow the old lady to take her departure with the firm conviction that she, Bertha, was writing to Harry Coleman.

After Mrs. Brown was gone, Bertha commenced to think. Harry Coleman had been her beau for several years, but like many other lovers, they had a quarrel, after which he ceased paying attention to her, or anyone else. This was fully twelve years ago. She was now thirty-five, and he—well, he was five years her senior. He was a confirmed bachelor, of forty years, and was conducting a large farm, six miles north of her home. Since her quarrel with Harry, Bertha had lived on the home farm, where she was born and raised. Her father



"Bertha began to think."

and mother had since been called from their earthly home, and Bertha and her ten-year-old nephew lived alone.

As Mrs. Brown was slowly ascending the hill that led to her humble home, she saw Harry Coleman coming toward her. He was riding horseback, and was clad in what she believed to be his best Sunday suit.

"Hey!" shouted Mrs. Brown. "I know where you are going. You are going down to call on Bertha Bell, that's where you are going!"

Harry simply shook his head. He knew that he could not speak loud enough for her to hear him.

"There's no use shaking your head. I know it all. You can say that you don't go there any more if you want to, but I don't have to believe it. I just came from Bertha's house, and she told me that she was writing to you, and she even showed me the letter. I guess I know!"

Harry knew not what to think. Mrs. Brown was known the country-wide as a truthful woman, and yet, the story was too incredible. It was simply too good to be

true. He would give his right arm if there could be the least resemblance of a reconciliation between him and Bertha, but he was positive that it was out of the question. The fact is that he was on his way to a political meeting, and had to pass Bertha's home before reaching it.

As he neared the Bell homestead, where he had made numerous calls in the days ago, the thought of Mrs. Brown's words were indelible on his mind. He wondered what it could have meant. Just as he was passing the home, he saw Lloyd, her ten-year-old nephew, trying his best to catch a yearling colt that had found its way into the yard. The colt was too much for Lloyd and could run faster than the boy. Harry alighted from his horse, dashed into the yard, and soon caught the colt and led him to the barn. Lloyd was truly thankful, and invited him into the house. No, he could not think of it.

"No," said Mr. Coleman, "I hardly have time. But I will be thankful if you will get me a clothes brush. Catching that colt has made it necessary." And such was the case, for Lloyd had not as yet used the curry-comb on the beast, and Coleman's coat sleeve did need a brushing.

"Not unless you come into the house," replied Lloyd.

Harry was forced to consent. The two entered the house, where Bertha was seated, penning her letter to Carrie Holman. Lloyd interrupted her work by saying:

"Aunt Bertha, this gentleman was kind enough to get off his horse and catch the colt for me, and you'll have to get him the clothes brush that he may brush his coat."

"Certainly," said Bertha, as she laid aside her writing materials, "allow me to thank you for your kind—"

She could not speak another word, after seeing the face of their kind benefactor, and realizing that it was none other than Harry Coleman. Both stood speechless.

"Aunt Bertha, why don't you get the clothes brush?" asked Lloyd. "Tell me where it is; I'll get it."

"On the mantel shelf in my room upstairs," replied Bertha.

Lloyd started for the stairway. Bertha started for Harry. Harry started for Bertha. They shook hands, after which Bertha broke the silence by saying:

"It was so kind of you, Harry. And—and—this is your first visit here for—for—for—a long time."

"Yes, and by unexpected circumstances. It seems like home to me—almost."

(Continued on Page 1129.)

THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

WELL, chatterers, here we are again! I am going to chat with you this time on a little couplet I heard somewhere, a long time ago; I don't even know who wrote it, but here it is:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!"

Yes, that is exactly as I heard it years ago, and the strangest thing, readers! those two little lines always seemed to bob up and sing themselves into my ear very persistently whenever I found myself doing something that was very like deceiving; and they helped me, lots of times, and I think it would be a good plan for you to memorize them, too.

Nothing could be more truthful,—it is always a "tangled web" that results, when we commence to deceive, and the web grows more tangled as we go on. Lots of young folks I have met say: "But that was nothing,—such a little thing!" That is just it; one thinks that because one deceives "just a little" that it doesn't amount to anything; but it does, and we are sure to find it out later.

A lie is a very dangerous thing; and just when we think it has been successfully hidden, it crops out and is sure to make trouble,—it never fails, young readers,—and the only safe way to avoid the trouble is to think about it before we tell the lie, and then not tell it. There are a very, very few who never deceived,—that's a fact; I won't deny but what I did, too, but I learned the evil by experience,—which is exactly what I don't want you to do,—I want you to SEE the evil of lying and deceit, without having to FEEL it.

The liar is treacherous and not to be trusted. A man who will deliberately tell a falsehood as though it were a truth, is capable of stooping to lower things, and should be avoided. He not only commits a crime against others, but one against himself as well; and that is the greater evil. Even as small as it may seem, it leaves a blot upon the soul much greater than we think.

In everyday life we deceive lots of times, and don't really regard it as that; or at least don't think it is wrong. For instance (if you are a young boy or girl), your father

gives you a quarter for a stated purpose; perhaps to buy something for school,—and you spend it for candy and gum, and do not tell him; that is the same as lying,—and when one does those little things once, he often goes on, until he has woven a web so tangled that it makes it very hard to get out; if indeed one can get out at all.

If you will turn in your Bible to the twelfth chapter of Proverbs, you will find that the twenty-second verse tells us, "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight." By displeasing him in this, even in a small measure, we will surely bring a punishment upon ourselves. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good," and we cannot deceive him.

The only thing to do is to stick always to the straight truth; that's the best way. It don't require any work to do that, and if you practice straight truthfulness for awhile, you will gradually grow into it, and will avoid falsities. When you see how much trouble is caused all around you by deceiving, you will endeavor even more to avoid it.

If we keep practicing deception when young, it is very probable the habit will not leave us when older. Every day we read of some great fraud or misrepresentation; where men in prominent places deceive on a big scale, and getting very securely trapped in a deeply tangled web, are discovered and punished as they deserve. I wonder how much of this comes from their having practiced deception when young? I think a great deal of it does.

The thing to do, young readers, is to commence RIGHT NOW to TRY to be honest in everything. For some, it may be hard at first, but TRY anyway, and I am sure if you really and truly try, you'll succeed. It's the only way, you'll find. No matter how successful one has been so far in hiding his deceptions, he will be discovered sooner or later, that is sure.

It is a great crime to willfully practice lying, a great crime against one's self; to be branded a liar by one's associates, should, I think, bring stinging shame and speedy reform to that unfortunate.

It degrades and lowers,—its practice will bring punishment to you. Avoid it, dear young readers; take the only safe way. Stick to the straight truth, and you'll see how glad you will be that you took my advice, which I mean to be given in a sincere, brotherly way,—as one heartily interested in your welfare. I only wish I might shake your hands, one and all.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

King Ahab's Archives Found.

If the reported discovery by Professor Reisner of Berlin of a hundred clay tablets, forming part of the official records of King Ahab's reign, be confirmed, we may reasonably look for important revelations which would throw light on some of the biblical as well as secular history of that time. These tablets are said to have been found in Samaria, on the site of the Israelitish capital. Ahab ruled about B. C. 915-895, or 2,800 years ago. He was the contemporary of Jehoshaphat, the prophet Elijah, and Benhadad, King of Damascus. He was the weakest of all the Israelitish kings and his sinful alliances and many idolatrous relapses had a tragic culmination. Bible readers and students of ancient history will await with interest the deciphering of these records, which are written with black ink in old Hebrew characters, and should not be difficult to transcribe. They are the earliest Hebrew writings known to be in existence up to the present time, although further researches in Samaria may be productive of other valuable surprises.



Discouragement a Temptation.

Let us meet discouragement as an open foe, a temptation of the devil. All over this land there are many new converts. Let not experienced Christians forget that immediately after the great decision is the perilous moment when the new convert is most in need of help. Too frequently it is assumed that when decision is made all is safe. A person does not realize how strong a hold sinful habits of mind and body have until he attempts to break them. After the exaltation of supreme decision the devil is likely to suggest that such decision was due to excitement. "You made a fool of yourself," Satan says to the new convert, as he goes homeward from the revival meeting; friends, at home, too, may echo the devil's words. Another temptation to discouragement comes when the new convert undertakes Christian work. One after another scorns his invitation. He takes a Sunday-school class and finds the boys unresponsive, if not unruly. His neglect of Bible study in earlier years leads to mortifying mistakes. His prayers for conquest of temper seem to fail and by word and deed he breaks his vows. 'Tis then that he must

put a check on himself lest he be tempted to run away to the juniper bush. Every trade and profession demands an apprenticeship of difficulties. 'Tis for the Christian worker to persevere, to make up his mind to overcome trials, troubles and temptations.



Acquainting Men With God.

Unsympathetic critics not infrequently claim that our ministers preach almost anything else than the Gospel. They give us fine literary and historical essays; dissertations on philanthropy and politics; stories of heroism and of adventure; tucking in a neat moral, perhaps, at the end of each. But "they do not preach Christ's Gospel."

This is too sweeping. It is unjust—and yet there is enough truth in it to make the saying cut.

When Dr. Joseph Parker began to study the great congregation of the London City Temple, he found few laboring men in it.

"We must get them," he said to himself. "But how shall it be done?"

At last, he devised the plan of inviting some of them to a luncheon in the church. He said, "Bring your dinner-buckets and your pipes if you want to. I wish to have a good talk with you."

Several hundred of them accepted his invitation. Then, stepping out in front of them, he said, "Men, why don't you come to church?"

One of their leaders arose and said, "The church isn't for the likes of us. It is for the rich and prosperous. You don't want us there. That's what's the matter with the church."

Then Dr. Parker said, "Men, what is the matter with Jesus of Nazareth?"

Instantly a workman swung his cap and said, in the rude but honest language of the street, "He's all right!"

A thousand or more workmen kept swinging their caps and saying, "He's all right! He's all right!"

The Carpenter, he who healed the poor along with the rich, who over and again said that he was sent to "the least of these," appealed to the hearts of these rough men, although they felt—shame to us that it should ever be so!—shut out from his Church.

It is easy to explain Christ to the world.

Some of the newer religions are hard to comprehend. Christ's words are plain to the dullest. No simpler creed was ever preached—and yet his followers have failed too often to interpret it to the world.

We are his epistles. As his words are clear and simple, so should our words and conduct be.

It has been said of some men that their faces alone were sermons which preached love, good will and nobility of soul to every one who saw them. Thus it was with the sainted Livingstone. The African savage could not understand his words, but his kind face awakened love and confidence.

In the same way, a workingman once said of Phillips Brooks, "When I see that man, it is easy to believe in God."

It is true of others that their words are rough and their outward appearance is not attractive, yet among them are many of God's truest and purest. A poet has spoken of "the ugly face of some beautiful soul." Scars and angles may mar its outward seeming, but the life may be angelic, and may win many to Christ.

Most of us have known abnormally humble people who think—or so profess—that their influence counts for nothing.

It is not so. Every one is an epistle to be read by his companions—and the reading has its effect. You little know who is watching you, and where your chance words may lead some one who hears them. Your very thought must be guarded and restrained, for it leaves its mark upon you, and the passerby will read it on your face or in your speech.



Serenity.

It is sometimes said that serenity cannot be acquired; that unless it is a natural endowment, one, if ever so afflicted, must always remain a victim to worry, nervousness and depression.

This is not true. All but a few exceptional persons, diseased or degenerate, may become calm and cheerful in outward manner, and may effectually subdue wild and turbulent thoughts and passions.

You remember that in one of Charles Dickens' wonderful stories, he pictures an excitable and undisciplined girl, known as "Tattycoram," who is continually flying into a passion.

Her wise foster parents were in the habit of saying to her when one of her outbursts was imminent, "Count twenty, Tattycoram." By the time she had counted twenty, she was comparatively calm. This rule has

been found effective in other households, though sometimes it is better to count fifty or a hundred.

The parents who permit a passionate child to grow up, without making every effort to teach him the beauty of serenity and the necessity of self-control, are guilty of a wrong against the child himself and against society; for many of the most shocking crimes are committed by those who have been allowed to give free rein to their emotions. They go wild with anger, envy, jealousy or grief; work their crazy will while the spell is upon them; and then often come to themselves only to be filled with hopeless remorse for their misdeeds.

It is chiefly for the effect upon our own souls that we should cultivate this beautiful virtue. To be constantly worried, fearing, agitated, is degrading and debilitating to the whole nature.

As no great literature or great art was possible until men began to know personal safety and some degree of physical comfort; so no mind can have great thoughts, or can live in the higher realms of light and peace until it is free from that perpetual mood of anxiety, which blights and cankers.

Ruskin has remarked that he has noticed that all the people he meets are wanting something. They want liberty, they want amusement, they want money; "but which of us," he adds, "feels or knows that he wants peace?"

And yet there is nothing so beautiful as the vision of peace. Its beauty in thought is matched by the beauty of its reality. In the life in which peace abounds, there the best of God's gifts will be bestowed.

"How shall I acquire this precious possession?" one asks. "I have tried to will it. I have prayed for it, and yet my soul is filled with unrest and rebellion."

That devout saint, Fénelon, said that his rule was to desire only the will of God.

"Resign every forbidden joy; restrain every wish that is not referred to his will; banish all eager desires, all anxiety, and you will find peace."

One of our poets has said that he "takes great comfort in the thought of God." A mighty hand is on the helm, an all-seeing eye pierces the clouds ahead, a loving heart guides the wind-tossed bark. It is his will that not any should perish.

"Do not lose your inward peace for anything whatsoever, not if the whole world should be upset," said the consecrated St. Francis de Sale.

And the peace of the individual but typifies the beauty of the peace of a nation.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Miss M. Andrews.

A great many unnecessary steps may be saved by having a wheeled table to carry dishes back and forth from kitchen to dining room. After each meal place all the soiled dishes on the table and wheel to the kitchen. As the dishes are washed and dried they are placed on the table and wheeled to the dining room or pantry as needed. This table is also useful in serving the dessert course.

To polish linoleum:—When the linoleum or oilcloth has been washed and dried make a little starch with boiling water and rub lightly over it with a clean cloth. It will dry very brightly without any further polishing.

A toothpick dipped in olive oil and run around and under the finger nails and a little of the oil rubbed into the skin of the fingers, will keep the juice of fruit and vegetables from staining.

Remember that milk is a food and does not take the place of water. Do not neglect to give the baby water often between feedings, either warm or cool.

The baby has no fear of the dark until taught that fear by an older person. Accustom him to going to bed alone and without a light, and protect him from his first enemy—the person who would teach him fear.

When a hot application is needed suddenly in the night, a lighted electric bulb covered with a flannel will be found very effective.

When ironing it is a good plan to heat a brick hot and use as an iron stand. The irons will keep hot much longer.

To make soap jelly, dissolve one cake of castile soap in three cups of water and add a teaspoonful of pure powdered borax.

Always keep a pair of clean, sharp scissors in the kitchen to use instead of a knife for cutting celery, lettuce, etc., for salads and for cutting raisins or citron for cake.

Often in cooking the yolks of eggs are of no immediate use, but by putting them in a cup and covering with cold water they may be kept for some time if in a cool place.

After doing up a sunbonnet pin the head

piece around a gallon pail until it is thoroughly dry. This gives it good shape.

To remove inkstains soak well with glycerine and let remain over night. Then wash with lukewarm soapsuds. If one application does not entirely remove the stain repeat the process.

Needle Notes.

Hemstitching may be done more evenly if the hem is first basted about one fourth inch from the edge with the edge of the hem on the edge of the drawn threads.

When doing embroidery which requires padding try using the chain stitch instead of the ordinary outline stitch. This is especially good for scalloped edges. I use sansilk for padding.

For darning a rent in fine white goods try using one strand of spool cotton about No. 80, untwisting the thread. This makes a more invisible darn than the finest kind of twisted thread.

When doing shadow embroidery take the thread from your sewing machine, place your work under the foot and run the outlines.

When sewing hooks on a waist, cut a piece of cardboard so that it will slip in the hem or plait. This prevents the stitches showing on the right side of the garment. As you sew on each hook move the cardboard along.

To mark scallops for embroidery lay the handle of a spoon flat on the goods and mark around the end with a pencil. It is handier than a spool and by using different sizes and shapes of spoons many pretty scallops can be made.

The steels of the long corsets may be prevented from working up or down by stitching with the sewing machine across the bottom just below the steels.

Always launder doilies or centerpieces before cutting out the scallops. The goods will shrink and a firmer, neater edge will result than if the scallops were cut out before laundering the piece.

When men's heavy underwear is too much worn for further use as originally intended, cut the bottom of the undershirt off, add a little waist and you have a nice warm

underskirt for one of the little folks. Then cut the legs from the drawers, cut the sides down a few inches, put in a gusset and facings, and add a waist band. Thus with only the expenditure of a little time you have a nice warm suit of underwear.



What Women Should Try to Sell.

A sensible article on "Money-Making at Home," published in the October Woman's Home Companion, shows how women can make pin-money by doing the things near at hand that they are capable of doing. Following is a short extract:

"A young girl, with a knowledge of bookkeeping gained at the local high school, wanted to help her mother make both ends meet, but she was not strong enough to take a position. She helped to pay the family butcher bill by casting up the butcher's accounts every evening. It wasn't much, but it was better than buying an 'outfit' for selling something which she could not possibly sell.

"If you can make good bread, try to make more of it, even if the task is monotonous. You can sell it to exclusive family trade wearied of bake-shop stuff. And it is easier to get ten cents for a small loaf of home-made bread, twenty cents a dozen for the 'sort of biscuits mother used to make,' than to address a hundred envelopes for five cents, especially when no one in your city has envelopes to address by the hundred.

"Look yourself, your home, your neighbors over, and then decide what you can offer that they need. Apply common sense to your home-work and, some time, in some measure, you will secure results. Leave common sense out of your calculations and, rest assured, you will find money slipping out of your purse."



NEVER SAY THE WORLD GROWS OLD.

Clinton Scollard.

NEVER say the world grows old!
 Never say that love grows cold!
 Nay, the world's as young today
 As when first, the pyramids
 Glowed beneath the dawning ray!
 And love looks from lifted lids
 Warm as when Semiramis
 Trembled 'neath her lover's kiss
 In the bowers of Nineveh!

OIL AS A LOCOMOTIVE FUEL.

(Continued from Page 1112.)

Auliffe as many. They include decreased cost of handling oil from cars to engines, with practically no loss by depreciation due to such handling; evaporation losses suffered by coal as not applying to oil; saving of time at terminals for engine cleaning and providing increased mileage per engine, the oil capacity of the tender being about 150 per cent of that of coal; freedom from physical failure of firemen in extreme hot weather; delivery of oil being unaffected by labor conditions, the coal situation necessitating in some instances heavy storage at great expense; greater cleanliness in handling all passenger trains, lack of smoke and immunity from right-of-way forest fires.



MRS. BROWN WAS HARD OF HEARING.

(Continued from Page 1124.)

"I suppose so. I was busy writing a letter, and did not notice that Lloyd was having any trouble with the colt," said Bertha.

"Now, since you say you were writing a letter," said Harry, somewhat timidly, "it recalls another most unusual circumstance. Mrs. Florence Brown, who passed me at the top of the hill, told me that you were writing and that you were kind enough to show her the letter. And she told me who was the addressee. This cannot be true, can it?"

Bertha was about to explain, but Lloyd arrived at that time with the clothes brush, and she was reluctant about explaining in the boy's presence. But Lloyd soon went to the barn, and then Bertha said:

"You know how bad her hearing is. I told her that she could see the letter, doing that to prove who was the actual addressee. I told her I was writing to Carrie Holman, but I couldn't make her understand me. The letter would have shown her mistake to her, but she didn't have her glasses along and could not read it."

This made it clear to Harry. But more words had to be said. It was unusual for him to leave the Bell homestead without first holding a lengthy conversation with Bertha. Harry did not get to the political meeting that night, and is not a bit disappointed that he missed it, either. In point of fact, he is glad that he went no farther than he did. Mrs. Brown's defective hearing had broken the ice, and long ere he left there was a joyous reconciliation. The Bell homestead is now where Harry can be found at home. Bertha has since become his bride, and everybody is happy.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—How secure the children's interest in the study of the Bible? Dr. S. B. Miller.

Answer.—Keep them well supplied with Bible stories suited to their age. Children just beginning to read need simpler stories than the older children. For children from eight to twelve years of age, Foster's "Story of the Bible" is an excellent stimulant for Bible study. Get Bible stories that are well illustrated as the pictures help the child to grasp the ideas. See that the child is a regular attendant at Sunday-school and that it always prepares its lesson before Sunday morning. Simplify the Bible lessons so that the child can grasp them and always keep in mind that children of different ages need helps of different grades. See that each child in the home is supplied with its own helps for Bible study. Personal possession adds much to the interest of the child in Bible study. I have heard parents say, "I have bought a Bible for my children and that is enough. Let them read the Bible." But it is not enough, which is evidenced by the fact that in a few years that man's children do not read the Bible at all. That man would be foolish if he loaded his table with rich meats and then scolded his tiny babe which has no teeth because it does not eat any meat. He is just as foolish if he scolds his children for not reading the Bible when he does not provide them with such reading matter as they can comprehend. The milk which the tiny babe needs contains some of the same nutriments as those found in the meats but they are in a different form. Just so the child needs its mental and spiritual food in a different form from that of the adult.

Question.—How conquer a hard case of self will in a child? H. A. Hoffert.

Answer.—Give the child justice in everything. Never deceive it. As the child develops it will naturally want some things that are not good for it, and will sometimes want to do things that interfere with the comfort or happiness of others. All such mistakes must be corrected by the parents, and the correction must be made kindly but firmly. It is not a bad thing for a child to have a strong will and it is not a wise thing for parents to attempt to break its will, but it is the duty of the parents to direct that strong will into right channels. A sharp

reproof or a severe punishment will not accomplish the desired results. If the child is severely punished and then left to itself in a fit of anger it will have all the opportunity in the world to develop a resentment for the parents and will likely devise means to conceal its actions the next time. When a child is corrected it is necessary for the parent to see that its confidence is retained. I know of a little boy who has a strong will but who has the highest regard for his parents. His parents were always kind, firm and occasionally had to punish him, but they never left him in a fit of anger after his punishment. At such times the father or mother held him until they succeeded in restoring him to a happy state of mind. This of course will take time, effort and patience, but the hours spent in this way now will save years of heartaches after a while. The child admires manhood and womanhood of the highest type and the parents must see that they are worthy of the confidence and respect of the little one in their home.

Question.—How keep the children in the church when their playmates are all members of other churches? A. A. Houpt.

Answer.—The father must be his boy's chum so that the boy will think more of his father's opinions than he will of those of his playmates. The mother must be the companion of her daughter so the daughter will seek the counsel of the mother rather than that of her playmates. Your children should have a large number of playmates but their intimate chums should be found in the home. The home atmosphere must be made wholesome enough that it will be the dominating factor in the moulding of the child. Religious teaching cannot be delegated to the Sunday-school teacher. The Sunday-school teacher can give some assistance but the greatest part of the teaching should be done by the parents.

Question.—What do you call a good Christian home? Maggie Kohler.

Answer.—One where there is peace, unity, good-will and coöperation. In a good Christian home the parents are worthy examples of manhood and womanhood, such as will inspire their children to noble lives. The parents carefully provide for the children but they are not so busy in making money that they have no time to be the companions of the children. They all work together, they play together, they sing together, they read together, and they worship together. The children obey and honor their parents and the parents take pleasure in seeing their children grow into manhood

and womanhood and they give them every encouragement possible to make the best possible of themselves. The children make every effort in their power to lighten the burdens of their parents.

AMONG THE BOOKS

Mother Carey's Chickens.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggins has done much to improve and elevate the mind forces of the coming generation. The pictures of family life which she draws are sufficiently tempting to make her readers, young and old, wish to emulate her heroes. Mrs. Wiggins possesses in the highest degree the ability to make goodness excitingly attractive and virtue contagious, which is not a mean art. In "Mother Carey's Chickens," she has portrayed an ideal family circle. "We often speak of a family circle, but there are none too many of them. Parallel lines never meeting, triangles, oblongs and particularly those oblongs pulled askew, known as rhomboids—these and other geometrical figures abound, but circles are comparatively few. In a true family circle a father and mother first clasp each other's hands, liking well to be thus clasped; then they stretch out a hand to each side and these are speedily grasped by the children, who hold one another firmly and complete the ring." The wholesome philosophy of this charming writer is full of inspiration. She sees life from so true an angle that even its shadows are things of beauty that turn into joy. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co. Price \$1.25 net.



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The account of Onesimus running away, and his voyage to Rome. His accidental meeting of Epaphrus, a minister from Colosse, through whom he finds Paul. His sister is sold to Philemon, how Onesimus becomes a useful member in Paul's home, who persuades him to return to his master. The answer of the prayer of Prudentia, his sister, for his return.

The return of the family, the meeting of master and slave, the family feast.

The church meeting. Onesimus received into the church and becomes a helpful coworker.

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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

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The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

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October 31.
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Vol. XIII.
No. 44.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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Elgin, Ill.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

October 31, 1911.

No. 44.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Farmers' Institute at the Manassas (Va.)
Agricultural School.

Agricultural High Schools.

LAST year I talked to a young man who had finished the eighth grade in the country school about attending some agricultural school. He hesitated at the idea, saying that his father would teach him more about farming than school. I then asked him what he would do during the winter months and he replied: "Loaf and cut wood." What that young man needed and many more in the community was a chance to attend a school giving agricultural courses or a regular agricultural high school; not because their fathers are unable to teach them how to farm, but for the reason that the boys will need a better preparation than they can get at home, in order to succeed in the future as well as their fathers have in the past. The farmer boy needs instruction in elementary botany and zoology, in the care and breeding of animals, in soil analysis, and in the proper cultivation of crops in order to conserve nature. How many fathers can give their

boys reliable instruction in those branches?

The Department of Agriculture of the United States and rural educators have become convinced of this, that agricultural high schools and other forms of agricultural education will play an important part in the future economic and social progress of the country. It is in this field as well as in many other fields of rural activity that the scarcity of leaders is sorely felt. The principal of a rural high school must be a man first of all in sympathy with farm life, he must be a man of broad education, he must be what we would call cultured and have religious convictions which will enable him to take part in the moral progress of the community. Morality and schools cannot be very easily separated.

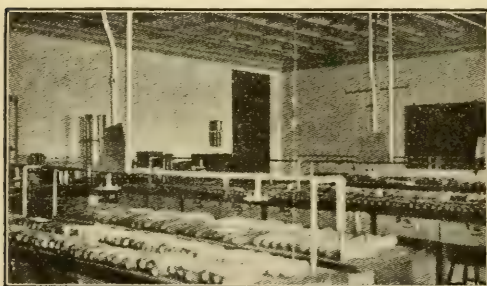
In the 1910 report of the Department of Agriculture, which was distributed this summer, we find a summary of the progress in the establishment of rural high schools. Such schools have been established in the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Nothing is said of the high schools that offer courses in agriculture, which are many, scattered throughout the United States. The agricultural high school affords a better opportunity for extension work than the old-style college preparatory school. In fact this extension or community work is strongly emphasized by many schools and with remarkable success, too. Institutes and lectures on such subjects as corn growing or dairying are always popular with the ambitious farmer. We see no reason why the taxes which the farmer pays should not be used for things that will be of direct benefit to him both socially and economically. Where there is a direct connection between the country school and the farm it has been found that fewer boys and girls leave the country for the city.

The High School of Baltimore County, Maryland.

The same report describes, as a typical case, the Agricultural High School of Baltimore, Md. It is a school maintained by county funds and located out in the open country near a railroad station. At the time the report was written the school had been in operation one year and fifty pupils were enrolled.

There are seven acres of ground connected with the high school which is used largely for experimental purposes. The building is equipped with laboratories, so that the pupils are given a practical course in agriculture. All the usual high school subjects are taught except foreign languages. Home economics and manual training are also included in the courses of study.

Mr. B. H. Crocheron, the principal, has a very effective method of keeping in touch with the farmers of the county. He has a card index containing the names and ad-



The Agricultural Laboratory, with a Glimpse of the Corn Show. 1,800 Ears from 1. Agricultural High School of Baltimore County, Md.

resses together with other information of all the farmers and those interested in farming. The list was compiled from subscription lists of county papers, polling lists, membership rolls of farmers' clubs, and physicians' account books. This constitutes a mailing list whenever any special announcement is to be issued. Whether or no a person answers a letter of inquiry is noted on the card so that by consulting the index one can determine who is interested in the school.

Class room instruction is only one part of the work which the high school does for the county. The principal thinks that all classes, young and old, should be reached in some way or other. During the first winter he proposed a course of evening lectures to be given by himself, but many told him that they would not be a success. People said that the farmers were not



Boys of Cecil County (Md.) Agricultural School Spraying a Neighboring Orchard.

enough interested to attend evening lectures. Nevertheless a course of five lectures was announced and advertised throughout the county by posters. At the time many farmers were talking about fertilizers, hence the principal decided that would lecture on soils and fertilizers. Illustrations and experiments were carried throughout the entire course. "Outlines" of each lecture were made by mimeograph and distributed to each person. The audience was requested always to bring the previous outline to the lectures for reference. The evenings were understood to be serious affairs, designed for those who wanted to know and not as an entertainment for the curious. As projected they were for men but the women asked to be allowed to attend and many did so throughout the course. The first lecture was attended by sixty persons, the second by ninety, third by one hundred, and so on. For the entire course, during good weather and the attendance averaged one hundred twenty-five persons for each lecture, this in an open farming country where practically every one had to drive thro-



A Boy Who Transformed a Swamp in Cornfield. One of the Home Experiments. Agricultural High School of Baltimore County, Md.

the dark over ice, snow, and slush. There was no doubt about the success of this undertaking."

When the lectures were ended a corn congress was held in the high school building. It lasted two days and during the time speakers from the United States Department of Agriculture and from the Maryland Agricultural College lectured on raising corn. There were also lectures on cooking for the women. The congress was well advertised and organizations as well as individuals were urged to enter exhibits of ten ears of corn. There were nearly two hundred exhibitors and almost one thousand persons attended the various sessions. Several country schools held preliminary shows and sent only their best exhibits to the corn congress. There were no money prizes, only ribbons were awarded, even though the city merchants were willing to contribute valuable articles as premiums. When the show was over the prize exhibits were sold at auction. The corn congress was a success from beginning to end.

The high school management was instrumental in the organization of a literary society in the neighborhood. The society meets biweekly and has a membership of one hundred persons who pay dues for its maintenance. The program consists of various kinds of literary exercises, debates and spelling bees.

There is another feature about the high school which we admire very much. During the summer, experiments are carried on by the students at their homes. All the boys are expected to select some kind of an experiment which they are to perform during the vacation months. They are given an opportunity to try out some of the things that they are taught during the winter. The work is carried on under the supervision of the principal who visits the boys from time to time and helps where needed.

The school is at the service of the farmer in more than one way. Seed tests are made free of charge. Both milk and cream are

also tested for butter fat. The school tests are a very effective check upon the creameries. Such a high school is certainly of more benefit to the farmer than the old fashioned high school which attracted only a small percentage of the young people.

International Congress of Farm Women.

The International Congress of Farm Women was announced to be held at Colorado Springs during the week beginning Oct. 16. The organization claims as membership, farm women in foreign countries as well as in the United States. We here give the most important part of the program as announced:

First Day.

"Equipment of the Home."

"Beauty in the Home, Within and Without," by Miss Mary Snow of Chicago.

"Food Values," by Mrs. Mary Pierce Van Zile of Kansas Agricultural College.

Demonstration in Cooking, by the Domestic Science Department of Colorado Agricultural College.

Second Day.

"Conservation of Time and Strength and the Cash Value of Rest," by Mrs. Van Zile.

"Labor-Saving Devices for the Home," by Mrs. J. A. Widstoe of Utah Agricultural College.

Demonstration in Emergency, Nursing and Simple Home Hygiene.

Third Day.

"Economic Value of Women and Children on the Farm."

"Dairying," by Mrs. Scott-Durand of Crab Tree Farm, Illinois.

"What Granges and Farmers' Clubs Are Doing for Farmers' Wives," by Miss Jennie Buell of University of Michigan.

"Care of Infants and Young Children."

Fourth Day.

"The Country Church," by Rev. Warren H. Wilson.

"The Reorganization of the Country School," by Prof. W. H. Hayes of U. S. Department of Agriculture.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Drys Win in Maine.

According to latest information the final official count of the ballots in the State of Maine will probably give the drys the contest by something over 700 majority. Of course the daily newspapers will notice this

little victory, some of them, in an item away down in the left-hand corner of some obscure page. It is little short of disgusting to notice the subservience of the average daily papers to the liquor interests of the country. When a victory for the liquor in-

terests is announced, it generally is printed in a prominent place in bold face type. When it is given out that the drys have won, the editors, doubtless feeling that newspapers must publish the news, report it, but it is invariably shoved off into a portion of the paper where the average reader will never see it.



Governor Wilson and the Presidency.

Both those who favor and those who oppose Governor Wilson for the Democratic nomination for President, should reflect upon the situation at the present moment. We profess no ability to advise, and have no intention of discussing the subject, but two or three suggestions may not come amiss.

There is hardly a reasonable doubt that Governor Wilson and Speaker Clark are just now the only probable candidates. Governor Folk's possibilities and those of some "dark horse" are within the range of rational political vision, and Governor Harmon's chances as the favorite of the Interests are not to be despised; but Wilson and Clark are as yet ahead of all others.

Neither is there any reasonable doubt that Governor Wilson is well in the lead of Speaker Clark. The weakness of Speaker Clark—we are stating a fact with reference to public opinion, not making an argument a priori—is that his long career in public life creates an impression that he is a politicians' candidate. His tendencies toward radical democracy back in the days when they seemed never to be worth while and often to be prejudicial to a career, must be repeated like ancient history, and rather vainly, to a generation of voters who know of him only as a Democratic politician. Governor Wilson, on the other hand, is regarded as "new blood"—as a La Follette who happens to have sprung from the Democratic instead of the Republican party.



"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

"It is the duty of the Christian citizen to vote against licensed lawless wrong. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War.' We sing it, but how many enlist to wage it? Did the church march in that way in Rochester when in the last election it sent from that city two Senators who have been the consistent friends at Albany of the worst for which Tammany Hall stands, who voted to confirm its appointments against the protest of the press of both parties, and made possible by their support the passage in the Senate of the Gittins bill to reëstab-

lish race track gambling and undo all the reform work accomplished by the tremendous efforts and energy of Governor Hughes?

"Will the church march 'like a mighty army' to their support when they come up for reëlection? Or will she make good her militant songs, prayers and sermons and resolutions and mark them for defeat?

"I preach a militant Christianity.

"Our fathers fought to secure their rights, and in defense of liberty, with bullets; we are called to a no less patriotic service and holy warfare with ballots. Every election is a battlefield. When a bad man is nominated for public office, or a corrupt policy is supported, or a rotten political machine, disguised as an honorable and historic political party, seeks to capture the government or iniquity is framed into law for a division of the spoils with the public treasury, it is the duty of every Christian citizen to fight.

"'Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war, with a vote for Jesus, going on before.'

"It is all right to sing and pray and read the Bible and give our testimony for Christ in the public assembly; it is all right to support our church benevolence, hold great conferences, synods and conventions and to sustain our multitudinous church organizations; it is all right to support our missionary societies, carry the Gospel to the benighted heathen beyond the sea, and to talk, work, pray and pay for the 'Evangelization of the World in This Generation;' but we must, by the consecrated citizenship of the church of God, vote to destroy this mightiest barrier to the progress to the kingdom of Christ, remove this stumbling block from the pathway of tempted humanity, and strike down this corrupter in the civic life of the state.—Clinton N. Howard.



Blunders.

Rarely has a party made so many blunders in succession as the present Republican administration at Washington.

The inexcusable removal of Pinchot, the two years of petty official persecution of Dr. Wiley's Pure Food Bureau, the nauseous toadying to the brewers in offering the nation's Secretary of Agriculture as an "Honorary" President for the Booze Makers, and the unjust forced retirement of Special Officer William E. Johnson, are but samples in the record which has been made during recent months.

EDITORIALS

Militarism.

Who in this civilized world, but Roosevelt and Kaiser Wilhelm, ever wants to fight? No peaceful, law-abiding citizen ever cares to rush into the battle line and stand at the mouth of the cannon to show his bravery and win glory for his name. Civilized people have long ago learned that it is more noble to live peaceably in the world, and to let other people have what honorably belongs to them than to fight for the pure glory of conquest and gain. Men who would fight for honor's sake are four years behind the times. They are still living under the Roosevelt administration, which has long ago gone down on the pages of history as a thing of the past. This is an age when men love peace rather than war. They delight in prosperity and construction instead of devastation and ruin. However, we still have some of the relics of war to dispose of before we can feel that we are entirely unhampered by the expense of the preparations for war. The civilized world is yearly spending the enormous sum of \$1,773,729,525 for the support of the armies and navies. Besides this, 5,184,000 able bodied men are removed from all useful occupations and maintained in wasteful and dangerous idleness in these armies and navies. Mr. Carter in *The Technical World* said: "If one-fourth of these unproductive soldiers and sailors could be set to work three-fourths of the time at the lowest wages for skilled workmen, and the rest as common workmen for the same proportion of the time spent in the army, they might earn upwards of seven hundred million dollars a year. Add to this the two billion dollars worse than wasted for their support under the present circumstances and the world would be more than \$2,700,000,000 better off every year. This vast sum would provide nine hundred thousand families with homes worth three thousand dollars each. The whole world might be decently housed instead of living in wretched hovels, as so many now do, if the money wasted on militarism were applied to the purchase of homes. What an incalculable amount of human happiness could be purchased with so great a sum. No socialist in his rosiest dreams ever pictured much more material happiness achieved through his own nostrum than might be attained by putting an end to this great burden of militarism." And till Roosevelt and Kaiser Wilhelm say let us fight for national honor.

Scum or Cream.

Scum and cream both rise to the top. If you place scum into a churn and stir it for a little while and then open the lid you will find a lot of froth and a terrible smell. If you place cream into a churn and stir it for a little while and then open the lid you will find some good butter and a sweet smell. Now the difference does not lie in the time of churning, nor in the make of the churn, nor in the duration of the stirring but in the substance which is put into the churn. You might fool around for a whole lifetime trying to change that scum into cream and when you got through and were ready to die that scum would still be scum unless it had dried up and blown away. Every time you stirred it, it would foam up into a froth, and give off an offensive smell, and the more and the longer you stirred the more offensive the smell. There are some men in this world who are genuine cream, and when you stir them a little they change into valuable butter. They are quality through and through. The more you stir them the more valuable they become to you as a friend or as an adviser or as a neighbor. They never get riled when they are stirred. A lot of other men, however, are nothing more than scum. The minute they get stirred a little they become offensive, and if you stir very long they make the whole neighborhood smell bad. Many of them can hardly be looked at without getting riled up a good deal. If you stir very long they get frothy and are likely to run over and muss up everybody within hearing distance. If you want to test a man just stir him a little and notice the smell. If he gets offensive you can put him down as scum. If he gets sweet you can mark him down as cream and a safe man to bank on. Now you might spend a lifetime trying to change a scummy man into cream and when you got through he would still be about as offensive as when you started in. You can't change him but you might be instrumental in getting him changed. If you take a gallon of scum and feed it to a cow she can digest and assimilate the nutritive value in that scum and change it into cream, then you can make butter out of it. Of course, the scum must be fed to the cow before it gets sour or she will not eat it. A man to be changed from scum to cream must go through much the same process. He must be digested and assimilated and be made over, or as the Great Teacher said, "he must be born again." However, it is necessary to get started on

this changing business before a man gets sour or he is not likely to get worked over.



Human Locomotives.

The human system cannot carry on its work without fuel any more than the locomotive can pull a load of passengers without coal. When the coal is consumed in the fire-box there is an enormous amount of poisonous gases set free. These gases must have some means of escape or they will choke out the fire and stop the locomotive. The human system works exactly the same way. It needs a certain amount of wholesome food, but most of us throw a miscellaneous collection of foods into the stomach and expect the body to do the rest. We shovel an astonishingly large amount of groceries into our digestive canals without paying much attention to the regulation of dampers, drafts and flues. The facts of the case are, we would generate more energy if we would feed less and learn more about the regulation of the dampers and how to rid the body of poisonous gases. When they are allowed to collect in the system we become sluggish, careless and indifferent. It takes the snap and vigor out of a man's step and the brightness out of his eye. His mind becomes inactive and he is unable to cope with the strenuous business world. The laws of health are so simple that most people do not take time to observe them. Most of us rush along until we are all out of kelter and then pay a physician fifty dollars to tell us what we should have had sense enough to do long ago. Do not drink too much tea or coffee and if you feel any harmful effects from their use cut them out altogether. Do not eat any more than you need. Drink plenty of water, hot, medium or cold, according to the condition of your system, which you can test for yourself. Keep your living rooms well ventilated by changing the air frequently. Fill your lungs with fresh air—nobody can charge you a cent for it, and why should you use it so grudgingly? You need not be afraid of using up all the fresh air right away. Take a bath every morning, using warm, tepid or cold water, according to the condition of your system, then rub the body until it glows. Open the windows of your sleeping room so you can sleep in a cold room, in a hard bed with a light cover. Open the pores of your skin, expand your breathing capacity and reduce the work of your kidneys and you will live longer, feel better and accomplish more work.

Chicago Evening American.

A short time ago the editor of the Chicago Evening American made the following statements:

"Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of farm products are used by the brewers. Farmers all over the United States depend to a great extent upon the brewing industry for their prosperity, and the Secretary of Agriculture attended to his duty and to the farmers' interests when he accepted the invitation to act as honorary president of the Brewers' Congress."

"The industry of the brewer is the greatest single agency working for temperance in the United States and in other countries where brewing is done on a large scale."

"Since the brewing industry developed in the United States, early in the last century, the drinking of whisky in large quantities, and vile drunkenness have greatly diminished."

"It is a fact that in this world no attempt to enforce prohibition has ever been successful."

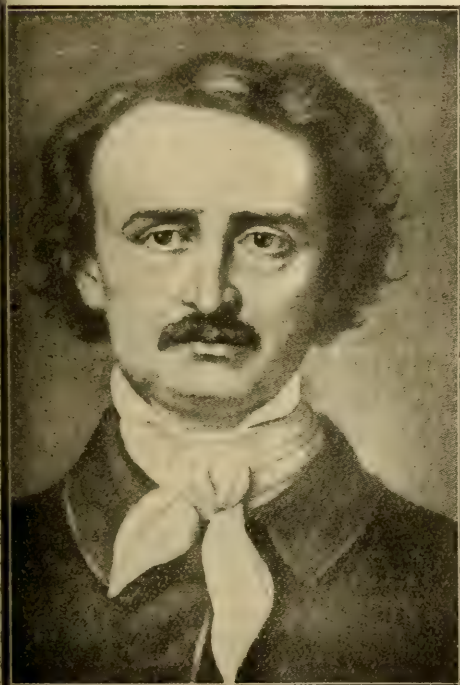
The editor of the Chicago Evening American evidently must have been born and raised within the confines of a dirty city. We doubt seriously as to whether he has ever seen a farm or as to whether he knows what is raised on a farm. He speaks as if he thought all this country produced is hops and barley. His blank statements unsupported by facts sound much like those of a schoolboy who is making his first efforts at debate. Abundant facts could be furnished to refute all the statements made by him, but this is entirely unnecessary because any editor who will write as he has written is not in a position to receive facts, and intelligent people do not need them. They already know better. Any man with his thinking dome half developed would know that the brewer is not making a temperance crusade, and that he is not in the least concerned about reducing the amount of drunkenness. Vile drunkenness and the excessive drinking of whiskies, it is true, have been reduced during the last century, not because of the manufacture of beer, however, but in spite of its manufacture. His argument sounds as absurd as those of chancicleer when he boasted that his crowing caused the sun to rise, or like that of the Pharisees when they attempted to argue that the devil casts out devils. So long as we depend on the brewers to spread the temperance wave we will have plenty of wet territory. He said, "In this world no attempt to enforce prohibition has ever been successful." We are very sure that

empts to enforce prohibition in Chicago have generally been unsuccessful, but that because Chicago has a lot of such fellows the editor of the Evening American in force of city officials. No doubt he never

knew that Chicago is only a very small part of the world. It might be well for him some bright morning to take a walk out into the country and see what sort of stuff this world is made of.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Mrs. T. D. Foster



Edgar Allan Poe.

ON Saturday, Oct. 7, Edgar Allan Poe had been dead fifty-two years. He died in the Baltimore City Marine Hospital, and his last words were: "help my poor soul!" Although half a century has passed, there is not a monument in all America to commemorate the man in the world credits with doing more for any other for literature. Just as the anniversary of the poet's tragic death came around, the women of Baltimore, through the endeavors of Mrs. John Wrenshall, president of the Women's Literary Club of the city, raised a liberal fund, and are now on the eve of erecting a heroic statue to Poe.

Last year the Hall of Fame, of New

York, at last opened its doors to Poe, and thereby redeemed its own existence. The barring out of Poe from the Hall of Fame made this institution the laughing stock of the cultured. It is anticipated that the monument to Poe will be completed in about two years. That the statue is the work of faithful women is only fitting, when it is remembered what a large part women have played in the renaissance of Poe. Women are historians of the heart, and this is particularly true in the case of this embittered Poe. For in his poems, his women were noble and beautiful, and women have paid him this tribute in a rosary of love. The women who loved Poe formed a golden chain about the poet.

Of the galaxy of woman stars, which surrounded Poe, none surpass in brilliancy his three mothers. In Norfolk, Va., the marriage occurred between Elizabeth Arnold Hopkins and David Poe, Jr. As David Poe spoke his nuptial vows he knew he was throwing away, forever, his fond family, for he knew they would never tolerate an actress in the family. Their first child, William Poe, was born, and then out of the ways of destiny came Edgar Allan Poe, the bard of melancholia.

Poe cherished, or thought he did, a memory of his mother's spiritual face bending over him. It was near Christmas time when she died, the exact date is not known. The memory remained with the poet—a holy memory, a sweet fragrance of the unselfish woman devotion that glorified his unhappy life.

His guardian mother, Mrs. Maria Clemm, rests with him in Baltimore, in Westminster churchyard, but his own mother sleeps in an unmarked grave in Richmond, Va., where her son was once a petted society darling. Through adoption upon his mother's death, came his second mother, Mrs. John Allan, of Richmond, Va. Mrs. Allan adopted him, petted him, spoiled him and reared him tenderly.

He was sent to Dr. Clark's famous boys'

school, and while there he met a Mrs. Standard, the mother of a school chum. He fell madly in love with her, and wrote his first poems to her. She died in 1824. At her grave in lonely midnight the boy poet watched for months, his anguished heart learning then that sense of intimacy with the dead that so distinguished the work of Poe.

For a while after leaving the University of Virginia, Poe worked in the Allan counting house. He shunned women now, for he had learned that his heart was buried forever, as he thought, in Mrs. Standard's lonely grave. Meanwhile his erratic way irritated Mr. Allan very much. He harassed Poe, and Poe undoubtedly harassed him. His only relief was in poetry, and he worked away at beautiful, mystic "Al Aaraf," the most pretentious of his early works. Tiring of restraint, he left the counting house and started out on his own account. He enlisted in the United States army, under the name of Edgar A. Perry. Then he roamed about Greece and Turkey, returning to Richmond, as the result of overtures from Allan, who wanted him back, for he was lonely, because he had lost his wife, the kind mother of Poe's boyhood.

These were the womanless years of Poe, when he seemed to be a rudderless ship afloat on the ocean of the world. On his return to Richmond, Va., Mr. Allan obtained a commission for him to enter West Point. This was in 1830. The poetic spirit can not be bound and tortured by the rigor of military discipline. He deliberately set about to get expelled. He succeeded and was courtmartialled out of the service in March, 1831. So out into the world he went penniless. In his hour of distress Poe knocked on Mrs. Clem's humble door in Eastern Avenue, Baltimore. He was given a gay welcome and a rear attic room.

Among all the women in the life of Poe, Maria Clem's unselfish devotion shines out with a white light of noble woman love. She saved his genius for the world by protecting him against the world, for she even sold for miserable pittance his immortal poems. She hawked them about from newspaper shop to newspaper shop, glad if she could find a buyer for even a dollar or two. Today scraps of this same manuscript sell for literally their weight in gold.

In the Baltimore attic Poe was busy in 1832 and 1833. In 1833 a Baltimore paper, the *Saturday Visitor*, offered \$100 prize for prose and poetry contributions. His "Water Poem" won the prize. Home he rushed to

Virginia and "Muddy" Clem, and gave them the prize money. They feasted then and moved into better quarters in Will Street. His first real literary success began. Baltimore society tried to lionize him but to little avail. Poe cared nothing for society, and besides love had again awakened in his heart, this time for Virginia Clem, his young cousin. After some opposition he won his child bride, and in September, 1834, in St. Paul's church, Baltimore, Md., the ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Johns, afterward Bishop of Virginia.

Shortly after his marriage he took his family to Richmond, where he became editor and made famous the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Virginia was too young and Poe too engrossed in his art for deep passionate love, but Virginia was the guardian angel of his early manhood, the lodestone that held his wandering destiny to work and achievement. At Philadelphia, in 1841, he ruptured a blood vessel, while singing, and incipient consumption developed. After her death at Fordham Cottage, New York, in January, 1847, the debaucheries of Poe as far as drink is concerned, began.

The death of Virginia marked the entrance of another gentle woman into Poe's life, Mrs. Marie Shew Houghton. She ranged the sad pites for the dead Virginia, raised money for the future and practically supported them until Poe's brain recovered from the shock of Virginia's death.

That Mrs. Houghton loved Poe dearly, loved him with a depth all unrequited, too sadly plain. After about a year their life ways parted, he to go in two short years to his death, she to live and defend, when he dipped in the fire of love, his memory

Then entered "Helen"—the "Helen of a thousand dreams." Mrs. Whitman was Miss Sarah Helen Power, of Providence, R. I., six years older than Poe, the widow of John W. Whitman, a Boston lawyer. Love and true lovers, their intercourse was at times stormy. While Mrs. Whitman hesitated to marry him, Poe attempted his life. She determined she would not marry him while he drank. He promised not to drink, and the wedding day was appointed. He broke his pledge. Again and again she tried to loving him through all. Finally friends intervened and Poe never saw her again.

During the Whitman period of Poe's life there were two other women, both of whom he seemed to have loved as sisters. One was Mrs. Annie Richmond, of Westford, I.; the other, Miss Stella Robinson, afterward Mrs. S. D. Lewis, of Baltimore.

Early in 1849, lecturing and writing, Poe started for Richmond, Va., his boyhood home. Richmond received him with open arms. It was proud of its gifted son—adopted son. He met his boyhood sweetheart, Mrs. Clemira Royster Shelton, now widow and still with a tender spot in her heart toward the brilliant poet. He reviewed his addresses to her, and somehow they became engaged. Early in October, 1849, he started for the North to see

"Muddy" Clem, and wind up his affairs there, to arrange for his marriage. Stopping off in Baltimore on election eve, he was drugged, voted as a repeater, contracted pneumonia, and in the Church Home in that city, Oct. 7, 1849, the fever called living was conquered at last, for Edgar Allan Poe.

And now after the passing of fifty-two years, the sex that nurtured Poe, while he lived, is to formally honor his memory.

COMPULSORY INDUSTRIAL TRAINING IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Lula Dowler Harris

THE chief end of an education is usefulness. If an education is not practical it is nothing.

There is much taught in our public schools today that could be omitted and children would never feel the loss.

What we need most of all is an industrial department where the boys and girls can receive an education which will enable them to become self-supporting when they leave school.

To be sure they should be taught the elementary knowledge of English, reading, writing and kindred subjects. These subjects should be taught thoroughly.

I am speaking now of the boy or girl who does not expect to enter college. These children should be taught the uses of various implements of industry, hygiene, cooking, etc. In fact, anything that will enable them upon leaving school to grasp the opportunities afforded them, and to take their place in the industrial world.

This can be done through our public schools. We should have industrial departments in all of our city schools at least; where household arts and trades can be taught which will enable our girls when they finish school to demand a living wage for their labor.

This education should be made compulsory. Human nature is indolent. Most persons are deficient in energy.

The education that will enable a boy or girl to become an honest wage earner should be forced upon them whether they want it or not. When they have learned to do one thing well, they have developed self-respect and self-reliance which means character building, and character is the sum to-

tal of our good deeds. It is a matter of doing. Then happiness comes in as a by-product of labor.

Doctor Parkhurst says, "Other things being equal, the busiest people are the happiest. Power likes to work itself off. If a child is in a fair physical and mental condition it is his nature to be busy and if the task he is engaged in is a congenial one and not over-taxing, the sense of feeling his powers exercised upon it is a satisfying one."

What child does not like to make things? I should like to see our girls taught to cook, bake and sew in our public schools. Teach housework in the schools and the foolish odium that is attached to it will disappear.

Should the schools issue diplomas in the household arts it would serve as an incentive and add dignity to the work.

Let the girl who does not expect to teach or fit herself for the business world leave out the high school course,—that is if she must support herself after leaving school—and enter the industrial department. Let her have two or three years of competent, practical, experimental training and let her graduate with as much honor as her companions in the high school.

She will then be proud and happy to perform household duties because she knows how to do her work and can demand living wages. This might help to solve the servant problem.

Few mothers can or will teach their daughters the household arts, and therefore our public schools should. Let only the essentials be taught. Never mind fudge making; teach the girls to make and bake a loaf of bread and to cook nourishing foods

into nourishing dishes. Teach food values, how to test food so they will know good from bad and last but not least, teach economy.

It has been said, one-tenth of the wages of the average workman finds its way into the garbage pail. Perhaps the problem of the high cost of living can be solved through industrial training in our public schools. We would do well to take lessons from our French sisters who say they do not need a garbage can for they never have anything to put in it.

I am more concerned about our girls when they leave school than I am about our boys; perhaps because I have seen so many girls whose helplessness has appealed to me.

I have in mind a young girl who graduated last year. I met her a few days ago and knowing she had to make her own living I asked if she had a position. She said: "No, I haven't and really I do not know what I can do best. I must have some kind of work by fall." I said, "What do you think of trying to do?"

"Well," she continued, "I may try to get in a store or in a doctor's office, but I could have done that work just as well three years ago before I entered high school." I thought so, too. If this girl is going to spend her time behind a ribbon counter or in answering doctor's calls over the telephone of what use is Virgil to her?

Parents sometimes insist upon their children taking the high school and college courses when the boy or girl would rather be learning a trade. But the fond parents think their offsprings are certified genuises; when as a plain matter of fact, the majority of boys and girls are not overburdened with brains nor mad for knowledge.

Send an indifferent, indolent boy to college and upon his return the only perceptible signs of an education are his dudish

ways and an aversion to anything that smelles work.

Keep the ambitious boy at home, put him to work and if he wants a college education he will be sure to get it and when he does get it will appreciate it.

The successful men of this age have all been trained in colleges; many have obtained their education in store, shop, countingroom. In this day of free libraries anybody can get all the culture he can assimilate.

When I think of the millions of dollars spent to educate the children of our country I wonder if it is wisely spent when it turns out girls full of book knowledge but utterly helpless in the busy maelstrom of life. I firmly believe that if industrial training is taught in the public schools it will reduce very materially the "White Slave Traffic." In nearly every instance I believe erring girls begin a life of sin because they cannot earn a living. Give them an industrial education and they will have a powerful weapon with which to fight the enemy and they will not need to marry the man who chances to ask them, just to be kept from the almshouse and a pauper's grave.

It is useless to dwell upon evil social conditions unless a remedy can be suggested. I believe that an industrial education will in a measure save our girls, make happier homes, and better wives and mothers.

How many girls who graduate from our high schools marry a few years later without knowledge of the household arts? Their education has been of the ornamental kind and they have looked upon household work as drudgery. These are the girls who keep the divorce courts busy.

What the world needs today is for girls to be educated in sanitary, hygienic, home-making and in the way to care for and bring up children.

SODA OR WATER FOUNTAIN, WHICH?

J. A. Gault

THE Inglenook for Oct. 3 contained an article entitled, "The Soft Drink Evil," by G. H. Knot, denouncing soft drinks of every kind, shape or form, causing considerable comment.

I wish to draw two mind pictures for the Inglenook readers that this piece of G. H.

Knot's has focused upon my brain. The drink side of the cloud has been shown. The old saying is, the dark clouds always have a silver lining. Let us look at the lining of this soft drink cloud a while and see if some of that silver will stand the test.

Picture No. 1.—It is a very warm and

try day in the month of July. The roads are very dusty. Some one must go to town ten miles away. It falls to me to make the much dreaded trip. I hitch up and start. When I get into the main road the horses kick up great clouds of dust, which roll over me, enough to suffocate me. By the time I reach town I am very warm and my tongue is fairly glued to the roof of my mouth. I feel very miserable indeed. Ah! our druggist has a soda fountain. I will go in and sit under the electric fans and cool off, then I will feel more like attending to business. I order a glass of soda water to quench my intense thirst. It is served me in a spotlessly clean glass, with little bits of ice clinging against the edge of the glass. It is made right before me. I see what is put in. It is nothing at all harmful, and how clean everything is, positively sanitary. The fans have me cooled off before this ice drink is ready. I sip it slowly, so that the quick change of temperature may do me no harm. I finish and feel fine. I go and transact my business with a clear head, feeling I could not have spent five cents to better advantage.

Now take a look at the far different picture, which can be seen in a large city.

Picture No. 2.—The city drinking fountain in the middle of the street, a round oyster can all rusty and battered up for a drinking cup, sitting up, open end on top of the fountain. Here come a couple of children, out of an alley where they have been searching for half-rotten fruit in the fruit dealer's garbage can. They drink slovenly and throw the can in the gutter. A dirty tramp picks up the dainty drinking vessel, washes it in the horse trough, quenches his thirst and moves on. Then half a dozen "Dagos" come next, tobacco juice staining their lips, each making use of the oyster can. And here comes my neighbor who picks up the selfsame can and drinks freely of clear, sparkling water as it flows on and on. It doesn't cost you a cent, but not giving one thought to where the oyster can might have been, fearing to go

to the drugstore, soft drinks dispenser, where he might get one drop of alcohol, but not giving a thought to a possible ten thousand typhoid germs in an oyster can drinking cup.

The two pictures are an exact reproduction of the conditions that exist in some of our cities, where it is almost impossible to get a good drink of water in a sanitary way without going to some soft drink dispensers and paying for it. We have a right to know what we drink, and we will get no alcohol unless we ask for it. If you ask you might have "a little brandy in your soda water." You expect to get it. Don't, you? The druggist does not wish to lose your patronage by refusing you. You should have more sense than to ask for it. You don't expect the druggist to put a "poison" label on your glass, do you? when he knows that you know it is poison you are asking for.

I fail to see how the soft drink dispensing is to the saloon like the Sunday-school is to the church. It takes alcohol to make one a slave to strong drink, and anything that has alcohol in it does not come in the soft drink class. If you drink sweet drinks it calls for more sweet drinks until the taste for sweet is satisfied. But sweet will never cause an appetite for alcohol. And sweet drinks satisfy, but alcohol never satisfies. The drunkard wakes from his stupor and calls for more. Alcohol wants more alcohol, but alcoholic drinks never are, nor ever will be classed with soft drinks.

Which shall we have, and which is the greater evil, the soda fountain, which is inspected ever so often by the city's Board of Health, as to its clean and sanitary condition, or shall we have the city drinking fountain installed, one of the worst germ breeders to be found? Which would you have for a drinking cup, reader; the glass which no other lips have touched since it was washed, or would you prefer the rusty can that has served its hundreds without being washed to be in a sanitary condition? Which?

THE MAN AT THE HEAD

Mark Conway

Train!

THE closing-time whistles were blowing as I walked through the factory district the other evening, and from out the great, grim buildings poured

a seemingly unending stream of laborers of all descriptions: young men and old; young women, clerks, stenographers, here and there a man whose dress seemed to indicate a manager or factory-head; but the major-

ity, I noticed, were of the same class—the “dinner pail” class: rough laborers, trudging home. From one day to another, from week to week, year in and year out they stick to the same drudge, toiling in perilous places, over whirling machinery; sweating over hot boilers, or at the forge, with a foreman over them, they are not allowed to shirk—a long, hard day—\$1.75 or perhaps \$2.00 earned. Some may earn \$3.00 or \$4.00 per day, depending upon their skill as mechanics. As they swarmed out to supper, each with dinner pail or coat, I noticed in many faces a tired, worn look. Their eyes had not the quick, ambitious gleam of a man who owns himself, but their feet were slow and trudging; only a shopman, just a common factory-hand!

There must be men to fill every place in life, you say, and why are you finding fault with the common laborer and his part in the world? There must be men at the head; men at the bottom; one is as necessary as the other—brain and brawn must be mingled together in harmony to successfully conduct an industry. Yes, I grant that. But here, for instance, is a young man of 20, who is working in the shop. He is a factory hand, working for \$1.75 or \$2.00, perhaps. Day in and day out he labors, sunrise brings no new hopes nor aspirations. It is the same old routine. He does not feel capable of filling any other job; if he quits the factory, his wage-earning faculty is at a standstill. What is he to do but stick to the same old drudgery? But here is a question and an answer: Why can't he quit the disagreeable factory work, and get a lighter job with better pay? Simply because he is not trained! The young man who fools away the best part of his life in carrying a dinner-pail, has not been trained; that is self-evident.

Here is the manager of the concern, or perhaps one of the many managers: He is a working head of the concern; he sits behind his desk and works, comparatively easy work, too, at a princely salary in comparison to that of the brawny laborer who toils long hours over the never-sleeping machinery in the dusty workrooms below. Why has each the position he has? Why does the man in the workroom do the work of two, and earn a scant, insufficient livelihood, while the man behind the desk works short hours in a chair and makes perhaps \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year? The one has not been trained, the other has. The untrained man sees plainly the mistake he made perhaps ten years ago, but it is too late now. He realizes he cannot quit his present job, and

there is no incentive to do so. He is not capable of holding a trained man's job. He has now the best his present training affords, which seems pitifully small, yet he must labor on, unsatisfied, in a rut from which there is no escape. He has a family to support, perhaps, and he must not deprive them of bread, and he toils on.

If that man had early fitted himself to take a trained man's job, he would probably be a man behind a desk, too, with a good salary, ambitions and confronted with opportunities which never even present themselves to him in his present handicapped position; he is a man untrained!

Yes, there must be men to fill every position in life, that is so, but the factories and the shops and like institutions are filled and overflowing with men to forge, and slave and toil and drudge; why are you commencing your life in a field so crowded? So crowded and inadequate! Why are you not getting a training so that you will be a managing head instead of a common laborer? Trained men, in this day, are a scarce article, and a trained man, really and truly trained, is grabbed at with avidity. Men educated for business are a kind always in demand. Wide fields are open for the man who is trained to manage. The man at the head is the man with the training; without training, he would probably be the man at the forge.

Young man! Do you like business, and wish to enter it? A good training is the first essential! Without it, you are incompetent, you are one of the dinner pail class, powerless to rise above the common ranks. Train! Trained brawn is good, but how much better is trained brain! Why be the man in the workroom? Why not be the man at the head?

Training.

This world is a place where brain is paramount; the right kind of brain, trained in the right way, that is the kind that is in demand in the business world.

On leaving the common school, I think the majority of young men have one of two ambitions: to enter business or the professions. Now, if one intends training for a profession, a high school education would be the first step, and from that, education in higher institutions is a requirement. But if you are really inclined to business, a complete high school education is merely a waste of time; a little, perhaps, might not be out of place,—but Latin and Greek and botany won't help one to grapple with the problems he will meet afterwards, if he intends getting into business.

Start early. There is no use wasting four years of precious time in a high school if business is to be your work; or wasting time in taking instruction that won't be of any benefit. Get into a business college,—and a good one!

There are some people, who, in a one-sided view of the matter, look down on the young man or woman with a business education; they look down on the business college, regarding it as an inferior institution, they have not investigated, they are not schooled in educational matters. Good business colleges have done nearly as much for our country, in the last decade, as all its other educational institutions combined! And the man or woman with a good business education, is not to be looked down on, but is to be envied, instead.

The good business colleges, which are the only adequate schools for those so inclined, conducted as they are in this late day, offer rare educational advantages and opportunities, which should not be overlooked. But when you are once started, stick to it! If you don't train fully, you are just as incompetent as though not trained at all. I met a young chap just the other day who had a good knowledge of bookkeeping and forms, but who was a miserable man; he was trying without success to find work as a bookkeeper, but he was not fully trained, hence his failure. A half-trained man or woman upon entering the business world, stands a poor show of success; why didn't they apply themselves when at school, and get a full training? It could have been just about as easy.

But the young man or woman who leaves a good business college, with a complete training for business in all its branches, stands in a long road lined with broad opportunities. Of course, it takes time to get that training, but that makes no difference. It takes time to train in any line, and there will be plenty of time left. Lots of young men get discouraged before their courses are completed, and so discontinue; but they are not really cut out for business; those who are, don't get discouraged, they are much enthused with their work; and they know full training is an absolute essential to success; and to realizing their hopes and ambitions they have in life.

In a business education, good penmanship is an important essential; the secret of success in this lies in constant practice; practice of the right kind. I made a fine penman myself without instruction, keeping constantly at it, and in a short time my former cawling had developed into a neat, leg-

ible, business hand, much to my delight. To operate a typewriter is another essential in this day, as 98 per cent of all business correspondence is done on the typewriter. The student should always take instruction in this branch, on a standard machine, such as the Oliver, the Remington, or the Smith-Premier, though I think the Oliver the best for the amateur, being the simplest and most extensively used in business colleges and offices. In taking dictation, shorthand is necessary, and I think one who is a fair penman, neat and rapid; one who has a knowledge of bookkeeping and forms; one who can operate a typewriter and take dictation in shorthand; has the main essentials of a business education.

Don't think, though, that you are going to be the man at the head, at once, because you'll be disappointed. Starting low and working up is a much better and safer plan to success than starting high and falling; which same thing has discouraged many, and made them failures where otherwise they would have made a success in life.

You have the training, and that is the great essential; go slow, you'll win in the long run; if you are fully fitted for business, you can't help but win!

But train fully, stick to it! Educate every faculty. Without the training that is in easy reach, you will be the man at the forge; with that training in your possession, you may be the man at the head! Isn't that worth training for?

Trained!

Just think what that means in facing the world! How much self-confidence and assurance it inspires,—when you face the world fitted to grapple successfully with the problems you will meet in your chosen work! Success is half won before you have commenced a career; just think what that means!

Training is half the battle, though, and that, combined with manly and womanly traits, makes the owner, in my estimation, rich beyond measure in capital stock.

My heartiest sympathy and coöperation are always with the young man or woman who has earnestly labored and trained, and is just entering the business world, and is commencing to grapple with its problems.

In closing, I can but voice my former sentiments, let me say: Train. If business is to be your work, enter it without misgivings, combine that training with the principles of honesty and integrity; you have the making of a career before you, your best efforts should be put forth.

THE THREE DAGGERS

Mary Flory Miller

WHEW, but it seems good to get home," said Robert Dean, as he came home from his office one cold, blustery evening and was welcomed, as usual, at the door by his pretty young wife, with their little son, Robert, Jr., jumping and cooing in her arms, his chubby hands outstretched for papa to take him.

"Indeed, you must be cold, Robert," said May, as she returned his kiss of greeting. Come, I have your Morris chair and slippers ready for you, here by the fire, so make yourself comfortable while I finish preparing supper. This young rascal could hardly be patient till his father came, so now I suppose I shall have to turn him over to you."

"All right, come on old boy. I am ready for you," laughed Robert, Sr., as little Robert with a crow of delight sprang into his father's arms.

The two were the greatest of friends, and it was a picture to do one's heart good, to see Robert Dean, the business man, cast aside all dignity and enter into a frolic with his young son, until the room rang with their merriment. To view this scene, May could not help but pause in the doorway, as she was passing out into the kitchen.

After supper was over little Robert soon grew sleepy and was brought to papa for his good-night kiss, after which his mother carried him off to bed, sleepily waving his little hand in farewell over her shoulders. As the mother and child left the room, Robert looked after them with misty eyes, his heart swelling with pride and love in the possession of such a good wife and precious little son.

Reluctantly he turned to look over the afternoon's mail. "Nothing of much importance," he said to himself. But as he was about to throw several letters into the wastebasket, a letter dropped to the floor which he had apparently overlooked. Picking it up, he noticed the address was a peculiar handwriting, not at all familiar. "I wonder whom it can be from," he thought. Quickly tearing the letter open, he read with much astonishment the following words:

"Old Pal:—

"You needn't think you can fool us by changin' your name and livin' in a swell place. We know you, and you might as

well fess up. Come with the man who will meet you at the corner of Fifth and Mark Streets tomorrow night at eight, and tell us why you've given us the slip. If you fail to come you'll regret it, for you know and the fate of those who prove traitors. We are on your tracks and will keep watch on you. You can't get away from me. If you 'blab' to the officers or bring anything with you, it will be the worse for you.

"A warning, from The Three Daggers."

Robert Dean's bewilderment was so great that he could hardly believe his senses. The letter was a complete mystery. By whom was it written, and for whom was it intended? Certainly not for him. He had never had any connection with any person or society known as The Three Daggers, and above all else he had never been associated with men of such character as the words of the letter indicated. True, he was a newcomer in the city, but he had always lived a clean, honest life, only leaving his old home in a distant city to take up a higher position, a few months previous to the present time. Evidently he had been mistaken for another man, and the thought was not comforting. What should he do about it? If he informed the police of the matter, he might then call down sudden disaster upon himself. Robert grew puzzled when he thought of any harm coming to May and little Robert. While, if he refused the man and went with him without resistance, he could certainly explain that he was not the person for whom they were seeking. He could provide himself with suitable credentials of his position and character to perfectly assure them of their mistake. Then, too, he would put a revolver in his pocket, just for safety.

Just then he heard the sound of May's footsteps, and he at once decided that he must tell her nothing about the matter. He would only worry and distress her. Quickly slipping the letter into his pocket, he turned to greet his wife with a smile, saying, "Well May, is the little son asleep?"

"Sweetly and soundly sleeping," replied May, as a smile hovered about her lips.

"What a precious darling he is."

"That he is," echoed Robert. "We certainly could not do without our little son. He brings such sunshine and gladness into our home, although we thought it perfect before he came."

As he spoke, Robert drew May down beside him, into the large chair which was big enough for both, and their favorite resting place after their day's work was done. May noticed that Robert was rather quiet and abstracted that evening and, thinking that his duties at the office had perhaps been a little heavier than usual, she tried to relieve his mind by reading to him in her clear, sweet voice from an interesting magazine.

Robert was restless that night and when morning came, instead of being refreshed with his sleep, he looked pale and haggard. During the night he dreamed that a big, burly villain came into his home while he was gone. Upon coming home he found his wife and baby son bleeding to death upon the floor, where the big villain stabbed them with his dagger and left them to die. Then the words of the letter kept going through his mind in his dreams, the image of the three daggers assuming fanciful shapes and positions. Finally they were suspended over his head and were just ready to drop upon him, when he awoke with a start. Looking about him, he saw that it was morning, and was relieved to know that it was nothing but a dream. He hurriedly dressed and went down to breakfast. Robert noticed that May did not have a good appetite and asked if she was ill, but with a smile she quickly answered him to the contrary.

The subject of the mysterious letter and the best possible action to take in regard to it, was the problem which kept harassing Robert's mind all that day while at his office. At times he thought it would be wiser just to show the letter to one of the police officials and ask his advice, but then Robert knew what their action would be, and the question was, would it pay to risk incurring the displeasure of "The Three Daggers" when that displeasure might vent itself in some evil consequences to his family, which he might prevent by going and explaining the mistake himself? "I must not run any unnecessary risks, for the sake of my family," said Robert to himself, "but I don't see what the officers could do anyhow, since I must meet the man alone and go with him to some unknown place. I could not substitute an officer in my place, for they know me very well, it seems, and there is no other alternative. I must go." Robert performed his work as well as usual, but his heart was not in it. The vision of his wife and babe and home in peril, and the unpleasant visit to be performed that night disturbed the usual serenity of

his mind. He was really relieved when it was time to return home that evening. He only wished the evening was over with, the mysterious letter satisfactorily explained.

While on his way homeward Robert heard his footsteps echoed and, looking back, it gave him an uncanny sensation to see that he was being followed by a closely muffled figure. As he stepped upon his own threshold the figure brushed past him, thrusting an object into his hand as he did so. Holding his hand up to the light of the electric street lamp near by, Robert saw therein a small rectangular card on which was engraved the figure of the three daggers crossing, nothing more.

Passing into the house, he was met as usual by his wife and little Robert, who greeted him with a cheery smile and glad shout. May noticed that he was even more gentle and affectionate than usual that evening, and often when she was moving about the house encountered his eyes upon her with a wistful expression. But he did not notice the unusual paleness of his wife's face as his eyes rested lovingly upon her; perhaps because his mind was so occupied with the thought that eight o'clock was fast approaching, and that he must soon leave his happy home and go out into the darkness to meet, he knew not what. May would have protection while he was gone. There were John the faithful man of all work and Zibbie the maid, but what excuse could he give his wife for his departure? He would tell her that he must go out for a short time that evening on very important business, and if she asked any questions he must say that he could not tell her about it just now, but would explain later.

Just as he had settled that question in his mind, May called him to supper. After supper Robert waited till she had put baby Robert to bed, first receiving the little fellow's good-night kiss with a full heart, then drawing her gently to his side and kissing her, he told her that he must go out on business for a short time and that she should not be alarmed if he were kept out rather late.

"Must you go out tonight," said May, anxiously.

"Yes, dear," replied Robert. "It is very necessary that I go tonight." He was rather surprised that she asked no further questions, but clung to him for a moment as if unwilling to have him leave her. Kissing her tenderly, he said, "Good-by," and went out into the night.

(To Be Continued.)

PLANTS I GROW FOR MY TABLE.

Alice Lounsberry.

THROUGH a window of my dining-room the sun pours freely, and it is there on a broad bench that I grow the plants to decorate the center of my table. In late October begins the preparation for this winter bit of green and color; and although timely additions may be made as the season advances, the work then done is apt to give results until the first call of spring. While I do not neglect flower-bearing plants, I give, in October, my first attention to a small fernery, and a few individual ferns that always appear attractive on the table, and which seem to have, moreover, the ineffable charm of never failing me at the right moment.

As these autumn days grow crisp and cool, I go to the moist places of the woods to select the green things for my fernery. There I take up mosses and small native ferns, the partridge vine, perchance a seedling Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and, in fact, almost any plant of dainty form and leafage that pleases the eye. Besides the rich earth in which they grow, I carry home with them an opened chestnut burr, a coral fungus on a piece of the bark of a tree, and if, near by, a tiny, deserted bird's nest. With these in my basket I go home jauntily, since to arrange them as a fernery is delightful work.

Often I have used a prettily-shaped basket, robbed of its handle, as a receptacle for the fernery. Those that come from Bermuda, Mexico, or those made by the American Indians are very adaptable for this purpose. The principal point is to have the basket of a shape that suits the table for a centerpiece.

When the soil is in the basket and the plants and creepers are arranged to my liking, those of the middle standing a trifle higher than those about the edge, I set over them a glass case which in old-fashioned days was used to cover a clock. Such a one can be duplicated at many antique shops for a small sum. This covering gives them the moisture and atmosphere of the greenhouse, and under it they soon begin to steady themselves and to thrive. When the sun is bright and warm, I lift the cover, that they may drink in freely the gases they require from the air, and without which no vegetable life can long exist. Whenever the fernery is on the table, it is uncovered.

One of the most unusual ferneries that I have seen was arranged in an oval-shaped basket, over which had been gummed a

hornet's nest. Thus the basket became invisible, while the fernery appeared to grow from the gray-toned nest.

Among the ferns that take their turn in decorating my dining-room table the new plumed fern attracts perhaps the most attention. It is in truth a sport from the well-known Pierson fern, but more compact in growth, and with broader fronds more divided and plumelike than those of the original.

I prize also highly for my table decoration several pots of Persian cyclamen of the Victoria variety, a few Chinese primroses, a maple bell, and two cactus-flowering geraniums. These are so-called pot plants, and when on the table are set in suitable jardinières to hide the plainness of their pots.

Through the winter and the best part of the spring the Victorias of the Persian cyclamen group remain beautiful, being often abundantly covered with flowers, very large and quaintly fluted and fringed about their edges. These blooms do not occur in solid colors. One of white is likely to show an edge of faint crimson, with again the same color at the base of the flower; or one of a crimson body will deepen to a purple base and marginal ring. In the sunny window of my dining-room these graceful plants flourish as long as the necessary drink, air and warmth are given to them. Should one droop or show a disinclination to bloom, I borrow the glass covering from the fernery and set it over it as a needed stimulant.



FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

(Continued from Page 1159.)

"fry" stage, and which indeed may be termed "old," may be cut up as for fricassee, placed in the casserole, well seasoned, and the lid fastened on, using barely water enough to cover, and put in a slow oven; when finished, the meat will be nice and tender; the gravy, when seasoned, is rich and well flavored. Any meats may be cooked in the casserole.

Many things can be mended with the court plaster, or mending tissue sold at the department stores. But it should never be applied when wet; let it reach the "sticky" stage, and there is no danger of moisture soaking into the goods and making a stain. Turn the right side toward you, lay on it a cloth and iron perfectly smooth; if any frayed pieces are noticeable, clip closely with a pair of sharp scissors. The tissue can be basted into place on the wrong side.

THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

CHEER up! Cheer up! What's the use of going around that way? a cross look, lip hanging, ready to meet a kind word of advice or caution with scorn; just "looking for trouble," so to speak, making it disagreeable for others and disagreeable for yourself; now what's the use?

There are lots of such people in this world, that's a fact, but you don't have to be one of them. Chronic grumblers, however many there may be, find this world a very hilly place—mostly uphill—and never think of blaming it to themselves. Queer, isn't it? Now when you meet these chronic grumblers, you're sure to recognize them; I meet them every day, and I am sure you do too. They are not disagreeable by nature exactly, but they have just fallen into a habit of being that way; the longer they go on grumbling, and finding fault with everything in general, the longer they want to do so. Such people are shunned and avoided, where otherwise they would make the most agreeable companions imaginable; just because they have fallen into this habit, they're about the same as pessimists. I really believe they are worse, in some instances. Pessimists, you know, are people who are always looking on the dark side of things, and try to see the wrong side. They never look for sunshine, but expect and look forward to darkness and disagreeableness in everything. In fact, I think some pessimists, after being in this deplorable state for a while, really grow to dislike everything, even themselves, becoming a nuisance, to whom no one pays any attention. Just think what a life such a person has to lead! And it all came from one source, too, one habit, led to it all: merely getting into a grouchy, don't-care way, going around and making things disagreeable; lips hanging, ignoring the sunshine and looking for the gloom; that's just what makes a pessimistic nuisance out of one in later life.

Why, this world of ours is the greatest place for sunshine! There's nothing but sunshine if we only look for it; that's the trouble,—the sunshine is there, but the grumblers don't look for it,—if they did, they wouldn't have to search long. Boys and girls, young men and young women, what is the use of making yourself disagreeable

when you can just as well be the other way? When we come to a difficulty or meet a disappointment, take an optimistic view of it! just whistle and laugh. Being "grouchy" won't help things, anyway, so what's the use? Be cheerful! This world is no place for a grumbler, and if you are one, which I hope you're not, you have probably found that out.

I have a chronic habit of whistling; and I tell you, I wouldn't take all the money in the world for that habit! When something doesn't go exactly right, when the weather and everybody around are gloomy and disagreeable, I just whistle! and it is wonderful what power that whistle has; it not only makes me forget all the gloominess and disagreeableness, but I am sure it helps those with whom I associate to do so, too.

The "sunshine habit" doesn't cost anything, and when once acquired it is the most valuable possession to one that I could think of.

If you are getting the grumbler's habit, in ever so small a way, the best thing you can possibly do is to replace it with the sunshine habit right away, before it is too late.

Of course, there are lots of times when a person just can't be cheerful on the inside, but there is no use showing it outwardly; that only serves to make it worse, and more disagreeable for others; learn to look cheerful all the time, under all circumstances, whether you feel cheerful inside or not. Catch the sunshine, and dispense it freely among all. Get the good-natured habit! you'll feel a lot better.

Life is too short for sorrow and care—

Whistle and laugh them away!

Make gloom into brightest of sunshine;

Speed sadness,—make work into play!

Life is too precious to grumble away,

Why should we bother with sorrow and care?

What is the use of grumbling today?

Beneath God's blue skies, so fair!

Cheer up! When you meet a grumbler, judge from him how disagreeable you would be if you were one. Try to give him the "sunshine habit," and perhaps you'll succeed in ridding the world of one grumbler. The "sunshine habit" is catching, if you only want to get it; and after you've got it, it's wonderful how the old world cheers up, and everything brightens. There is something in life you never knew was there before. There's a real joy in living. I tell you, it's great to be able to experience that!

Get out under God's blue sky and sing.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE FOUNDATION AND THE HOUSE.

John C. Havemeyer.

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. 3: 11.

I WAS born with defective eyesight, which it has been my constant effort to correct. At an early age I began to visit an optician and to select from his stock glasses which seemed to be helpful, and this process was continued until I nearly reached middle life. Then an oculist whom I consulted assured me that my eyes differed and required new glasses or lenses and he gave me a prescription. When I put on the new glasses I seemed ushered into another world. I found that all my life my vision had been indistinct. For the first time I discovered that the moon was a globe and not a flat surface and that I could see partly around it, and the stars had a brilliance and twinkling beauty I had not known. I saw also other objects around me as they had never appeared before.

I am here to remind you and myself that we need help, or spiritual glasses, in order to know the things of God. Sin has obscured our vision. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned and we need divine help to see them. To the natural man they are foolishness because they are spiritually discerned. Shall we join in the effort to secure this spiritual discernment, or, as the Bible calls it, a knowledge of God?

We have all probably been more or less impressed with the fact that the letters of the apostles to the churches employ very positive language, in which there is no element of doubt or uncertainty. In our text, Paul does not give us his opinion, but states as a positive fact that other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. If we refer to Peter's letters, although he was once so wavering a disciple, we have the same illustration. Take, for example, 1 Peter 1: 23—"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." Or, in John's Epistle, where there is such teaching as this: "We know that we are of God and that the whole world lieth in wickedness." These men all give testimony of a personal

experience and revelation of the wonderful spiritual truths concerning which they wrote. Let us then be fully assured that Paul had a positive revelation concerning the truth we are considering.

Paul certainly tells us that we are all building a house, whether we do it willingly or unwillingly. In Matt. 7: 24, Christ says that the world is divided into two classes. One class heareth his words and doeth them, and these he calls wise; and the other class heareth his words and doeth them not, and this class he calls foolish. The first class built their house upon a rock, and the house endured. The other class built their house upon the sand, and when the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house it fell, and great was the fall thereof. Paul assures us in our text that no man can lay any other foundation. He declares that this is a positive limitation and it applies to every man in the world then living, or who may live hereafter. He does not leave his audience in doubt, but declares that this foundation is Jesus Christ, and elsewhere he speaks of Christ as the Rock, Christ Jesus.

How is it true of us that we are truly a house? The house we are building is whatever makes up our life. Every form of activity shows what our character is. Every part of our body—eyes, tongue, ears, hands, feet—ought to be fulfilling the mission for which God made it and aid in building a house upon the Rock Christ Jesus. Paul's description of Christ as a foundation is a very beautiful and instructive figure. When a man builds a house, the first step is the foundation. To be strong and permanent, every part of that house must have a direct or indirect connection with it. If the foundation is of the right sort, the wind will not blow the house away, and the floods will not affect it so long as the foundation stands firm, because every part of the building shares its strength and solidity.

But Paul tells us that we must not build upon the foundation wood, hay, stubble, but gold, silver and precious stones, for each man's work shall be made manifest. Some one may ask how it is that we are to use gold, silver and precious stones. These materials are mentioned because they will resist fire and typify spiritual beauty and perfection. The material used in the

ilding must be of a sort that is adapted the structure upon which it rests. Each us should have the spirit of Christ, and is ought to be manifest in every part of e house, or our life. But what is the spirit Christ? Christ said, "It is my meat to the will of him that sent me and to accomplish his work." He said, "I am meek and lowly of heart." "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, and if he thirst, give him drink." He hates sin and came to be a savior from sin. In the Old Testament gold, silver and precious stones were used in the construction of the temple and upon the garments of the priests, and a high altar was placed upon them. In the new dispensation established by Christ, the whole thought and aim of our life should be to please and honor God. Christ taught this when he said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and to accomplish his work." We are clearly taught that there is no longer in the possession of beautiful things, that they draw our attention from God and spiritual things. The truth which Christ revealed to us regarding God is that we are to seek first the kingdom of God.

If we want silver and gold simply to remind us of his power and love, and to give pleasure to our fellow-men, I do not understand that the Bible forbids them. But as a matter of fact, most of us would use them to attract attention to ourselves and to foster our own conceit and pride. I expect it is for this reason that Paul cautions women to adorn themselves in modest apparel—not with braided hair and gold, or pearls or costly array—but which becometh women professing godliness, with good works. Our strongest desire and effort should be to secure the favor of God. Christians are heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. They are accumulating treasures that will increase through eternity, and that will bring a joy which Paul declares "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." If Christians would fully believe this, and if it became the atmosphere of their homes, how the houses built upon the foundation of Christ Jesus would multiply and God would be glorified! Throughout the world, the testimony would be given which came from Paul's lips: "For to live is Christ." Then what a different standard there would be in our lives! Where earthly pleasures, that appeal to the flesh, would not attract us. Human ambitions, which are limited to this world, would

be ignored. We would consider it not sacrifice, but a glorious privilege, to seek to be perfect, "even as God is perfect."

Then our children would be inspired with this glorious ambition. If they did wrong, we would remind them that they were disobeying and dishonoring God. Respect and obedience for parents would be enforced by the reminder that the offense was against God and his commandments, and incurred his displeasure, and we would seek to restrain from wrongdoing or sensual pleasure by quoting Christ's specific teaching, and impressing the privilege of loving and obeying him who has loved them.

Now, how do you and I stand? We fulfilled our destiny yesterday of building a house. Was it one that will endure? In the other world will the Master say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant"? Is our path shining more and more unto the perfect day? Are we following the Shepherd who leads to green pastures? If not, shall not every one of us begin now to change our lives? Shall not every timber or brick that goes into our house today and in our future life, be such as will endure?

Let us cease to sow to the flesh and be satisfied with corruption, but sow to the Spirit and reap, instead of corruption, everlasting life. John tells us in his First Epistle that "We know not what we shall be, but when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." We shall be one with God in Christ, and our home will be "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—Christian Herald.



Christian America Ought to Demand World Peace.

War ought to be abolished. Christian America ought to lead the way to international disarmament. The President and Congress of the United States ought to call an official national peace congress of all the States and proclaim to the world that this is a Christian nation, that its sword has been sheathed, its armories and arsenals converted into convention and exposition halls, and its battleships transformed into merchant ships, to be owned by the people, for the transportation of American products, without profit to the government, around the world, as the Postoffice Department carries the letter that brings the order and the check that pays the bill.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Fortunes in Little Things.

The big things of the farm receive most attention. The big things are the grass crop, in meadow and pasture, corn crop, the wheat crop and live stock of various kinds, with of course oats and potatoes making up the long list of things to which many farms are chiefly devoted.

But there are many small crops, like small fruits, truck of various kinds, and poultry and bees, which really frequently yield good fortunes to the men that have become expert in managing them.

Poultry raising has given many a man a competence on a small farm. It is true that failures in poultry raising are more numerous than the glittering successes, but that is so in many other lines of business. Most of the big successes in poultry raising have been made on farms and the facts have not been advertised. Here and there are to be found farmers that have many hundreds each of fowls and who have a regular set of customers that are supplied with eggs and other poultry products.

Bee-keeping has been a source of large income here and there to men that had grown old in the business. The writer remembers one old farmer that lived among the mountains of an Eastern State. His rocky farm produced fair crops, but his great revenue came from his bees. His fields were so high up in the air that they were above the fogs that hung along the coasts and his bees worked when bees in better localities kept in the hives waiting for the fogs to go away. The rocky farm of that man was notably profitable for this reason and his income was more than enough for all uses.

Small fruit plantations have yielded good incomes to thousands of people who had the patience to look after them as they should be looked after. A strawberry is a little thing, but some of the growers have attained such success with them that their berry fields are masses of red in the strawberry season. Some individual farmers have taken from their fields in a single season more value in dollars than their farms originally cost.

Yet the writer has never heard of one of the successes being obtained by novices, who generally expect to turn things upside down the first year or two. In fact, because of failure to do so, most people drop any-

thing they may be doing, and this is on cause of the long list of failures to be found in any one line of effort. It is the tenacious person that usually wins out in the end.

The beauty about the small things is that they may be engaged in with very little capital at the start, which is not true of the large lines of agricultural effort. A little land and a few dollars give sufficient basis for embarking in any one of the lines of agricultural effort mentioned. If success comes, so much the better, but let expensive mistakes be expected. This will soften the blow when they do come. Beyond the mistakes and the losses lies success to many of those that persist in seeing it.



Little Things.

Be sure there is a pocket somewhere in every dress the little girl has to wear. There is always a place for one, if we stop about finding it, and the patch pocket can be made rather ornamental if neatly put on. There is nothing the school child needs more than one or more pockets.

Overalls for the smallest girls and creeping babies, as well as for the little maid, will save much work and money useless spent on clothes that are always in the wash, and never comfortable to play in. Little gingham "pokes" that will stand hard usage and always come out of the wash fresh and becoming, can take the place of the white headwear with a good deal of saving to the house-mother.

Gingham aprons can take the place of the dress-up frocks for the next size little lady during the autumn days, and will bear many a stain without harm, besides allowing for the romps and frolics the girlie just must have, in order to grow. Light-weight wash goods make up nicely for these aprons either in the one piece styles, or with sleeves and shoulder seams. They are pretty trimmed with bands, bias, or straight, with torchon lace that is warranted to stand tubbing without a tear.

For the boy's wear, it is a good thing to choose textures that do not require starching. Seersuckers come in several colors and stripings, wear well, wash easily, and require only a pulling into shape when pressed on the line, and a good shaking out when dry.

The Hygiene of Underclothing.

What kind of underclothing shall I wear what material and what weight? Such is one of the many pertinent queries of the season.

Among the materials most used for underclothing are wool, cotton, linen and silk, mentioning these in order of their popularity. Now, first of all, as to which of these materials is best, let us remember that cotton and linen absorb water readily and that wool will not. A simple experiment will prove this. Take a piece of pure wool and allow it to remain for a few minutes in water. Remove the wool, shake it vigorously and you will find that it is almost dry. Wool does not absorb the water.

If, however, you make the same experiment with cotton or linen, you will find it impossible to shake them dry, proving that they absorb the water.

Now, the best underclothing is that which will absorb the moisture of the body, and for this reason linen, silk or cotton is preferable to wool. On the other hand, wool, for the very reason that it is non-absorbent, is the better adapted for outer garments.

Between linen, cotton and silk there is in reality little preference, save perhaps on a score of expense. Pure silk is, of course, the softest and most comfortable, but its high price will naturally prevent its wide adoption.

Now, as to the weight of underclothing worn, what is the rule? There is none save a general rule that the less you can wear consistent with comfort the better. Most persons wear too much clothing. When the clothing is too thick, it is impossible for the body to do properly its important task of getting rid of the body's poisons. This means extra work thrown upon the lungs and kidneys. Even so these latter organs will often be unable to carry their extra load. The result, of course, will be retention of the body's poisons, with all the dangers of that condition.

Weight of underclothing will depend upon many things—climate, season, occupation, state of health, habit, and so on. I can only repeat, wear as little as possible consistent with comfort. Another thing, as far as possible avoid sudden changes. The body is adaptable but delicate, and while it can easily train yourself to the habit of wearing light underwear winter and summer, the change must be gradual.



Caring for Nuts.

The store of nuts gathered by the little

folks should be well dried before putting away. Chestnuts, beechnuts, hickorynuts, walnuts, pecans, hazelnuts, and many others, according to locality, are well worth harvesting, and these golden autumn days are delightful for nutting parties. The walnuts should be hulled before they dry as the green hulls are more easily removed while still black and moist; they should then be put on a low roof, or some place where they can be covered if rain threatens, and well spread out. Walnuts, hickorynuts, and butternuts must be dried slowly, and when perfectly dry, will have lost much of their weight; they should then be put in thin bags and hung up where the air can circulate through them. Beechnuts should be put in baskets or thin bags and hung in a dry place; a garret is right. If the nuts are thrown down where the shells will mildew, the inside will certainly be spoiled. We pity the children who have not a supply of popcorn and nuts for the winter days. Where one has a supply of these, there should be no end to the home-made "goodies," which, while inexpensive, are better in every way than the costly cream and nut candies that the store offers us.



Be Good to the Babies.

Don't neglect the little ones who are too young to realize the cause of their discomfort, these chilly mornings and evenings. Put the thicker garments on the little limbs during the morning and evening hours, even though they must be removed during the middle of the day. This is the season for laying in a supply of coughs and colds that may pave the way for serious diseases later on. Put on the little shoes and stockings, and keep the warmer garments where you can lay hands on them at the first change of temperature. Have the extra blanket or quilt convenient for the night hours, not only for the little ones, but for the grown-ups, as well. Watch for health.



For the Housewife.

One of the cooking vessels that deserve more consideration than it gets is the casserole; this vessel comes in several sizes, is not expensive, is a pretty brown earthenware vessel, enameled white inside, with tight-fitting covers that keep in all the juices and make meats tender when cooked in them. It would be well for the housewife, when at the housefurnishing stores, to look at them. A chicken long past the

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Should the husband and wife keep secrets from each other? R. N. Godwin.

Answer.—No. Secrets are the hotbeds of suspicion and suspicion undermines and destroys the home. One of the prerequisites of a happy home is absolute confidence between husband and wife. They must believe in each other and must have full confidence in each other's ability. Together they form a partnership for the building of a home and they must consider each other as partners if the home is to be a successful one. If the wife feels that the husband does not fully trust her she will lose confidence in herself and will not be able to take the interest in the home that she could if he believed in her. The same is true with the husband if the wife fails to trust him. Our divorce courts are filled with cases where there has been suspicion between the husband and wife. In nearly every divorce case the trouble can be traced back to suspicion which led to neglect and then to abandonment. All sorts of evil are hatched out in secret and are accomplished in an underhanded way. Frank and open coöperation between husband and wife is the basis of a happy home.



Question.—What is the mission of the mother in the home?

Answer.—Her first mission is to change her household work, which often becomes a drudgery, to an orderly system and by the use of labor-saving devices reduce it to a minimum, so she will have some time to perform her duties as a mother. She has the care of the children and to properly perform her duties toward them she needs to make a careful study of them so that she may direct their intellectual, moral and spiritual training. To do this she needs to do much reading so that she may be an inspiration to her daughters and may be the pride of her sons. She must play with her children, read with them and talk with them, and above all she must make herself a worthy example for them to follow. She will not be able to do this successfully if all her time and energy are spent in drudgery until she has worn away all her life and ambition. She must teach the children to share the burdens with her, but she must

learn to manage her household work without spending all of her time at it. It is important that the children should be supplied with wholesome food and good clothing but having supplied these the more important mission still remains and must not be neglected, which is that of training the mind and nourishing the soul. The mother's mission in the home is to nurture and care for her little flock, watching that each one makes a healthy growth into nobility, manhood and womanhood. It is her mission to create that atmosphere of love, unity, peace and goodwill which cannot be expressed in any other word than "home." But you say, "What is the father's mission in the home?" The father's mission is to reduce his slavery work to a minimum, and see that there is plenty of bread and water and to be the partner of the mother in properly raising the children.



Question.—I have a large family and all of my children want books and papers to read. I am very particular about what they read. How may I make sure that they do not get destructive reading matter? H. Weaver.

Answer.—You should be thankful that your children are all eager readers. By all means keep them well supplied with good reading matter. Every hour spent in wholesome reading will store their minds with good thoughts and will tend to keep them free from a thousand evils which lurk in the idle mind. It will do much toward keeping your boys and girls under your own roof instead of seeking cheap amusements and idle attractions in your neighboring town. A little money spent each year to buy good papers and magazines and good books for them will bear you good interest when they grow a little older by making not men and women of them instead of having them burden you with heartaches and long wakeful nights when you do not know where to find them. Good reading will counteract an untold number of evil influences that are thrown about your children that you never learn about. Their minds are active and alert and if you do not feed them with good reading matter they will find something that is not good for them because there is plenty of it on sale everywhere cheap in every town. Growing minds are always thirsty. You cannot solve the problem by keeping all reading matter from them. That would be the same as keeping a child from eating lest it eats poison, when you do not feel able to make a wise selection.

tion, not having the time to read as much as an entire family will need to read in a year, ask from those in whom you have confidence. Those who have read extensively can be of much assistance to you.

AMONG THE BOOKS

The Mastery of Being.

William Walker Atkinson in "The Mastery of Being" boldly challenges the older schools of thought, and by a clear array of facts supports his claims:

1. That mind is the most substantial thing in the universe.
2. That man is spirit.
3. That back of the manifestation "you" lies "the totality of being."

He then proceeds to unfold the plan of being, and its application to mankind. He leads up to just what his title indicates, the mastery of being. The book constitutes a new philosophical spirit level. The book contains 196 pages, cloth binding. Price, \$1.00. Published by The Elizabeth Towne Company, Holyoke, Mass.



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"The Day of the Country Church," by J. O. Ashenhurst, discusses a problem that just now needs a great deal of careful attention. The world is just awakening to the fact that the backbone of Christianity must be found in the country church where the forces of evil have not been able to entrap the young people. It is the aim of the book to aid in awakening public interest and directing public thought to the movement for the Christianization and social improvement of the rural districts of our land. The author presents the problem in a clear manner and presents a number of valuable suggestions for the solution of the problem. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Price, \$1.00, net.

RECENT POETRY

What of Today?

We shall do so much in the year to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

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2. When Sin Entered the World.
3. When the First City was Built.
4. When the Flood Came and Swept Them All Away.
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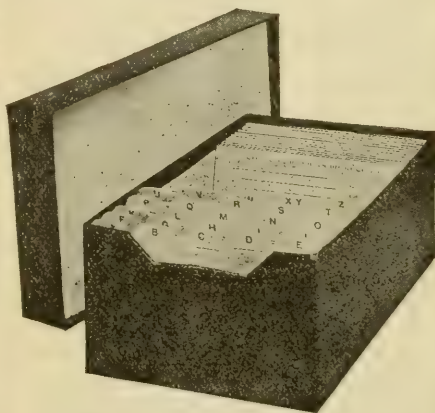
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We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build up mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in the idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes; this is the thing our souls must ask—
"What have we done today?"



Patriot.

The Wise Man sat in a grocery store,
And he whittled a chunk of wood.
The chips lay scattered upon the floor
As he filled the place with his learned lore,
And he whittled a chunk of wood.

"Our nation's gone to the dogs," he said,
And he whittled a chunk of wood,
"Our leaders false and our statesmen dead,
And the good old days of abundance fled,"
And he whittled a chunk of wood.

"I wish I sat in the President's chair,"
And he whittled a chunk of wood.
"I wouldn't stand for corruption there;
I'd settle the tariff war for fair,"
And he whittled a chunk of wood.

The Wise Man sat in a grocery store
And he whittled a chunk of wood,
But his wife the family burden bore
To keep the wolf from the cottage door,
While he whittled a chunk of wood.



Shoes.

I think new shoes the finest things in all
the whole wide world.
When nurse has changed my frock and
made my hair look nice and curled,
And buttoned up my shoes, I can't do any-
thing but look
Straight at my feet, and feel just like the
princess in the book.
And even if they pinch my toes, I never
seem to care;
I'd almost rather have them, for it makes
it true they're there.
If you could wave a hand and let me have
the things I'd choose,
I'd take a shiny, squeaky, pinchy pair of
brand-new shoes.—October Woman's
Home Companion.

WATCH THIS PAGE



Do you know why the

EMPIRE COLONY

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one of the founders of this Church Colony explains it partially in these words:—"The Easterner in search of a place of perpetual sunshine, where kind Nature lends assistance, where his labor is more remunerative, and where his success or failure depends more on his ability than on climatic conditions, where nature cannot with one stroke spoil the fruit of months of labor, can find such a place in the Golden State of California, in the semi-tropical garden spot known as Sunny Stanislaus County, and **EMPIRE** is the name of the place."

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FINGER POSTS ON LIFE'S HIGHWAY

By JOHN T. DALE

A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY

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Just as the traveler on a country road needs some "finger posts" to guide him to his destination, so on life's highway the traveler must have finger posts to keep him on the right path. Our new book entitled "Finger Posts on Life's Highway" shows how to succeed in life. It is just the book to guide young and erring feet. Not only that, but it contains counsel and warning for maturer minds, and calm and soothing reflection for the aged.

Would you want your young son or daughter to be led astray by the alluring attraction of a worldly, sinful life? Would you want your old and feeble mother to pass the remaining years of her life sad and comfortless? Would you yourself want to make some mistake now that might cause you untold misery in the future? If the answer to these questions is "No!" then read this book written by a man who has spent many years right in the midst of the busiest life of our busy country. Coming from a country home to a great metropolis, the author of this book has seen the growth and development of successful careers, the overthrow of great financiers and fortunes, and the accumulation of great wealth by men of humble beginnings.

The book contains 620 pages of maxims of wisdom, words of caution, warning and comfort. As a book for a family library it is indispensable. It is bound in cloth, and profusely illustrated. Will be sent postpaid to any address for \$1.50.

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Our endeavor shall be to keep in the front line. The variety and excellent quality of the contents, from week to week, cannot help doing good in the home. Only that which will interest, edify and help the reader is admitted into its columns.

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Sample copies of the Inglenook will be sent upon request.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

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THE INGLENOOK

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
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November 7.
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Vol. XIII.
No. 45.

Three Trite Truths

1 Apple Land is the most valuable land in the United States because no crop pays so well as apples.

2 MIAMI VALLEY lands are good apple lands.

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booklet, "YOUR OPPORTUNITY."

Tear off and mail to us.

DO IT NOW.

Farmers Development Company

SPRINGER
New Mexico

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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Elgin, Ill.

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during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

November 7, 1911.

No. 45.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

American Prisons.

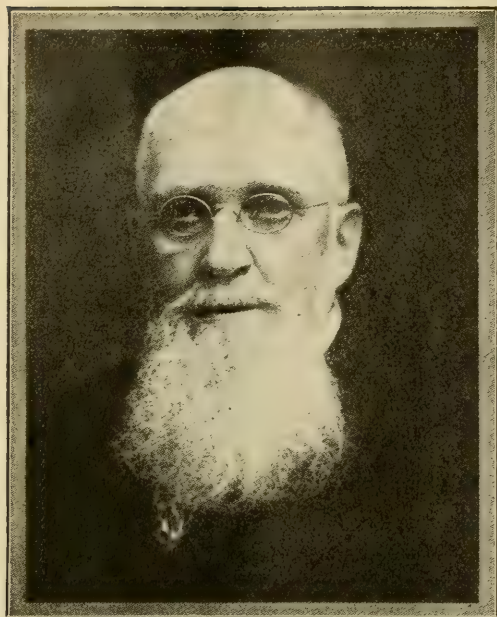
IN dealing with the social progress of our country our penal institutions cannot be overlooked. For some time we have been gathering material on the subject for the *Inglebrook*, but we have found great difficulty in finding information that is valuable and also trustworthy. Had we the time to visit every penitentiary and reformatory in the country we could possibly find out what we want to know but that would take many years. Hence we are forced to accept the testimony of those who are spending their whole time in some particular phase of prison investigation.

It is commonly known that our Southern prisons and convict camps are in a much worse condition than the institutions of the Northern States. When looking over the proceedings of the last international prison conference held at Washington, D. C., about a year ago we find that few, if any, Southern representatives took an active part in the discussions. We may be mistaken, but the South seemed to be conspicuously absent. Knowing that the South is many years behind the world in the matter of reforming convicts, we have been searching for some truthful reports. Finally by means of a short press notice we found the work of Mrs. Clarissa Olds Keeler of Washington, D. C. She has published two pamphlets on the conditions of Southern prisons and convict camps and she has kindly permitted us to make use of any of the material which she has collected. For twenty years Mrs. Keeler has been quietly investigating the treatment of convicts with the purpose of trying to better the situation. It has been a long struggle and it is not over yet. Her pamphlets read like second "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Several of the Southern States lease their convicts to private individuals or firms for stated sum. Naturally it is to the interest

of the one who buys the labor to get as much for his money as possible. The less he feeds the prisoner and the more work he gets out of him the greater will be the profits. The convicts are compelled to labor in mines, in turpentine camps, on plantations and other places where it is difficult to secure free labor. When the judge sentences the criminal he is handed over to the firm which contracts for the labor and this firm has complete charge of the poor fellow. If the convicts do not work as rapidly as the guards think they should they are beaten, sometimes to death. The common method of punishment is "strapping." A Georgia paper describes the weapon thus: "It weighs from two to six pounds. It is made of single and for a portion of its length double thickness of leather. It is more than two inches wide—say one-third of an inch thick, and its two feet in length is fastened to a club of wood. This instrument is not designed to break the skin, but at every lick the tissues beneath the skin are broken to a jelly. The sensation of pain can only be compared to a million needle points penetrating the stricken parts at every blow. The pain is doubled every time the leather falls." Imagine the torture and suffering when a helpless fellow receives fifty or sixty blows from such a weapon. One can scarcely conceive of the heartlessness and degradation that will permit a man to be a whipping boss in one of these convict camps. The evils of the worst kind of slavery are magnified by modern ingenuity. The tortures of Siberia are here in our midst and we are not aware of the fact. Conditions will not be improved until public opinion is created. Members of the State Legislatures are frequently interested financially in leasing convict labor. The consequences of such a political combine are self-evident.

Until recently Oklahoma sent her pris-



Z. R. Brockway.

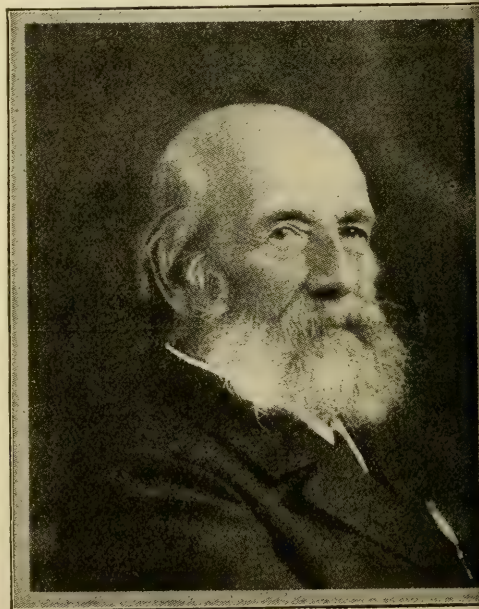
oners to the Kansas penitentiary at Lansing. About three years ago Kate Bernard made an investigation of this prison and found that the Oklahoma prisoners were treated most cruelly. The famous water cure in a modified form was very popular in the penitentiary. It was this: "A prisoner was placed in a box resembling a coffin, his hands tied beneath him and the hose turned upon his face, in many instances filling his mouth, lungs, ears and nose with water. The water is played on him till it reaches a point where he can bend his head no farther to keep it from submerging his mouth and nose, and in this condition he is left until he becomes exhausted and falls back under the water."

Mrs. Keeler uses several pages in describing the convict camps of Texas. The committee appointed by the State Legislature to investigate the convict camps tells of one place which seems to be a fair sample of others. "The Cunningham place is the property of the Texas Sugarland Company, composed of St. Louis capitalists. Of its 86,000 acres 4,000 are in sugar cane and there are three convict forces thereon. The prison buildings are old, unsafe and unsanitary. In camp B the prison building is old, rotten and unsanitary. The site is low and muddy, near acres of stagnant water. Foul-smelling closets stand within a few feet of the sleeping bunks. The bathing

facilities consist of a few tubs and of sugar kettles kept in a corner of the yard.

The most deplorable conditions seem to be in Georgia. In the summer of 1907 there was an official investigation of the convict lease system. If the system had been changed it has been done this year. The following pictures give one a fair idea of how this lease system works out, remembering that it is of advantage financially to the State as well as to the man who works the prisoner that the court make as many convictions as possible. The "system" frequently controls the police force and men, white and colored, are arrested for the most trivial offences and sentenced to work out a long term in some convict camp:

"An old man who had been a preacher but who, as evidence showed, should have been in the insane asylum, was sentenced to twelve months for stealing an old pair of shoes. He was sent to Sugar Hill camp in Burton County. He refused to eat anything and refused to work, so with the physician at the camp assisting, two other men proceeded to whip him. His legs were sore where the shackles had chafed the skin off. He had eaten hardly anything for fifteen days, and as he lay in his bunk on Sunday before his death on Monday, I requested a fellow convict to write to his daughter, giving her name and address, saying he was prepared to die. On Monday



Dr. Guillaume.

was struck a number of blows on the head and made to get off the ground, then whipped on his back and shoulders until the bruises of the lash left testimony that the grave could not erase." He was taken to a tree and died within a few minutes.

The Atlanta Georgian relates this incident: "A mother with her two days' old babe sat on the ground leaning against a building in one of the camps—the birth place there, too. A guard saw her and ordered her to go to work. She wouldn't, and was shot with the little one in her arms."

Mrs. Keeler tells of what a jury committee saw when they visited the prison blockade of Atlanta in December, 1909: Some were fortunate in not being tackled, and even these could not protect themselves from the filth and vermin infesting the place. In contrast with these seemingly impossible conditions were the quarters where the mules were kept. Everything was clean, the air was fresh and the only odor was that of baled hay. Quite frankly did members of the committee tell the superintendent that the mules had better quarters than the men. As these Atlanta business men went out the side door, the wagon from police headquarters arrived with three new victims. They were grooved sent up for three different offences. One had separated from his wife, and was sent up because he did not think he was entitled to any money from him. Another said he had shot off a pistol, while another said the man for whom he was working had sold whiskey. He happened to kill the goat. As soon as they entered, they stepped to an anvil-like contrivance where a guard riveted shackles on their ankles over their trousers. This operation baled their clothes upon them until their sentence expired."

When convict labor is scarce the boldest methods are used in securing victims. "At Little Rock, Ark., Callas, a Russian Jew, was standing at the railroad station. A man approached and put a revolver to his head.

"Who are you and where are you going?"

"I am looking for work," Callas answered.

"Have you any money?"

"Ten cents."

"You're arrested."

"He was locked up in a barn, and the next day fined ten dollars and all expenses." He and other unfortunates were taken to a labor camp several miles in the woods in the southeastern part of the State where help was badly wanted by the overseers. This instance brings to mind a similar one which was related in the Gospel Messenger several years ago. A Christian man was drugged while on a journey in the South and taken to a mine where he was compelled to work as a slave. Such work has been stopped, I believe, but mock trials are still in progress.

We do not wish to paint a black picture of the Southern States. They have had difficulties to overcome which the Northern States never knew and while their prison methods are antiquated they may teach us some valuable lessons in other lines. There must be publicity before a reform can be accomplished. The Southern papers and clergy are endeavoring to educate the public concerning the inhuman treatment of prisoners and a harvest of the sowing will surely follow.

In order that we maintain a hopeful view of the prison situation it will be well to study the photographs of two old workers who are young in ideals—Dr. Guillaume of Switzerland and Mr. Brockway of New York.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

REVOLUTION IN CHINA.

The Chinese anti-dynastic revolt at Canton in South China last May, and the uprising in Southwest China around and in the city of Cheng-Tu last month, were noted as being apparent signs of impending revolution. Each disturbance was at least temporarily suppressed, but a great evolutionary movement for all China has evi-

dently been in long and intelligent preparation.

On Oct. 11 came news of the capture by revolutionists of the large city of Wu-Chang, and by the next day the adjoining cities of Hankow and Han-Yang were also in their hands. These three lie together in a group, in mid China, at the juncture of the Han with the Yangtse. Wu-Chang

and Hankow together have a population of 1,500,000. Hankow is described in the Chicago Inter Ocean's dispatches as "the great trading center for all central China, but Wu-Chang takes precedence over it in political importance. As the capital of the province and the seat of government of the viceroy, it has a great population of officials, including all the high provincial mandarins. Wu-Chang and Hankow, as great trade centers and ports for ocean steamers, have both felt to a considerable extent the influence of Western civilization. Both towns possess electric lighting systems, cotton mills, silk factories, and schools. Wu-Chang is the seat of a normal school for women. Within the last five or six years both cities have thrown their idols into the streets or into the river, clearing many of their temples of priests and all emblems of worship to make room for public schools." Hankow suffered from incendiary fires after its capture by the insurgents, and several hundred "Manchus" were killed. A revolutionary committee appeared and gave strict orders, under a death penalty, that citizens of other countries should not be harmed, and so far no foreigners have been molested. From the three cities the insurrection has spread like wildfire until now revolution is recognized as existing in every province of China. Thousands of Imperial soldiers have joined the insurgents at Wu-Chang, who are under the command of Li Yuan Hung, called Lieutenant Commander of the Imperial New Army. Imperial troops are being rushed from Peking toward the three cities, but further desertions are feared. By the 17th the advance guard of an army of 40,000 men had arrived before Hankow.

The purpose of this general uprising in the vast and ancient Empire of the East, with its more than four hundred million souls, is everywhere recognized as being twofold: first, the overthrow of the alien Manchu or Tartar dynasty which has governed China since 1644; and second, the establishment of a republic for China. It is understood that the plans which have been so long quietly brewing, are all carefully worked out to these ends, and that even the first president of the new republic has been selected in the person of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who is now in the United States. In the meantime, the dispatches state, General Li Yuan Hung has been proclaimed provisional President. The insurgents themselves are said to disclaim a revolutionary purpose. They call themselves the "Constitutional Party," contending that the Consti-

tution granted by the late Emperor had been violated under the existing regime. The following manifesto, prepared in the United States by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, was made public in New York on the 14th:

To all friendly nations, greeting:

We, the citizens of all China, now waging war against the Manchu government for the purpose of shaking off the yoke of the Tartar conqueror by overthrowing the present corrupt state of autocracy and establishing a republic in its place, and at the same time intending to enter upon a more close relation with all friendly nations for the sake of maintaining the peace of the world and of promoting the happiness of mankind, in order to make our action clearly understood, hereby declare:

1. All treaties concluded between the Manchu government and any nation before this date will be continually effective up to the time of their termination.

2. Any foreign loan or indemnity incurred by the Manchu government before this date will be acknowledged without alteration of terms and will be paid by the maritime customs as before.

3. All concessions granted by the Manchu government to any foreign nation before this date will be respected.

4. All persons and property of any foreign nations in the territory occupied by the citizens' army will be fully protected.

5. All treaties, concessions, loans and indemnities concluded between the Manchu government and any foreign nations after this date will be repudiated.

6. All persons of any nationalities who take the part of the Manchu government act against the citizens' army of China will be treated as enemies.

7. All kinds of war materials supplied by any foreign nations to the Manchu government will be confiscated when captured.—The Public.



Dynamite Under Bridge Over Which Ta Passes.

News reports from Santa Barbara, California, say that an attempt was made to dynamite an eight hundred foot bridge, 25 miles north of that city, on Oct. 16, and that the explosion was planned to blow up the tracks over the bridge as President Taft's special train passed. These reports further state that two men were seen placing the explosive and were driven away by the fire of a watchman who is kept on the bridge.

A reward has been offered for information that will lead to the detection of the guilty party.

EDITORIALS

Self-Revelation.

All sin journeys toward publicity. Even
 sins hidden and secret are at last prom-
 ised from the house-top. There is no
 omission from which nature and God can
 drag forth sin. Life admits of no se-
 crets. Nature keeps her book, and so does
 memory, and memory has a third copy, No one
 is so to himself. Thinking no one will find
 out, the boy indulges his appetites, but
 in drunkenness writes the story on the
 cheek and the swollen lip. Hidden
 thoughts cannot be long concealed. Jeal-
 ously twists the lips, cynicism curls the
 mouth, hatred distorts the smile, covetous-
 ness hardens the countenance, while pray-
 er whitens the brow and sympathy glorifies
 the countenance. Temperate living seals the
 features with beauty, and by a thousand
 delicate signs and voices the whole man
 publishes the secrets of the soul. Secret
 sins are a man's own detectives. The youth
 sins, thinking sin is an angel of light,
 but he very soon finds out that it is a false
 friend, a betrayer, a very Judas that uses
 a thousand subtle devices to drag him to-
 ward his own degradation and ruin. Na-
 ture, memory, the book of experience and
 the Book of God must all agree as to the
 facts of life. If one sin were allowed to go
 unpunished in a moral universe, the whole
 world would come crashing down in
 ruins. Nothing deters men from trans-
 gression like the thought of the revealing
 power, when every secret sin is exposed. It is
 this that explains the good sense shown by
 a wife who had suffered all things at the
 hands of a drunken husband. Once he was
 over no one could convince the husband
 that he was a beast, that his face was
 stamped with idiocy and that his smiles had
 been turned to leers. So the wife took lessons in
 photography and photographed him during
 his better hours of his drunkenness. Afterwards
 during his better hours he received twenty
 photographs of himself as he was in his
 hours of debauchery. Then fear came upon
 the man. Horror overwhelmed him. In
 sheer disgust he revolted from himself. The
 sunshine had drawn his portrait in hideous
 lines. The portrayal of himself in his
 hours of degradation shocked the man into
 sobriety. The whole world is God's pho-
 tograph gallery. Memory is a long series
 of photographs of an evil man's sins. Each
 incident is told in chapters. Not all things
 are known today, but all things will be

known tomorrow. The fly may sting the
 flower or the apple, but if the wound is se-
 cret today, tomorrow the beginnings of de-
 cay will appear. Evil is a worm working
 silently in the soul. The youth may think
 the pictures he paints on the walls of im-
 agination will never be known to any eye
 save his own. God buried Pompeii for two
 thousand years, and then the excavator re-
 vealed the rooms, and the walls covered
 with suggestive scenes set out in the light
 receive the contempt of all mankind.

Breaking Customs.

Customs often become so sacred to us
 that we cannot get away from them even
 though they become expensive and incon-
 venient. We insist that everything must be
 done exactly the way it was done yester-
 day in spite of the fact that there are a
 hundred ways that would be much more
 desirable and successful. We sacrifice com-
 fort for custom with no thought or regard,
 whatever, for the expense connected with
 it. Because we commence a thing a certain
 way is the reason we continue in that way
 long after we might have changed to a bet-
 ter way to our great advantage. It is a de-
 lusion something akin to the belief, which,
 according to Charles Lamb, so long held
 sway among the Chinese when the savor of
 roast pork had been accidentally discovered
 through the burning down of Ho-ti's hut,
 that, in order to cook a pig it was neces-
 sary to set fire to a house. By and by,
 however, they learned that that method was
 not only crude and wasteful, but also un-
 certain in its results. But until the Chinese
 sage came forward and invented a rude
 type of gridiron which, according to Lamb's
 interesting dissertation, was the forerunner
 of the spit and the oven, no one had ever
 thought of a pig being roasted without the
 burning down of a hut, or were it for one
 better circumstanced, a house. They,
 therefore, had to follow the only method
 they knew. With us, however, it is differ-
 ent. We know other methods and often
 better ones but we are so religiously bound
 to custom that we do not choose to break
 away from them for something better.

Community Life.

A community is a body of people having
 common interests. A rural community is a
 body of people dwelling in an agricultural
 or open country having common interests
 connected with their rural life. The word

community applies most fittingly to country life. It loses its force in crowded streets, where people living in the same block do not know each other, or living on adjoining lots, have no common interests. There are common interests which unite certain classes in the cities, but all the people in the country are united in common interests, except in the comparatively few country places in which industrial conditions have created different classes having different interests. Of those interests which are common in the rural community the most obvious is agriculture. Yet it would be a thoughtless conclusion to suppose that farming is the common interest in the rural community, to the exclusion of social, educational and religious interests. Dr. Richardson, in writing on rural sociology, declared the highest interests in the community in the following words: "In studying the moral obligations of a rural neighborhood we must begin with the conception that the chief task of the farmer lies in the development of human personalities, in the cultivation of the spiritual powers, in enriching the permanent self, and in sharing the highest goods of civilization on the widest possible scale." President Butterfield expressed the same ideal of the chief interests of the rural community in these words: "Agricultural prosperity is not to be the final result of rural improvement. The rural problem is the preservation upon our American farms of a fine, strong, intelligent, educated, resourceful, honest class of people."



Expensive Burdens.

In one of the Eastern galleries is a series of pictures setting forth the burdens of society. First of all is a peasant ploughing, but as he staggers along the furrow he carries a man on his back. Then comes a harvester in the field, but the reaper who carries a bundle under each arm, carries a soldier upon his shoulders. Other toilers include the artisan, the engineer, the workman at the loom, but upon the back of each workman is the dim outline of a soldier. The artist has made an attack upon the burdens of militarism. These burdens are not confined to the Eastern lands. We have them in our own land where the worker must bear the expense of the preparations for war. This, however, is only one of the many American social burdens. Another one closely akin to this is found in the wealthy American homes. Newell Dwight Hillis in speaking of the wealthy American

home said: "American fathers, even with their wealth, often carry a man on their back. Sometimes the rich, overworked father carries a whole family between his shoulders. He looks like an overworked Kentucky horse that is gauntleted up in the flanks. On one shoulder sit two daughters each carrying half a donkey's load of money; on the other shoulder sit two sons each puffing his cigarette and looking placid. Surmounting all is the mother, with half a dozen summer trunks that she is gaged in fastening to her husband's neck. Soon the burden will break the man down; he will not live out half his days. These boys are both paupers, and the two girls are parasites. Not alone is that man a pauper who is supported by the county poorhouse. That man is a pauper who is supported by the work of others. The essence of pauperism is support by another whether there be many who contribute the support or whether there be only one who contributes. He who receives a contribution is a pauper whether he live in the slums of England or in the palace of New York."



Cuss Words.

The other day I overheard the conversation of two young men who were discussing the merits of a watch which had been purchased by one of them. One of them was particularly vulgar in the use of oaths which were slipped into practically every sentence he spoke, while the other answered him in short, clear statements without using any words of unusual emphasis. Nothing was ever gained by swearing or by the use of bywords or slang expressions. Men who swear advertise their own poverty. The man who interlards his conversation with hints of perdition, or suggestions of hell is usually the man of narrow vision and limited vocabulary. Men of intelligence have no occasion to swear because they have a wealth of thought and choice words with which to express their thought so that no unusual emphasis need be placed upon any one part of what they say. An honest man's words need no emphasis because if he is honest he can be depended upon without a verbal emphasis of his honesty. It is a vulgar habit for boys and young men to call unusual attention to everything they say by the use of superfluous words. Aside from all moral considerations such a habit should be avoided because they label a man as being densely ignorant of the English language.

Social Service.

The term "social service" may be defined as service for the good of humanity. It is an effort to make men fit to live in society, to make the world more fit for human habitation, and to help men enjoy the good of life. This responsibility rests almost entirely upon the church. She is in a direct way responsible for the condition of her community both intellectually and spiritually. The moral atmosphere of the community can never rise higher than that of its church. Science and human skill may accomplish wonderful things in the advancement of man's conquest of the material world, but this advancement has only been possible through the quickening power of Christianity. The beginning of civilization is coincident with Christianity, and as Christianity has extended its influence, civilization and science have advanced. It has been the inspirational force behind the material progress of the world. The great truths of Christianity have always operated for enlightenment and liberty, but the church is just awakening to its opportunity and beginning to see and understand the nature and scope of her great commission. She is comprehending with a new vision the power of the Gospel to help men in their personal and social lives. Social service has been called the "neglected half" of the

mission of the church. It is not a modern fad nor the product of social philosophy but it is an essential principle of Christianity exemplified in the life of Christ himself. In the time of Christ the chief forms of social service were hospitality and almsgiving. A large part of the life of Jesus was taken up in active service for the good of men. "He went about doing good to men." He labored even to weariness in teaching and helping and healing. A large part of the gospel record might be marked as social service. And this is the service he recommended to his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth;" "Ye are the light of the world;" "Freely ye have received, freely give."



Pemberton, Minn.,
Oct. 23, 1911.

Brethren Publishing House:—

I wish to compliment you on the splendid improvement that has been wrought in **The Inglenook** in the last few weeks.

The magazine grows more interesting week by week, and more instructive. Instructive publications are what we need more of.

I wish to extend best wishes, and remain,

In hearty coöperation,
An **Inglenook** friend,
Don L. Cash.

THE DOCTOR

R. P. Babcock, State Secretary Board of Health, Austin, Texas

An Appreciation and a Suggestion.

Is there any more noble calling than that of the physician? He takes the aches and pains away, giving courage day by day. He works from morn 'til set of sun, and yet his work is never done.

The physician, very soon after entering upon professional life, finds that he is related to two especial factors: the Public, who constitute his support, and the State. The State confers upon him his franchise, a valuable franchise, and in return, demands that he give certain valuable information which he and he alone can furnish. Each factor has its own duties, each peculiar to itself.

The first and foremost duty to his State

is the fully complying with its requirement for the reporting of diseases and vital statistics. The physician who neglects or refuses to comply with this requirement fails to appreciate his responsibility and obligation to his State. It is an axiom in the legal profession that every lawyer who has been admitted to the bar is in fact an officer of the State. In a similar way, every physician who has been licensed to practice medicine in accordance with the laws of his State, is, in fact, a health officer of the State.

Appreciation.

Physicians are looked upon by the laity as nothing less than gods. Their every act is expected to be of a high moral character,

and they are expected to set a good example by readily obeying the laws of the State.

The doctor is more self-sacrificing than the clergyman. The clergyman is expected to go out in any and all kinds of weather, responding to every call of suffering humanity, at no matter what cost to himself, and scarcely ever with a thought of compensation. The doctor is a monument of loyalty and of lofty devotion to duty and unselfishness. We of the laity should take our hats off to this monument, striving constantly to live up to the example set.

Which of us has not read in our "Iliad" that wonderful description of Machaon, son of Asklepios, the first military surgeon,—attending the wounded Menelaus? The Greeks knew how to appreciate the doctor. Machaon accompanied the army of Nestor and fought in the ranks, sharing the perils and glory of the campaign with his comrades. King Idomenius, fearing for his safety, placed him in charge of Nestor, instructing the old warrior to take Machaon in his chariot, for, as he said, "A doctor is worth many men."

Doctors are seldom given credit for tender feeling. They are almost universally looked upon as cold, professional machines, but that is a great mistake. There is probably no other affliction where recovery as well as the safety of the patient depends so largely upon the care of the physician as in tuberculosis; there is no other disease that so saddens or bothers the doctor, particularly the country doctor, as that of the poor consumptive. Food and nourishment are the essential element and necessity in fighting the Great White Plague, and when the doctor sees the poor, suffering patient slowly wasting away for the lack of abundant supply of proper food, the load upon his heart is indeed a heavy one. The same can be said when the patient is a poor little baby. The doctor's heart is oftentimes wrung with deepest pity as he ineffectively strives to save the little life. The poor little thing cannot tell where the pain is, it only knows in a dumb, patient way, that it is so sick.

The Suggestion.

The doctor should bear in mind that as there is a standard of health for the individual, so there is also a standard of health for the community or town in which he resides. That standard is expressed in terms of the relative frequency of disease and death. The number of diseases and deaths that occur in the average city constitutes

the normal standard of municipal health. Cities and towns with morbidity or mortality rates less than this average or normal standard are to that degree unusually healthy; those with the rates higher than the average or normal are to that extent diseased. The municipality that keeps no record of the diseases and deaths that occur therein, is like a ship at sea without a compass. It is impossible for the citizens of such a town or city to know anything at all (they may guess) about their health conditions. They may be healthy or they may be diseased.

Now the doctor can help out his community very materially by devoting a few minutes of his time each week to the conducting of a health column in his newspapers. If he cannot spare the time to write a few lines each week, let him have his name upon the mailing lists of his own State as well of other States, and receive monthly the Health Bulletins, reproducing therefrom such timely articles as may be best adapted to his locality. The press is ever ready to aid the physicians in this, as has been demonstrated again and again. The papers have always been more or less active in the campaign for better health conditions; it is of late that they have come to realize more fully the tremendous influence for good they can wield.

During the past year, editorial after editorial, special article after article, local stories, jokes and poems without number have appeared in the dailies and weeklies over the State, looking to the improvement of sanitary conditions. See the extent that the slogan, "Swat the Fly!" has reached. Every school child is familiar with it. Could this have been done without the aid of the newspapers? Surely the physician can accomplish **some** little good for his community by merely telling the truth about hygiene, cleanliness and disease.

The physician may or may not receive remuneration for this work, but he can do it for his country. He will be serving his country for the same reason, for the same pay, that our fathers served their country in 1773 and in 1861-65; he will be carrying his motive for service in his heart, and not in his pocket. The doctor who today is measuring up to his responsibility to his State, draws but a small part of his compensation; the major part of it is entered in the credit column of the Book of Final Accounts, and will be checked out by him who rewards the good and faithful for their labor.

ENTHUSIASM AND THE PLAY SPIRIT

L. E. Eubanks

DIGNITY is sometimes a disease. True dignity—that of character—is admirable, but the kind which enthrones Convention and requires us all to live by one rule, suitable or not, is a malady I hope to avoid for my entire life.

It is a serious disease, too, because so hard to treat, so contagious and so productive of other troubles like old age, lost beauty, misanthropy, etc.

Actually, there are many cases of sickness that would vanish almost magically if the patients would only be natural; quit straining nerve and pocketbook to misrepresent themselves, relax, and turn those wrinkles of worry into sunny smiles. How dearly are dignity and position bought when they cost health and happiness!

But the exchange is being made, even willingly, every day. Convention says that at a certain age a girl must wear long tight skirts and corsets. No matter if the victim does insist that she prefers the short skirt and finds it more convenient for play; no matter if some organic weakness makes corset-wearing dangerous—she is now too old for play, she is told, and the doctor's medicine will cure her sunken chest just as well if she wears corsets. Besides, this brace will strengthen her back and "shape" her figure!

And, speaking generally, mothers stand in mortal dread of Convention's censure. They hasten to place the noose of "dignity" around the child's neck, and the approval and encouragement of deluded society soon tighten the strangling knot.

Would that I had a thousand voices to raise against this artificiality. Few things are doing more harm and nothing is harder to root out; people cling to their "dignity" and try to "make a showing" to the last minute of life. I have often been reminded of this story:

A young lady, boasting several fashionable ailments, consulted a doctor who happened to be a sensible man, familiar with such cases and too honest to take money for nothing. "All you need is more sleep and to play the 'tomboy' a while," he advised, bluntly. Flushed and indignant, she went home. At dinner she told of the interview. "Why, how rude!" exclaimed the mother; "what did you do, dear?" "I stood upon my dignity," replied the girl.

Then her brother, a plain, handsome fellow and a college athlete, said sternly: "Lay your dignity down and run on it, sis; and you'll feel tiptop in thirty days."

I don't know whether he lived to tell the story.

The health of childhood days is proverbial; generally people are not so well in adult years. The changes in mode of life that cause this difference are principally physical, but the mental attitude plays a very important part. A laborer gets more exercise and perhaps more air than he did as a boy, but he cannot pick up a shovel now as he used to snatch his "club" when he heard the words "Billy to the bat!" Those old vacant lot games were unmixed with responsibility and care; he was playing then, now he is working. If this comparison is unfair I think I can even say that few physical culturists get as much real all-round organic health from their training as the average boy of fourteen gets from play.

With enthusiasm and the play-spirit most work can be made play; without these play is work.

I say most work. I am not an extremist, and realize that no attitude could make some conditions wholly congenial.

"Into each life some rain must fall." But let us get all from the effort possible; it is astonishing what a little thought and perseverance in this direction will do.

Hold fast to the elasticity of youth. Don't allow yourself to "settle" into the rut of old age. Retain the hopes and aspirations that spurred you in early years; cherish your ideals, keep them pure, and face everything undaunted. Hard to do, but try; if you aim at the sun you will assuredly strike higher than he who will not look up.

We have all observed this power of the light heart and optimistic views; how they preserve youth and health against most adverse circumstances. We all admit it; the trouble is we feel foolish in assuming cheerfulness we cannot truly feel. Herein come the necessity and value of self-discipline. Insist on flavoring your work with play, smile when you want to rail, throw life and energy into what you do—stick to it, and gradually you will change.

The whole world hates a kicker, and a

"quitter." Even persons really of the same stamp condemn them. We turn from them instinctively, and honor the man whom Ella Wheeler Wilcox pictures in these immortal lines:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
when life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while is the man who
can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it only comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of
earth

Is the smile that comes through tears."

Happiness is the natural right of mankind. The heart turns to gladness as a plant turns to the sun. No gloomy pessimist can defend his position; there is no excuse for self-inflicted suffering. The assertion that worry does no good is as old as the world, but few persons ever really absorb this simple truth and incorporate it into their lives.

Throw dignity and misrepresentation to the dogs—along with physic; run when you please, sit on the floor if you wish, dress for comfort, rather than for style; act the part of a child, to a reasonable extent, and

you will remain healthy and handson when the surly grumbler and the stilted parvenu have become decrepit.

Do not overlook the importance of well chosen reading in your cultivation of youthfulness. A single book often alters the course of a whole life. Avoid morbid and inane stuff as you would inferior food for your body. Select authors who make you feel strong and willing in life's battle. Read biographies that "remind us we can make our lives sublime, and, departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time."

And these words remind me of other from dear old Longfellow:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today."

—Health.

THE DISCIPLINE OF FAILURE

J. Hugh Heckman

THE annals of human experience record a marvelous story of conflict, of which the earth has been the scene since the appearance of life upon it. This struggle centers about man's effort to live, to rise, to be. This story concerns itself with his progress, describes those forces which contribute interest to his movement, relates the variation of his fortune between prosperity and adversity, victory and defeat.

Age-matured wisdom has taught the prudent man to recognize the possibility of failure in any line of human endeavor. Prudence dictates preventive precaution against disaster. But, judging the future by the past and present, so long as human existence remains a conflict, failure in certain degree is inevitable.

An analysis of the subject shows that failure may be positive and negative in desert. Much enterprise should fail because of its unworthiness in object and pursuit. Very different is that effort which

merits success—and falls short of it. The optimist declares, "Ultimate triumph belongs to the Right!" This truth asserts such denial of immediate attainment to be merely a temporary check. This delay of success means discipline, both teaching and training.

Events are important only as they relate themselves to the interests of men. Man is properly master of circumstances. When he fails to maintain his mastery his weakness is revealed, together with the might of the opposition against which his ability is pitted. The two disclosures impress one lesson—finite dependence upon infinite power. No individual in all history has been a success until he learned that strength is not within self except as it is influenced by external forces which are divine.

Failure is seldom the result of uncontrollable elements. Very often it is the natural outcome of impulsive undertaking without definite aim and thoughtful consideration. Enterprise not worth adequate

paration deserves to fail. However, providence may lay a restraining hand upon victory which tends to swerve a life from proper adjustment. The end of life is capable of being missed. There is a possibility that man may never attain to the spiritual and moral stature for which he was designed. Almost unconsciously an individual may allow his gaze toward an ideal become horizontal and permit his aspirations to roam about on the lower levels. In failure is a blessing to so misguided soul. In it he may be led to find the annals in which unselfishness easily bears its burdens.

The discipline of failure can be effective only so far as an individual is disposed to receive it. Reverses test character. Defeat causes cowards to despair and leave off striving; by it are brave spirits impelled to double efforts in what they know is a winning cause. He who is brave before the temptation of discouragement is adding strength for future endeavor.

The flush of uninterrupted victory has a baneful influence in cultivating arrogance and lack of sympathy with those less fortunate. Occasional failure expands the powers of vision until conflict is viewed from all angles and the attitudes of victor and vanquished both are appreciated. The probabilities of victorious boasting and unkind criticism are swallowed up in this widened viewpoint.

Every fall is not failure. The faded leaf which floats gently to earth on the autumn breezes has not failed. Its work is done. An institution once good may need give place to a better; so Christianity supplanted Judaism. Emergency may call out a leader who fulfills his mission and sinks back into obscurity. His accomplished task is his memorial. Failure fails when it lacks disciplinary effect. Failure succeeds when it becomes a stepping stone to success. Men are strong because they attain in spite of failure. "God on our side, doubt not of victory."

THE DANGERS OF FEAR

EVERYWHERE we see splendid ability tied up and compelled to do mediocre work because of the suppressing, discouraging influence of fear. On every hand there are competent men whose efforts are nullified and whose ability to achieve is practically ruined by the development of this monster, which in time make the most decided man irresolute; the ablest man timid and inefficient.

Fear is a great robber of power. It paralyzes the thinking faculties, ruins spontaneity, enthusiasm, and self-confidence. It has a blighting effect upon all one's thoughts, moods, and efforts. It destroys ambition and efficiency.

Not long ago a publication interviewed twenty-five hundred persons and found that they had over seven thousand fears, among them fear of loss of position, fear of approaching want, fear of contagion, fear of the development of some hidden disease or of some hereditary taint, fear of declining health, fear of death, fear of premature burial, and multitudes of superstitious fears.

There are plenty of people who are simply afraid to live, scared to death for fear they will die. They do not know how to dislodge the monster fear that terrifies them, and it dogs their steps from the cradle to the grave.

With thousands of people the dread of

some impending evil is ever present. It haunts them even in their happiest moments. Their happiness is poisoned with it so that they never take much pleasure or comfort in anything. It is the ghost at the banquet, the skeleton in the closet. It is ingrained into their very lives and emphasized in their excessive timidity, their shrinking, self-conscious bearing.

Some people are afraid of nearly everything. They are afraid of draught; afraid of getting chilled or taking cold; afraid to eat what they want; to venture in business matters for fear of losing their money; afraid of public opinion. They have a perfect horror of what Mrs. Grundy thinks. They are afraid hard times are coming; afraid of poverty; afraid of failure; afraid the crops are going to fail; afraid of lightning and tornadoes. Their whole lives are filled with fear, fear, fear.

There are many people who have a dread of certain diseases. They picture the horrible symptoms, the loss in personal attractiveness, or the awful pain and suffering that accompany the disease, and this constant suggestion affects the appetite, impairs nutrition, weakens the resisting power of the body, and tends to encourage and develop any possible hereditary taint or disease tendency.

It is well known that during an epidemic, even before any physical contact by

which the contagion could have been imparted to them was possible, people have developed the disease they feared, simply because they allowed their minds to dwell on the terrible thing they dreaded.

In 1888 there was an epidemic of yellow fever at Jacksonville, Florida, and a very extensive epidemic of fear throughout the Southern States. The latter disease, a mental malady, was much more contagious than the former and much less amenable to treatment; it visited every little town, village, and hamlet in several States, and many victims died of it.

There are many cases in medical history of prisoners who were so terrified when they came in sight of the guillotine or the gallows, that they died before they were executed.

Many soldiers in battle who thought they were mortally wounded have died, when, as a matter of fact, they had not been touched by the bullets or shells and not even a drop of blood had been shed. Violent fear has been known to bleach the hair in a single night, and terror of some great impending doom or danger to take years out of a life.

A medical journal reports the case of a German physician who when riding over a bridge saw a boy struggling in the water and rushed to the rescue, and when he pulled the lad to shore, found it was his son. His friends did not know the man next day; his hair had turned completely white.

It is well known that when Ludwig of Bavaria learned of the innocence of his wife, whom he had caused to be put to death on suspicion of her unfaithfulness, his hair became as white as snow within a couple of days.

When Charles the First attempted to escape from Carisbrooke Castle, his hair turned white in a single night. The hair of Marie Antoinette was suddenly changed by her great distress. On a portrait of herself which she gave to a friend she wrote, "Whitened by affliction."

Authentic instances of the hair turning white in a few hours or a night through fear or sudden shock could be multiplied indefinitely.

This power of fear to modify the currents of the blood and all the secretions, to whiten the hair, paralyze the nervous system, and even to produce death, is well known. Whatever makes us happy, whatever excites enjoyable emotions, relaxes the capillaries and gives freedom to the circulation; whatever depresses and distresses us, disturbs or worries us, in fact, all

phases of fear and anxiety, contract the blood vessels and impede the free circulation of the blood. We see this illustrated in the pale face caused by fear or sorrow.

Now, if terror can furnish such a shock to the nervous centers as to whiten the hair in a few hours, what shall we say of the influence of chronic fear poison, and anxiety poison acting upon the system for many years, thus causing a slow death instead of a quick one?

How suicidal chronic anxiety is! Few people realize that the system is kept continually poisoned by it. It is a strange thing that after all the centuries of experience and enlightenment the human race has not learned positively to refuse to perpetually tortured by enemies of its happiness,—fear, anxiety, worry. It certainly would seem as though the race could have found some way out of this needless suffering long ago. But we are so frightened by the same ghosts: worry, anxiety; from the cradle to the grave we are victims of these mental enemies, which we could easily destroy, neutralize, by simply changing the thought.

Who can estimate the fear and suffering caused by the suggestion of hereditary Children are constantly hearing descriptions of the terrible diseases that carry off their ancestors, and naturally watch for the symptoms in themselves.

Think of a child growing up with the constant suggestion thrust into his mind that he has probably inherited cancer, consumption, or something else which caused the death of his parents and which probably ultimately prove fatal to him. This perpetual expectancy of disease has a very depressing influence and handicaps the child's chances at the very beginning of his life.

Children who live in a fear atmosphere never unfold normally, but suffer from a retarded development. Their stunted, starved bodies do not attain their normal growth; the blood-vessels are actually smaller, the circulation slower, and the heart weak under the influence of fear.

Fear depresses, suppresses, strangles. If he indulged in, it will change a positive creative mental attitude into a non-productive, negative one, and this is fatal to achievement. The effect of fear, especially where the fear thought has become habitual, is to dry up the very source of life. Love that casteth out fear has just the opposite effect upon the body and brain. It enlarges, opens up the nature, gives abun-

dant life-cells, and increases the brain-power.

Fear works terrible havoc with the imagination, which pictures all sorts of dire things. Faith is its perfect antidote, for, while fear sees only the darkness and shadows, faith sees the silver lining, the sun behind the cloud. Fear looks down, and expects the worst; faith looks up and anticipates the best. Fear is pessimistic, faith is optimistic. Fear always predicts failure, faith predicts success. There can be no fear of poverty or failure when the mind is dominated by faith. Doubt can not exist in its presence. It is above all adversity.

A powerful faith is a great life-prolonger, because it never frets; it sees beyond the temporary annoyance, the discord, the

trouble; it sees the sun behind the cloud. It knows things will come out right, because it sees the goal which the eye can not see.

People of long lives have a strong faith; it may not quite agree with our own expression of faith religiously, but they have faith as a perpetual companion assuring them that things will come out right in the end.

Worry has disqualified many a man from paying his debts by sapping his energy, ruining and impairing his productive capacity. Faith keeps a man from worrying and enables him to use his resourcefulness, inventiveness, to infinitely greater advantage.

A DIFFERENT VIEWPOINT

Lula Dowler Harris

I HAVE an awful attack of the blues today," said my friend Mrs. A., when I called to see her a few weeks ago. "I

should like to live where I could see beautiful objects and hear pleasing sounds once in awhile, but cooped up here in this stuffy flat I have no incentive to do the things I should like to do under favorable conditions; indeed, my mind seems almost a blank today. But who could have any inspiration with these environments? When I look out of my kitchen door I look right down into a poolroom with all its confusion clearly seen and all its rabble clearly heard. I deplore the fact that bright young men are wasting their time, money and energy in there but I feel utterly helpless to take one step towards bettering the conditions.

"Under me in the same building is another poolroom with parallel conditions, but closer and therefore more annoying. Just across the alley is the rear entrance to a saloon. I shudder when I see men sneak in and out of that door who stand high socially in our city;—some occupy places on our educational boards and some even on our church boards.

"Just across the hall is a jealous neighbor who criticises my actions and finds fault with even the furniture in my home, especially if it happens to be a little better than her own. When speaking to me she uses the most subtle flattery but underneath is the most bitter sarcasm. Do you wonder I feel blue?"

I did not, for I knew her to be a refined, educated and kind-hearted little woman who was ever ready to offer sympathy or help when she came in contact with suffering humanity. She longed to do something that would make social conditions better, but felt hampered by her environments. I said, "You need to get another viewpoint." To illustrate my point I related a story I had heard from the pulpit a few weeks before. It was this:

"A preacher of renown once had charge of a wealthy country parish. He loved his people and his work. The church was a beautiful edifice set well back from the street with a large velvety lawn in front. By its side stood the parsonage, a large, airy building with all the conveniences of a modern city home. His people loved him and he could say as did David of old, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters.'

"One day a noted divine called upon him in his cozy study and told him he had been sent to interview him in regard to accepting a vacancy in a certain theological seminary in the city of D——. He stated that the clergy had decided he was the man for the place. He asked him to consider the proposition, pray over it and let them know his decision. Being a conscientious, God-fearing man he finally decided he must lay aside his personal likes and dislikes if he would work in the Master's vineyard. He accepted the position offered and was soon hard at work in the city.

"The seminary was located on the busiest corner in the city; his office was in the corner room on the second floor and his desk near an open window. The noise of the street annoyed him. The organ grinder stopped under his window and ground out his nerve-racking music; there the news-boys cried, 'Extras!' street cars, trains and automobiles made the confusion almost unbearable to the country minister who was unused to such sights and sounds.

"He was downhearted, discouraged and wholly unfit for the duties of the day when he received a call from the same minister who had persuaded him to accept the position he now occupied. He expressed himself to his caller in this way: 'Oh, if I were only back to my old charge in the country! I feel I have made a great mistake by coming here. My environments are too much for me. I cannot do my best work here.'

"My brother,' said his visitor, 'you have too close a viewpoint; let us try a different arrangement.' With the aid of an assistant the desk, chairs, books, etc., were moved to the far side of the room which was unusually large for an office. Now as our friend sat at his desk the noise of the street seemed far removed. He looked out of the same window and instead of seeing angry teamsters whipping overloaded horses, reeling men, and shouting hucksters his eyes now rested upon green fields, waving trees, flocks of sheep feeding upon the hillside and the blue sky beyond. He could now concentrate his mind upon his work and felt very grateful to the friend who suggested the change. The same room, the same window, but a different viewpoint.

"But there is my car; I must go," said I, and bidding my friend a hasty good-bye, I was gone.

A few weeks later I called again; this time I found Mrs. A. canning fruit and humming a tune as she worked. I stepped to the kitchen door and rapped softly. She greeted me with a bright smile.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "I wanted so much to tell you about some work I am trying to do." Turning the lid on the last can she wiped her hands, saying, "Come into the sitting room; I can always talk better when I rock." Seating herself, she continued:

"The next day after you were here I found three little boys sitting on my back steps smoking cigarettes. I said, 'Boys, where did you get those nasty things?' [The W. C. T. U. of which she is a member had

recently hung cards in all the shops reminding the owners of the law regarding the sale of tobacco to minors.] 'Out of den boxes,' said the smallest boy. I sat down beside them and learned to my surprise that these little children had actually picked pieces of cigars out of the refuse boxes at the poolroom door and had made them into cigarettes and were smoking them. I told them how filthy such tobacco was and they threw it away, wiping their tongues with the corner of their coats as they did so.

"I said, 'Boys, come upstairs and I will give you some cakes to take the taste of that nasty tobacco out of your mouths.' They came up, and while they ate their cakes I sang and played a few little songs for them. I asked them if they would like to come back the next Tuesday and bring some of their friends. I promised them more cakes. They promised to bring some 'dagos,' as they called them. I found out since they are all Italians.

"The next Tuesday I had ten boys instead of three, all under twelve years of age. I gave them cakes and apples that time. I then taught them a little temperance song. They all joined heartily in the singing. I then talked to them about the harmful effects of tobacco and strong drink upon their bodies and minds. As they were a dirty lot of little fellows I talked about cleanliness. While I was talking they turned their hands over and over and one little fellow slipped his into his pockets and kept them there.

"I invited them to come back the next week and we would have some more good times. You will hardly believe me when I tell you I had twenty-two boys at the meeting yesterday. I must look for a larger room by the time we meet again and must get some ladies to assist me, for I mean to organize a Loyal Temperance Legion and am delighted with the outlook." I said, "Bravo! save the boys, for boys make men."

The same house, the same environments, but a different viewpoint.



A THOUGHT.

Beyond the distant planets of a higher world;

Beyond the mystic heights of God's own skies,—

Beyond the filmy blue which stands before,—

Beyond,—what lies?

—Shepard King.

THE THREE DAGGERS

Mary Flory Miller

Concluded.

TRUE to the letter, Robert found a tall, dark form awaiting him at the appointed place, who seemingly recognized him at once and said: "Come with me." Stepping close to an electric light, the man turned up the face of Robert, saying as he did so, "Do you recognize that, and do you have one like it?" Robert quickly thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth the card that he had received that evening, an exact counterpart of the one in the strange man's hand, with the three daggers strangely carved upon

"All right," Robert's companion replied. "Come with me. I'll lead the way."

First taking a quick glance about them, lest they might be followed, Robert's companion led the way through street and alley, winding in and out through many intricate passages, till Robert could no longer keep their route clearly in mind. Finally they entered a dark passageway from which they emerged into a dark, foul-smelling back alley. From there Robert's companion led him up a steep flight of stairs, filthily dirty and rotten with age. Stopping before a battered door near the head of the stairs, Robert's strange leader gave several peculiar raps upon it, whereupon the door was opened by a large man with a dark, sinister face and coarse, soiled clothing. Seated about the room, which was poorly furnished and lighted by the feeble flicker of a tallow candle, Robert saw four other men, rough-visaged and dressed similarly to the man who had just admitted Robert and his companion, with the exception of one of them, whose appearance seemed a little cleaner than the others. Robert's companion now appeared in the light and threw off his disguise, which revealed him to be much like the other occupants of the room. Fastening the door, as he thought, securely, he led Robert up to the light in plain view of all that were in the room, saying as he did so: "Here he is now. Go ahead with your trial."

The large man who had opened the door seemed to be the leader of the crowd, for he now motioned to the rest to draw up their chairs nearer the table in the center of the room. "Now, Bill," he said, "we've

brought you here to find out why you've treated your old place so shabby. You used to be glad enough to join us in our fun. What's got over you that you've tried to shake us off? You haven't been to one of our meetin's since we robbed Jones' Bank. If you don't like our company, you're plagued welcome to git out, and git out quick, but you've got ter settle some little matters with us first." "That's right!" echoed the other men with dark, threatening countenances. "You can't shake us off so easy." "First thing," continued the leader, "you've got to hand over that chink we left in your keepin'. Guess that's the reason you wanted to shake us off, as you could have the chink all to yourself, but you can't work us like that, old man. Then if you're goin' to leave us, you've got to swear that you won't tell none of our doin's to anybody; not even if they kill you for keepin' it quiet. We'll sure put a finish on you if you blab. Now, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Robert was greatly perplexed and alarmed. It certainly was not a pleasant situation to be taken for one of a gang of thieves, but to be considered a sneak thief and traitor by his captors was even a worse situation. Their mistake in regard to him had seemed so preposterous that he had felt almost sure of his ability to make his true identity apparent to them, but now he began to have some qualms of doubt in regard to his success. "Well, I must brave it out," he thought, "and do the best I can, for May and little Robert's sake."

When his rough questioner had finished speaking, Robert, with his clear, honest gaze, looked him squarely in the face, and into the faces of those about him with dark, frowning faces. "Gentlemen," he said, "I came this evening in answer to your letter, simply to satisfy you that you have confused me with some other character with whom I have no acquaintance. I think I can explain to your complete satisfaction that I am not the man for whom you are seeking. I have lived in a distant city all of my life until the last few months, when I moved here with my family to take up the position of bookkeeper in the Jones Mercantile Company of this city. I have papers about me which will serve as proof of what I say, and if they do not satisfy

you, come with me to my employers, and they will give you further proof of what I say." As he spoke Robert took several papers from his pocket and handed them to the rough personage before him.

"Ha! Ha!" roughly laughed one of the men. "Hear the swell, gay talks, will you? Wonder how long it took him to learn that speech? Tryin' to put on airs and refuse to be classed in our company. Never thought Bill would act such a fool," at which remarks the men all laughed loudly and looked threateningly at Robert. "Thinks he can work a game on us," said one of the others. "Wants to keep the chink himself," said still another with a rough oath.

Robert looked imploringly at the leader, thinking that he would surely find his vindication in the papers before him. But that estimable judge, instead of pronouncing the verdict not guilty, merely opened the door of the little rusty stove, which served to heat the room, and cast the papers into the fire, swearing roughly as he did so. "We don't want none of your smooth gab. We know your tricks; so you needn't think you can work that game on us. You know what your fate'll be if you don't cough up and be loyal to your pals." "But, men," cried Robert, earnestly, "I know nothing about your society or whatever you call your crowd. I am an honest, hard-working man, never having seen or heard of you before. Will you give me no chance to clear myself of that of which I am not guilty? Surely, you won't condemn a man without sufficient proof."

"Well, if you ain't Bill, you're his ghost or twin," said the tall man who had brought Robert to the place, "and Bill didn't have any brothers as we know of, did he, fellows?" "That's right!" they echoed. "He is sure Bill and no mistake."

"Wall, I wouldn't go so fast, fellows," said the man whom Robert had noticed when he entered the room, as being less rude-looking than his fellows. "We might give the feller a chance to prove what he says."

"Ugh!" said the leader with a loud oath. "Guess I know Bill as well as I know you're own ugly mug, and he's got to take his medicine."

"Sure," said the other men. "He can't work us so easy."

"Now, see here, Bill," continued the questioner, "you've either got to fess up and hand over the bag or take the consequences," with a meaning look at the large revolver in his belt. Robert suddenly

thought of his own revolver and unconsciously felt of his pocket, finding it empty to his great astonishment. "Oh, yes," big man laughed loudly, "we relieved you of that when you first came in."

"Well, men," said Robert, thinking sadly of the dear ones waiting for him, "I think that it is no use to appeal to you for justice. I can say nothing more to explain my position, except that you have the wrong man."

"That you certainly have, comrade," were the startling words which fell upon the ears of Robert and the men surrounding him. Whirling about, they were amazed and dumbfounded to see the breathing image of the man in their midst standing in the open door before them. His build and feature he was the exact counterpart of their prisoner, but his clothing was much torn and soiled, as if he had just been in a fight of some sort.

"Well, boys, what are you up to now," the newcomer asked. "I've been having a plagued bad time of it since I saw you last. Maybe you didn't know I got chinked and have been behind the bars ever since. Just managed to get away last night by knocking down the warden and running over a couple other men before they got out. But I gave them the slip. I don't think they'll find me right away again. 'Spect I'd better not stay here long, though, for they'll be on the search for me."

By the time this sudden and unexpected intruder had finished speaking, the men had somewhat recovered from their surprise and bewilderment, and the tall man who had locked the door asked: "How'd you get in, Bill? I'll swear I locked that door."

"Oh, yes," laughed the newcomer. "You locked it, but the door could not have latched when you shut it, because I pushed it open easy. Better be more careful after this, or the cops will give you a surprise sometime."

"Well, Bill," said the leader, "you arrived just in time to save this feller's skin for him. We took him for you, and since he wouldn't cough up and hand over the chink we left in your care, we were going to put a finish on him."

"Glad for your sake, old chap," said Bi-
eyeing Robert quizzingly. "Better get down on your knees and thank me for my timely arrival."

The strain upon Robert's nerves had certainly been great during the trying scene through which he had just passed, and his voice now quivered with relief and thank-

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THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

Outdoor Boys and Girls.

TELL you, the boys and girls who have the outdoor habit are lucky! I always pitied pale, puny boys and girls, like those you see every day, everywhere; those who keep aloof while their red-cheeked mates are engaged in sport, healthy play.

Outdoor sports and open air exercise. That's what makes red cheeks and sparkling eyes! Those are the greatest medicines in the world for pale cheeks and weak bodies. The boys and girls who are afraid to get out in the air at recesses and noons and mingle in the hearty sports and games of the playground, are the ones who are sickly, and that weakness is sometimes never entirely lost in after life, if it is allowed to go that far.

There are some pupils who, being studiously inclined, can hardly tear themselves from their studies long enough to make time for play. Now that is foolish, indeed. I always liked to see a studious, hard-working pupil, but I never encouraged HARD study without LOTS of open air exercise; because that is just what makes you able to study; and when you don't get that exercise and brain rest, how can you keep studying without becoming puny and sickly? You know we cannot work steadily, and especially do brain work, without giving ourselves rest and exercise between. A buggy, you know, must have axle grease, or it will commence to grow weak; a wheel will sound sickly,—and finally wear out for lack of something to keep it in working order. That is exactly the way with our bodies and our brains: we must have something to keep them up, or they, too, will wear out.

In winter is the time when lots of children stay inside, even when the weather is really good, for winter weather; but just because it's winter, they stay indoors in the warmth constantly. By getting used to the heated atmosphere, when they venture outside once in a great while, the weather seems doubly cold and raw. But if those "inside" boys and girls had the outdoor habit, as they should have, and mixed exercise and play in the outer air, with their work and study inside, they'd grow to be more natural, more hardy, better students, and more healthy and robust ones.

Those who stay inside the schoolroom while their classmates are romping on the playground, will, sooner or later, grow into disfavor by their harder mates, and be derisively classed a "teacher's pet," or a "sissy." This, in itself, should bring shame, and make one get out and mingle with the rest, and speedily get the outdoor habit.

I remember when I attended country school; the teachers not only gave the pupils ample time for exercise and play, but got out themselves and joined in the sport, whatever it chanced to be: summer games, foot races, tug-of-war, snow forts, or snow men; and I remember it brought the timid from the schoolhouse in a hurry to join in the fun. That is something that teachers of today should do, but unfortunately do not, to a large extent. They should get right out and put themselves on an equality with their pupils, in play hours, join in the common sport, and be real comrades. It would help a lot to bring all the pupils into the sports; and would make a schoolroom full of ruddy cheeks, bright eyes, and sturdy bodies.

Rough sports for young people do not need to be indulged in,—there is just as much good and just as much fun in the old simple, harmless games we have all enjoyed in school-days past: "Pull-away," "blind man's buff" outdoors; rope jumping for the girls; or base-ball for the boys; and the hundred and one games known only to one who is or has been a boy or girl on our American playground.

Deep breathing is a wonderful medicine for the sickly, puny child,—or was for me, —and I am sure it will be for you, too, if you try it in the fresh open air. Of course, any amount of this exercise cannot make a robust boy or girl from a weak one, unless his body is properly treated in other ways: cleanliness, pure food of the right kind for the growing child, milk, eggs, bread and butter,—good old-fashioned, nutritious food and plenty of it; proper protection as regards clothing, etc., and then, air! That will make real men and women of pale, puny, indood people; just you try it and see if I'm not right!

And another thing, how many of you pale boys and girls stay abed mornings until the first bell rings, swallow a bite, grab your books, and run for school? And if the weather chances to be cold (just cold enough to make big lungs and strong bodies, if you only try it), stay in nearly all day between studying,—then go home at night and complain of how cold and raw it

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

BLESSED—TO BLESS.

IT sometimes seems as though it were a pity that we did not have to pay a high price in money for our religion. That it is free to all seems, in one view, to cheapen it.

If it cost a great deal of money, those who revel in expensive luxuries would probably be keen to get it. Then, having proved the greatness of its blessing, they would urge others to procure it. They would say, "Go without everything—deny yourself food, shelter, and all but the plainest clothing, if only thereby you can procure this priceless pearl. You will be more than repaid for all your sacrifices. It will guide you through life. It will comfort you in all your distresses. When you walk through the valley of the shadow, you will fear no evil."

But because the poorest can have this heavenly jewel, the world too often scorns it and passes it by.

One of the chief ways in which we can inspire our companions with a desire to become Christians, is by showing ever a serene and cheerful countenance.

In our Savior we have received the chief of blessings. He has said, "Let not your hearts be troubled," and, "Peace I leave with you." We must show by our bearing that we have a deep and abiding joy in our hearts. We must not wear faces full of worry and unrest. Let the world see that Christ is a stay, a shield, a strong tower, our song in the night, and a real help in time of trouble.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of a zeal among those who have been blessed, to bless others, is that of the missionaries, Carey and Thomas.

They were comparatively uneducated, and yet they were enabled by what has been considered almost the direct inspiration of God, to lay, deep and secure, the foundations of all the later literary achievements in East Indian mission work.

Determined to bring to a saving knowledge of the Gospel the degraded and wretched millions of India; and finding their efforts to preach baffled, they turned their attention to the translation of the Scriptures into the various Indian dialects.

Robert Southey, in the *Quarterly Review* in 1807, wrote:

"These 'low-born and low-bred mechan-

ics,' as the anti-missionaries call them, have translated the whole Bible into Bengali and printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanskrit, Orissa and six or seven other languages. Only fourteen years have elapsed since they set foot in India and in that time these missionaries have acquired this gift of tongues. In fourteen years these 'low-born, low-bred mechanics' have done more to spread the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen, than has been accomplished or even attempted by all the world beside."

If such zeal resided in the souls of our American Christians of today, a zeal which made Carey and Thomas cling to the work amid crushing discouragements, even as Jacob clung to the angel at Peniel, we could convert our whole nation before the new century should be half spent.



OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH GOD.

THE very essence of the spiritual life, says President King, "is a personal relation with God. No more than any other personal relation can this be wisely made a mere matter of rules. The laws are those of a spontaneously developing life, not of external rules laid on from without."

The conditions of the spiritual life are then, the same as those of a constantly deepening personal relation with any being of a high and noble order; only capable of an infinitely greater intimacy and a corresponding uplift, as our Lord is so incomparably superior to any human creature.

Complete honesty, perfect modesty are necessary in order to enter fully into this beautiful spiritual relation. The "great values," as President King calls them, can be realized from it only by taking this attitude of genuine openness and humility.

Attention, time and thought alone secure to us the opportunities for entering into this blessed relation—we must stay persistently in the presence of the beloved One. Study of the Word; prayer without ceasing; "active, hearty, loyal coöperation with the divine will"; these only permit us to enter into the true relationship which the soul should maintain with its Creator and Savior.

Others may counsel us; others may pray for us; but the attainment of this wonder-

ul relationship must be won by our own efforts:

'No one can acquire for another—not one;
No one can grow for another—not one;
The song is to the singer, and comes back
most to him;

The teaching is to the teacher, and comes
back most to him."

"If we follow the story of Christ's gracious life," says Dr. David J. Burrell, "we shall see him healing the sick, comforting the sorrowing and ministering to all the needs of the children of men; but if we follow far enough, we shall find ourselves at the foot of Calvary; and there comes the crucial test of our devotion to him. Shall we go back, or shall we follow him up the steep path to the Cross?"

"There are multitudes who praise Christ or his goodness until they come to Golgotha, and there they halt, turning their faces from him."

But through the shadows as well as the unshine let us follow him.

When Salome asked that her sons should sit, the one on the right hand and the other on the left of Christ, when he should come into his kingdom, he asked of them, "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of and be baptized with my baptism?"

They answered, "We can," and they lived to prove their sincerity.

Ten years later, under the orders of Agrippa, James was led out beyond the walls of the city and beheaded.

John lived on, but he saw the fires kindled by the infamous Nero; he saw Titus reduce to subjection the Holy City with frightful atrocities; he saw his fellow disciples one by one drop away, nearly all of them in blood and torture; but he was the beloved of the Highest. Through all of a long life, strength was given him to endure his sorrows and he was spared the horrors of martyrdom.

Thus may we walk with him and in him, each of us singing in the poet's sweet words:

"So I go on, not knowing;

I would not, if I might;

I'd rather walk in the dark with God

Than go alone in the light.

I'd rather walk with him by faith.

Than walk alone by sight."



Socrates, being asked the way to honest fame, said: "Study to be what you wish to seem."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

I'd like to be a boy again

In old camp meeting times,
And hear old fashioned people sing

Those sounding tuneful rhymes—
And as the mourners at the bench,

The righteous close around 'em—
Awaiting for God's lamp to show,

His shepherd true, had found 'em.

I'd like to be in church once more,

In old revival years,

Among the folk who still believed,

God listened with both ears

To those who sang the loudest song

Or shouted strongest prayer—

I'd go back with a willing heart,

Could I once more be there.

I'd like to see the preacher's face

Above that bench again—

A shining through the happy tears

Like sunshine through a rain—

And hear his: "Glory be to God!"

So joyfully asserted,

When half a dozen anxious souls

Had surely been converted.

O, for a day of these lost years

And of that day one hour,

When good old mother so and so

Was shouting with the "power"—

While men and women laughed and cried

As she danced down the aisle—

A-shaking hands and blessing all

In "non-con-formal style.

But how the church has passed beyond

Experimental days—

Ah! now, the good folks of that church

Worship in other ways—

The anxious-seat has gone aloft

By fiery furnace speeded—

For when revivals come along

No mourners' bench is needed.

Yet, in this silent summer night

The branches softly swing—

Within that lonesome grove, the leaves

Are sadly rustling—

And ghosts of dear, departed saints

Throng underneath the trees,

With spirit prayers and spirit hymns

A-murmuring to the breeze.

Once more, I hear them singing, "O,

There are ten thousand charms,"

In getting up and marching straight

To Christ's embracing arms—

Once more, I see them bowing down

With ghost knees next the sod—

While song and prayer ascend, once more,

Clear to the throne of God!

—Henry Walker.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Miss M. Andrews.

FOR the benefit of those who use rag carpets, here is a suggestion for mending a large hole. Take rags already the color of those in the carpet if possible. Tear in strips the same width, and beginning at one side of the hole, sew the ends of the strips neatly to the ends of those in the carpet. Stretch across to the other side and fasten in the same way. Now thread a darning needle with carpet warp and darn back and forth, over and under the strips. If the work is done neatly while the carpet is on the floor, you can hardly tell it has been mended.

Here is a hint for the busy mother when making garments for the little ones. Try cutting out several at a time. Take them to the machine and get them all ready for gathering. Put on the attachment and proceed to gather skirts, ruffles and anything else that needs to be gathered, and you will find the work much more quickly finished than if you made but one garment at a time.

The best fastener for a skirt band is the large hook and eye used on men's trousers. These are far more practical than the small hook and eye for the skirt band.

Here is an easy way for making plackets in everyday dress skirts: Make a narrow hem, beginning at the top of the skirt. When hemmed to the bottom of the placket raise the needle and presser foot; turn the work crosswise; place the broad hem beneath, stitch across; turn the work and stitch back to the broad hem. The placket is thus quickly and easily finished with no threads to peep through or tie.

When making a dress skirt, baste the seams, then fold at the top twice and hang it up by pinning to it a strip of cloth hung on a hook. Let hang several days, in order to get as much sag out of it as possible, when it may be finished in the usual way.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Miss M. Andrews.

To clean white enamel sinks, bathtubs, etc., dip a soft, dry cloth in gasoline or benzine and pass lightly over the surface. Every bit of dirt will instantly disappear,

and as the gasoline quickly evaporates, no rinsing is necessary. Just polish with another soft, clean cloth. Scouring enamel will eventually remove the high polish which is its only protection from dirt. Once the polish is removed, the enamel absorbs dirt like a sponge, and the more one scours the more quickly the enamel proceeds to take on a fresh coat of dirt until the stains become darker and almost impossible to remove, particularly in the case of a kitchen sink.

To purify greasy sinks and pipes pour down a pailful of strong soda water, boiling hot. A disinfectant may be prepared in the same way, using copperas instead of soda.

If a circular flounce is ironed according to the straight threads of the goods they will not sag, but will keep their shape. Gored breadths should be treated in the same way.

To cleanse ribbons wash them in pure soap and water and dry. Lay them on a table or other smooth surface and smooth down with a wet sponge. They will stick to the table, and when dry will peel off almost as smooth and fresh as new.

It is said that spirits of turpentine will extract ink from silk or woolen goods. Saturate the spot with the turpentine and let it remain several hours. Then rub it between the hands. The ink will disappear without injuring either the color or texture of the fabric.

Sugar or shortening retards rising, so that rolls or biscuit made with them will not be so high and puffy as when little or no shortening or sugar is used.



THE THREE DAGGERS.

(Continued from Page 1184.)

fulness as he said to the newcomer whose sudden presence had been so welcome a relief:

"I certainly am very grateful to you for coming in just when you did, for you have explained the peculiar situation into which I have been innocently involved, I hope to the complete satisfaction of these, your companions, which I had failed to do."

"Well," said Bill with a laugh, "'tis queer how much we look alike. No wonder they took you for me."

"Well, gentlemen," said Robert, turning to the men before whom he had been or

rial a few moments before, "I hope that everything is explained now to your satisfaction, and that you'll allow me to return to my family."

The men looked at one another questioningly, and the leader was about to say: "Don't see but what you may go now," when one of the other men spoke up suddenly: "How about what he has heard? twouldn't do for him to go tellin' on us."

"That's right!" exclaimed the leader. Then turning to Robert the big man asked: "Will you swear not to say anything about us or what you've heard here tonight?" Robert trembled. He had not thought of that difficulty. Could he make such a promise when it would be to the interest of the public, and to his employers especially, to know who the men were that robbed the Jones bank in which the Jones Mercantile Company held a very large amount of stock? The fact that these men were secretly leagued on such villainous business should be known for the sake of the best interests of the public. What should he do? was the question which now harassed his mind. For the sake of May and little Robert he must live, yet would they not rather have him die honorably than live a coward?

"No, gentlemen," he said, "I can not make such a promise. It would not be right."

"We'll see about the right of it," said the leader with a coarse oath. "In the meanwhile stand up against the wall." The leader now took out his revolver and, pointing it at Robert's heart, said: "Do you see this gun? Well, either you'll promise not to tell what you've seen and heard tonight, or you're a dead man."

"May I write a note to my wife first?" said Robert, his heart aching at the thought of the sorrow which would fall upon his dear wife and babe, when he did not return.

"Sure, let him do that much," said Bill, who felt a little sorry at having been the unintentional cause of getting Robert into trouble, in spite of his rough nature, "and I'll see that she gets it."

Just then heavy steps were heard upon the stairs.

"Run," cried Bill, "the cops are after me!"

The men made a dash for the window, but they were too late, for the door with one heavy blow burst open and several big officers entered the room, covering the men with their revolvers.

"Hands up!" cried the officers.

In the struggle which followed several

shots were exchanged and one of the gang was shot in the leg, but the officers succeeded in capturing and disarming all the men. As they were handcuffed and led away, one of the officers turned to Robert, saying: "Come with me, and I will see that you and your wife get home safely. You have been in the hands of a rough gang, and you are fortunate to get out alive?"

"My wife!" gasped Robert.

"Yes," said the officer. "It was she who gave us notice that you were here and as she rightly feared, in danger, having heard you talk in your sleep last night about a letter and some trouble connected with it. She suspected that something was wrong, so when you left home this evening she wrapped herself in a dark cloak and scarf in which she would not be very noticeable by keeping in the shadows away from the street lights, and followed you here through all the crosses and turns. When you came in here she came running to the police station to give us notice, and we came at once. She had quite a time to find her way back to us, and we were afraid we might be too late."

"Oh," cried Robert, "what a terrible experience for her! How did she ever manage to find her way through all the crosses and turns and dark passageways?"

"I don't know," replied the officer as they descended the dark, creaking stairway to where May was waiting on the landing below, "but they do say that in such cases people seem to have superhuman power at times."

"Oh, my precious wife!" cried Robert, as he clasped May in his arms. "You out in this cold, dark night alone? It nearly crushes me to think what you must have endured. You have saved my life, May, and I am so glad to live for you and our darling baby's sake."

"Thank God, Robert, I was in time!" cried May, weeping. Her relief and joy at seeing Robert safe and alive was too great for words. "I can not tell you," she said, "what agony I endured in fearing that I might be too late."

"Come," said the rough, but kind-hearted officer, wiping a tear from his eyes. "I will get a cab for you when we get out on the street again, the lady must be tired."

When Robert Dean and his wife reached home, together they bent over baby Robert's little bed, where he lay sweetly sleeping, one chubby, dimpled hand clutching a favorite toy, and together they breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to him who watches over all.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—What should be the relation between parents and their married sons and daughters? Ruth E. Williams.

Answer.—Married children should have a high regard for the feelings of their parents, and the parents should have confidence in the ability of their married children to manage their own affairs. Well meaning sons and daughters often unintentionally wound the feelings of their parents and well meaning fathers and mothers often unintentionally wound the feelings of their married children. Let us notice the birds for a moment and learn a lesson from them. When the birds mate it is very natural for them to build a nest for themselves according to their liking. It is just as natural for married children to have a nest according to their liking, which expresses their own individuality. They have their own ways of doing their work just as their parents have a way peculiar to themselves. Now, it is unwise for children to interfere with their parents' plans and try to persuade them to do their work in a different way from what they are used to doing because it is unnatural and inconvenient for them. No matter how good the plans of the children may be, their intrusion will mar the pleasure and happiness of the parents. It is just as unwise for parents to interfere in the plans of their children and try to make them build their nest and do their work just as the parents did theirs. That would be unnatural and inconvenient for the children. The children are living in a different age and have different problems to solve and have different demands made upon them from those which the parents had when they were young. Naturally they will think and do differently from what their parents have been doing. So the parents should not in any way feel hard about the fact that their children do not manage in the same way that they did but should be thankful that their children have intelligence and are able to use that intelligence in making their home. To be sure there are many things the children must learn which the parents have learned by experience. The children also must learn them by experience because it would hurt them if the parents attempted to tell them how to do it. When the children are in the home of the parents they should re-

member that the parents are the head of the house and should have a high regard for the manners and customs of that home. They should make every effort to avoid interfering in any way with the wishes and plans of that home. When the parents are in the home of the children they should remember that the children are expressing their own individuality in their home and should not in any way interfere in the plans. Children should not get married until they have grown to maturity so they can manage their own affairs and then the parents should consider them, not as small children, but as men and women with judgment and ability. Each should regard the feelings of the other so there can be no feelings.



Question.—Are automobiles an uplift to our country?

Answer.—Yes. They fill an important place in the economy of transportation. Every year they are being made more and more practical, so that they can be used with less expense. In time they will become less of a luxury and more of a necessity. Of course, there have been some evils connected with the automobile industry. A lot of people bought automobiles who could not afford to do so, and perhaps lost money and some of them even lost their homes by it. But such is always the case when new industries come in. This, however, is not an argument against the automobile so much as against the foolishness of some people who would rather be in the swim than in a home. For people who can afford a machine they are a convenience, and for people who need them in their business they are a splendid time saver.



Question.—Give a list of good books for boys and girls to read. G. A. Hostetler.

Answer.—There are many splendid books on the market as well as a large number of poor ones. The following list is only a very small number out of the many good books that may be found:

The Strike at Shanes.

Black Beauty.

The Rollo Books.

The Kingship of Self-Control. William George Jordan.

Bunny's Friends. Amy LeFeuvre.

A Talk to Young Men. James Stalker.

Across the Continent of the Years. N. D. Hillis.

How the Children Raised the Wind. Edna yell.

How the Inner Light Failed. N. D. Hill.

The Dream of Youth. Hugh Black.
From Girlhood to Motherhood. Mary Lowe Dickenson.

The Spirit Guest. Josephine Rand.
The Majesty of Calmness. William George Jordan.



Will some one kindly send us an answer to this question? How can fruit stains be removed from woolen goods without injuring the color of the fabric?

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

There was a small job of diving to be done and, as the divers were all absent, an fishman who had just been engaged to work the air pump volunteered to go down. He was told how to signal when he wished to be brought to the surface. He had been down barely long enough to begin work when he signaled that he wanted to come up. As soon as he was on the boat, he was ordered to have the helmet taken off.

"Sure," he said, when his head was free, "I'll not wor-r-k where I can't spit on me lands."



Mr. Johnsing, aged ninety years, and his faithful wife, aged eighty-seven, were returning from the burial of their only son, who had died at the age of sixty-three. The father was taking his loss very much to heart, when the mother put her hand on his arm, and said:

"It ain't so sudden, Rastus. You know I always said we'd never raise dat chile."



A Western Representative in Congress was talking one day of his record while in that body. "I'm not ashamed of it," said he. "I think I've done very well, on the whole. When I reflect upon it, I am reminded of an epitaph that I saw once in an old burying-ground in a country town of my State.

"This epitaph devoted a verse of four lines to the virtues of the good man who lay beneath the stone, and concluded with this line in prose:

"He averaged well for this vicinity.'"—October Lippincott's.

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Bang! Bang!

He thought that the Germans were upon him. But he awoke to find that it was only the boots rapping at his door.

"Well, what is it?" he grumbled.

"A telegram, sir," replied the boots, in breathless tones. "Will you open the door, sir?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Jones, crossly. He was by no means anxious to leave his sheltering sheets. "Slip it under the door, my boy."

"I can't do that, sir," replied the boots anxiously. "It's on a tray."—Youth's Companion.



"You're rather a young man to be in charge of a drug shop," said the old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?"

"Why—er—no, sir," replied the shopman; "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."—Sketch.



"Were any of your boyish ambitions ever realized?" asked the sentimental.

"Yes," replied the practical person. "When my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be bald-headed."—Washington Star.



Mr. Millyuns (engaging valet)—"I want you that frequently I am exceedingly impatient and gruff." Valet (cheerfully)—"That's all right, sir; so am I."—Sacred Heart Review.



THE WEEKLY CHAT.

(Continued from Page 1185.)

is outside; stay up until late to do your school work for the morrow,—well, you know the rest of the routine. Now I wonder how many of you do that?

Instead, to be like your outdoor companions, you must do as they do: get up early even in the cold weather (sometimes this is hard, but be brave!); get out into the morning air and "chore around" briskly; keep your lungs full; be happy; take your time to breakfast; do half your work for the day in the morning,—then go to school and really enjoy your walk.

You'll see how much easier it will be to study that day,—if you have the outdoor habit at recesses and noon. That's where we get our real men and women,—from boys and girls who are real boys and girls. You want to be real men and women, don't you,—young readers?

WATCH THIS PAGE



Do you know why the

EMPIRE COLONY

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churches on the en-
tire Pacific Coast?

BRO. LEVI WINKLEBLECK AT EMPIRE, CAL.

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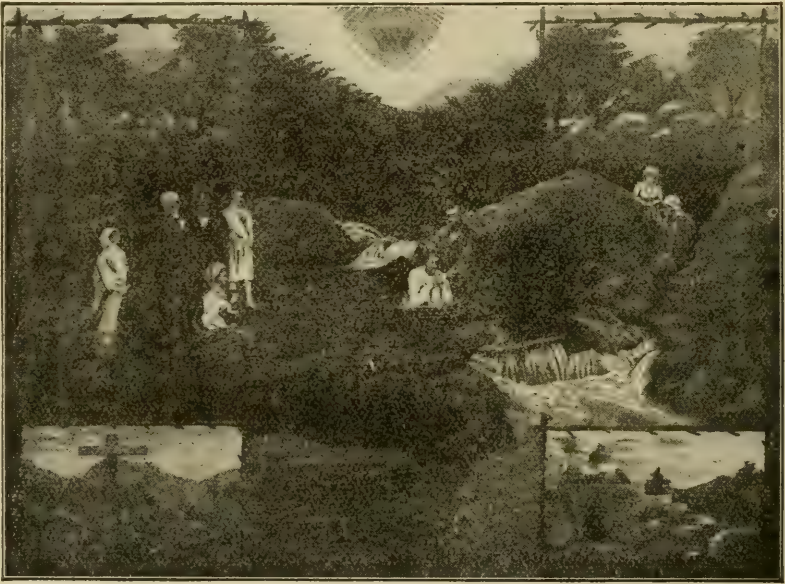
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A FINE picture, 18x24 inches, the principal part of it representing a baptismal scene. The applicant is kneeling in a stream of running water, the administrator standing beside him, ready to begin the sacred rite. On either side are men, women and children witnessing the performance. In each of the four corners of the main picture is a smaller one (7x3½) representing respectively the blood-stained cross, Mary Magdalene on her early run to the tomb, the women returning, each on their way to report to the disciples the empty tomb, and the door of the



tomb with the stone rolled away. At the top of the picture is represented a beautiful golden crown. The six-in-one picture is an interesting study. It portrays, graphically, the fulfillment of all righteousness in Christ's own baptism, the door by which man may enter the church, the way of the cross, and the crown as an emblem of the reward of the righteous. The picture is printed in colors, on heavy paper, and, if framed, will make an appropriate ornament for any Christian home. It will be a constant reminder of the Great Leader, of the sacrifice he made for our redemption, and a stimulus to right living.

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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

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November 14,
1911.

Vol. XIII.
No. 46.

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2 MIAMI VALLEY lands are good apple lands.

3 YOU can own a commercial apple orchard in MIAMI VALLEY and share in the enormous profits from apple growing without leaving your present home.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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**The Fruits from
This Section
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is a romance almost beyond belief, based on the legitimate harvesting of dollars from the dimes invested. The Snake River Valley, with its tributaries, is among the greatest and richest valleys of the Northwest. From it radiate a vast system of irrigation canals and laterals carrying life and productivity to green fields of alfalfa, sugar beets and grain; to areas of the finest potatoes in the land, as well as to great sections of fruit laden orchards.

There is still much land available in Idaho, but it is rapidly being acquired. You should go there now.

For Descriptive Literature and Further Particulars, address

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THE INGLENOOK

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No. 46.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Methods of Modern Charity.

SOME people have the idea that to be charitable all one needs to do is to give to every tramp who calls at the back door a piece of bread. We have learned that such "charity" increases the number of tramps and that our former methods of imprisonment have been instrumental in making criminals. A first-offender placed in a cell with a hardened criminal will most likely learn new tricks which he will practice when released. Just as the medical profession is placing strong emphasis upon the prevention of disease, social workers are adopting the preventive platform. In this connection perhaps no other part of the New Testament is quoted so much as the parable of the Good Samaritan. In a letter to the Survey Mr. Samuel E. Batten of Des Moines has given an interpretation of the parable which is worth reading. We quote it in full: "The Good Samaritan has cared for the half-dead traveller on the Jericho road. And now what shall he do? For the Jericho road still exists and men are travelling on it.

"In the parable the Master illustrates the meaning and duty of neighborliness and he makes it very plain that loving helpfulness is the essence of all religion and is more than burnt-offerings and orthodox professions. And now what shall the Good Samaritan do in view of the fact that there is a Jericho road and that many people travel that way?

"Yesterday he built a hospital along that road and equipped it with trained nurses to care for all wounded travellers. It is a very beautiful and Christian work; but, alas, the supply of wounded travellers seems ever to increase. This the Good Samaritan did yesterday.

"What is the Good Samaritan doing today? Today he is going up to Jerusalem and is calling upon the Jerusalem police to break up the nest of robbers that are waylaying and wound-

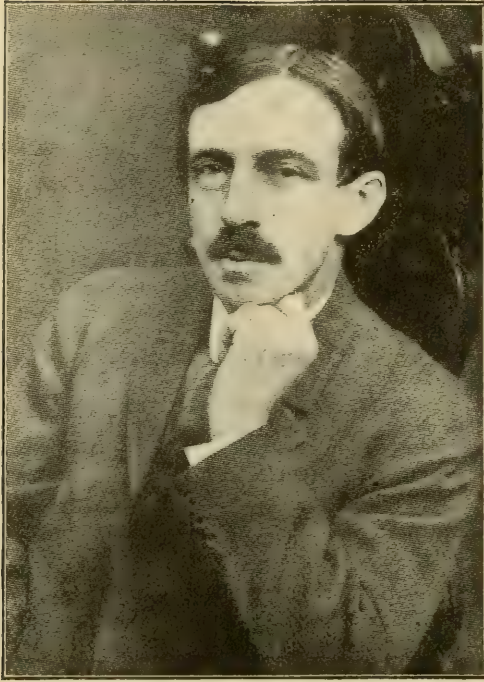
ing travellers. It is no doubt a very necessary and proper work; for the ruler is the deacon of God unto men for good; he is an avenger for wrath-on them that do evil. But, alas, he finds that there is ever a new supply of robbers to waylay and hurt travellers.

"What will the Good Samaritan do tomorrow? Tomorrow he will call a few of his friends together and will ask them some pointed questions. How did it come about, my brothers, that Jewish boys became thugs and cut-purses? Are we in any way to blame? Have we neglected these boys and permitted them to become highway robbers? Come, my brothers, let us see to it that in the future no boys in our neighborhood shall be permitted to become highway robbers. This the Good Samaritan will be doing tomorrow; and in so doing he will prove himself a neighbor, indeed, to all men and will show that he is a wise worker in society."

Richard Stevens.

Richard Stevens is the grandson of John Stevens who ran the first steamboat and in whose office Robert Fulton learned his early lessons. The inventive ability of the parents seems to have been passed on to the children. Richard is not a mechanic, but he has original ideas in other directions. Quietly and unobtrusively he is working reforms in his home town, Hoboken, New Jersey.

His method is to start an enterprise, determine whether it is a success or not, and if it is a success to induce the city or some organization to take it up, thus making it a public affair. This seems to be the policy of many social reformers of today. The Hull House of Chicago and other social settlements carried such things as manual training through the experimental stages and now the public schools are reaping the benefit. In fact many think that these social settlements are not permanent organizations and that their stage of use-



Richard Stevens.

fulness will be over when public institutions do their duty to the people.

Mr. Stevens built public baths and financed them until the Salvation Army took charge of them and established free lodgings in connection. He also turned his attention to the thousands of sailors who are turned loose every day by the steamship companies and opened up a reading room and coffee house for them. At present he is conducting a recreation pier which he hopes the city will take over in the near future. During the summer he supported an effort to reduce infant mortality by furnishing pure milk and visiting nurses. The effort was a success, the death rate having made a remarkable drop.

For the photograph and much of this information we are indebted to the *American Magazine*. Richard Stevens' sister, Mrs. Alexander, and he are together in much of their work. She is also interested in philanthropy and the plans of her brother. Concerning the personal traits of Mr. Stevens we read: "Mrs. Alexander and he play into each other's hands, take counsel together, and put the same kind of ginger into all they undertake. But when it comes to a big dinner, a public speech, a conspicuous position on the platform, then, like the shark, Mr. Stevens 'softly and suddenly' vanishes away, leaving his vote, if pos-

sible, or his check, or, often, his umbrella. But a child, his old nurse, or a man or boy in trouble, can always find him, and he is adored by all those who work for him. When he is caught red-handed in giving money away he has the most ingenious reasons for its being a form of economy."

An Examination for Probation Officers.

Probation officers are an important adjunct to all juvenile courts and other courts where many first offenders are tried. A probation officer should be a man or woman of education, sympathy and experience. The Civil Service Commission, of Syracuse, N. Y., recently held an examination to select a chief probation officer for the city. The examination was conducted by the New York State Probation Commission.

A credit of 50% was given for answers to the questions, 20% for age, education, and experience; and 30% for character. Thirteen took the examination, many of whom were college graduates. Four of the five who passed the examination successfully were college graduates and the fifth was a senior. It is encouraging to know that the value of a college training in sociology is being appreciated.

The one who received the appointment was Timothy J. Shea, a man who worked his way through Syracuse University. He has had experience in conducting boys' clubs and was superintendent of the largest recreation center of Syracuse. As chief probation officer he will have to deal with both juvenile and adult offenders.

Believing that it will be interesting to many we here give some of the questions of the examination:

"State in your language (a) the nature, objects and advantages of probation; (b) the classes of persons for whom probation is especially suitable.

"Assume that a thirteen-year old boy, convicted of playing baseball on private grounds is transferred by the court to your probationary care, after being on probation for one month under a volunteer probation officer who reported to the court that the boy failed to report to him promptly as he required, and who made other criticisms of his conduct; assume that the boy lived in a three-room apartment in a congested district; that the father, a painter, who shows some signs of lead poisoning, is fretful and has lately been drinking to excess; that the father occasionally sends the boy to a neighboring saloon for beer; that the mother, who has two other children, is a good housekeeper and fond of her children; that the boy is bright in school, peddles papers, is a

leader among his boy companions, but is inclined to be impudent. State what steps you would take after receiving the boy on probation, and how long you would wish to keep the boy on probation.

"Enumerate and discuss some of the chief causes of (a) truancy; (b) petty thieving among boys; (c) public intoxication among men; (d) failure of husbands to support their families.

"Assume that an unmarried foreigner, twenty-seven years of age, who has lived in the United States less than one year and who speaks very little English, is convicted of peddling without a license and being abusive to a policeman and is placed under your probationary care for not less than six months; that in his native country he was a gardener and florist; that he has been unemployed much of the time lately, and has borrowed money from one of the two fellow-countrymen with whom he

lived in a single room; that a few hours after being placed on probation he strikes a boy for ridiculing his appearance. State what you would aim to accomplish, and what means you would use.

"Assume that a fourteen-year-old girl, living in a lodging house where her mother is employed as a cook, is convicted of stealing a mask on Hallowe'en Day; that the father, who died last year, left the mother \$1,000 insurance; that the girl is large for her age and goes a great deal with a girl sixteen years old; that she has frequent headaches, especially after reading; that she is fond of music; and that her mother declares her to be untruthful. State (a) whether in your judgment the girl should be placed on probation and the reasons for your answer; (b) if she were to be placed on probation, what sort of a person would make the best probation officer; and (c) what probationary treatment you would suggest."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Germans at Odds Over Religion.

For the first time in the Prussian state church, one of its ministers has been excommunicated for heresy. This is Dr. Karl Jatho of Cologne. Jatho rejected the dogmas of Christianity, especially everything of a supernatural order, and fell back on the familiar idea of practical goodness and rational morality. His followers proclaimed him as another Martin Luther, while his enemies denounced him as a second Judas. The fierce conflict between the two factions is going on.

The city of Ulm is setting a pattern for the rest of the world in the matter of providing comfortable, sanitary homes for the common people, on liberal terms. The municipal government now owns 80 per cent of all the land in and around the city, amounting to 5,000 acres. Already the city has made a huge profit out of the natural increase in value of the land, which otherwise would have gone to the real estate operators and private landowners. The government holds the houses, which are of several classes, so as to suit all demands, and the buyer pays 10 per cent down and three per cent interest on the balance. In this way any deserving family can own a home of their own, at low cost.

Mlle. Thirion, a French teacher in Leipzig, has been sent to prison for six months as a spy. It was found that she had secured

some German army plans from an officer. Instructions were issued to the army recently cautioning them to beware of all strangers and not to allow themselves to be "pumped" of secrets.



Trying to Cut Out Middleman.

The outrageous retail prices that are being charged for most foodstuffs have caused a resurgence of the outcry against the high cost of living. More numerous than "autumn leaves in Vallombrosa" are the causes assigned for the high prices, as well as the remedies proposed for them. Every little remedier has a movement all his own for outwitting the combines, depriving the middleman of his graft and bringing producer and consumer closer together. Many schemes are being tried, in a limited way, but the real panacea doesn't seem to have been hit upon yet. The coöperation needed is still lacking.

Mayor Lew Shank of Indianapolis, who is noted as one of the most courageous and resourceful rulers in the country, has given the world a little object-lesson in price-reducing, and is being congratulated from all quarters. Potatoes in Indianapolis, as elsewhere, are being sold as if they were rare gems. Mayor Shank, backed by the labor unions and other citizens' organizations, has been bringing in potatoes by the carload

and selling them at 75 cents a bushel, or only half the price charged by the stores. The grocers have to meet the Shank prices on potatoes—but the drawback about the plan is that they make it up by raising the prices of other necessities which the mayor doesn't handle. Thus Mr. Consumer can't see that he has been materially helped. Meantime apples, for instance, are rotting in huge quantities in many places, or being fed to the hogs, because it doesn't pay to ship them to market, and yet the city householder is unable to purchase them at any fair price. The commission men are blamed for much of the trouble. At Indianapolis they have turned away quantities of fruit in order to keep the supply limited and the prices high, it is said—and even then they collect toll both from the producer and the dealer, thus cheating both and adding to the bill the consumer must pay.—Pathfinder.



Wooden Shoes.

According to a report from Vice-Consul D. P. De Young at Amsterdam, Holland exports more wooden shoes to the United States than to any other country. Many hundred pairs are now worn in Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, New Jersey, and other States. The remarkable statement is made that there is more wooden footgear worn in Chicago, Grand Rapids, or Holland, Mich., than in the city of Amsterdam. Other sections importing this practical article of dress extensively are Paterson, N. J., St. Louis, Mo., Lancaster County, Neb., and Marion County, Iowa.

The shoes exported from the Netherlands are mostly made in large factories by modern machinery. On the contrary, the wooden shoes worn in that country are generally hewn to the measure of the customers' feet in the village shoe shops, and the local price varies according to the amount of lumber used and the market price of the raw material.



Irrigation of the Yangtze Valley.

A project is now under consideration to construct an elaborate irrigation system in the Yangtze valley—possibly the most costly undertaking of this kind in the history of engineering. Its object is twofold, viz., to improve the agricultural conditions of the country, and—more especially—to prevent a recurrence of the terrible floods which have devastated the valley during the present year. Independently of this project, Charles Jameson, the American engineer

sent to China by the Red Cross Society, accompanied by an engineer deputed by the Chinese government, is about to make a survey of the famine districts of Kiang and Anhui, which are subject to these recurring floods.



Destitute Children.

The best authorities claim that one-third of the number of children who are brought before the juvenile court are simply the victims of extreme poverty, with no culpability involved. The judge of the juvenile court "has no right, even if he has the head to turn a deaf ear to the needs of a destitute child." The cities have institutions for the care of the destitute children, but it is the conviction of charity workers, based upon experience, that commitment to institutions is not the way to solve the problem of the destitute child. We are advised to get at the root of the matter, which is to be found in the child's home conditions. In large number of cases, lack of employment of the breadwinner of the family is where the trouble originates. The juvenile court officers have practically carte blanche for their work of child betterment, and could do nothing more conducive to the child's welfare than to enlist the coöperation of the State employment bureau and in every available way obtain remunerative employment for the breadwinners where children suffer from destitution on account of lack of employment of the elders. In the case of shiftless families, or families where sickness or disability is the cause of child destitution, the problem is more difficult. But the home and family is always the point of attack, if the child is to be saved without commitment to an institution and the sundering of home ties.—Philanthropist.



Retirement and Pensions at 70.

A syndicate of Cambridge University has recommended a pension fund for professors on the basis of compulsory retirement at 70, adding the suggestion that, should the means available permit it, the age of retirement might be lowered to 68 or even 66.

There are those who say that it is a mistake to provide for compulsory retirement at 70, since many men are able to do excellent work beyond that age. However, a system must be established with reference to the average man in a given calling, and the syndicate of Cambridge University was hardly "radical" in regarding 70 as the proper retiring age for the average educated man.

EDITORIALS

Music in the College Course.

The college is intended to give the student a liberal education in the arts and sciences, and to assist him in the interpretation of life in terms of the combined influences of all of the liberal arts courses. The study of biology is essential to a liberal education, and so is a study of the languages, of literature, of the social sciences and many other studies. Omit any of these and our education fails to be liberal to that extent. Confine all efforts to any one of them at the sacrifice of the others and the student becomes a one-sided specialist, entirely unable to interpret life in its true relations because he can see it from only one point of view. He cannot speak with authority because he knows not clearly. To be sure, he can speak fairly intelligently about his one field so long as he remains within the field itself, but he knows nothing about its relation to other activities of life, and after all, there are only a very few people living in the same realm with him. Sooner or later he will find himself in a dimly lonesome world, where he must regret the fact that he failed to get his liberal training. There is not so much danger of specialization in the smaller college because the students are thrown in personal touch with the instructors who look after the full development of the students. Perhaps the most neglected field in the college curriculum is music, due to the fact that many of the instructors themselves are deficient in this field. By far the large majority of college graduates are unable even to read music, and have a very slight appreciation of it when they hear good music. This should not be so because music is an expression of life and the liberal student should have at least an intelligent conception of it. It is one of the most useful arts and should be given more consideration than the average college gives it. I don't mean that every student should be given ten weeks' practice on "Old Ragtime" or on "A Hot Time in the Old Town," but that real music should be given a prominent place in the curriculum; that sometime, before the end of the senior year, the student will have learned to know something about the field of music, its history, its composition, and to some extent at least be able to read music. Generally, the students who get any knowledge of music must pick it up outside their regular college work, which gives

them little opportunity to get more than a bit of practice now and then or they must spend all their time in music and pick up other courses here and there as best they can. Neither of these plans gives the best results. The department of music needs to hold a place equal with all the other departments in the curriculum.



The Power to Decide.

One of the great handicaps of life is the inability to decide. There are those who never know what they want. They are afraid to decide upon any course of action for fear something better will turn up tomorrow and then they will be sorry for their action. They hesitate for days and sometimes for weeks, putting others to a great deal of inconvenience, and then don't know what they want. Men vacillate in their business, changing their minds a half dozen times before they perform a business transaction. Women search through every store in their town before purchasing the simplest articles. All such traits are destructive in character building. The power to decide and to decide quickly is a valuable asset in every character. No matter how simple the thing you are called upon to decide, whether it is the choice of a hat, or the color of a garment, or the location of a home or a business, do it quickly. Throw all the light possible on whatever you have in hand for decision; weigh and consider it from every point of view; call your common sense and best judgment to your aid before reaching a conclusion, and then when you have once made your decision let that be final. Let there be no going back, no re-considering, and no opening the matter for further discussion. Be firm and positive. Persist in this course until the habit of firm decision becomes fixed and you will be surprised to see what it will do for you, both in increasing your confidence in yourself and that of others in you. Of course one will make mistakes, but the strength and reliance one will gain from his own judgment will more than compensate for them.



The Pleasure of Toil.

Work is the highest source of pleasure. An ancient Greek thought he would save his bees a laborious flight, so he cut off their wings and gathered flowers for them to work on at home. But they made no honey. It was the law of their natures to go out in search of the delicate sweets and

bring them from afar. Ruskin said, "We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts." What is it to live? Phillips Brooks said, "The man who knows what it is to act, to work, cries out, 'This alone is to live.' Consider how, in even the meanest sorts of service, the soul of man is composed into harmony the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, lie beleaguering the soul of every man; but, when he bends himself against his task, all these are stilled, and they shrink, murmuring, far into their caves. The man becomes a man. The blessed glow of labor in him is as a purifying fire." "There is one plain rule of life," said John Stuart Mill, "eternally binding and independent of all variations in creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralists and the smallest. It is this: try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered, and then do it." The source of life is closed to the man who will not work. To be at home in the world and to be at one with all the created world and with the Creator, man must do with his might what his hands find to do.



Billboards and Morals.

One of the leading agencies in the destruction of morals in urban life is the billboard. Commercialism has so dominated all city activities that one within the city limits can never get out of sight of display cards and advertisements of some kind. Vacant lots are disfigured and littered with posters advertising vaudevilles, beer, whiskeys and tobacco. The more unsightly these boards can be made the better they serve their purpose of attracting attention. Thousands of boys and girls receive their first suggestions of evil from such advertisements and then think about them until they consider bad habits an essential element of manhood and womanhood. The boys and girls who come from the country are caught by the glare and glitter of the brilliant advertisements and fall an easy prey for the managers of evil resorts, who can well afford to pay fabulous sums for the privilege of erecting their billboards. Most of them are not content to confine their advertising to the cities but go far out into the country and erect unsightly boards which mar the beauty of the landscape. In America we love dollars more than we do scenery or boys and girls and so allow these evils to go

on unchecked, without even saying a word about them to our city councils. England is a step in advance of us and has awakened to the situation and taken steps to remedy the matter. The county council of Hampshire has taken a decided stand for the protection of natural beauty from disfigurement for any sordid commercial purposes. The English law authorizes local bodies to forbid the erection of advertising signs where they will disfigure fine scenery. It was also held that local bodies must specify the precise places and areas which are thus to be protected. Few local bodies care to undertake the cataloguing of such spots and so it was supposed by the advertisers of the offensive sort that the law would be practically null. The Hampshire council, however, provided for this and enacted as a local ordinance that "no advertisement shall be exhibited on any boarding, stand or other erection visible from any public highway, and so placed as to disfigure the natural beauty of the landscape." Thus the face of nature, so far as Hampshire is concerned, is all one, and all parts of it are to be treated with decency and respect. In our own land we must first learn that beauty and a high standard of morals are of more consequence to the general public than the accumulation of many dollars by a few men. Then perhaps we will insist on a "country beautiful" and a "city wholesome."



Slamming the Neighbors.

One of the smallest things a man or woman can be guilty of is getting on the outs with the neighbors and slinging mud at them. Neighborhood quarrels are always out of place. They never do any one any good and generally end by breaking up all friendly relationships, leaving lasting wounds and blots. The majority of them are started by little suspicions and misunderstandings which are aggravated until they become large sores. For any one to indulge in such quarrels is an evidence of bad breeding and a woeful lack of good judgment. Men and women who tend to their own business have little time to interfere in the affairs of their neighbors. If you don't like your neighbors leave them alone and avoid doing anything that might antagonize them. It does them a lot of harm and does you no good to tell bad tales about them. The more you talk the greater the barrier becomes and the less likely you are of ever getting on friendly terms. Of course your neighbors are a little peculiar, but so are all of us, and the minute we lose our pe-

cularities we lose our personality. Just stop and study your neighbor a minute and perhaps the very thing you do not like in him is the secret of his success. If you will get better acquainted with him you will learn to like him for the very reasons for which you now dislike him. Lasting grudges are childish traits which should be beneath the dignity of all men and women. Children often have little disagreements, but in a few moments their differences are all forgotten and they are as fast friends as ever. Grown people can have their differences but they need not get mad about it. They can defend their rights and their ideas but they can be courteous about it and need not sever their friendship and pout around for a lifetime about it.

The Gospel Messenger.

We would call the attention of our readers to the doctrinal number of the *Gospel Messenger*, which appeared on the date of November 4. The issue gives splendid state-

ments of all the doctrines of our church and a review of the various activities connected with the growth of the church. It would be well for all of our people to get acquainted with the church to which they belong. We would recommend that they secure a copy of that issue and after having read it hand it to some friend, who might be interested in learning something of the principles of our church.

731 Lincoln Ave.,
Charleroi, Pa., 5-25-'11.

Editors *The Inglenook*,
Elgin, Ill.

Gentlemen: I handed a copy of *The Inglenook* to my pastor, Rev. Burson, of the W. Presbyterian Church and when he returned it he said:

"I am very glad to make the acquaintance of such a brainy little magazine."

Wishing abundant success I am

Yours sincerely,
Lula Dowler Harris.

MISSION FURNITURE

M. F. Hale

ANY one who undertakes to make a piece of mission furniture should know something of the different kinds of joints used in furniture making. He can then use his own judgment as to the one to use that will best serve the purpose and be least conspicuous.

One of the simplest joints is produced in the making of an ordinary box, where you nail through the sides of one board into the end of the other. This is called a butt joint and is shown in A 1.

Another that is somewhat stronger is one in which the sides are lapped over and called a lap joint, as shown in A 2.

When an offset is not desired one-half of each piece is sawed out as in A 3, and called half lap. This is much weaker than the full lap.

In making picture frames, and often in cabinet work, the miter joint shown in A 4 is used. This one appears very satisfactory, but is not a strong one.

Possibly the most common joint used in the making of mission furniture is the mortise and tenon. The drawing will show how it is made. When the mortise is cut entirely through the piece it is called an open mortise

and tenon, A 5. When it is cut partly through it is called a closed or blind mortise and tenon, A 6.

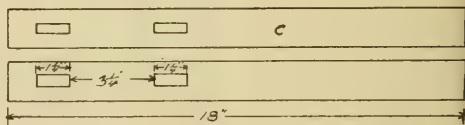
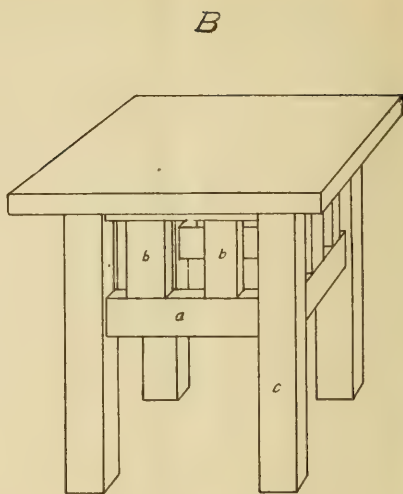
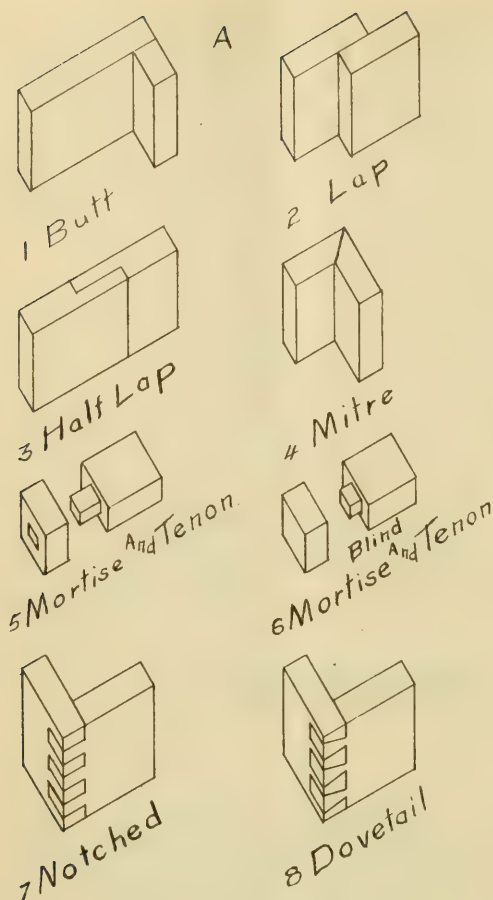
The notched and dovetail joints as shown in A 7 and A 8 are often used for the corners of boxes where a strong joint is desired.

There are many others; such as, the half-lap miter, half-blind and blind dovetail. They are nearly all combinations of those already shown, and space need not be taken to show them.

In making any of these joints the surface should be cut accurately, or you will have trouble in getting the two surfaces to fit. If glue is used, both surfaces should be covered with the glue before being put together.

A very pretty tabourette, B, though a little more difficult than the one shown in our last article, illustrates nicely the use of the mortise and tenon joint. Get a piece of quarter-sawed oak, $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 12 in. x 30 in. for the top and sides, and four pieces $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. x $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 18 in. for the legs. These pieces should be well seasoned and no checks in them.

First saw a piece 12 inches square from one end of the $\frac{7}{8}$ inch board for the top, and plane the faces and edges perfectly smooth. You may have some difficulty in planing across



the end of the board, but if you have your plane blade real sharp, take a very shallow cut and plane from the corner toward the middle of the end, you will not have much trouble. The remainder of the board may be ripped into strips just a little over 1 1/2 in. wide, and from these strips cut eight pieces 7 1/2 in. long, for the horizontal pieces, A, under the top, and eight pieces 4 1/2 in. long, for the vertical strips, B. Now, tenons must be cut on each end of the strips in the following manner:

After planing the piece smooth, mark around it about 3/4 in. from the end, using a square and a knife blade. Now saw in about 1/4 in. on each side, and chisel out the tenon 3/8 in. thick and 1 1/4 in. wide.

The locations for the other tenon can be found by measuring accurately from the shoulder of the first. The distance between the shoulders on the long pieces should be six inches and on the short pieces three inches.

There should be two mortises 3/8 in. x 1 1/4 in. and a little over 3/4 in. in the edge of each of the 7 1/2 in. pieces. They should be equal dis-

tances from the middle of the piece and 1 1/4 in. apart, as shown in the drawing marked A.

The mortises on the legs should be the same as those in the edge of the crosspieces; the lower one 11 in. from the bottom of the legs and the distance between them 3 1/4 in. The two adjacent sides that have the best surfaces should be selected for the outside, and the mortise placed in the other two sides.

After the mortises have all been cut the pieces should be set together, to see that they fit well, and when placed together to the best advantage should be marked so that they may be replaced the same when the gluing begins. After you are sure that the pieces are perfectly smoothed with sand paper, about No. 0, you are ready to glue the parts together.

Now take the two 7 1/2 in. pieces, A, with the two 4 1/2 in. pieces, B, and glue them together first. This will make four joints to glue at one time. If you have no regular clamps take a board 10 in. x 12 in. wide and nail two straight strips across one side about 6 1/2 in. apart. After placing a coating of glue on the

surface where the mortise and tenon join, put the pieces A and B together and lay them between the two strips on the board, forcing the shoulders of the piece, B, down tight by means of wedges driven between the pieces marked A and the strip on the clamp. You should be very watchful that the pieces marked B are perpendicular to A, or there will be trouble later.

The glue should be allowed to set thoroughly before the clamp is removed. This side may be glued to the two adjacent legs in the same way by placing the strips on the board you are using as a clamp about $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart.

After the sides and legs have all been glued together carefully, saw the upper part of each leg off even with the edges of the cross-piece, so that the top can be placed above them.

There should be some small strips about 1 in. square and 4 or 5 in. long fastened even with the upper edge of the crosspieces on the inside next to the top, and it should be fastened down to these pieces with common wood screws, about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. longer than the thickness of the strip used, so that they only go through the lower part of the top of the tabourette.

You are now ready for staining, and by referring to our last article, in the issue of Aug. 29, you may find how that is done.

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM

Mrs. B. F. Wampler

Teacher of Piano and Harmony in Juniata College.

THE first consideration in endeavoring to estimate the value or place of music in education, and consequently in our practical life, is to obtain a clear comprehension of the aim of all true education. This we must realize to be not merely the accumulation of knowledge, or the development of any separate element or elements of our faculties at the unreasonable sacrifice of the remaining elements, but the harmonious development of our mental, emotional and moral faculties into a well-rounded result. The physical development should not be neglected, of course, nor should it be abnormally developed. I believe without a due appreciation of the relationship of the mental, emotional and moral constituents to a complete whole, no educational theory can reach the highest aim. This we plainly see to be true all through the history of education. It is to this necessity of bringing all phases of human endowment into a perfect educational symmetry that we commend music and its study to a higher consideration, not only on the part of the individual, but to the curriculum of our educational institutions as well.

Mentally, music has an appreciable value on the stimulation and the development of concentration, discipline, observation and many other mental acquisitions, indispensable to man in any vocation in life.

The fullest realization of music can come only to those whose knowledge and intelligence enable them to follow the workings of

themes and forms in their revelation of artistic truth and beauty.

Yet, valuable as music is to the intellect, we must look still further for its greatest good, which we find to be through the emotions. He who, for a moment, considers how much our life is broadened by a little tender sympathy and refinement will never underestimate the value of any agency that has such a fostering influence as has music. This, therefore, that can so broaden our sympathies and love for all that is true and beautiful is of vital importance and a most practical consideration in the highest culture of man. ¹To be æsthetic, means to perceive and enjoy the beautiful in art and nature. Certainly we need much of this influence in the present strife of commercialism to give us a higher regard for humanity, and to reveal to us more fully that money and its influences, indispensable though they be, are not always the sources from which flows the highest contentment or the greatest good."

Music, in fact, all education, is a creative force. When properly used it can be made a strong converting agency for good, latent qualities, according to the individual's tendencies. Admitting these statements to be true, and not based on mere sentimental fancy, we are compelled to attribute to music the highest respect in the advances of education and culture; and the more we think on these suggestions the more our thoughts harmonize with Ruskin, when he says that "art is not merely to amuse, and that all art which proposes amuse-

ment as its end, or which is sought after for that end must be of an inferior and probably of a harmful class."

We, as active workers in schools, in order to meet the present-day demands, and to counteract in some degree the influences brought to bear by the commercial world and impure social functions, need to consider soberly and carefully the agencies that tend toward refinement, culture, higher ideals of our relation toward God and man.

The Greeks classed all art under one common head and called it music, and the study of music alone they called harmony. When we speak of music now we mean all the subjects that pertain to this one branch of education. Mathematics includes many different subjects, and so music includes more than the development of the voice.

In our smaller colleges where we must have so many courses of study, in order to meet the requirements, a music department is a necessity. We as a particular church are fond of music, but lack sadly in the development of it. Those who wish to study music will go where it is taught, where they can get the best. Our schools must furnish teachers and leaders in different parts of the country. We desire to maintain a high standard in the literary departments if we would compete with other colleges, and so we must maintain just as high a standard in our music if we would meet the demands of the people and the church as an organization. We see the situation more strikingly when we go into different localities and find that not ten per cent of the people can read music. They sing by rote. They do not know one note from another. They oftentimes have no leader or teacher. Their services are dull and lifeless. Their young people do not have a very high appreciation of the beautiful. But how can we supply this deficiency? you say. In the first place the public school teachers should be required to teach music thoroughly in the public schools. That would require them to study it just as they do other subjects to be taught. Our schools supply the county with teachers; hence, to meet this, we must have a strong music department—equally as strong as any other in the school. By teaching music in the schools the children will grow up under its refining and elevating influences. They go to the Sunday-schools; they grow up and become the congregations in the country, and hence the music of the churches, towns and country will be lifted on a higher plane of appreciation and development. It is our duty to teach, encourage and uphold those things that tend toward refinement and culture of both heart and mind.

It is not the bread we eat, nor the clothes we wear that make us better or worse, but next to the Word of God it is the truth as revealed in art, in the sciences, in literature that penetrates men's souls. Hence, next to the Word of God, art and literature are the best civilizers and refiners of men.

Music is art, and in its purest sense is the essence of humanity, and humanity forms a large part of religion; hence music is a part of religion. No pupil should go through school without knowing something of music. Every student should be in the vocal class, and as many as can should study it as a science, an art, and something whereby to develop concentration of thought, imagination, accuracy and promptness of action, which are all indispensable factors in a well-rounded education for usefulness in any calling of life.

Two thousand years ago Cicero said: "A liberal education supplies that whereby both the mind may be refreshed after the noise of the forum, and the ears fatigued with wrangling may find repose." He suggested that even the mind was in danger of giving way under the strain of business, unless relaxed by studies that bring us pleasure, delight us at home, and do not hinder us abroad." What could we say now if such were the condition of affairs as in those days? It is hardly necessary to argue at present in favor of those studies which contribute to our business necessities, but we are in danger of forgetting that those studies that foster youth, delight old age, adorn prosperity and offer a refuge and comfort in adversity are among the essentials. I would say the essentials of an education are those studies that prepare one for complete living. But which of the studies now in our curriculum is not essential for complete living, for use, for enjoyment or for comfort? I would then conclude that music should be one of the highest factors of civilization and education, and take its place in the college curriculum with any of the other sciences and arts, and because of its origin, influence and power receive a proportional part of our time and talent.



Delight or suffering, toil or rest.
Thine eye, and thine alone can see
What I should do and I should be.
I only ask that I may know
The way which thou would'st have me go,
That I my will in thine may lose,
And what thou, Lord, for me shalt choose,
I too may choose!

DOES A GARDEN PAY?

Elizabeth Binns

WE hear complaints upon every side about the high cost of living, nowadays. Almost everything is double in price, compared with what it was fifteen or twenty years ago, and if not quite double, at least much higher.

There have been numerous reasons advanced for this state of affairs. May there not be another important factor, however, which has not received much consideration, though not of course the whole cause of the difficulty?

Twenty years ago most houses, except in the few larger cities, and even on the outskirts of them, had attached to them plots of ground upon which it was rare not to find more or less garden. Even in rented properties, it was customary to move about the first of April in order that the lot could be planted. Even in the rented properties there were likely to be several fruit trees, and a few berry bushes of various kinds.

In front of the house, or if the house stood close to the street, in the nearest part of the lot, flowers were planted,—those dear old-fashioned flowers to which our hearts go out every time they get a chance even now. How fragrant were those old roses and May pinks, and the old peonies, or, shall I say "pinies"? Who that ever had them in their gardens can ever forget them?

Back of the flowers came the "kitchen garden." Lettuce, radishes, and onions! How they were watched! What rivalry between the gardeners as to whose lettuce was ready for eating the earliest, and whose radishes were the largest.

In the gardens of those who owned their own homes there was always early rhubarb, and once in a while you would even find it in the rented garden. Nowadays you pay five or even ten cents a bunch for a half dozen sticks that are not always the best.

Then came peas, beans, tomatoes, with beets, carrots and parsnips for the winter. If there was any space left there were a few early potatoes and a head or two of cabbage. The tomato and cabbage plants were bought by the dozen from some one of the more thrifty neighbors, who had planted the seed early in the year, usually in a little box, and kept it near the kitchen stove till the seed germinated. These had been transplanted, perhaps, into a larger box, and when all danger of frost was over, they were sold for ten or fifteen cents

a dozen, according to size. After planting, great care was taken to protect them from possible frosts, and from the sun for a few days! A great deal of trouble, you say. Yes, of course, it was trouble, but it was considered worth while in those days, when vegetables were not so high in price as they are now. How fresh and firm those tomatoes were, when just brought from that old-time garden, and sliced for the table! How many were canned and put into piccalilli! Then, think of those cucumber vines. How firm and crisp the cucumbers were when dressed with sour cream or vinegar! How did they compare with those that may have lain in a store for several days or a week?

That's only the sentimental side, you say. Well, let's look at the practical side. Did the produce taken from the garden cost anything like the price you must pay for the same amount at a market stand or store, today? And did not the fact that so many produced a little tend to keep the price more reasonable? Also there was not so large a proportion of the people who were compelled to purchase all the vegetables and fruit they needed, since so large a proportion raised a part of what they used. Consequently, the demand was not so great, and the supply was larger in proportion to the demand.

You say the garden takes time and labor. Certainly, but it is usually a kind of labor that is different from the labor of the day, and the change would be, to some extent, a rest and recreation. Were not the owners of those gardens working people? and they found time. And, too, many of them worked longer hours than are in vogue today. Of course, they did not have moving pictures and vaudevilles to attend to, but they were just as happy, if not a little more so, than people are today, with what is thought to be so much more to make them happy.

Now let me tell you what two girls did last summer,—girls who had to work, too. They had lived in an apartment house till one of them was ill, but she could not afford to lay off work. They moved to a smaller town and rented a little cottage with a garden. I don't know exactly how many feet long or how many feet wide the garden was, but it was a very ordinary lot. A man was employed to plow it. The girls even did a little digging in corners where the plow could not go. It

was hard work, but they did a very little at a time, and it did not hurt them a bit.

They spent about a dollar in seeds—peas, string beans, corn, pumpkins, hubbard squash, cucumbers, beets, carrots, parsnips, lettuce, onions, radishes, oyster plant or salsify, and cantaloupes.

Of course, they had some flowers, too, but as they did not diminish the expenditure for food as the vegetables did, they are only mentioned. They added, and greatly too, to the pleasure of the gardeners as well as to their friends.

At five cents a package you see the seed cost seventy-five cents. The peas and beans were bought by the ounce, but the price was about the same. Then they bought six tomato plants and four sweet peppers.

The peas were planted early, and in order to have early beans they planted four hills in old tomato cans, so that by the time it was warm enough to set them out, they were large and produced beans from two to three weeks earlier than those planted in the garden.

Before long things began to be ready for eating. Lettuce, radishes and early onions, straight from the garden to the table, were delicious, besides the fact that you can have them while they are young and tender, which you do not always find in purchased vegetables. The girls bought early tomatoes once or twice and peas once, but after that all that were needed to be purchased for the table until after Christmas, were potatoes and cabbage.

The early peas were delicious, and by the time they were over the girls did not care for any more peas, as they had made two plantings three weeks apart. Soon there were string beans, enough to give some to the neighbors. Lima beans followed, plenty of them. The bush variety of string beans had been chosen, but the lima had been strung around two sides of a shed.

There were early beets, tender and sweet as sugar. Of tomatoes there was abundance to use in every possible way. Some were canned, some preserved, others made into chili sauce and catsup. Cucumbers were eaten raw, boiled

and fried, still leaving plenty for pickle for the winter. There were about three dozen most delicious cantaloupes, and it is needless to say that they were enjoyed by the girls and their friends.

During the late summer and fall the hubbard squash and pumpkins began to come. Such pies and baked squash! Then when fall came, what fun it was taking those squashes and pumpkins into the store room! Nine large squashes with half a dozen of medium size, eleven pumpkins of medium size, and two so large it took both girls and the big shovel upon which to drag them, to get them into the house. They had been left out late as possible, in order to be sure they were quite ripe and would keep. The largest was cut for Thanksgiving and thanks were given by carrying pies and slices of the pumpkin to people not so favored. Besides the pumpkin and squash, there were some beets, carrots, parsnips and salsify for winter.

Those girls had all the vegetables they could possibly eat until considerably after Christmas. It was some work, certainly, but not so much more than would have been needed to earn the money to purchase all the vegetables necessary during all those months, not to mention that a somewhat larger proportion were used than would have been the case if they had had to be purchased. You see they were so much more tempting, and were always ready at hand.

The work was done mostly in the evenings and did not prove a hardship. On the contrary, it was rather enjoyed, and at the end of the summer those girls felt that they had laid in a store of health for the winter, as well as a store of vegetables.

It certainly proved an interesting summer and they enjoyed watching to see how much was going to "make good," regretting the failures, but forgetting them in the successes, and I must not forget, the pleasures of handing choice little packages and baskets to friends from time to time.

FORTIFYING OURSELVES AGAINST DISEASE

D. Leslie Cash

THE great prevalence of certain diseases against which it is possible to fortify our systems, is astonishing to any one who will take the trouble to investi-

gate the subject. That the simple, sure means of protection against these diseases should now be universally known and practiced, is also astonishing. The means of fortifying our

systems again these diseases are surely universally known, but were they universally practiced, we should note a decided yearly decrease in disease statistics.

Typhoid fever, for instance, a very common and widespread disease with a large fatality, what is it? Typhoid fever is an ailment caused by the presence in the bowels of a bacillus well known to physicians, which finds its way into the system usually through impure water contaminated by sewage, infected food, etc., though these are the two most common causes. It is easy to see, then, that the first steps of fortifying our systems against this, or, in fact, any disease, are pure food, pure water, and cleanliness.

In regard to water: Do you use a shallow, more or less open well? Such disease breeders are rapidly being condemned and abandoned, but hundreds of them are still being used over our country. From such a well, of a depth, say, from ten to sixty feet, or thereabouts, you can get nothing but surface water: A water vein this near the surface is sure to become polluted in time by sewage and impurities from the house and barns, which sweep down and strike the vein of your well, if it chances to be a shallow one. It is not hard to see how deadly impurities get into surface water, neither is it hard to see how they eventually get into the systems of those who use a surface well.

To detect impurities in water with the eye alone is very unusual. A glass of it may be clear, sparkling and delicious—to all appearances pure—and yet be swarming with disease bacilli. Take a sample of your drinking water to a doctor for examination, or to the town food and water inspector, who will be glad to examine it free of charge. The only way to guard against impure water is to use a well you are certain is far below the seepage level; of which 100 feet usually marks the very extreme limit.

Thus with a drilled well, and especially drilled into rock or on a hill, closed from impurities at the top and sides, and the water vein being far below the seepage level,—one can be assured he is taking no dangerous bacilli into his system through that source.

Pure and fresh foods are another thing; food old beyond a reasonable time may seem all right, but usually contains mold, or germs of some sort, dangerous if taken into the stomach. This is even more so with food that has been exposed to the air, and the numberless impurities continually floating around in it. Canned goods, if they must be eaten, should be emptied from the can immediately, as remaining in open contact with

the tin is the source of many fatal poisonings. The only way to safeguard on the food question, is to become a food crank, and insist always on pure foods, and fresh ones.

Where a contagious disease is being handled, great care should be used in the disposal of the excrement, clothing or cast-offs from the sick room. Instruments should be sterilized, the room well ventilated and disinfected, and cast-off clothing, etc., carefully burned or buried. Typhoid fever is contagious, though not extremely so, and much care should be used in a case of its nature. However, this article does not deal with the care of the sick, but intends to present certain simple rules for the avoidance of sickness, which, if we all followed, should greatly lessen the need of giving sick-room advice.

Lung and air-passage ailments are very common, and in them usually lurk the promise of dread consumption. This, the final ending of neglected "trivial" ailments, is usually thought of as an affliction centering in the lungs, as we will regard it here. It may result from many causes but the commonest is through constant breathing of impure, germ-laden air.

Those necessarily confined indoors in close, dusty, ill-ventilated quarters, are most subject to diseases of this sort. They do not use their lungs enough, and if they did, breathing stale, impure air into them would bring no improvement in their conditions. Weak, half-filling of the lungs from such air is what makes hollow chests and diseased lungs, symptoms which, if not checked, finally merge into the dry cough and hectic flush, close fore-runners of a dread plague which numbers its victims yearly by thousands.

But there are sure means of fortifying your system against consumption, if you commence before the disease has you in its clutches. The first essential is pure air,—used rightly. Strengthen your lungs by using them; and using them hard. Breathe deeply, of pure air, all you can, and as much as you can; hold your head up and chest thrown out. At night, do not coop yourself up in a bedroom full of dead air; throw down the top sash of a window and sleep in healthy, moving air. Of course, one must discriminate between dangerous and healthy exposure.

Eat foods high in percentage of fats and nutritive qualities: fresh milk, cream and eggs, butter, oatmeal are all great tissue, muscle and brain builders. In attacking any one weakness, you should strengthen the whole body; which will make fighting much easier, and the weakness yield more quickly.

Does your skin breathe? Is it in working

order? The eliminating, or throwing off of useless elements from our bodies, is through three means: The kidneys, the digestive organs and the skin. One must readily see, then, that when the skin is not kept in working order, it must necessarily throw its share of the work upon the kidneys, the unequal distribution causing overwork of certain organs, which frequently breaks down the whole system. Keep your skin in working order; keep its working parts, the pores, open, by a weekly or more frequent bath. It is astonishing how this simple means of protecting ourselves against disease is one so greatly neglected, since it is so easy to perform. Regular bathing and general cleanliness will insure your system against a host of ailments which the limited space of one article prevents explaining in detail.

If we live naturally, disease will find no foothold in our systems. Unnatural living is what makes the weak points in our organizations which disease so readily seeks out and grasps. To live naturally is to live as the Creator intended: among natural surroundings, in natural elements, in a simple, frugal way; to have regular habits, to care for our bodies, to avoid excesses, to follow the calls of our physical being without regard to fixed outward rules.

For instance, some abuse their stomachs when hunger is absent. They feel that they are abusing themselves, but just because it happens to be tea-time, or luncheon, they

eat whether hungry or not. Nonsense! Throw those silly rules to the wind and eat when your stomach calls for food, no matter when it is. Your stomach should be an expert judge, and if you follow its dictation you will be healthier, and free from those tormenting digestive troubles you now have. Your stomach, though, will learn to call out regularly if you train it, which is a wise plan, and then never violate those hours.

How about your eyes? Do you read by poor light? Do you use your eyes steadily for long periods without rest? Do you abuse them? They are the only pair of eyes you will ever have; they are very delicate organs, closely associated with the brain, and their abuse is the source of many body-wrecking, nervous disorders. Do you abuse them? A word to the wise is sufficient.

Live naturally! When you learn to do that you will have erected a fortification around your system that will defy weaknesses, germ and disease. Disease won't even try to enter your system if there are no weak spots to attack. If there are weak spots in your physical organization, search them out and strengthen them!

Disease will not attack a natural body, kept in a natural condition, by natural living, hardly so soon as an unnatural one. Why live unnaturally? We were meant to live naturally, so, surely, it can not be hard to do. Do you live naturally?

OUR LITTLE BROWN SISTER

Edythe Van Tine

FAR across the sunny Pacific, in the Philippine Islands, live the people called by President Taft "our little brown brothers." Somehow he did not seem to concern himself with "our little brown sister," but as a very important part of the family they are well worth considering.

During three years' residence in the islands, my work as a teacher brought me in touch with the feminine part of the population, and I found it very interesting to study them as they doubtless did me.

The women in these islands are larger than the average Oriental. Their eyes are large and dark and their long, straight, black hair, glossy and thick, falls below the knees. Long years of bearing burdens on the head has given to these women figures which many white women might envy, and only the typical thick,

flat nose prevents their being really beautiful.

The costume of the country is picturesque. The long skirt fits closely till below the knee when it flares out about the feet in a very full flounce. It is made of very gay colored calico and reaching to the ground in front sometimes has a train three or four feet long. The ordinary girl wears no stockings excepting at "festa" times and her bare feet are thrust into flat, heelless slippers. The waist is plain, hangs loosely and has no connection with the skirt, so that the girl's chemise, which is usually prettily trimmed, is seen. Corsets are almost unknown except in Manila. The sleeves are very full, and being bell-shaped stand out almost a foot at the bottom, and are as stiff as starch can make them.

The large collar is made of a square of the same material as the waist folded corner

rise and then gathered into shape. The two ends are brought together and pinned in front. This is removed when the women are engaged in any occupation which requires free movement. The Tagalog girl also wears a little black apron, but the southern girls do not.

In Samar, the opportunities to become acquainted with the girls were limited, but it always seems as if their desire to please was greater than their wish to be truthful. They evidently had a very great wish to please others rather than benefit themselves. The Tagalog girl is entirely different. She wishes to please herself and living nearer to Manila, these girls feel that they are more up-to-date. The girls where we were at first seemedaverse to attending school but by degrees their confidence was won and we learned that preceding conditions had been such that the parents of the girls had felt that they preferred they should remain in ignorance rather than learn lessons in immorality. A class in domestic science, where a native girl assisted, became popular, and the scholars were taught sewing, cooking, sanitation and the care of infants. At first, the girls were careless, coming to school with their hair hanging loosely until they understood that loose hair could not be tolerated in a cooking class and was not sanitary. They really seemed to enjoy cleaning and scrubbing and scoured the stove side and out each week.

The cake that they made became so much in demand that they were besieged with requests they could not fill. On his birthday, the girls sent to the "padre" or village priest a cake, and then the city council begged for one and fairly quarreled over the first iced layer cake ever seen in Tanawan. Cookies and candies were made and found eager purchasers during recess time among the men and boys. The rudiments of embroidery and home dress-making were also taught with some degree of success.

Since American occupation infant mortality in these islands has been reduced one-half. This has been the result of cleaner living, which has been compelled, and a system of sanitation which has been introduced. Many deaths will yet be caused by improper feeding, but the mothers are beginning to realize that tiny babies should not eat fried fish or half-cooked rice.

Taking a large doll for a model we taught how to clothe and bathe an infant, so as to make it comfortable, and there was improvement, for before we went to the town no native baby ever wore a diaper. There were incentives which compelled the mothers to have confidence in our intentions, and so gave us

more influence. A little girl in the fifth grade had been receiving insulting notes from a boy in the sixth grade. He came from a family absolutely without any code of honor and much feared in the town. The girl told her mother, who came to us, and to our surprise, when we took the matter up, the boy's father punished him severely, saying that if we thought him wrong he must have been. He later became one of the best boys in school. Only once were we compelled to expel a scholar from school and that was because the town needed to be taught that we were there to protect the purity of the girls at any cost.

We had many visitors, so many in fact that we were seriously inconvenienced for lack of room, and we had many applications for admission from those whose lack of primary education made it impossible for them to be admitted. All were eager to see and to learn cooking "American style."

The year's work was closed with a tea served as well as we could, and attended by all the "illustrados" in the town who could by any means fair or foul obtain an invitation. The girls dressed in white made a very pretty appearance and served tea and cake of their own making. These women are naturally religious and always when possible attend church each day. Kneeling on the hard stone floor, they pray sometimes for hours, and are almost fanatical in some of their beliefs. Two girls in the school went to buy some furniture and as they had some money of their own spent it in presents. One chose a pair of dancing slippers, but the other felt as though she must not neglect her religion for pleasure, and so bought a veil to wear to church.

In thinking of the work done there amid many difficulties, we can but realize that it was appreciated. Many gifts of fruit, flowers, eggs and chickens found their way to the teacher's desk, and in their blundering way they tried to help all possible.

We must remember always with tenderness the little brown sisters far away, and feel the better for life among them, more appreciative of the blessings of the home-land.—The Cooking Club Magazine.



A man went into a store to buy a fountain pen. The young saleswoman gave him one to try, and he covered several sheets of paper with the words "Tempus Fugit."

The obliging vendeuse offered him another pen.

"Perhaps," she said, "you'd like one of these stubs better, Mr. Fugit."

THE NEW MINISTER

A. M. Gillispie

THE REV. AMOS DILLAWAY was the only passenger that alighted from the train at Highland Junction. He was regarded with interest by a motley collection of loungers about the depot platform. It was small wonder, for a more curious looking person had never been seen in the town. He was six feet in height, and very angular and awkward in appearance. His large, homely face, with its long Roman nose, was almost grotesque. His only redeeming feature was a pair of large dark-brown eyes that regarded the world with the kindest expression, and that reflected the greatness of the man's soul.

As he advanced over the platform, a whiff of wind whisked his straw hat from his head, and the minister gave pursuit, to the intense delight of the spectators; for he looked even more awkward as he tried to propel his long length of limbs in a manner that would cause him to regain his hat. At last, after a series of twistings and turnings, the hat was dropped in a muddy puddle of water. The minister rescued it, and tried carefully to wipe the mud spot off with his handkerchief; then, replacing it on his head, went on his way.

"Seemed to be afraid he was going to lose that hat, that looks as if it had seen five years' service," remarked one of the on-lookers. "Yes, and the rest of his clothes match the hat pretty well. I believe the Highland Junction folks have a curiosity in the new minister," replied a young man. "Clothes aren't anything; neither are looks. Maybe this preacher will surprise all of us," said another.

"Well, I really believe the minister has one convert already. If he can get Jim Paxton his success is assured." The crowd laughed, and Jim Paxton turned a shamefaced look on them. "Well, you know I'm not much for preachers, but I don't believe in turning a man down on account of his looks. There is not much looks to speak of in the whole of this crowd, as far as that is concerned. We can't any of us brag of looks. This new fellow's got a look in his eyes that I like first-rate,—kind of bravelike. I've not been in a meetinghouse for ten years, but sure as my name is Jim Paxton, I'm going next Sunday."

The crowd laughed again, but Jim Paxton was a favorite among them, and perhaps this was one reason that the little church was filled to overflowing the following Sabbath. An-

other reason was the curiosity that always impels a certain class to witness an unusual sight, and the fame of Rev. Dillaway's homeliness had gone about the country.

Those who filled the church had their curiosity satisfied in the fact that the man's look had not been exaggerated, anyway, for homely a man had never filled the pulpit, and the younger part of the congregation indulged in looks at one another, when he began the delivery of his sermon.

But before the man had uttered half a dozen sentences, the attitude of his hearers had changed. The words that fell from his lips were not flowery, but they were filled with genuine truth, and spoken with a telling conviction that appealed to his listeners. As he went on, his eyes shone with his earnestness, and the congregation forgot the ugliness and awkward gestures of the man.

From that on Rev. Dillaway proved a drawing card that totally eclipsed all the ministers that had gone before him in that pulpit. There were other things, too, this man could do besides preaching with telling conviction, as he began to demonstrate to his congregation.

He took an interest in every individual member, and not only in the members, but also in those who had never been in a church. When any sort of help was needed in the neighborhood the minister was first to offer assistance; and he endeared himself in hundreds of ways to the hearts of the people.

When old Mr. Landers was laid up with the rheumatism, and was lamenting the fact that not a stick of wood had been sawed for the winter, it was the new minister that came, to the man's surprise, and chopped and sawed for three whole days, without remuneration, proving his arms could be put to other uses besides gesturing in the pulpit. When Farmer Maso, who lived two miles out, whose son had met with an accident that deprived him temporarily of the use of his arms, and whose corn crop must be harvested before the damp weather destroyed it, who could not get help, for every one was busy—then it was that the minister stepped in and harvested like a bonafide farmer.

Little by little the hearts of the people were won, and Rev. Amos Dillaway occupied the place in their regard that he deserved. On one man he held himself aloof, and sneered at the

(Continued on Page 1217.)

THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

CAREFUL BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE minute you set eyes upon a person, you can tell whether he is mannerly and well bred, or whether he lacks training in that respect. When you meet an ill-mannered person, one who doesn't care in the least for his or her personal appearance or conduct, you know how far out of place, and even pitiful that person is.

There are two things that go a long way: personal cleanliness and neatness, and manly training.

How repulsive, you have no doubt thought, that boy or girl who has a soiled face and soiled hands; dirty clothing or ill kept shoes. Many boys and girls, I am sorry to say, go that way, not even caring how they look. Of course, you are not one of them, but a few words might help you to keep out of the care-crazed ranks.

Personal cleanliness and neatness are two things we should always be careful in attending to. No matter, though, if your clothing is soiled, it is not serving the right purpose if it conceals an unclean body. We should bathe once a week at the very least in winter, and much oftener in summer when out in the dust. You don't like to see another with soiled face or hands, so you must be sure to keep those parts of your own body clean, too.

Many boys and girls go to school looking very untidy, when they might just as well be neat. Before you go to school each morning, make that your face and hands are clean, that your clothing and shoes are brushed, and that you look neat. When I was a schoolboy, I was poor, and my parents could not afford to dress me in fine clothes, but it was always such satisfaction to me if what poor clothing I had were clean and neatly brushed. A boy who is neat and clean in poor clothing, and a girl, too, stands a much better chance than the untidy one whether in poor clothing or in fine. Training is another wonderfully important thing to young folks who have an ambition to get on in the world. Do not wait until "after while" to commence to school yourself in unmanly courtesy; commence now. You can easily pick out one who has not had training in that respect. Those persons,—and, unfortunately, there are many of them,—who say "ep," or "nope," "uh uh," and never think of saying "thank you," or "sir?" are the ones who

haven't trained themselves as they should have done.

The first thing is to learn to speak correctly wherever you are, so you can be assured you will not be regarded as untrained by others. In talking with older persons, we should always make it a rule to say "yes ma'am," or "no ma'am," "yes sir," or "no sir," as the occasion may require, and when any one does you a favor, never neglect to say "thank you." We ought always to speak to friends and acquaintances when we meet them on the street or elsewhere, with a "Good morning!" or "Good evening!" whichever it might chance to be.

It is a very bad habit to interrupt when others are talking, or to contradict what others say. If what one says is wrong, and you know it is wrong, all you have to do is to be sure you, too, do not make the same mistake.

Be courteous and helpful, and obliging. Help the old folks. Help all you can in everything you can, whether they be acquaintances or strangers in need.

The real, mannerly, well trained boy or girl is at once recognized wherever he or she may chance to be; as are also untrained, unmannerly, boys and girls. "Sunday manners," are something very foolish and unreal. They must be assumed, or put on. Make believe things, you know, readers, never do us any good. Learn to be courteous all the time, everywhere, and then "Sunday manners," and "company manners," will not be needed.

When you get out into the world,—in a very few, short years,—and among other young folks more, you'll feel the lack of the training you didn't give yourself, very, very sorely. It will bring a lot of embarrassment and disagreeableness, and you will wish, oh, how you will wish that you had learned to be courteous and well mannered when you were younger.

Young friends, let's start in right this very day to improve our appearance, our speech, and our manners, and I'm sure we'll not be sorry. It is very easy to do if we only think so, and so very necessary!

Surprise your parents and your teachers, and keep them surprised! Show them you can be as careful about yourself, and as well mannered as the rest.



"Fifth grade this year, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're in decimals or fractions now, no doubt?"

"No, sir. I'm in crochet work and clay-modeling now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

Preparing the Way.

It is seldom that any great dispensation of life comes to us without warning. Before the face of every great joy or sorrow runs, usually, some messenger to acquaint us of its approach.

Frequently in history the preparation which God has given to the world's leaders might seem to us mysterious; but it has usually afforded that chance for reflection and the development of physical and spiritual strength which were necessary for the work ahead.

"The Scriptures," says Bushnell, "show us how frequently in the conditions of obscurity and depression, preparations of counsel are going on by which the commonest offices are to become the necessary first chapter of a great and powerful history—David among the sheep; Elisha following after the plow; Nehemiah bearing the cup; Hannah, who can say nothing less common than that she is the wife of Elkanah and a woman of sorrowful spirit. Who, looking on these humble people, and discovering how dear a purpose God was cherishing in them, can be justified in thinking that God has no particular plan for him, because he is not signalized by any kind of distinction?"

A modern religious story deals with the case of a young musician whose playing was a marvelous exhibition of technique. He was acclaimed the greatest performer of the time. Being of a modest spirit, he asked the criticism of a discerning friend.

"Your playing lacks depth of feeling," he was told. "You will get it when you have heart-breaking sorrow, and then only."

The sorrow came and the young player's music received the element which it had lacked to make it perfect.

"Man advances," says Guizot in his great *History of Civilization*, "in the execution of a plan which he has not conceived and of which he is not even aware. Imagine a great machine, the design of which is centered in a single mind, though its various parts are intrusted to different workmen. No one of them understands the work as a whole, but every one executes with intelligence and freedom the particular task assigned to him."

Thus each one of us is carrying forward in some hidden way, of which our small minds cannot grasp the laws, the great work of God's universe.

In Drummond's *Ideal Life*, he says: "In the counsels of God's will, when he arranged

the destiny of every star and every sandgrain and each of those tiny insects which live but for an hour, the Creator had a thought for you and me. It was a thought of what we were, of what we might become. But we all have the terrible power to evade this thought and shape our lives from another will if we choose.



"Go, Sell What Thou Hast—"

Mary I. Senseman.

What are your possessions? Health, intellect, honor and devotion. The world is ready to give you silver and gold for these. It does it constantly. Look at the brawn workman. With what ease, what skill, what pleasure he performs his task. In manual labor, in trades, in the professions, bright, robust, sincere men and women are receiving comfortable salaries. We do not refer to the recipient of that excessive wealth which comes unearned and unappreciated; nor to the wretched underpaid slaves, but to those who have much to give and whose returns are only a representation of the comparative value of their produce.

The prosperity of a country does not lie in its mines and soil and forests and streams. It is in the ability of its people to produce. Money is but an expedient means of exchanging various productions. Money is not wealth. It should be the estimate of your value to the nations.

If you have those possessions—health, intellect, honor and devotion—find a market for them. Then sell; not for money, but according to the standard of the day. Sell, and in your selling give good measure. Fill your work to the brim, pressed down, and running over. Be generous without stint, and silver and gold will be given as a privilege. "Sell what thou hast and give to the poor."

There are thousands of less value to humanity at large than their clothes and food. They are the maimed, the unfortunates, the down-and-outs, the victims of sin and of circumstances.

Sell your possessions in the market provided, and give your acquisitions to the poor. Increase your bodily vigor, broaden your education, deepen your sincerity, and give, give, give. If you do not do your best with judgment, with foresight, with unselfishness, with courage, you are not fulfilling God's commands.

If you do not give your best you are not adding to the wealth of the nation. You are dealing from it. You are taking money that is not yours, for you have given less value than it represents, and, consequently, you will use it at surplus selfishly. You will use it to drag yourself down and not to build yourself up.

Young men and young women, we are in the childhood of a marvelous age. Opportunity is without precedent. Its structure is our civilization. Its foundation is Christianity. Its law is eternal evolution.

Never was so much sin in evidence, because never before did men and women see so clearly. The sins of Solomon are gilded with ancientness. The sins of today are pitifully naked in the sunlight of cool minds and warm hearts.

Go, sell your strong body in honest toil for honest wages, and give your increased value to the poor. Devote your intellect to learning and give your education to the poor. The money-rich will give you dollars for your talents. You give the increase of your talents for your dollars to the poor.

"Go, sell what thou hast and give to the poor," and be joyful, for you have great possessions,—health, intellect, honor and devotion.



The New Minister.

(Continued from Page 1214.)

Minister and his odd ways. The father of Jim Paxton had no use for ministers of any kind; and if they happened to present a strange appearance, so much the worse for them.

He had observed the awkwardness of the minister, when he had seen him on the street. He had also noticed the ill-fitting clothes and the colored straw hat that was still in service, although the season for straw hats was past, and Mr. Paxton had not only declared it was laughing stock to keep such a minister in the city church in town, but he had positively forbidden his family, consisting of his wife and six children, to enter the church as long as the minister preached there.

Jim, his son, was rather sorry, for he had grown to like the man in spite of him; and Mary, the little daughter, positively shed tears, for her childish eyes had penetrated through the unerring accuracy of childhood the best exterior of the man, and saw only the great heart—the heart that responded to the love of little children.

One night, late in the autumn, little Mary was stricken with sickness. From the first the little sufferer called for the "preacher man." Her father at first laughed at her; but as the little one grew rapidly worse, and still cried incessantly for the minister, her brother

Jim was sent with the request that the man come at once.

Jim was in the minister's house only a short time—just long enough for the man to throw on the clothes that had caused many sneering remarks from the lips of Jim's father, but he saw the evident want in the little home, which, although scrupulously clean, showed the need of funds to restore the much worn carpet and furniture.

Although the night was pitch dark, and a chilling rain added further discomfort, the minister responded to the want with cheerfulness, and was soon in the presence of the little girl, who reached out her little hands to him.

Only from his hands would she take her medicine, and it was his long, slim fingers that softly stroked the hair from her white forehead. Through the days that followed she wanted the "good preacher man" constantly by her side. When she was able to sit up, he must carry her to the rocking-chair by the window, and arrange the cushions for her. From his hands she accepted dainty luncheons that gave strength to her little body, and she plainly showed in numerous ways that the homely but noble man was the hero of her childish heart.

At last the little girl recovered her former strength, and the first place she wished to go was to hear the "good preacher man" speak from the pulpit. Her father, whose calloused heart had been softened through the goodness of the man to his child, was glad to accede to the wishes of little Mary, and the next Sunday found the Paxton family among the congregation.

The next week, while on the street one day, Mr. Paxton was surrounded by a few friends, and the subject of conversation was the "new minister," as he was still called.

"Well, I tell you, friends," declared Mr. Paxton, earnestly, "I never had any use for ministers before, but a man who can saw wood, get corn in for winter, tend sick children, and do a hundred other things, is a good person to have around and I, for one, am in favor of making his contribution big enough next Sunday, so he can, at least, buy a new hat for winter."

"Huh, he could have had fine clothes long ago, if he had wanted them! Don't you know he gives all his salary, except just enough to give himself a plain living, to charity?" asked one who knew. The eyes of Mr. Paxton flew open in surprise. The man who had once been a despised preacher to him, was now exalted to a position in his regard no other man had ever occupied, and the result was the whole Paxton family were added to the long list of converts the new minister had won.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Spring Blooming Bulbs.

This is the season for the planting of the hardy bulbs, if you want the early bloomers next spring. Indoors or out, they make a beautiful showing, and are well worth the little they cost. They should be ordered now, and should be put into the ground not later than the last of November, and earlier would be better. If intended for blooming indoors, they should be potted and put away in a cool, dark place, so that no forced growth will interfere with their gradual development. They must make plenty of roots before the top growth begins, and to insure this, they should be kept cool and dark. Hyacinths are prime favorites, and there are many other bulbs specially adapted to indoor growing, notably the polyanthus narcissus in variety. There are smaller bulbs, also, very fragrant and free of bloom. Tulips are showy and brilliant, but are apt to be attacked with the green aphid; they are better outside. Many varieties of oxalis make beautiful pot plants, as well as a showy border outside. The pretty crocus, which comes in many varieties of color almost before the frost is out of the ground, should have a place in every yard. They require only planting, even in the grass of the lawn. Look over the catalogue, and make a choice. It is better to have a few of the best bulbs than a lot of small, inferior ones.



Womanly Wisdom.

When pin-feathers come out with difficulty, wrap a piece of muslin around your finger to pull against.

If you would have light dumplings, leave the cover off for about ten minutes after you have put them in.

"People who do not like the country because there is so little going on, are those in whose heads there is less going on than even in the country."

Mix your griddle-cakes, waffles, fritters, etc., in the upper part of a double boiler instead of in an ordinary mixing bowl, and you will find the handle very useful to hold it by when frying them.

When you buy the children's drawers for the winter, sew a piece of tape, about three inches long, across the bottom of the legs.

This will prevent the drawers from wrinkling up when the stockings are put on.

Do not forget to give the baby plenty of water. Milk is a food, and does not take the place of water as a drink. Plenty of water between feedings, taken either warm or cool, is a great aid to the bowels and kidneys.

Butter is a pretty good substitute for meat now that the latter brings such high prices. Run walnuts or shellbarks through a food-chopper, and rub into them about one-third as much good fresh butter. Spread on crackers or bread.

One housekeeper has prevented many burned roast or overbaked cake by setting the alarm clock to the proper time to open the oven door. Then she goes about her work in the other parts of the house, knowing that she will hear the imperative call at the right time.

The right way to cook oatmeal: Put a teaspoonful of salt in a quart of water over the fire, in the upper part of a double boiler. As soon as it boils briskly, sprinkle the oatmeal in slowly. Do not stir, but let it boil briskly for a few minutes, then set it in the lower half of the boiler, which should contain hot water; cover it and let it bubble slowly, without stirring, for four or five hours at the least. If wanted for breakfast it should be cooked the day before, and then finished with as much time as you can allow in the morning.—From November Farm Journal.



Housework by Machinery.

A motor that will run anything from a washing machine to a coffee-mill is now ready for the housewife's use. It is so constructed that the housekeeper may choose it about to suit her work, attaching it to the machine to be run by it. Attached to the tub, the clothes are washed with no effort on her part, turning the wringer and guiding the article through the rollers. It can be attached to the meat-grinder, coffee mill, ice cream freezer, sewing machine, mangle, and its uses are numerous. Electricity is another servant over which the housewife is gaining control, and it looks now as though there will be little left for the housekeeper to do, within a few years except to "oversee" the new servant.

Sweetening the Meat Barrel.

Before butchering time, look well to your meat barrels, if you would have success with your winter supply of pickled meats. There is one method of sweetening the barrels that is recommended by one who has tried it: After washing and scalding and rinsing until you think the barrel is perfectly sweet, fill the barrel half full of sweet, clean hay, pour boiling water on it, covering the barrel at once to keep in the steam. The water must be boiling, and there must be plenty of it. Let it stand covered until cold, and you will find it will not taint the meat.



Squeezing the Industrious Man.

There are some queer things about our system of taxation. Here is an example, says the editor of a Kansas publication. Once upon a time the editor of this paper became possessed of the laudable ambition to own a home. Having managed to save a few dollars, he purchased upon the payment plan some property which had been taken in on mortgage by an Eastern investment company.

The house was in such bad repair that it was not fit for occupancy. The cellar was full of stagnant water, weeds grew rankly about the house, the porches were rotten and sagging, the house unpainted. The lot was a couple of feet above the sidewalk, and the earth had washed and caved, making it impassable. The place was an eyesore and a menace to health; we wanted a home and saw its possibilities.

It was located in a good neighborhood, and from it we had a beautiful view over a pretty valley. Being rather handy with tools, we went to work before and after office hours. We repaired the porches, painted the house, sodded and terraced the yard and drained the cellar and put in curbing and parking. We worked early and late, until at last we had, as many people told us, one of the prettiest homes in the town—and then the assessors came around and doubled our taxes.

We were fined because we had worked hard and converted disorder into order, ugliness into beauty, and had wiped out a plague spot in the neighborhood. It is also true that the owner of a few vacant lots adjoining our place immediately advanced them in price, but neglected to cut the tall weeds which grew on them. It may be added that his taxes were not increased, not-

withstanding the fact that he held his lots at a higher price.

We have told this story because the statement itself ought to cause some one to do some hard thinking. There surely is something radically wrong with a system of taxation in which a person is fined for merely being industrious.



Preserving Autumn Leaves.

This is the month in which all nature assumes the most gorgeous coloring, and the leaves of various trees are so beautiful that we would like to carry some of them through the winter with us. For decorative purposes, they are especially fine if the work is well done. Select the finest and most beautifully colored leaves and dry as quickly as possible by putting the leaves separately between folds of any very absorbent paper, changing them frequently to new paper—at least every day. A warm flatiron may be run over them to flatten, but it must be barely warm—a hot iron will ruin them. Leaves thus quickly and thoroughly dried will retain their coloring for a long time. To make them still more lasting, a very thin coat of boiled linseed oil may be given them; this will bring out the color and keep them from fading. A very thin coating of varnish, or just a thin skim of beeswax run on by the warm flatiron, are both good. If the leaves are to be fastened to a support, the under side of the leaf should not be oiled, as the glue necessary to hold them will not stick to the oiled surface.

Grasses may also be dried and stained in various shades, and the flowers that are grown specially for winter bouquet purposes are many; these, too, may be dyed in various colors. The dyes used are commonly the package dyes, with directions for doing the work readily obtainable. Grasses may be crystallized in this way: Pulverize a pound of the best white alum and dissolve it over a slow fire in a quart of pure, soft water. It must not be allowed to boil, and everything that would possibly stain the solution must be kept out of it, for the beauty of the grasses lies in its clear whiteness. When the alum is dissolved, let the solution cool down to blood heat; arrange the grasses in the bowl and pour the solution over them; cover and let stand for twenty-four hours; take out carefully and dry in the sun four or five hours, then make into bouquets. Use only a new china bowl for the crystallizing. The same preparation is suitable for all plants.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Is America doomed to downfall, as were ancient national powers?—H. A. Hoffert.

Answer.—The same doom hangs over all nations. The laws of national existence demand a conservation of physical resources and a high standard of right and equity among all men. The reason the ancient nations fell was because they squandered their physical resources, debased their morals and were absolutely selfish. Such living would annihilate the most promising nation that ever existed. If America lives like the ancient nations lived there is no reason in the universe why she should not be doomed to downfall just the same as any other nation. If she complies with the laws of national existence and human well-being there is no reason why she should be doomed to downfall. Jehovah is not partial to America more than to any other nation. It is not a matter of vengeance and destruction with him, but a matter of finding a people who will follow his laws of life and construction. The matter of American downfall rests entirely with America herself, just as the downfall of every other nation rested with that nation. It is folly for us to burn out all our vitality by reckless and extravagant living and then say God doomed us to destruction. If we fall, we fall because of our own national sins, and if we survive, we survive because we complied with God's plan of a national life.



Question.—In the *Inglenook*, No. 38, page 977, first column, and thirty-fifth line, I saw the question by W. Wilson: "Is there any man in this Holy Scripture, who is exempt from the common standard and judgment?" And I ask: If the saints are not exempted, how are the words in Ezek. 18: 21, 22; 33: 14-16 to be taken, when they have long said, and still say, that the sins of the righteous shall not be mentioned to them? How take Paul's mind, when he says the sins of some go beforehand to judgment? See 1 Tim. 5: 24. And how take the Holy Spirit in saying that those slain for God's Word have lived and reigned 1,000 years with our Lord, and before the day of judgment? See Rev. 20: 4. And the rest of the dead lived not till after the 1,000 years were past. The thought

I get from God's Book is, that God's people will not be judged, but approved and accepted, at our Lord's coming, and that, long before that day, when all mankind shall stand before God, and at the judgment seat of our Lord. See Rom. 14: 10; Rev. 20: 1

Note.—Is it a sound faith to teach that the saints of our Lord are to be judged at the day of judgment, and by the law set forth in Matt. 25: 31-46, and also in Rev. 20: 13?—Landon West.

Answer.—The question raised by W. Wilson refers directly to the judgment passed upon the individual acts of men and women in everyday life. He suggests that all of the biblical characters were subject to the same tests and judgments that come to every life; that all men must stand before the searching eyes of God, not to have the sins reviewed and brought to mind, but to be judged. We must distinguish between judging a man and reminding him of all his failures and shortcomings. If God passes judgment upon us by our failures and mistakes, intentional and unintentional, we surely would have enough to condemn a lot of us and shut us off from fellowship with him. His purpose, however, is not to find how many charges he can bring against us, but to see how completely we have taken advantage of the opportunities for life offered by him. There are a thousand evidences, both in scriptural texts and in human life all about us, that sin brings death. We cannot get away from that fact. The laws of our being, both spiritual and physical, are such that so long as we continue in sin we continue to die. If we break the laws of health, nature is right on hand to pronounce judgment and mete out the sentence of death. If some of the tissues of the body are dead they must be removed before the body can again be free from suffering. If we break any of the spiritual laws, we must rest assured God is on hand with justice to pronounce the judgment of death which we have brought upon ourselves. If we accept of his life-giving power, that sentence of death can be counteracted and the dead tissues of our souls removed which will remove the suffering. So long as we continue breaking spiritual laws, however, and refuse to have our injured souls healed the death penalty hangs over us because it is one of the laws of spiritual well-being. No, we cannot escape from judgment, but if we comply with the conditions of life as taught us by the Master, it will be of little concern to us as to whether or not we shall be lined up for

and final judgment. If in the economy of heaven the Father sees fit to call such meeting I am sure his children will cheerfully respond, because his relation toward them will be that of a father toward a son and not that of a vengeance-seeking body toward a fellow-man who has made a mistake.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

An old lady, really quite well, was always complaining and "enjoying poor health," as she expressed it. Her various ailments were rather the most interesting topic in the world. One day a neighbor found her eating a hearty meal, and asked her how she was.

"Poor me," she sighed. "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse afterward."



Mrs. Smiff—Oh, men are such brutes! Can't you see that sign over there—"Bargains in Paris Hats"?"

Mr. Smiff—Yes, but I'm afraid of signs and men.



We dined out last evening. Papa disconcerted us as usual."

As to how?"

"Got to the end of the dinner with three forks and two spoons still unused."



An Irishman, going on a trip, stopped for a moment at a certain place. He had to sleep with a negro and during the night some one awakened his face. Having to get up very early in the morning in order to catch a train he did not take time to wash himself. When he got to the station he happened to look in a glass and seeing his black face was in great trouble. He hurried back to the hotel where he had slept, and rushed in the house saying: "The jabbers, you called up the wrong man."



Is your husband home?"

Yes; what do you want with him?"

I'm—er—revising the voting list, and I wanted to inquire which party he belongs to."

Do yer? Well, I'm the party wot he belongs to."—London Tattler.

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We must get in on the ground floor now while prices are low. They are going upward all the time, and will double and treble in the next one to three years.

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A Philadelphia woman who has experienced much trouble with her servants, and who recently found herself, while indisposed, entirely without domestic help, was obliged to send her husband to an employment agency one morning with a view to obtaining the needed help.

The husband returned about one in the afternoon, wearing a most distressed expression.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked the wife. "Were there no servants at the employment agency?"

"There were slathers of 'em," returned the husband grimly, "but, unfortunately, they had all worked for us before."—Lippincott's.



"I think you said, 'Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the West?"

"Yeh, boss, that's right."

"What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"

"No, sah, none o' those; kalsomining."



"Where are you going with that goat, little boy?" "Down to the lake. Come along if you want to see some fun. This here goat has jest et a crate of sponges, an' I'm goin' down an' let him drink."—Toledo Blade.



"That Jones boy who used to work for you wants to hire out to me. Is he steady?"

"Steady? If he was any steadier he'd be motionless."—Judge.



The old soldier loves to tell about his war-time experiences and especially about his service as a band leader in the army.

"I remember when we were traveling the toll turnpike from York to Columbia, Pa., in '62," he said, "through the long covered bridge that spanned the Susquehanna. Jake Baumgartner was our bass drummer, and Jake was surely a character."

"When we reached the entrance to the bridge, Jake, who was beating time, suddenly stopped and yelled out, 'Schtop de march!'"

"What's up, Jake?" I asked him.

"Pointing to the far end of the long bridge which looked like a small, round patch of light, Jake exclaimed in despair: 'I aind't neffer going to be able t' get dis beeg drum tru dot schmall hole!'"—Youngstown Telegram.

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WATCH THIS PAGE



Do you know why the

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most prosperous
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tire Pacific Coast?

BRO. LEVI WINKLEBLECK AT EMPIRE, CAL.

one of the founders of this Church Colony explains it partially in these words:—
“The Easterner in search of a place of perpetual sunshine, where kind Nature lends assistance, where his labor is more remunerative, and where his success or failure depends more on his ability than on climatic conditions, where nature cannot with one stroke spoil the fruit of months of labor, can find such a place in the Golden State of California, in the semi-tropical garden spot known as Sunny Stanislaus County, and **EMPIRE** is the name of the place.”

SOMETHING DOING

Just now an **800 acre** Wheat Ranch adjoining the town of Empire, and just across the road from the Brethren Church is being sub-divided and offered for Sale in **One Acre Lots** up to **40 acres**. This is one of the very best opportunities for a desirable Home and for investment. All around this tract are

ALFALFA AND ORCHARD RANCHES

ranging from (5) five acres up to 80 acres yielding an annual income of from **\$50 PER ACRE TO \$500 PER ACRE**.

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Co-operative Colonization Co.

North Manchester, Ind.

P. H. Beery, Sec.

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now being subdivided and offered for sale in *Home Villa Tracts* and in *Orchard or Alfalfa Ranch Tracts*

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Are Absolutely Dependable

Here the climate; the soil; the water; the drainage; the variety of crops; and markets have been tested and pronounced just what our people want.

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Empire, Calif., Oct. 24, 1911.

I live one-fourth mile east of Empire, was the first to locate in the **Empire Colony**. I have forty acres, of which 35 acres are in alfalfa, 3 acres in peaches, and room for my buildings.

My alfalfa yielded me about 8 tons to the acre this year, being only one year old.

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If you are not ready to go this year, write us about our *Co-operative Plan*—THE POOR MAN'S CHANCE and our 1912 CHURCH COLONY.

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION CO.
North Manchester, Ind.

P. H. BEERY, Sect'y

Or; LEVI WINKLEBLECK, EMPIRE, CAL.

ONESIMUS

The Runaway Slave

By E. B. Brumbaugh.

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It tells of the location and beauty of the City of Colosse and surroundings, the house of Philemon and one of Paul's Mission Cities.

Of the family of Onesimus partly destroyed and separated by a band of robbers, and sold into slavery. Onesimus finally sold to Philemon as a slave.

The interview of Archippus and his sister with Onesimus, their sympathy and decision to help him.

The account of Onesimus running away, and his voyage to Rome. His accidental meeting of Epaphrus, a minister from Colosse, through whom he finds Paul. His sister is sold to Philemon, now Onesimus becomes a useful member in Paul's home, who persuades him to return to his master. The answer of the prayer of Prudentia, his sister, for his return.

The return of the family, the meeting of master and slave, the family feast.

The church meeting. Onesimus received into the church and becomes a helpful coworker.

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Flashlights From Real Life

By John T. Dale.

MANY are the lessons that may be learned from the mistakes and failures of others, as well as from their wisdom and success. In this book are recorded a great variety of experiences and incidents, which, if carefully considered by the reader, will help him or her to steer clear of many a pitfall, and may be the means of giving a start in the direction of success and happiness.

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It is a book for all classes, and is sure to meet every condition in life. The things that are given are from "real life" and will therefore appeal to real people.

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By Otho Winger.

ELD. MILLER was one of those strong men in the church, whose lives counted for much while they lived, and whose influence for good did not cease when the Master called them to himself. It is a good thing to have preserved, in some substantial form, a record of their accomplishments, so that those who come upon the stage of action later in the history of the world may read and be benefited.

The best part of Eld. Miller's life covered a period in the history of the church of the Brethren when strong men were needed, and he did his part well.

This volume ought to have a place in every Brethren home. It will be a source of satisfaction and comfort to the older people and a stimulus to the young.

Some historical facts are contained in this book which are not elsewhere recorded. It is valuable as a book of reference for years to come.

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By Jacob Funk.

IN this volume the good work done by the various Peace Societies is brought to the attention of the reader in a brief but interesting and helpful way. While the author depicts, graphically, the causes, evils and cost of war, the reader will be especially interested in the History of the Peace Movement and the suggested Ways of Advancing Peace.

What is needed, most of all, that the cause of peace may be strengthened, is that the peace sentiment be created in the minds and hearts of the people. This book is well calculated to influence the minds of the readers in the right direction.

Every peace-loving soul should read this book, bring it to the attention of his neighbors, and thus help to spread the flame of peace and love from shore to shore, from nation to nation, so that the time may speedily come when there shall be no more war upon the earth.

The book is written in a simple yet interesting style, making it easy of comprehension to the ordinary reader and at the same time attractive to the scholarly.

175 pages, bound in cloth. Price, 75c.

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

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THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

November 21,
1911.

Vol. XIII.
No. 47.

Three Trite Truths

1 Apple Land is the most valuable land in the United States because no crop pays so well as apples.

2 MIAMI VALLEY lands are good apple lands.

3 YOU can own a commercial apple orchard in MIAMI VALLEY and share in the enormous profits from apple growing without leaving your present home.

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your Miami Valley or-
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Then place your name and address upon
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DO IT NOW.

Farmers Development Company

**SPRINGER
New Mexico**

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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Renew as early as possible in order to avoid a break in the receipt of the numbers.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

- - - Elgin, Illinois

70 Million Dollars Expended in Idaho

during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

The Story of the Agricultural Growth of Idaho

**The Fruits from
This Section
Cater to the
Markets of the
World.**

is a romance almost beyond belief, based on the legitimate harvesting of dollars from the dimes invested. The Snake River Valley, with its tributaries, is among the greatest and richest valleys of the Northwest. From it radiate a vast system of irrigation canals and laterals carrying life and productivity to green fields of alfalfa, sugar beets and grain; to areas of the finest potatoes in the land, as well as to great sections of fruit laden orchards.

There is still much land available in Idaho, but it is rapidly being acquired. You should go there now.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

November 21, 1911.

No. 47.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Convict Labor and Reformation.

In a former number we spoke of the barbarous conditions which exist in the convict camps in the South, how criminals are leased to the highest bidder or the most favored bidder who gives no thought to their reformation. Crime like disease should be handled by specialists. Whenever all our prisons become reformatories, and when these reformatories release only those whose disease is considered cured and retain those that are permanently unfit to be at large, then we can hope for a lessening of crime. Some one will say that such a thing is more easily said than done. We admit that such is the case. Not long ago I heard one who had charge of a reform school for boys several years say that he was never able to tell for a certainty which of his boys would be successful without institutional care and which would not. He like all others had to use his judgment, formed by experience. There may be a few instances when the judge should sentence a man or woman to prison for a definite number of years, but in nearly every case it would be much better for the sentence to read, "To the reformatory until in the judgment of the superintendent it is wise to give you your freedom." The most progressive authorities on prison reform are working hard for the indeterminate sentence.

A few days ago we received some press clippings from some one, or more likely a labor union office, in which it is pointed out that there is contract labor in the reformatory at Jeffersonville, Ind., and also in our State prison at Michigan City. There are two defects pointed out in the system. In the first place, the prisoners are not taught a trade since the work is specialized to such an extent that an individual learns but one operation. Such an employment does not prepare him for a more useful life when he is released. A further objection is made to the price which the State receives for the labor of the con-

victs. The contractors pay the State only 40 cents a day when other States receive as high as 60 or 70 cents for a day's work. The same is true in many other States where the prisoners are employed in private factories in connection with the institutions. As in all other factories in which modern machinery is used, the work is highly specialized, so as to reduce the cost of production. The objection is rightly raised that such employment does not teach the man or woman a trade or prepare him to get a job and hold it. Last year the foreign representatives to the International Peace Conference made a tour of inspection among the northern penal institutions, and Dr. Vambery of Hungary criticises our Jeffersonville reformatory: "Jeffersonville, that is a factory, not a reformatory. I saw, for example, 120 men in one trade shop sewing by machinery. That is not industrial training, not craft teaching. One man should be taught all parts of a piece of work to make it educational. In Hungary, in our reformatories, we teach carpentry, carriage building, leather and textile work." Mr. Thomas Holmes of London, an authority on prison reform, also has something to say about the same institution: "At Jeffersonville and Mansfield I was struck with the highly developed work and subdivision of work in the industrial departments. In the former the prisoners make cast-iron ware in one department. They are worked very hard and considerable work is required. I found on inquiry, however, that although the men might learn to make one piece with which they were familiar, there was no possible chance outside the prison walls of ever again obtaining work of that character." Those interested will find a fuller discussion of the subjects by these delegates in the Survey for Nov. 5, 1910.

These gentlemen and others from Europe candidly expressed their views concerning our penal institutions and with some they were pleased while in others they found many

deficiencies. Unfortunately or perhaps fortunately our State, Indiana, received a share of the criticism.

Civic Improvements.

In the October number of the Rural Manhood we note several suggestions for civic improvement which we think are worth passing along.

"Have a fountain located in the town or village square.

"Make the burial grounds literally and practically 'Memorial Gardens' in appearance.

"Are the child labor laws being enforced in the little factory in your town? Look it up.

"What about the town milk supply? Who of the dairymen is complying with the regulations and who is not?

"Adopt some plan providing for the growth of your town, as, for instance, the width of streets, sidewalks, involving the boulevard idea.

"How about holding a village reception for newly elected village officers? Show them that you are willing to back your ballot with your brotherhood.

"Improve vacant lots by eliminating the dumping feature and perhaps utilizing them for gardening purposes among the boys and girls of the community.

"Enter a campaign for the abolishment of billboards and promiscuous advertising on country barns and farmhouses; keep fences and horse sheds free from all sorts of signs.

"Have an ornamental signpost erected in the village square, where public announcements can be posted. Adopt some uniform and attractive design of a signpost for your village streets and for the country roads outside.

"Are you one of the several pastors in the same village? Then give a fellow pastor a genuine union service some morning or evening by taking your whole congregation from your church to his, not having previously announced to either congregation your plan. The mere passing from your church to the other will be a sight to bless your village."

When some small towns become dead and need more business to furnish labor for those who are out of work they organize a commercial club, or something of that sort, and offer building sites with cash bonuses for new factories. Frequently those towns have the appearance of being very undesirable places in which to live. You see them scattered along every railroad with their big signs advertising for more factories. Some towns use another method. They clean up their back yards and streets and in every possible way show visitors that their town is worth coming to. At

the Texas Farmers' Congress held in July Mr. G. B. Dealey of the Dallas, Texas, News gave an address on the attractiveness of towns and country in which he mentioned the fact that the citizens of those towns which are most attractive are usually progressive and prosperous. "Indeed," he says, "wherever you go you will find few exceptions to the rule—that the pretty, well-kept town is also a prosperous town."

Some farmers, and village people, too, are willing to have their barns covered over with circus bills or glaring medicine advertisements, not only injuring the beauty of their own property but also detracting from the general appearance of the community. These same farmers probably have their implements standing out in the weather the entire year. "The farm ugly," says Pres. McFarland of the American Civic Association, "is seldom the farm prosperous and never the farm pleasant, while from it flee the young men and young women who ought to stay, driven out by the unrecognized lack of home attraction no less than the fully recognized lack of opportunity for advance."

Social Progress in Italy.

A society has been organized in Italy whose purpose is to urge reforms of various kinds in the country. Signor Gaetano Conte is the general secretary of the association. For several years he was a valuable social worker in the city of Boston, where he was greatly respected. He returned to Italy recently and was appointed pastor of the Methodist church in Palermo.

The most important lines of activity in which the new organization will interest itself are:

1. Civic and moral instruction in the public schools.
2. Better public libraries. An increased patronage by the public.
3. More democracy in the government so that the people will have a share in the making of laws.
4. More attention to hygiene by school and church authorities.
5. Less disputing among the churches and more federated work in philanthropy and social progress.
6. Public charity based upon modern methods.
7. The checking of lottery, unsanitary housing, and other sources of immorality.

John Bancroft Devins.

The East Side of New York City lost a valuable friend this year when Rev. Devins passed away. He was a friend of the poor



John Bancroft Devins.

and a leader of fresh air outings. He went with the children frequently on their excursions,

and was loved by all. Jacob A. Riis, his fellow worker, pays the following tribute to him: "When engrossing editorial work on the Observer came to him, he kept his grip on his little friends. Editing, preaching, traveling in later years, he remained ever the plain, homelike man who labored up the many flights of stairs in the East Side tenements to his 'poor people' and knew their every need and want. Whether he directed the cleaning of alleys and whitewashing of the tenement cellars as a means of keeping the poor from starving in the hard winter of 1893-04, or sat in some board of wealthy philanthropists who looked to him to find ways of helping where help was needed, he was the same great hearted man."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Has Childhood Any Rights?

There is probably no single spot in any State or the nation where so many pathetic scenes take place as in the juvenile courts where little children are separated from their fathers and mothers, if not in most cases at least in many cases, never to see or know each other again. Such a scene took place in the juvenile court of Chicago, presided over by Judge Pinckney, a few days ago. A thin, wiry, nervous, bright eyed little fellow of twelve years had been brought in with his mother, the charge being that she was not a fit person to take care of him. The little lad plead with all his power to be permitted to remain with his mother, but the court, weighing the testimony, looking into the face of the woman, all marred and bloated and inflamed with whisky, decided that the child must be taken away.

On hearing the judge's decision the little fellow threw his arms about his mother's neck with screams of agony no physical torture might ever produce, and when the officers were ordered to remove them they did so only after two strong men had pulled the child and the mother apart and carried the boy upstairs in a state of unconscious collapse.

It would seem that the little lad's personal liberty had been interfered with, but then, he is only a child whose mother is a victim of the privileges for which the Personal Liberty Leagues fight. In a number of towns in Southern Illinois they are organized at this moment to put the saloon back where it has been voted out, no matter what the result to

the childhood or womanhood of the community may be.

The one who witnessed and relates this incident says there was just one thing responsible, and that was strong drink.



Powdered Milk for Polar Expeditions.

The announcement that two tons of powdered milk have been ordered for the use of Dr. Mawson's forthcoming antarctic expedition has helped to bring into prominence an industry which is assuming large proportions in Australasia, especially in New Zealand. The same product was used extensively by Shackleton's expedition, and was the principal food of Prof. David's party, which reached the south magnetic pole. New Zealand powdered milk is a serious rival to condensed milk, on account of its nutritive value and especially its keeping qualities. It is said to be much superior to condensed milk for infants' food, as it is thoroughly sterilized, contains no cane or beet sugar, and, in the process of drying the milk, the casein is divided into fine particles, as in human milk. One kind of powdered milk, made entirely from skim milk, is used largely in biscuit factories and in the manufacture of milk chocolate.



German Naval Activity.

A recent government paper issued in Great Britain, giving the total naval expenditures for

the last ten years proves how keen is the competition in naval construction among the great powers of the world. In 1901 Great Britain expended \$50,000,000 on new construction, and in 1911 the amount is \$85,000,000. Germany, which in 1901 spent \$23,000,000, in 1911 is spending \$58,000,000 on new construction. The United States spent \$26,000,000 in 1905 on new construction, and she is spending about the same amount this year. The outlay for new construction in France is about the same in both years as that of the United States. The most significant feature of this comparison is the fact that in the decade under consideration, German expenditures for new construction have nearly trebled.



Evidence of a Mine Beneath the "Maine."

According to a dispatch from Washington, the former chief constructor of the navy, Rear-Admiral Washington L. Capps, who recently inspected the operations in uncovering the "Maine," will confirm the report of the Naval Court of Inquiry of 1898, which stated that the condition of the wreckage led to the conclusion that the primary explosion took place beneath the hull of the "Maine" in the neighborhood of Frame No. 18.



Cape Cod Canal Open in 1913.

In a recent address before the Atlantic Deep Waterways Convention in Richmond, Commodore J. W. Miller stated that the Cape Cod Canal will be open in 1913. This important work will enable shipping to avoid the stormy passage around Cape Cod and to pass from Buzzards Bay into Cap Cod Bay by a short connection of eight miles. The channel will be 30 feet deep at high water, which is more than the depth of the Manchester and the Kiel canals.



Carrying Mail by Aeroplane.

According to the report of the postoffice inspectors to the postmaster-general, no less than 43,247 pieces of mail matter were despatched by aeroplane from the Nassau Boulevard Aerodome between September 23 and October 1. So enthusiastic has the postmaster-general become as to the possibility of saving time and money in delivering mail in certain districts by aeroplanes, that he has asked for an appropriation of \$50,000 to enable the post-office department to experiment thoroughly along these lines. Just as the automobile is at the present day rapidly replacing the horse in city mail delivery, so the aeroplane will no

doubt displace the fast express before many years have passed.



President of Mexico.

Francisco I. Madero was inaugurated president of Mexico on Nov. 6. The ceremony was brief and simple. It took place before the members of congress in the chamber of deputies.

The inauguration of Vice President Jose M. Pino Saurez has been postponed to a date not announced.

The arrival of President-elect Madero was first made known to those within the building by a roar of cheers from the outside. The oath was administered by the president of the chamber of deputies.



Island Arises From the Sea.

An island has suddenly risen from the sea in the Serpent's Mouth Strait between Trinidad and the Venezeulan coast. The phenomenon was preceded by an extraordinary commotion in the sea, from which burst huge volumes of flames and smoke.



Why Do Judges Fear the Recall?

Law and order end when interpreters of the law no longer possess the confidence of the people whose servants they are. Why, then, should the people be compelled to have their laws interpreted, contracted and expanded by any judge whose competency or integrity they may have learned from his judicial conduct to distrust? What man worthy a place on the judicial bench would wish to stay there if he had lost the confidence of his people? Yet judges talk as if the Recall would destroy the independence of worthy judges. A judge whose independence is so fragile a possession that it cannot endure the publicity of a popular vote of confidence or no confidence is a judge without independence. By nothing else could the independence of any public servant be better tested, raising him to higher levels of public confidence. To be removed by Recall would indeed be humiliating, and the people might sometimes make sad mistakes in their rulings, even as judges often do; but for any judge to give such general satisfaction that a Recall petition cannot be secured is to be honored, and to be retained by a vote of confidence at a Recall election is to be exalted. It is not humiliation alone that is involved in the Recall, if judges are even approximately as good as some of them say they are, or as independent as some of them profess to be.

EDITORIALS

On the Square.

It is not quite square for a man to accept privileges and accommodations from a friend without expressing his appreciation for what he received. The accommodation may have been freely granted by the friend, but it calls for courtesy and respect in turn, and whenever the opportunity is afforded the kindness should be reciprocated. People generally do not mind going out of their way to accommodate some one, providing they are sure their work is appreciated. Have you ever had a number of people come to your community to attend a convention or a conference and you were obliged to feed and lodge some of them for three or four days? Have you ever observed that most of those people accept your hospitality with only a brief word of thanks and sometimes not even that, when they went away? After all your work and worry and inconvenience, they have accepted it entirely as a matter of course, supposing that they were entitled to it as guests.

One always feels that such generous acceptance without any thanks is not quite on the square. It would have taken very little effort on their part to show some appreciation to you for your sacrifices by an expression of thanks, and after reaching home they could have written you a word of thanks for your kindness. Remember that when we accept the hospitality of any home we are doing so at the expense and sacrifice of the hostess and any word of depreciation that we might express will make it probable that we will not soon be guests at that home again. That home is a sacred precinct and is not open for general criticism. If you did not like the way you were entertained you should have done the hostess the courtesy of keeping your dislikes absolutely to yourself and should have thanked her for the kindness extended to you while there.



Mislaidd Ability.

We are just beginning to realize that in order to survive as a nation we need to direct our efforts toward the conservation of energies, the conservation of forests, the conservation of soils, etc. Extravagance has already wrought many hardships to some sections of our land and to continue in careless, haphazard living will mean ruin to a now prosperous nation. As a people, we are, however, more wasteful in mental and moral de-

velopments than in the conservation of our material resources. Look about you in your own community and see the people of talent who are not given an opportunity to utilize that talent for the betterment of your community. There are hundreds of Sunday-schools in our own church where there are able young men and young women who are not given any chance to assist in the church and Sunday-school work. Some men make splendid trustees but they would make very poor deacons. Others would make good deacons but would make no preachers at all. Some preachers are in their very best place, as preachers, but would make poor laymen. Some young men and young women should be Sunday-school teachers, some should be Sunday-school boosters, and some should be Sunday-school officers. The secret of a successful church lies in its ability to find out "who is who" and getting the right man in the right place, and getting the right man in the right place. There are men who are so ambitious that they volunteer to be the chore boy, saddle horse and packmule all at the same time, instead of properly distributing the work. They attempt to do ten men's work rather than to see that ten men do the work properly. This is mislaidd talent. One man can do only a certain amount of work and when he undertakes more, he is not doing an honorable service either for his community or for his Creator. Generally the cause for such ambitious undertakings is a bit of jealousy. Such men would rather see a work left undone than to see it done by some one else, or they would rather attempt a task for which they are not fitted and make a botch of it, than to allow another man who is fitted for the work to do it for fear he will get the honor which they are coveting for themselves. Selfishness is really the root of the whole evil. So long as ministers, deacons, and Sunday-school workers direct their efforts toward their own honor and power instead of for the highest good of the church and the community they will remain mean, selfish little souls with more ambition than good judgment, fitted for a wee little corner in a world by themselves, where they will be entirely unmolested by other human beings. The highest service can only come from that man who lays aside all personal interests and preferences and works for the highest good of his fellows. This will often mean that he will decline a piece of work which would bring him prominence and honor in favor of another man who is better fitted for the task.

Business Ability on the Farm.

A great many boys who have a good knowledge of farming, and have had several years of practical experience take a notion the farm is too tame for them and look around for a more lucrative place of work. At any rate they fancy they would like shorter hours and better clothes. Some of them take a notion they have business ability and would like to try their hand at business. If those boys could exchange places with a lot of the city boys for ten weeks they would see their opportunities in a new light. There are thousands of city boys working in shops and factories at meager living wages who would any minute jump at the experience of the boy on the farm if they could get his knowledge of farming. It surely is an unwise move for an experienced farmer boy to set aside all his training and start in with the city boy in a factory or as a clerk that he might learn business. Are his business abilities wasted if he remains on the farm after securing his general education? No, to be sure they are not. The time is coming and even now is when the farmer needs all the business ability of a merchant to make his farm yield its highest income. Successful farmers today have their roller-top desks and their business hours just as regular, and perhaps even more so than many business men. The boy with a knowledge of farming and some inclination for business is going to be the successful farmer tomorrow, while the farmer boy who wastes the first half of his life in learning business in a large city will be obliged to waste the last half in keen competition with the boys who learned business while he was learning to be a farmer. Do not consider it a misfortune to be obliged to wear a blue shirt and overalls instead of a white shirt and creased trousers. It costs money to keep those creases in a man's trousers every day of the week, and your blue overalls can be worn six months without creasing.

Men and Religion.

The great slogan of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, in America, today is, "Remember the week day to keep it holy." The movement had its origin in New York City several months ago and is sweeping over the entire country. The purpose of this movement is to get men back to the church and once having gotten them there to keep them by giving them something to do, and by giving them something from the pulpit, other than Lorimerism or baseball dope. What the pulpit today needs is men who have a message of

life for their congregation. One of the reasons men do not go to church, is because ministers have cheapened their wares until they are on the same basis with other five-cent attractions, and since they have their house open only two hours per week it is almost hopeless for them to compete with the cheap attractions which start before most of us have our breakfast and continue until long after we have gone to sleep. The pulpit must supply something different from what can be gotten from the newspapers with much less effort by the men. The only thing that will bring men to church is to supply something there that cannot be secured anywhere else and put it up in packages that show there is genuine quality in the goods. There must be something about it that will give men higher ideals than they get from any other attraction. So long as it is only a place of relaxation, entertainment and rest men will not go to the trouble of seeking it out from other places which offer them the same advantages with a good many others in a more convenient form. Religion is more than a listless life of ease and indifference. It deals with life in its most lasting forms and it is the business of the church to help men find their proper relations toward this life. It is the business of the church to help men to distinguish between holy and unholy deportment. The primitive people in the early dawns of civilization were told, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." That was about all they could stand in their day, but with all these centuries of growth and religious training we should by this time have reached the point where we could give heed to even a more sweeping command and "remember the week day to keep it holy." We have not yet learned the full significance of the former command, but perhaps by paying some heed to the latter it will help us in some degree at least to get a clearer vision of the former.

November Snap.

Now that the cold winter days are coming on we can lay aside our sluggish habits of the summer and get around with a good deal of snap and vigor. We can fill our lungs with cool fresh air and feel the blood tingling through the tips of our fingers, and the healthy glow coming to our cheeks. There is very little occasion for us to mope around in an indifferent manner, not caring about the progress of the world, because a man with the smallest spark of ambition can be reëlectrified by a brisk walk in the cold, bracing air. Just think of the thousands of acres of good health lying all around you out in the

country where if you take proper care of your bodies you will be absolutely immune from all diseases. Remember, however, that you must give your bodies proper care or those thousands of acres of good health will turn into so many acres of diseases each one ready to pounce down upon you and make short work of your good health. Start in with November

to look after the needs of your bodies and keep it up all winter and you can save a good many doctor bills. When you are out in the open air throw back your shoulders, raise your head and lift your feet like a spirited horse and see how young you feel after a brisk walk.

THE DANGER OF FEAR

THE man who is paralyzed through fear is in no condition to make the best of what he has. If he is in a tight place, all of his faculties should be intact.

If he worries, he only incapacitates himself from doing his best. The calm, balanced mind gives assurance, confidence.

No matter what your need is, put it into the hands of faith. Do not ask how or why or when. Just do your level best, and have faith, which is the great miracle worker of the ages.

Chronic worriers are always deficient in faith. The man who has a vigorous faith that a Power infinitely wiser than he is directing and guiding the affairs of the universe, and that everything is progressing towards that grand consummation of the omniscient, omnipotent Planner, that all discord of every kind will ultimately be swallowed up in harmony, that truth will finally triumph over all error, that everything in the universe, however it may seem to be contradicted, is tending towards the final consummation of a race-plan so superb, so beneficent, so magnificent that no human mind could comprehend it,—such a man does not worry. When disappointments, losses, reverses, catastrophes, come to him, his mental balance is not disturbed, because his faith looks beyond misfortune to see the sun behind the clouds, the victory beyond the seeming defeat. No matter what happens, he knows that "God is in his heaven and all's right with the world."

Many people fail by constantly stopping to wonder how they will finally come out, whether they will succeed or not. The constant questioning of the outcome of things creates doubt, which is fatal to achievement.

The secret of achievement is concentration. Worry or fear of any kind is fatal to mental concentration and kills creative ability. The mind of a Webster could not concentrate when filled with fear, worry, or anxiety. When the whole mental organism is vibrating with conflicting emotions, efficiency is impossible. The real suffering in life is not so great, after all. The things which make us prematurely old,

which wrinkle our faces, take the elasticity out of our step, the blood from the cheek, and which rob us of joy are not those which actually happen.

A woman renowned for her great beauty has said: "Anybody who wants to be good-looking must never worry. Worry means ruination, death and destruction to every vestige of beauty. It means loss of flesh, sallowness, tell-tale lines in the face and no end of disasters. Never mind what happens, a woman must not worry. Once she understands this, she has passed a milestone on the high road to keeping her looks."

What a good thing it would be if the habitual worrier could see a picture of himself as he would have been if his mind had always been free from worry! What a shock, but what a help it would be for him to place beside it another picture of himself as he actually is—prematurely old, his face furrowed with deep worry and anxiety wrinkles, shorn of hopefulness and freshness, a picture of a man appearing many years older than in the other, where he would seem vigorous, optimistic, hopeful, buoyant!

In nearly all forms of religion fear has played a great part. The priesthood in the Middle Ages found it most effective to draw the ignorant classes to the churches and to control their acts. Ignorance is so susceptible to fear that in all periods of the world's history the temptation to take advantage of it has been very great.

Who can estimate the terrible effects of the fear of a physical hell; of eternal punishment? This doctrine has for centuries cast a gloom over the human race.

The central idea in the origin of churches was to furnish a way of relief from fear in all its various forms of expression. In other words, it was an effort of human beings to furnish relief from the things which trouble and worry, from the heart-aches of mankind. And yet these very churches have unconsciously encouraged the development of fear by using it as a weapon to whip people into church

attendance, the performance of church duties, etc.!

What a terrible thing it is for a human being, made in the Creator's image, to live in perpetual fear that something terrible is going to happen to him, here or hereafter; that he is a mere puppet of circumstances; that a cruel fate is likely at any time to appear in the guise of some dread disease or calamity!

How can one learn to develop the highest ideals of life when he holds in the mind the constant fear of death; the dread of possible momentary dissolution; the possibility of having all his life plans strangled; snuffed out in an instant? Nothing enduring, nothing permanent or solid can be built with these nightmare fears in the mind. The doleful, perpetual preparation for imminent death is abnormal and fatal to all growth; fatal to achievement; fatal to happiness.

What is fear? Whence comes its power to strangle and render weak, poor, and inadequate the lives of so many? It has absolutely no reality. It is purely a mental picture, a bogey of the imagination, and the moment we realize this it ceases to have power over us. If we were all properly trained and were large enough to see that nothing outside of ourselves can work us harm, we could have no fear of anything.

I differ from a physician who has recently stated that the emotion of fear is as normal to the human mind as that of courage. Nothing is normal which destroys one's ability, blights self-confidence, or strangles ambition. This physician evidently confuses the faculties of caution, prudence, and forethought with the fear thought which blights, destroys, and kills. The former were given us for our protection, to keep us from doing things which would be injurious, but there is not a saving virtue in fear, in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used. Its presence cripples the normal functions of all the mental faculties. The Creator never put into his own image that which would impair efficiency, cause distress, or destroy happiness. The exercise of every normal faculty or quality tends to enhance, promote, and strengthen the best in us, otherwise it would not be normal. We might as well say that discord is a good thing as to say that fear is normal.

As a nation we are too sober, too sad, and take life too seriously. Our theology and our creeds have too much anxiety and fear, too much sadness and seriousness and too little joy and gladness; too much of the shadow and too little of the sunshine of the soul in them.

Fear benumbs initiative. It kills confidence and causes indecision, makes us waver, afraid

to begin things, suspect and doubt. Fear is a great leak in power. There are plenty of people who waste more than half of their precious energy in useless worry and anxiety.

We can neutralize a fear thought by applying its natural antidote, the courage thought, the assuring, confident, faith thought, just as the chemist destroys the corrosive power of an acid by adding its opposite—an alkali. Men can not get the highest quality of efficiency and express the best thing in them when their minds are troubled and when worry is sapping their vitality and wasting their energy. The worried, angry, troubled brain can not think vigorously or clearly.

Worry is but one phase of fear, and always thrives best in abnormal conditions. It can not get much of a hold on a man who lives a clean, sane life. It thrives on the weak—those of low vitality and exhausted energy, and especially on people who live vicious lives.

Worry about disease produces disease.

The great desideratum is to keep one's physical, mental and moral standards so high that the disease germ, the worry germ, the anxious germ, can not gain a footing in our brain. Our resisting power ought to be so great that it would be impossible for these enemies to get into the brain or the body.

To keep ourselves perfectly free from our worry enemies, everything we do must be done sanely. No matter how honest we may be or how hard we may try to get on, if we are not sane in our eating, in our exercise, in our thinking, in our sleeping and living generally, we leave the door open to all sorts of trouble. There are a thousand enemies trying to gain entrance into our system and attack us at our vulnerable point.

It is the cool, calm, serene man, who when away from his work shows that he is a big enough man to leave business affairs to business hours; shows that he does not need to go home and make himself and everybody else miserable with his gloomy, long face; shows by his mental poise and calmness that he is master of the situation.

All fear is based upon the fact that the sufferer feels weak because of his consciousness of being separated from the infinite strength, supply, and when he comes into consciousness of at-one-ment with the Power that made and sustains him, when he finds that peace which satisfies and which passeth all understanding—then will he feel a sense of the glory of being; and having once touched this power and tasted the infinite blessedness, he will never be content to roam again, never be satisfied with the fleshpots of Egypt.

It is a pitiful thing to see strong, vigorous

men and women who have inherited Godlike qualities and who bear the impress of divinity, going about the world with all sorts of fears and terrors, with anxious, worried faces, as though life had been a perpetual disappointment. These are not the children God intended.

A millennium will come when fear in all its forms of expression is eliminated. Then man will rise to the majesty of perfect confidence, of sublime self-faith; a consciousness of security and freedom of which he has never be-

fore dreamed, and his power and efficiency will be multiplied a hundredfold.

Our sense of fear or terror is always in proportion to our sense of weakness or inability to protect ourselves from the cause of it. When conscious of being stronger than that which terrorized weaker persons, we have no sense of fear.

We are told that Hercules was not haunted by the fear of other men. The consciousness that he possessed superior power lifted him above anxiety or fear that others might injure him.

THE CRADLE OF GRAFT

Emeline C. Upson

TODAY the world stands aghast at the full-grown monster called graft; yet the world peacefully slept while graft was an infant principle developing in nearly every home.

It would be hard to date its birth. Its growth has been so gradual that it has eaten its way into nearly every human enterprise and interest, without detection. Now it is as difficult to place the responsibility as to punish the offender. Thus far all attempts to do either have failed. We sigh, blame and agonize, to no purpose. The best we can do with the knotty problem, is to start the pendulum in the opposite direction, and educate the race out of graft, just as it was educated into it.

The love of justice and liberty that permeated the Puritanic training of our forefathers, led them to fight for independence. The Revolutionary War was a rebellion against too much authority vested in one person.

That spirit of rebellion against authority has been magnified in each succeeding generation. Space will not permit us to trace the successive steps from liberty to license, but we will deal with conditions today.

A few years ago an American lady obtained a position as teach in a private school in Germany. Her patriotism and love of the stars and stripes were very marked. She was often seen kissing the U. S. flag which occupied a conspicuous place in her room. One day she was told that she was to have a new pupil. Upon learning that it was an American boy—the child of a tourist—she burst into tears, to the astonishment of her foreign friends. In explaining her actions she confessed with much embarrassment that American children are so much harder to control than foreign children. If human nature

is the same the world over, then we must conclude that the difference in children lies in the home training.

Almost the first thing that impresses the foreigner on coming to this country is the forwardness and lack of veneration in our children. The old precept that children should be seen and not heard is reversed. Now they are much in evidence everywhere and any attempt to restrain them usually ends in defeat.

The average child hardly gets fairly started in school until he discovers that his parents are "back numbers," and he forthwith proceeds to instruct them in the way they should go. This effrontery is commonly accepted as a natural result of the very advanced state of civilization we have attained, and of which we are duly proud.

Whenever a reform wave sweeps over the land every one is more or less affected whether in sympathy with it or not. Children are especially susceptible, and it is through them that all real reform is brought about—through education rather than immediate conversion. Thus it was that when independence was declared in America, and self-government had become an established fact, the children of these patriotic colonists were not slow to imbibe the spirit of freedom. So we trace, through easy stages, the attacks made upon the old regime of "no lickin' no larnin'" in the public schools.

First, sentiment was created against it by such forceful writers as Edward Eggleston, and several of his contemporaries—then it was legislated out. Children had some regard for authority when they understood that a flogging at school meant a worse one when they reached home. But mark you how quick they were to take advantage of the law that gave to parents the power to prosecute a teach-

er for undue severity in his methods of discipline. The effect upon the child was like magic. He at once became more self-assertive, both at school and in the home.

With the decline of brute force as a necessary factor in school management men disappeared from the ranks of the lower-grade teacher, and women qualified themselves to fill the places. And so well have they succeeded that no one would think of a return to the methods in practice one hundred years ago. But while we have chosen the better part—to govern by love rather than fear—have we not been prone to overlook some serious evils which have grown out of the reformation?

All great reform movements—in fact all progress—should be carefully watched, to see that the enemy camped along the trail does not catch us napping, and steal in and conceal himself behind shrewdly manipulated plans, to defeat the very purpose of the movement, then taunt you with the cry, "Failure!"

It seems to me that the crying need of the hour is an education in Christian citizenship. Then all necessary reforms will follow as surely as night follows day. Nor must this be left entirely to the army of educators. Every parent must feed the responsibility, and begin the foundation work at home—before the child is born, if possible.

Every boy should be taught that he is a savior of the world—that his mission on earth is to save and uplift mankind rather than to become a tyrant or grafter. The Savior of the world pointed out the way of salvation—not in the conversion to some creed, but in the simple faith in God; with the promise that those who came after him should do even greater things than he had done, if they keep his commandments.

Are we keeping his commandments?

There was never a time when there was so much agitation for "character-building" as the vital object of an education as there is today. It seems to be the universal watchword, and yet do we really comprehend what it means beyond the abstract? Do we know where to begin and what to begin on? Do we observe a child trespassing upon vacant and unguarded property, without so much as a thought of the inroads being made upon that child's brain, and what the outcome will be? Are parents teaching their children that vacant property belongs to some one, and that they have no more right there than they would if the property were occupied?

I had charge of a piece of property last summer adjoining my home. The tenant moved out, and in less than twenty-four hours the children of the neighborhood, good and bad, were ransacking the premises. There were a

few cherry trees in the yard and the children were struggling for the lion's share. Two sweet little girls came up, and seeing me, timidly asked if they might have some of the cherries. It was then dusk and I observed some one at the trees. I told the girls that since they were honest enough to ask for the cherries they might help themselves, but that I was thinking seriously of asking the city marshal to help me keep the crowd from destroying the trees. The little girls giggled, and said, "That's the marshal over there now, with his wife and four children." My mistake became a neighborhood joke, and caused many a laugh, but I didn't hear of any sermons being preached upon the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." Still we wonder why men no longer trust one another but insist upon having everything in black and white.

No man's word is considered of any value these days unless it is written. A few generations ago when a man gave his note in settlement of a transaction the parties debated as to which one should hold the note, and finally decided that the one who gave the note should keep it until it was paid.

Now, a note, besides being security is a club held over the maker of the note to compel him to fulfill his obligation. Nor can we expect much improvement while we slur the sacred teachings of the Bible. We are confronted daily with sacrilege under the caption of "Wit and Humor," such as "Do the other fellow as he would do you, but do him first."

Underlying all such sentiment is the spirit of graft and greed. The whole atmosphere is so impregnated with this contagion that it is unconsciously inhaled in every breath and exhaled in every thought and act.

Should a parent attempt to tighten the reins in his own family, his children would regard him as a monster of cruelty and injustice; and tell him other people let their children do thus and so, and he would too if he were not so "cranky."

How then are we to cooperate with teachers in this "character-building" we hear so much about these days? Do we expect our children to come out of school the finished product with a gilded dome so filled with virtues that will astound the world regardless of what the home training has been? Most certainly not! And for that reason we find some form of graft in every legitimate channel of trade. Adulteration, or short weight, is the rule rather than the exception; and no amount of legislation will eradicate the evil. It will require more than a "Pure Food" law.

Therefore, I repeat, that we must educate the race out of graft by the same process that it was educated into it.

THE ECHO OF DIVINE RIGHTS

C. C. Brannan

IN a recent number of *The Inglenook* there appeared an article by Mr. J. C. Chason under the title, "The Day of Special Privileges," which contains some expressions that are not consistent with the motto of this paper, for the motto contains the word "Progress" and there are also some arguments that seem to me to be fallacious and unjust to the masses.

We are told "There is a growing socialistic prejudice against the man of millions." I doubt not that there is a growing prejudice in the ranks of the working people against the man who has grown extremely wealthy, but it cannot accurately be called socialistic. Socialism aims only to accomplish a more just distribution of the product of industry and declares that the worker is entitled to his product. It has no quarrel with any individual merely because he is wealthy, if he acquired his fortune without doing injustice to any of his fellow-beings.

The assumption that the prejudice against wealthy people is growing, confronts us with a situation that we cannot help deploring, because it clearly indicates that a wrong is being done. Are the millionaires the victims of the ignorant, unreasoning hatred of the masses, or is it true that the methods by which these men acquired their wealth were such that they deserve the condemnation of all thoughtful Christian people? I believe that the millionaires are more sinning than sinned against. In either case the gulf between the worker and wealth is widening.

If our great fortunes were amassed without inflicting injustice upon any, then the masses are wrong, but as we look over our land of boundless natural resources, and then consider the inequality of the distribution of this great wealth which rightly belongs to us all, we feel, without having evidence of particular cases, that we and our posterity have been robbed of our birthright, and this constitutes the sources of the discontent of the toiling masses.

In the sentence, "It is not his fault that destiny has shaped his end toward success in business, while others have been marked with misfortune," I believe the author lays too heavy a charge upon destiny. We can not justly attribute to destiny the shaping of a man's life so that he can not avoid wealth, and another's so that poverty and wretchedness must be his portion.

I concede that it is not a crime for a man to be gifted with commercial acumen. Neither is it a crime for a man to possess a strong right arm or the cunning of a burglar, but if he use his strong right arm to wield a club with which to strike a neighbor or employ his cunning in relieving the homes of his community of their plate and money he becomes a social menace and is dealt with as such. Just so with the commercial acumen: the possession of it is not a crime. It is its employment to the detriment of its possessor's fellows that makes it a thing despised.

Again the author says, "Yet there is a certain class who seem to regard the millionaire as an offender against the body social. It does not occur to such people that if the fortune of the world were divided so that all would have an equal share, within a generation some men would be poor and others rich again." Yet there is method in the madness of this class, for they know, even as the author should have known, that labor creates all exchange values which go to make up the capital of the world, and they know that the millionaire could not of his own toil have produced his wealth. Consequently, he must have accumulated the product of the toil of the social body, and that, too, without giving value in return. For from whence could such value come, and how could he accumulate if he gave as much as he received?

There can be no question as to the difference in the mental and moral make-up of a failure and a success in commercial life after the failure of one and the success of the other have occurred. This is the result of environment. A minister of today would be vastly different mentally and morally after a year of gambling and debauchery, but this does not prove any material difference in the inherent capacity of the success and the failure. Neither does it prove the right of one to accumulate what he does not produce or the necessity of another losing what he does produce.

The author further says, "Heretofore the world has gone naturally about this business of showing the little fellow that he did not amount to much and making the big fellow feel that he was almost divinely called to enjoy special privileges." Yes, this old world has been busy from the earliest history down to the present, pouring out its adulation at the feet of some men clothed with temporal power and oppressing the weak and reviling the low-

ly. That was why our Savior was crucified, and the leavening influence of his crucifixion has worked down through the ages so that we have less of the spirit mentioned than ever before. May we not hope that sometime such things shall cease to be? In what more worthy cause could we enlist our powers than this of bringing the world to a recognition of those of us who are small sufficiently that we may secure what we produce for the social body or its exact equivalent? He who demands less is cowardly; he who seeks more has the instinct of the thief.

"It may be that men are born to rule, that they come stamped with the imprint of hierarchies and powers of which our philosophers know nothing. At any rate, they come." So, also, some men may be born so selfish that they would commit murder to accomplish their selfish ends. Still they rarely commit murder, because of their fear of the penalty imposed by society. Likewise, the predisposition of a man to rule or exploit his fellows should be held in check by social restraint just as any other criminal tendency.

The question, "Does anyone really, honestly believe that men like J. P. Morgan and Andrew Carnegie can be ruled by the same principles and ideas that govern the carpenter, or the cowboy?" is asked. Yes, I believe it, and I venture to assert that many of our best psychologists will declare a similar belief. Are they supernatural and not subject to the laws that govern the human mind? These men can be so governed, are subject to the same principles, but perhaps they are not so governed. A feather floating in the air and a pebble lying on the ground are both subject to gravity, a natural physical law. Stop the breeze and the feather sinks to the ground; grind the pebble to dust and release it in a breeze and it floats away, perhaps over the place where the feather is lying; still both are subject to the same law. The pebble dust, like the feather, can be governed by the same law, but temporarily it is not, because of its form and the contrary influence of the breeze. Carnegie can be governed as the carpenter, but because of his environment and greater present development he is not so governed.

Carnegie's physical and nervous organizations may be very different from that of a cowboy, and because of the different conditions under which they live I have no doubt that this is so, but this does not necessarily indicate any superiority on the part of Mr. Carnegie as viewed from the standpoint of the social body. The cowboy can throw a rope and use a rifle with greater skill than the "Laird of

Skibo," but that only indicates that he has received more training in these lines, not that he is the superior of Mr. Carnegie. One can grasp the minute details and intricacies of a round-up as readily as the other floats bonds for a steel combine. Where then is the superiority and who performs the greater social service?

I firmly believe that every man should receive the recognition he merits and that society may safely be permitted to judge, but in the case of J. P. Morgan or Andrew Carnegie society passes no judgment. The individual fixes the measure of his own merit and apportions the reward accordingly. We are all aware that the merit of a man, i. e., his value to society, can not be judged by his financial possessions.

We need farmers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, factory workers, and laborers in every field of human endeavor, but I deny that we need one single parasite either active or inactive. We do not need millionaire parasites though we do need their wealth because we, the people, produced it. Without us, their wealth as it now is would never have existed. Without them their wealth would have been created and quite likely amassed by some one else leaving us, the producers, in the same condition we are at present. Thus we see that their wealth is our product and their accumulation. We laud the spirit that prompts men like Carnegie to give us libraries and universities, but we deplore the spirit of avarice and greed that impelled them to exploit their brethren to amass the wealth of which they now restore only a part.

I believe we should try to be content if content be construed to mean happy, but not if it be construed to mean inaction or a complacent acceptance of present conditions even though we feel that they are wrong. There is a divine mission for discontent. It has brought us the entire progress of the world and it will continue to be the prime factor in the development of our race throughout eternity. There would have been no ministry by Christ if he had been content with the world as he found it.

In conclusion, I believe in the special privilege of every man to labor and to secure the full social product of his labor. I believe in the divine right of discontent, not the carping, critical, or destructive discontent, but the broad, constructive discontent that has been the motive power in all the progress of history. I deny the divine right of kings and with equal conviction I deny its echo, the right to special privileges. No man has a right to either a special or general privilege which enables him to exploit his fellow-beings for profit or pleasure, and those who advocate such things have yet to see the handwriting on the wall.

A TRIP TO CHINA

Geo. W. Hilton

Across the Plains of North Dakota and Montana.

ON Sept. 6. I hauled our baggage to town through the rain, preparatory to leaving for the coast the next day. On the following morning we took a twelve mile ride through the mud to Minot, North Dakota, the place where we took the fast train. There we found about thirty of our friends from Surrey ready to see us off. After taking some pictures of our crowd, and after all the final farewells were said we took the train on the Great Northern Railroad called the "Oregonian" and at two o'clock on Sept. 7 left Minot for the Mission Field in China.

I cannot go into detail about all that we saw on the trip but will try to give those things that might be of interest.

About five o'clock in the evening we came to Williston, North Dakota, where the Brethren have a nice little congregation. Here we were met by Brother Andrew Hutchison, who is now nearly seventy-six years old and who has been preaching the Gospel for over half a century. He has a niece who is one of our party, so he went to the coast with us to see her off.

Williston is a nice little town of several thousand people. It lies on the banks of the Missouri River, where the U. S. Government put in quite an extensive irrigation plant a few years ago, in order to reclaim a large tract of semi-desert land lying along the muddy river, which empties into the Missouri at that place. Large centrifugal pumps raise the water from the Missouri River to a large reservoir; from there it runs up the valley to another pumping station, where it is again raised to a higher level. Three very expensive pumping plants were installed there by the Government.

After leaving Williston we came to Buford, North Dakota, where we have what is called a military reservation, as near there there is also quite a large Indian reservation. At our next stop, which was in Montana, the only Indian we saw was one that was drunk and lying along the track. A fellow passenger made the remark as he saw the Indian and a saloon near by: "Well, this is first human irrigation plant we have seen," as North Dakota is a prohibition State. It seems too bad that in spite of all the laws we have against the sale



Our Friends at the Station, Minot, N. Dak.

of liquor to Indians and on Indian lands, a large part of the pension money they draw from the Government each month goes for the deadly firewater.

As we neared Culbertson, Montana, we saw many villages of tents and Indian huts. Some of these Indians are quite prosperous farmers, raising both grain and stock. As we went farther into the heart of the reservation night came upon us and we all went to bed. We awoke next morning and looking to the north we could see two large mountains standing quite alone, their summits covered with the new fallen snow. The sun came up in a clear sky and as we looked to the west and southwest we saw the Rocky Mountains themselves glistening white in the dazzling sunlight, although they were yet some eighty miles distant.

Here and there we saw the low buildings of some rancher who had isolated himself from his fellow-men in order to have plenty of grazing for his cattle. Near the track lay the carcass of some animal and as we neared it a gaunt coyote trotted slowly away. The scarcity of these animals and the entire extinction of the buffalo show to us that civilization makes its progress with a ruthless hand, and that the day when the Indian and buffalo were masters here is over forever. And as I gaze over these plains that thirty years ago were the red man's hunting grounds I see today the homestead shacks of the new settlers who brave the wind and cold of the great Northwest in order that they may have a home they can call their own. In our next article I will tell you of our trip through the Rockies themselves.

CHILD HEALTH

Florinda Twichell

THERE is a good deal of skepticism on the part of many mothers in regard to modern methods of feeding children, as well as their general management. In earlier times, not so very long ago, in fact, the busy housewife reared her large family, with little more care than is now given to a single child, whose scientific feeding has not only been the care and study of the painstaking mother, but of the family physician. Even then, it has baffled the skill of both, and after a dozen or more baby foods have been tried the child has finally died from the effects of indigestion.

Of course the mother who reared her family with so little trouble, using only common cow's milk, if artificial feeding had to be resorted to, and whose children at an early age dropped into the ordinary family diet for adults, may claim too much for her methods. The robust young children may have grown into men and women who have transmitted to their children far less healthful constitutions than they might have done with more careful training in their early childhood.

While I believe nature is the best teacher and a natural appetite is a pretty reliable guide to diet, we do not have unperturbed nature to deal with. Perhaps all disease is, in other words, a condition of being out of harmony with nature; as all sin is a condition of being out of harmony with God and his laws and plans for us.

So our great concern in rearing children is to bring them back to normal conditions. With the children of the poor, it is generally supposed that their look of emaciation, their pinched faces and hollow eyes and rickety bodies are but their natural inheritance, and that their condition can not be remedied in a single generation. But these children are often born *into* these conditions, instead of *with* them. The conditions are hereditary from *without* as well as *within*.

The Interdepartmental Committee of England, composed of most reputable physicians, advanced the idea that there are as many weak and diseased children born to the rich as to the poor; but the latter class have every advantage for remedying this great physical disadvantage to which their children are born. We do not need more medical research on the subject as much as we need a thorough knowledge of right living, to help establish a normal existence for the little ones.

We need men and women with a thorough knowledge of the simple laws of health and diet for fathers and mothers. Of course the feeding and care of children becomes in a measure an economic question, and some one has most wisely said:

"The children of the city suffer more from the quantity of the milk than from the quality, or in other words, they suffer more from the lack of sufficient milk than from poor milk." But it is not the economic phase of the subject that I wish to discuss. The subject of child health has an intensely practical side, especially for mothers. I believe every child should be taught very early the general functions of the body, the effects of articles of diet in common use, and the importance of fresh air and deep breathing.

Now the little ones are not likely to take enthusiastically to lectures on hygiene nor to remember directions for breathing, while at play in the open air. Indeed it is not desirable that they should be burdened with thoughts of health culture, which may call attention to their physical ills. I know mothers who are constantly watching their children for physical disorders. They greet the child in the morning with, "Don't you feel well? You look so pale. You will have to be very careful today and not overdo." The child is kept in, while other children are playing in the open air, and who enjoy the luxury of coming in tired and hungry at night.

The pampered child nearly always has a capricious appetite, which the mother carefully fosters. While a normal appetite may be a safe guide to the selection of food, in this case the appetite is not at all trustworthy, and of itself will be the cause of constant trouble.

I know a mother who has succeeded in making her boy believe that he is very nervous and quite unfitted to do the work of his class in school, simply by cautioning him not to overdo. He has heard her tell her friends so often that she is afraid his nerves are going to give out.

Children should receive real sympathy when they have to endure pain, but they ought to be taught to regard sickness as a misfortune and a thing to be borne with patience and as bravely as possible. Good health, while it is generally regarded as a free gift, bestowed by God on a favored few, should be counted an honor to be striven for and which every one may in a measure be responsible for himself.

There are many little devices which the wise mother uses with her children in cultivating health habits. We will suppose it is a cold morning in winter. The mother follows the little ones to the door as they start for school or for their play in the open air. With her hands on her hips and her shoulders thrown back and her head lifted high, she says:

"Now let us take our six long breaths together. See how much air our lungs will hold." Imitating the mother, each child with closed mouth breathes deeply. Then she says, "Now I will watch and see which one of you gets to the corner first—One—two—three—go." Off the little ones go on the sunny side of the street, the warm blood coursing through their veins. They are clad, not too heavily, but their clothing is evenly distributed over their bodies, and as good as they can afford, no better.

If I were to contend for flannels and wool hose, in many cases, it would become an economic question, and I am only trying to give a health talk.

One warm summer day the little boy has an attack of bowel trouble. He is not really ill. He finds at his plate at dinner a bowl of porridge or a dish of milk toast.

"You know vegetables don't go with your trouble, Johnnie," his mother says. He knows, for he has been taught. Again he may object to the brown bread, stewed prunes and cup of warm water, but a word reminds him that he is only following out a necessary diet for a few days.

The fear of cold water is often a bugbear to children, but they should be so taught that they would regard it as quite unmanly or womanly weakness to wash in warm water in the morning.

One great advantage of children acquiring these habits and many more we might mention, the most important perhaps being that of regularity in the evacuation of the bowels, is that regular habits formed relieve the mind from thought of the health of the body and makes one insensible of many little ills, and pains which come, even to those in good health.

How many times we all repeat this little prevarication in reply to a salutation from a friend, "Oh, I am quite well, thank you." Every time we say it heartily, it grows to be more of a fact, till it comes to be no longer an untruth.

It seems to me a most pitiable thing for a child to be born with a physical defect which will doom it to a life of misery or disgrace. If not so serious a matter, it is still most sad when a child must be subjected to medical treatment from its infancy.

"My child has to take medicine every day of her life," the mother says. "She has grown so tired of it, too. It seems almost cruel; yet she can not live without it." I dare say if the child could speak for herself, she would hold life very lightly.

There ought to be a radical change somewhere; a change of diet, a change of climate, the giving up of drugs for a while might work a great change. Probably doctors are not altogether to blame for these conditions. The fond parents rather insist on continually trying medical remedies. It is at best a sad condition.

The best that can come to the children in the future will come through mothers trained in common sense methods of teaching the beauty and joy of good health to their children.—*Health.*

SOMETHING TO GO BY

Churchill Williams

THE one-time fashion of hanging mottoes upon the walls of our houses fell into disrepute years since. Now and then, in some modest home, more particularly in the country, we come upon a motto in illuminated or worsted lettering; but this usually is a sentimental relic rather than a living text to the householder, and the visitor from other parts is likely to bestow upon it the indulgent smile of a civilization that has advanced beyond such things. I wonder sometimes if we have progressed so far that

we no longer need these writings on the wall. For mottoes, after all, are the utterances of those who have been our standard-bearers, and a generation such as ours, which interprets freely and often loosely for itself, seems to be in some danger without a battle-cry.

A healthy boy of eight years, who, like most boys, comes out occasionally with a remark that opens a little window into an unsuspected corner of his mind, said to his father the other day, "Tell me something to go by." Questioning disclosed that what he

wanted was a motto. Two of his boy friends had mottoes and were proud of them. It seemed that these mottoes were consulted often, and that a good many important points were settled accordingly. Our boy felt he was handicapped, and was a little ashamed. But behind that shame the father detected something more subtle—a groping sense of ideals. And to the task of choosing a motto that the boy would understand, and that would, as it were, grow up with him, he gave earnest thinking. His choice was this: "Know the truth and speak the truth." That motto, he decided, had integrity and was unassailable. He repeated it to the boy, explaining in simple words that by knowing the truth was meant looking squarely at whatever you came upon, and not allowing what you wanted to think, or what some one else wanted you to think, make you think what was right was wrong, or vice versa. In a way this was doctrine of very modern fashion, and proffering it to the boy was much like placing in his hands a two-edged sword with which he would probably cut himself badly before he learned how to use the weapon with discretion as well as valor. But the father reasoned that the rashness that brought about these wounds would soon correct itself, and that the habit which practice would breed in the boy would make him resistless in attacking whatever was unworthy in himself.

Personally, I can think of no finer motto than the one given to this boy. In seven words, it seems to me to express about all that a man needs for his well-being. Traced to its stem, much of the wrong-doing of our

world is that hypocrisy which has its roots in self-deception. In questions of personal conduct, we think what we want to think, because it is easier to do so—it is more agreeable and apparently for our temporal comfort. And so, sooner or later, we lose sight of all standards but those of our senses. We agree with what our neighbor says when we know and probably he knows that exactly the opposite is so; and thus help to form what we call public opinion—a state of apathy or sheep-like obedience upon which those with even lesser conscience than ourselves build an absolutely false and dangerous political or social edifice, to their own aggrandizement and the community's degradation. By open amusement, pharisaical distress, or silent consent, we give our endorsement to an exaggeration or a lie about a neighbor, and almost in a breath a man's reputation is gone. And in every instance the process by which we assist in disguising and spreading these lies begins automatically within us, and it is within our power to check it at the start. For it is given us to see clearly, if we will. And truth it is impossible to mistake. Whether or not truth's bright countenance wears for us a smile, we know it for truth, notwithstanding. Of the truth of whatever Providence has allowed to come within our ken, since the beginning, no man need be in doubt for longer than it takes him to look at it with mind open and eye single to the truth. And yet, and yet oftenest, we will not do so because we deliberately mistake wishes for faith, belief for reason, opinion for judgment.—*Lippincott's*.

DEVOTION REWARDED

Mrs. Marie Trego

UNDER the dull gaslight of a modestly-furnished flat in the suburb of the city, sat Mabel Maxwell, in a deep study.

The scale of descent from luxury to a place where she was obliged to practice the closest economy, had been a rapid one.

Three years before, her father, John Maxwell, had been a man of wealth, with ambition larger than his means. The result is nearly always the same. He was swept off his financial feet, his heart broke with his fortune, and he went to his grave leaving his wife, who was never very strong, and an only child to battle with the world.

The massive old building of gray stone, surrounded by a well-kept lawn, which was shaded

by tall elms brightened here and there by blooming flowers and sparkling fountains, was sold for its indebtedness.

From the day of her husband's death, Mrs. Maxwell was a changed woman. Her support and stay having been taken from her, a terrible melancholy overshadowed her, and the moment she was left by herself this sadness overcame her.

Mabel found herself suddenly turned adrift in the self-supporting world, and realized she now was the main support of herself and mother. She applied to Mr. Dale, her father's friend, who was at the head of a large firm, telling him she had learned stenography, and

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THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

Thoughtless Words. Great Gifts.

HAVE you ever thought of how much sorrow, how much grief and trouble,—how many friends are lost and how many heartaches, caused by a few words spoken, without thinking? After they are spoken, the sting, the cruelty, the injustice or the hot tempered, unthought of wrong contained in them has struck its mark, and no amount of after attempts at atonement, smoothing over, or winning back, will take away the hurt, the first sting. So the evil, in a way, once brought out can never be recalled.

One's tongue is a powerful instrument of peace or trouble; it can lose friends, and win friends; it can impart light, and cheerfulness, and guidance, or it can bring shadow and sorrow. Ah, if we might only see the effects of words spoken upon the moment without forethought, before they are spoken! But we cannot. We cannot see the harm until it is too late to turn aside.

Every day hearts are given aches and sorrows; life friends for years are driven from each other in a few moments; trouble immeasurable occurs—the only cause a simple one, unthought of words! I wonder if you, today, brought sorrow to another's heart by letting hot words rush out uncontrolled; when, had you thought, the friend might still be ours.

Perhaps you are reading our chat by the bedside at the evening lamp; and as you read, stop here, and think well of the past day, since the sun rose in the morning—think of it all; it will come back plainly to you. Look at it carefully. Have you said or done anything, which, upon thought now, you are sorry for? Have you brought sorrow into the world where sunshine might have been?

Well, today is gone. We cannot remedy this day's faults or sorrows; they are gone beyond calling back. But there is a tomorrow coming. Tomorrow, are you going to make those same mistakes? Are you going to say again, without thinking, things that have brought sorrow and regret before? Why not profit by today's mistakes, and make tomorrow a better, nobler day?

We see the heavens spread with the glorious, far-reaching lights of a coming day; it comes, it slips by, it dies into darkness; and

again we see a new day coming with its heralds of light—a great gift from the God who gave the others; who gave for his people to get from those gifts their greatest, fullest blessing. This day will swiftly die, but each death brings the birth of a new day and each birth brings us nearer to a final end.

We have this day before us to make of it what we will. A wonderful gift from the Creator, that contains blessings in abundance. Will we let it slip by and fade into another, and yet another, without having gotten those blessings? God meant us to have them. The opportunities, the ambitions, God meant us to realize them, or he would not have placed them within our reach. Thus when the day alone is given,—the all-wise Giver has blessed us in the fullest measure; the rest he leaves to our own efforts.

We may get from that day, sorrows, grief, disappointments and evil, but how much of it is our own fault? How much of it do we bring upon ourselves? God does not send those evils to his children intentionally. We gain sorrow by our own means.

The day before us now—are we going to let it slip by without getting its blessings? Are we going to waste it? Are we going to make it light or dark, fill it with sorrow, joy, or the mistakes of yesterday; or are we going to make it a really new day? Let us make yesterday's best, today's starting point, and get from it the blessings that were really meant for us.

Let us reach today a little higher, a little nobler goal than yesterday. Just a little climb each day, a little care, a little watchfulness, a little sunshine given to replace the shadows given yesterday; a better guard each day upon our words, a little climb, and that is all that is needed.

But the days go swiftly, and if we have not gained the gift, the blessing is gone beyond our reach. To sorrow will do no good. But gain tomorrow! You know, the day that follows the coming tomorrow, may be too late to gain at all. Gain tomorrow!

Here is a simple little extract that fits our chat exactly; it is from a longer poem,—“Beyond Recall,” by Mark Conway:

God giveth us a day,
And blessed light
To reach a higher goal,
A nobler height.

He taketh back the gift,
Wouldst sorrow, fain?
'Twere given long enough
For us to gain!

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE CHRISTIAN'S VOW.

John A. Hutton, M. A.

"My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." Job 27: 6.

It is a good thing to hold up before our mind some rule or vow which we see at a glance will keep us above ourselves if we can only be faithful to it. Many of us, I am sure, continue to make no progress in our religious life simply because we do not deal definitely enough with ourselves. We promise to God and to ourselves in a general kind of way that we shall love him and obey him; and it may be that we are quite sincere. But even while we are promising this general kind of goodness we have already made up our minds that it will *only* be a general kind of goodness, that we shall in all likelihood remain very much the same as we are at the moment, that we shall neglect good things as usual, and fall into transgressions from which, indeed, we trust God will deliver us. And so we never gain any ringing victory over ourselves, and religion is apt to lose itself among the general interests of our life. A merely general promise of obedience to Christ is almost sure to be understood by ourselves as meaning a slack obedience, the mere avoidance of the greater, that is, the more public sins. Such a general promise has little power to lay hold upon us and rebuke us. When we fail at a certain point we can excuse ourselves by promising that later on we shall make up for it, and so restore the balance and not come far short. In this way, we never make any progress, never rise above ourselves, and leave ourselves behind.

There is a wiser way, and it is a way which we practice regularly if we are alive in our secular affairs. We know how the days pass and how, unless we take care, we can easily not find time to do things which, nevertheless, we know we ought to do. Arrears of these neglected things begin to accumulate, until the very fact that there are so many things left undone deadens us and disheartens us so that we add to their number still more neglected things. All the time we promise ourselves that one day we shall attend to them all, but the same force which hindered us from dealing with them in detail, hinders us from dealing with them in the mass. Meanwhile, we are unhappy, preoccupied, not free; for we are not living honorably with ourselves. We are like people who have put off some trouble, some

experience, and who, in consequence, feel as much misery, so long as it is postponed, as they would have had for one hour and been done with.

Now the only way to keep free from this burden of unfilled duties, the only way to keep up within ourselves the feeling that we are free and masters of our life, is to make plain to ourselves some definite thing which we shall do, and then permit nothing on earth to keep us back from the doing of it. This recovers for us the sense that, busy as we are and beset by the world, we are still the guide and master of our own spirit.

Well, it is some such rule that I would urge upon you and myself as the only way of health and freedom and happiness in our religious life. It is not enough that we come under a general and undefined engagement to live the Christian life. We must bind ourselves down to some specific acts of obedience.

There is something which we have fallen out of the habit of doing, something which we confess to ourselves, and feel when we are alone with God, is incumbent upon us—that, then, is a thing which we must pledge ourselves before Christ to do. For we have no more right to take credit for things which we merely purpose doing than we have to take credit for the dreams which sway our souls while we are asleep. There are things in the life of each one of us, about which we feel that, as Christian ministers, we ought to act in a certain way, and that if we fail to act in that way, we are there and then not Christian people at all. Well, we are here this morning to make those things plain to ourselves, and here and now to pledge ourselves that we shall attend to them, that we shall not give ourselves rest until we have dealt with them so thoroughly that our souls are quite at peace and we can lift up our faces to God without spot.

This private thing, which we see clearly is so important that as Christians we stand or fall according to our action with regard to it, may be anything. It may be something as big as one of the Ten Commandments, or it may be something very subtle, something which outsiders would scarcely understand, though to us it represents a real crisis, a call to choose, to act, it may even be to crucify our dearest inclination. But whatever it is, let us see quite clearly that just there we are being asked to say which side we are on, we are being

asked to say what it is that we love best of all, and whether in the last lonely choice of our soul, we are ready at any cost to take the high and holy way.

It is by our behavior face to face with those hidden issues, it is by our action as we stand at one of those crossways, that we fashion or refashion our souls, and weave that garment which we shall wear forever.

Certainly there is no other way of progress in any region of our life except this: to pledge ourselves now beyond our present attainment and thereafter to give ourselves no rest until we have performed our vow.

I am quite well aware that there are vows which no one has a right to take upon himself, just as there are vows which no authority has any right to impose upon us. For we do not know how God is going to deal with us later on. Indeed, it may be our duty to break some vow which we once upon a time laid upon ourselves. We have no right to limit God by taking such a vow upon ourselves as would exclude him henceforward from much of our life. To take such a vow is really to be dictating to God, and to be choosing our own way.

But the vow which this text expresses is one of those vows which we may take forever and ever; because there is no conceivable situation into which God will ever lead us where we would wish to break away from it. "My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." That is a definite vow which, if we are Christians, we shall wish to take, and it is a vow which, as Christians, we shall never wish to be freed from.

"My heart shall never reproach me." Shall we make that our motto henceforward? Let us think for a moment; for it is a great and searching pledge to take. And yet it is a pledge which we must take if we mean anything by our profession of Christ. "My heart shall never reproach me." Does the vow mean, "I shall never in my life do anything wrong, think anything wrong"? Yes, it may mean that, and even in that sense of it I ought not to shrink from saying that, by the help of God, I shall never in my life do anything wrong. One ought to be able to say that without any pride, meaning that, "Never shall I, of set purpose, do anything which at that moment I know to be wrong."

And yet that is not the peculiar note of the words: "My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." If, for my heart is full of subtlety, if, for I know not the things which lie coiled up within me, or the things which lie in wait for me in the world, if I should ever fall, if I should ever break my

oath of integrity towards Christ, if I should ever fall or slide into a wrong deed or a slack and unaspiring state, if ever my heart should speak to me about myself, if ever my heart should be troubled and grieved about me, about what I am doing or what I am gradually becoming, if there should ever come to me a clear moment when I see myself and am ashamed, then—and this is the vow—then, I shall not endure that dumb reproach of my heart, then I shall attend to the private rebuke, I shall be faithful to my sense of shame, I shall not put myself off with excuses or explanations. I promise that when I come to myself I shall arise and go to my Father and shall say to him, "Father, I have sinned."

We may not promise ourselves that never again shall we transgress the written law of God, or wound the heart of Christ by our behavior. We may not promise that, for we do not know ourselves entirely. But this we may promise; this, and nothing short of it, we must promise. We may pledge ourselves, here and now, that we shall never lead a double life; that we shall be loyal to God's rebuke within us; that our heart shall not reproach us, shall not cast up things in our teeth, so long as we live; that rather, when in private ways we know that Christ is displeased with us, when we are at least displeased with ourselves, when we find ourselves becoming hard or careless, turning our backs upon holier things, that, in that very hour, we shall go away by ourselves and kneel down somewhere, and lift up our hearts to our Father who seeth in secret, saying, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth," and "Lord, have mercy upon me," and "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."—*Record of Christian Work.*



DEVOTION REWARDED.

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would like to work if he could find a place for her. He saw the girl was of superior attainments, and often watched her at work, which he knew went against every ideal she had in life. But she had found it necessary to enter the wage-earning world, and so took up her life work as she found it, never murmuring nor complaining.

Returning from her work one night, she found that her mother had suddenly taken very ill. There were tears in her blue eyes, as the quiet solitude of the place was only broken by an occasional moan that came from an adjoining room, where her sick mother lay tossing

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN IDEAL KITCHEN LABORATORY.

Mrs. Alice Gitchell Kirk.

THE term "Ideal" has been misused in so many different ways that I have never quite approved of using it in connection with the term "Kitchen."

It is misleading, for we think of an "Ideal Kitchen" as only existing in imagination, fancy or idea; such perfection seeming to be practically unattainable, visionary, or fanciful. It is not with this interpretation of the word that I wish to use it in connection with "Kitchen Laboratory," but something as perfect, supremely excellent, or very desirable. With this thought it is easy to follow me with my plans for an "Ideal Kitchen."

In a recent article, Dr. Green, President of the Osteopathic Society of New York City, says: "Our kitchens swell the death rate." Are the housekeepers of the United States responsible in some measure for the many State institutions for the feeble-minded and deformed in body, which the State is obliged to support? Indifference to the fundamental principles of dietetics, disregard of the relationship of the kitchen to the health and happiness of the home; manufacture and buying of low-grade foodstuffs, might all help answer this question.

Even the food industry will not deny the proposition that disease is a result, not a cause. It is universally admitted that disease springs from physiological discord. The organs of the body do not discontinue their functions until interfered with.

The interference is brought about, according to medical science, by some agent or condition out of harmony with life. If this be true, the natural substances necessary to support that body must be all that they ought to be, and that body must possess sufficient intelligence to make a selection for food purposes of the proper substances. Where this is not being done, there is indeed something wrong in our kitchen. Perhaps under our distorted sense of values the kitchen possesses no dignity. If this be true, it is not the fault of the kitchen, but of the false conception of the kitchen, which the American housewife has obtained through her failure to see that underlying all progress, all happiness, all human efficiency, the kitchen is preëminent.

Dishwashing, scrubbing and pot cleaning is not the essence of kitchen work. Some writ-

er has well said, that, "if the housewives of America should study the meaning of the kitchen in relation to life, we would develop new national characteristics within a single generation."

Now let us suppose we are ready for this "Ideal Kitchen." Where can each of us start in our own homes today?

First, what is the location of your kitchen in relation to light and heat? Is it hot in summer and cold in winter? Is there too little light? Look your conditions over carefully and do all that you can afford to do to improve them. Have the sink and the table under windows with a pleasant outlook. Have no back yards. What we mean by that is that there should be no unsightly places around our homes, and the kitchen, where there is a continual repetition of work, should certainly have the most varied and pleasant outlook possible.

Second, right relationships of equipment in the kitchen to the work which is to be performed. This will save steps and much effort.

Third, every labor-saving device should be in every well-equipped kitchen. Some housekeepers will use one utensil better than another, but decide upon the ones which will do your work better than any other, and then use them. A good stove and perfect oven, a one-piece porcelain sink, and high enough not to stoop and break your back while washing dishes. A table which is porcelainized top, heat and grease proof, and no scrubbing or constant renewal of oil cloth. These are now just on the market.

The best refrigerator you can afford to buy and know something of refrigeration, because that is part of your business.

The ventilation of the Ideal Kitchen should be good; the walls washable, the floor of the best and most attractive linoleum you can buy, and with plenty of windows and fresh air, I see no reason why health and happiness for our entire nation should not come from our "Ideal Kitchen Laboratory."—*Health Culture.*



DEVOTION REWARDED.

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in a delirium. Then springing to her feet she exclaimed, half aloud, "What shall I do? She is growing worse rapidly; something must be done!"

Just then there was the sound of approaching footsteps, a gentle tapping at the half-open

oor, and she saw a sweet-faced, smiling lady.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a little hesitation. "I hope you'll forgive the liberty, but I have a personal interest in your mother. She and I were old schoolmates—almost inseparable. I am visiting in the city at the home of your employer, and through him learned of you, and your mother's illness; and I came, hoping to be of some service to my old friend."

"Thank you. You are very kind," responded Mabel, with a graceful inclination of the head, as she came forward to greet her newly-made acquaintance; her face pale but looking very beautiful, as the soft radiance of the gaslight fell directly on her. Medical aid was again summoned, and the doctor with a grave shake of the head gave them little encouragement.

Mrs. Maxwell soon fell into a deep sleep. Upon awakening, she struggled to a sitting posture, her eyes turning to the lady in bewilderment; her face worked with emotion as she recognized her old friend.

"Helen, can this be you?" she sweetly exclaimed, as Mrs. Hilderly approached the bedside.

"Yes, Bertha dear, it is I. I heard of your illness and came as quickly as possible."

A smile overspread the sick woman's face, and with outstretched arms the words came slowly: "Dear Helen, just the same as of other days!"

Mabel sat by her mother's bedside. Day and night had found her there, her slender white fingers clasping the feverish ones. They seemed her only link to life,—those fingers,—the one slender hold that kept her from drifting out upon the sea of eternity.

Then came the hours when she lay exhausted. A strange peacefulness stole over her soul and she passed into the great beyond. A newly-made grave in the cemetery, mother and father lying side by side; and Mabel with an inexpressible grief bestowed a farewell look as the carriage rolled down the graveled walk. A terrible loneliness enveloped her, as she faced the dreary homegoing.

"What is home without a mother? Oh, Mrs. Hilderly, can you tell me? It will not be home to me without my mother."

Clasping the weeping girl in a loving embrace, she replied: "Mabel, in passing through this,—the most sorrowful event in your life,—you have gained my deepest sympathy, and aroused in me something of an old-time love I thought was buried.

"I have a stately home and wealth at my command, but the voices, the very sound of which thrilled my heart with pleasure, have been silent, leaving me alone in the great house with my maid and those who serve me, in like

capacity. How I have longed for some one to fill the old home with love and sunshine—some one really deserving. I have found that one in you. Will you come? I am going to the city and shall return home tonight. I should like you to accompany me. Think it over, and if you choose, give me your answer there."

Mabel tried to speak—tried to tell this newly-found friend what she had been to her in the last few days, and the dark days she had anticipated when she should be separated from the one she had learned to love as her mother's friend, and her friend; but her tongue refused to speak. She was powerless to utter a word and ended in sobs.

After the grief had spent itself, she looked up with a lovelight in her eyes. "Your sympathy has come to me like the refreshing dew of heaven," she said. "It is very sweet to know that you care enough for me to share my sorrow, and my heart goes out to you in gratitude and love."

They were expected to dine that afternoon at the home of her employer. Mrs. Dale greeted her in a motherly fashion, and after they had dined Mrs. Hilderly unfolded her plan to them. They sat for a few moments in contemplation of Mabel's changed prospects.

"Well," said Mr. Dale, "she has been faithful doing the work assigned to her to the very best of her ability; trying to be cheerful under the most trying circumstances, and I feel assured there will be a mutual friendship existing between you."

That evening Mrs. Hilderly, with Mabel as her companion, started for her home in the distant city. Upon their arrival she was at once shown to her room; but, when after a gentle kiss the door closed upon her and she was left alone with her own thoughts for company, a feeling of homesickness came over her, and, seating herself in a reclining chair that had been drawn in front of an open window, she sobbed in an utter abandonment of grief, until, wearied beyond tears, she arose and retired for the night.

When she awoke, the rosy light of day was shining ruddily in the window of the beautiful apartment assigned her. She arose, going to the window, looking out upon the beautiful landscape, the spacious grounds, and lawns, showing that care and attention had been bestowed everywhere to beautify that which nature had already made beautiful. As she stood taking in the beauty of the surroundings, there came a desire to rest there always,—to linger in the peacefulness of the spot, where care and sorrow and worldly strife could surely never make their way.

(Continued on Page 1252.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—How can a person get control of his thoughts, or how concentrate thought?
C. B. E.

Answer.—Concentration of thought is a matter of discipline, which must be mastered if one expects to live beyond the realm of the mediocre. The trouble often is not with the mind so much as with the body. Efficient mental work cannot be done in a half-cared for body. When the body is robbed of its rest or when it is placed under a severe strain the mind becomes muddled and flighty and easily jumps from one thing to another, dwelling upon most anything in the world except the work in hand. The young mind is especially likely to do this because it has not been disciplined. The first step to take in training the mind is to see that you feel well. If you live in town where you do not have the outdoor chores to look after, be sure to get plenty of outdoor exercise. If you live on the farm where you have much outdoor work be sure you get the proper amount of sleep. Go to bed in the evening when you get sleepy and sleep till you wake up in the morning, then get up. Don't lounge in bed after you are awake. Lying in bed after waking up dissipates all the vitality that has been stored by the night's rest. If you respect yourself as a man roll out as soon as you wake up and get the benefit of the bracing air in a cold sleeping room. Take frequent baths and rub the body until the skin glows. Eat plenty of nourishing food but do not overeat and make yourself dyspeptic. Select the time of day for study that suits your convenience; then use that time and use it faithfully. Get your room comfortable by regulating the temperature and by proper ventilation. Adjust the light so the eyes are not strained in any way. An active mind can be dulled in ten minutes in a room where there is too strong a light or where there is bad air. After providing all these physical needs you are ready to begin your mental work. Plan all the work for the time you have before you that you can possibly do in that time. If you are going to spend an hour in study, have all the work at hand that you can possibly do in that hour and then do it. Be tremendously busy but don't get in a hurry. If your mind wanders, call it back and put it to work because you have only that one hour in which to do your work. The next hour has already been engaged for some-

thing else. Of course it will take time and practice to get full control of your mind so you can feel that you are master, but you must keep at it until you have reached your goal.



Question.—Where the wife and husband disagree frequently, what is the best way to prevent it? C. W.

Answer.—In such a case they are surely both in a bad pickle, and since they are in it, the question is, "What can be done?" Well, there really are a good many things that can be done in such a case. I think it would be well for them to spend an evening together in the parlor once in a while with no one else present. Let them recall their courtship days and the many pleasant incidents that brought them together which led to their marriage. Talk them all over again and enjoy them. Then talk about the many pleasant experiences they might now have instead of the many disagreements. Agree to agree. Let each realize the fact that their union is a companionship and that neither is boss over the other. There is no need of a boss in a home. Avoid those things about which you always disagree and replace them by things upon which you can agree. Never mention the other's mistakes nor in any way refer to them. Both make plenty of mistakes every day. If you know that you have been wrong do not be too haughty to acknowledge it, but do not expect the other to make any acknowledgment to you. The one holds just as important a place in the home as the other, and it takes the two to make the foundation of a home. The husband should not forget to tell his wife how good a wife she is, what a good housekeeper she is and what a splendid companion she makes and how much he loves her. Just think what your home would be without her. On the other hand the wife should be sure to frequently tell her husband how much he means to her and how she loves to have him at home. Both should be sure to give those tender caresses which call out the affections of the other. Never scold. If the wife is all flustered and overworked, instead of scolding, let the husband pitch in and give her a helping hand, and if the husband is overburdened let the wife give him a lift. Work together, plan together, pray together and live together. Always give credit for the other one's ideas even if they do not agree with yours. When you were married you became one and you should have the same regard for what your other half thinks as you have for what is going on in your own thinking dome. It is the wife for the husband and the husband for the wife, that makes a happy home.

The following answer to Floyd Hought's question, "How can you remedy a shotgun from scattering the shot?" was sent in by J. V. Felthouse, Seminole, Fla.

Answer.—If you are using paper shells, take a sharp knife and cut around the shell, about the middle, being careful not to cut through. If you are using a pumpgun, the cut shell must be put into the barrel; not in the magazine. This will hold the shot together to a great distance.—J. V. Felthouse.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

"Well, I've got my winter's supply of coal in, anyhow."

"Is it paid for?"

"Say, why do you always insist on bringing up something disagreeable when a fellow is trying to be optimistic?"—Chicago Record-Herald.



He was quite evidently from the country and he was also quite evidently a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitively at the little oily Jew who occupied the other half of the car seat with him.

The little Jew looked at him deprecatingly. "Nice day," he began politely.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir, I'm a clothing salesman—" handing him a card.

"But you're a Jew?"

"Yes, yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Maine where I come from I'm proud to say there ain't a Jew."

"Dot's why it's a village," replied the little Jew quietly.—Everybody's.



"Did you read this morning's Evening Journal?"

"I glanced over it last night before I went to bed."—Puck.



"See here, Mr. Casey," said Pat to the tax assessor, "shore and ye know the goat isn't worth \$8."

"Oi'm sorry," responded Casey, "but that is the law," and, producing a book, he read the following passage:

BONNET AND CAP GOODS

Our New Fall and Winter Catalog of bonnet and prayer covering materials is complete, our assortment is much larger than we have ever shown before, in fact, we can supply any materials which are needed in making Bonnets and Caps, at prices which defy competition. We could not possibly describe all of them in this space so we ask that you send in your request for samples at once and be convinced. These will be sent to you FREE of charge. We guarantee satisfaction, prepay the postage and assure prompt attention. We also carry a fine line of Auto Scarfs and Veils.

FEY BONNET SUPPLY COMPANY,

111 o. Humphrey Ave., Chicago, Oak Park, Ill.

Come to Brandon Valley, Colorado

The town of Brandon was platted and opened last spring. We have delightful climate, rich, level land, good roads, farming with and without irrigation.

The Brethren control the bank, hotel and several other businesses in the town. We want enterprising, ambitious members and their families to come and be our neighbors and make this a most desirable and prosperous moral community.



We must get in on the ground floor now while prices are low. They are going upward all the time, and will double and treble in the next one to three years.

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What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know.

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—Boston Transcript.



She—"A person is an idiot to bother a lot about his descent. Don't you think so?"

He—"Yes; unless he happens to be an aviator up in the air."
—Boston Transcript.



"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another, during a talk

"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man!" said the first speaker
"You are not a husband—you're a habit."
—Tit-Bits.



Old Maid—"But why should a great strong man like you be found begging?"

Wayfarer—"Dear lady, it is the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without an introduction."
—London Sketch.



DEVOTION REWARDED.

(Continued from Page 1249.)

She had almost completed her toilet, when some one tapped gently at the door.

"It is I," came a cheery voice. "I thought you might feel lost, so came to escort you to the library."

Mabel opened the door, clasping her arms lovingly around her dear friend's neck, and with a tender look in her eyes, said: "What have I done to deserve all this? What right have I to it?"

The answer came: "I loved your mother as a school friend; I love you for your real worth and the support and comfort you have been to her."

As she spoke, she led her into a magnificently furnished parlor, and stood by a life-sized portrait of a girl. As they gazed on the beautiful lifelike features, a look of deep wonder and amazement gradually overspread her face; and she noted the smiling lips and the look of love and happiness that beamed from the deep-blue eyes.

"Oh!" Mabel's face wore a different expression now; for, in gazing on the portrait of Mrs. Hilderly's daughter, as she looked in life, she could almost see her own likeness portrayed in the portrait of Nellie Hilderly. "I see now," she said as she tenderly caressed Nellie's mother. "You, too, have suffered, and I shall try to be to you something of what she would have been, had she lived."

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S. J. Andrews.

A Yearly Income
Over \$5000.00
From 43 Cows and
67 Acres Alfalfa

Empire, Cal., Oct. 24, 1911.

I have 99 acres adjoining the town of Empire. 67 acres of it in Alfalfa, the balance in young trees and young alfalfa. I cut my alfalfa 5 times this season. Am feeding 43 cows, 14 head young stock, and 7 horses. I sold a hundred tons alfalfa hay and have plenty left for my stock for winter. My cows average about \$90.00 each per year for butter fat.

This Ranch is worth \$350.00 per acre.

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KINDLY RETURN THIS PAGE

We have received a number of letters from our readers asking us to continue the Question and Answer department, so we give you this opportunity of sending any questions that you should like to have answered through that department. If you do not wish to have your name mentioned with the question, please tell us and we will withhold your name. Kindly give your name and address when sending in your questions.

Name,

Address,

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By JOHN T. DALE

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Just as the traveler on a country road needs some "finger posts" to guide him to his destination, so on life's highway the traveler must have finger posts to keep him on the right path. Our new book entitled "Finger Posts on Life's Highway" shows how to succeed in life. It is just the book to guide young and erring feet. Not only that, but it contains counsel and warning for maturer minds, and calm and soothing reflection for the aged.

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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

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INDUSTRY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

November 28,
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Vol. XIII.
No. 48.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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- Elgin, Illinois

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during ten years in building canals and altering watercourses to provide irrigation for 2,330,500 acres of land under 46 Carey Act segregations and 2 Government reclamation projects. The result—*homes for thousands of settlers*, in a section rich in soil, rich in water, and immeasurably rich in the agricultural production resulting from the combination of the two.

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There is still much land available in Idaho, but it is rapidly being acquired. You should go there now.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

November 28, 1911.

No. 48.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Safety Devices in Steel Mills.

CONSERVATION is the slogan of the day. We first heard of the conservation of natural resources but now attention is centered around the conservation of human life. It is a significant fact that at present more effort is made to prevent work accidents than at any time in the past. The public conscience is growing and will not permit the reckless killing of workmen that it once did. At one time factory managers gave little thought when a stooped, brown-skinned, seemingly insignificant laborer fell into a machine which instantly snuffed out his life; and the only thing that concerned the foreman was the difficulty of securing another man to fill the place. During the last few years, because of the agitation which social workers have kept up, the general sense of social justice has been gradually rising. We have come to believe that there is a human side to work accidents, that there are frequently helpless children left without the support of a father, and also a helpless mother who knows nothing of making a living. If you have ever lived in a railroad town did not the large number of widows and orphans startle you sometimes? Yes, there is a human side to the work accident. It takes only an instant for a life to be ended in a rolling mill but the family of the workman must live many years without a father. It is a realization of these conditions and of the universal carelessness in regard to proper safety devices that has induced many magazine writers on these subjects and other social workers to make a special study of the prevention of work accidents and occupational diseases.

The whole country has heard of the great steel manufacturing establishments at South Chicago and Gary. The plant at Gary, Ind., is nominally owned by the In-

diana Steel Co., but it is really the property of the Illinois Steel Co., which runs the plant at South Chicago. The Gary plant was built because there was no more room for expansion in Chicago. At one time the old plant in South Chicago had a very large accident and death list every year. It was so large that Everybody's Magazine through William Hard, a contributor, called the attention of the public to the matter. In the issue for November, 1907, a full discussion is given. In the year 1906 there were forty-six men killed in the South Chicago mill. "Twelve of them were killed in the neighborhood of blast furnaces. One was hurled out of life by a stick of dynamite. Three of them were electrocuted. Three of them were killed by falls from high places. Four of them were struck on their heads by falling objects. Four of them were burned to death by hot metal in the Bessemer converter department. Three of them were crushed to death. One was suffocated by the gas from a gas producer. One of them was thrown from an ore bridge by a high wind. One of them was hit by a red hot rail. One of them was scorched to death by slag. And ten of them were killed by railroad cars or by railroad locomotives." The Illinois Steel Co. profited by the publicity and within a few months after the article was published it had various safety committees at work, and they did their work so effectively that in the year 1910 there were only 14 men who lost their lives. The management appoints a safety committee which works in connection with a workman's committee. The officials of the company endeavor to get the whole mill interested in the saving of human lives and they offer inducements to the employees for new ideas in safety appliances. There are various safety inspectors, who it is said are much more searching than the State factory inspectors. It is encouraging



"Safety begins at the mill."

to know that such a large manufacturing concern plans to save lives as well as make dollars.

In the Survey Mr. John Fitch tells of the conditions that now exist in the two steel mills. Mr. Fitch is one of the very best authorities on the subject. Many will remember that he was a prominent member of the Pittsburgh Survey staff which aroused the careless citizens of that city two years ago. "With Chairman Campbell of the Central Safety Committee of the Illinois Steel Company I went through the South Chicago and Gary plants, and I was everywhere impressed with the spirit that prevails among the superintendents, foremen and men, of resistance to unsafe methods. It is a new spirit and one destined to accomplish incalculable good. By ingenious methods the spirit is fostered and made to grow. The slogan is 'Boost for safety,' and everybody boosts. It is a contagious thing. One of the safety inspectors said to me, 'Why, I cannot pass an obstruction on the sidewalk any more. I've got to stop and throw it off.'" The Central Safety Committee, about which all the safety work radiates, is composed of factory superintendents. Mr. Fitch was very favorably impressed with the results of this committee. "I attended a meeting of the Central Safety Committee and in it I think I discovered the secret of the remarkable work that has been accomplished. . . . Perhaps it is the thought that spending money for safety will save money for the company in the long run. I think it will. But that is not what the safety committee talked about that morning. There was something in that meeting that can be explained only on the ground of humanitarianism. It impressed me strongly and gave me more faith in my fellow-men." As a further precaution, the foremen are occasionally required to take

an examination on safety rules and when they fail to pass they are either discharged or transferred. The Illinois Steel Company furnishes a brilliant example of what can be done to protect the lives of workmen who depend upon their daily wages for a living.

Scientific Management.

The subject of Scientific Management has been discussed in the periodicals for some time and we are constantly hearing of shops in which it has been found a success. (See May issues for a more complete discussion.) This new plan in shop management has been tried out successfully in the government arsenal at Watertown where it was put to a test. Labor leaders are opposed to scientific management and this public recognition by the government will undoubtedly furnish political material in the coming campaign. On Nov. 2, Secretary of War Stimson gave the following statement to the press: "As set forth in detail in the statement which I have made public today, the war department has given considerable attention to the utilization of the methods of scientific management in the various arsenal shops of the government. The results thus far are highly gratifying and full of promise. There has been an undoubted increase in the efficiency and a material reduction in the cost of manufacture, but at the same time, and, to my mind even of greater importance these results have been obtained without in any wise endangering the interests of the workmen, either by decreasing their pay or requiring unpleasant exertion or speeding up. On the contrary, any increase in the real efficiency must accrue to the benefit of the workingmen."

When a shop is run by scientific management a study is made of the movements of the workman in order that all unnecessary exertions may be eliminated. The machinery is also arranged and so adjusted that the greatest output is made with the least energy. Mr. Taylor, the originator of the system, and system it is rather than a science, says that the coöperation of the workman must be secured to make a success and that no speeding up or exploitation of any kind should be allowed.

Public Medical Aid in Japan.

Japan is undergoing a transformation. It is becoming Americanized, and in this transformation there are evil results as well as good ones. Before the country was opened to foreigners Japan enjoyed an institution which we as Americans do not—

strong family system and home culture. The poor or needy were taken care of by their immediate relatives or friends, but now when the nation is being intoxicated by the rapid growth of industry these ties are not so strong as they once were. A breaking up of settled social institutions always causes suffering.

The Emperor of Japan is equal to the occasion and realizes that something must be done to check the increase of death rate and suffering due to such diseases as tuberculosis, trachoma, and syphilitic diseases. The poor are not able to secure medical treatment, hence, the Emperor thinks that there should be some kind of public relief. He has made the following announcement to the government officials and people: Economic changes are slowly taking place. At such a time the mind of man is prone to go astray. The government ought to most carefully consider this and make

strenuous endeavors to advance industries and to further education, so that healthy progress may result. If there are dependent ones among our people, who for lack of medical attention are allowed to die before they have reached their natural limit of life, such have our deepest concern and sympathy. We hope, therefore, by means of free dispensaries and free medical treatment, to open a way for their relief. To this end, we contribute from the Privy Purse an amount of money (1,500,000 yen) as a foundation."

A yen is worth about fifty cents in our money. Wealthy men of the kingdom also contributed to the fund until 30,000,000 yen were raised. It is said 133,000 persons die annually of tuberculosis in Japan, which is about three out of one thousand of the population. Concerning the definite plans of giving this public medical aid no information has as yet been announced.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A Real Indian Conference.

A national convention was held by American Indians on their own initiative for the advancement of their race at Columbus, Ohio, October 12-15. The annual Lake Mohonk conferences, which have done much in the past for the uplift of the Indian, have always been held under the auspices of white people. The Columbus gathering was a purely Indian affair. The only participants were men and women of Indian blood. They represented many tribes and many States. But the sole object of the convention was the benefit of the whole race of native Americans. In the program of the conference industrial problems held an important place, as well as higher education and the preservation of native Indian

lime is added. When applied to any surface, a pearly white appearance is produced.



An Imperial Chinese Printery.

A few months ago the Chinese government began to erect a modern printery that will require a total expense of \$2,000,000. Construction of the building and installation of the printing-plant have been intrusted to American architects. The present monetary system of China is so complicated that it is really a very emphatic hindrance to the development of trade and industry. In accordance with this system every individual province emits its own currency, and the standard of value is different in every province. For a long time, consequently, a persistent effort has been made to devise and introduce a uniform standard of value for the whole empire, and the construction of the printery in Peking begins the transformation of the collective monetary system of China. Two years ago the government sent Dr. Chen to Europe and America to study the machinery, and its installation, of the most efficient printeries in these countries, and in accordance with his report the governmental printery of the United States in Washington was selected as a model. It is hoped that the Imperial Chinese Printery may be finished within two years so that it can begin work when Parliament opens in 1913. Besides other experts two American engravers



A New Use for Cactus.

A consular report from Montevideo suggests that the people of the Southwestern United States, where cactus is abundant, and even a nuisance, might follow the example of the Uruguayans and utilize this plant in making whitewash. When traveling through rural districts of Uruguay one's attention is attracted by the fine white color of the farm buildings, even during the wet season. The whitewash is made from the sliced leaves of common cactus, macerated in water for 24 hours. To the creamy solution thus produced

have been employed already to supervise the installation of the plant and to instruct the Chinese in the art of engraving.



Germany and France Come to an Agreement Over Morocco.

An agreement between Germany and France over the question of a French protectorate of Morocco was made public on November 3. The Chicago Record-Herald thus summarizes the "accord": "Germany recognizes the right of France to establish a protectorate in Morocco, while both nations engage to obtain the adhesion to this accord of the other signatories to the Algeciras agreement. France, as compensation for German recognition of her protectorate in Morocco, cedes to Germany about 250,000 square kilometers in northern French Congo, touching the German Kameruns. The territory ceded is inhabited by about 1,000,000 negroes, and has a commerce valued at \$2,400,000 annually. The new German frontier starts at Monda Bay and extends to the Sanga River, thence to Kandeko and thence through the Congo, finally attaining Lake Tchad by way of the Ubanga and Leogone Rivers. France retains the right to run railroad lines across Germany territory to connect the different parts of French Central Africa." The French press is reported to be pleased at the result. While the loss of so much of the French Congo region is deplored, the creation of a great French empire in North Africa, consisting of Tunis, Algeria and Morocco, is hailed with satisfaction.



Need of Citizenship Organization.

Not a few of our social and political difficulties arise out of the lack of a common understanding, out of a genuine ignorance on the part of one class or set of interests of the point of view and objects of another class or set of interests. Nothing but mutual comprehension can cure this and mutual comprehension cannot be brought about except by intimate intercourse, by conference, by sharing a common life.

This is certainly the significance of a movement like this, which seeks to make the school the civic center of the community. By the free intercourse it promotes, by the constant conference it produces, it breaks down misunderstandings, it effects a genuine release of the real common feeling and a genuine impulse that is capable of moving a whole city or a whole people at the same time that it

keeps it within the bounds of a genuine comprehension of what is involved.

It will appear at a glance why this movement has had such noticeable and radical consequences. The old law of our life, which produced such unhappy results, particularly in politics, was the law of management, of plans formed in privacy, or interests segregated and concentrated by the private exercise of power, and the social center movement is in line with the essential principle of modern political reform. The remedy is to admit other elements, open all channels to the action of public opinion, in brief, open the flood gates of life. Do this and you have made communities and disclosed the common interest. There is no other way in which it can be done.—Woodrow Wilson.



Schools for Public Employees.

The New York bureau of municipal research announces the endowment by Mrs. E. H. Harriman and other philanthropists of an experimental school for the study of the science and art of public administration. We have schools of civics and charity. We have college courses which supply a fair preparation for careers in the public service, and some advanced cities—including Chicago—maintain efficiency bureaus in connection with the merit system for the same purpose. It is however, widely recognized that properly equipped schools for the training of men and women desirous of entering the public service under modern anti-spoils and anti-pull conditions would fill a real national want.

Employees already in the public service should be permitted or encouraged to attend the school. An interesting little experiment by the way, is about to be tried in Chicago by a professor of the University of Chicago, Mr. Kennedy, who, borrowing a German idea, offers to conduct evening classes for the benefit of municipal employees who may be disposed to attempt to increase their efficiency and add to their knowledge. Many of our city and county employees would be greatly benefited by such instruction, for we know from our pleasant experience in many directions that the best plans and intentions of the department heads go agley because inspectors don't inspect and subordinates have hazy notions concerning their duties. Much of our waste and neglect is due to ignorance. Employees should know thoroughly the laws and ordinances they are supposed to enforce, the degree of efficiency attained in their respective lines in well-governed cities, and the methods whereby that degree is attained.—Record-Herald.

EDITORIALS

Thanksgiving Season.

When looking back and seeing the good things all in the past becomes a habit it generally brings discontent and disaster. When, however, an occasional retrospection is made for the purpose of measuring the present it becomes a healthy stimulant for intelligent, aggressive action. It is a sign of weakness always be harping upon the good things of the past and it is an evidence of the fact that the person is not able to grasp the significance of the present, nor is he getting the full benefit of the advantages that are immediately at hand. The present alone is with us and for the immediate present is the most desirable and certainly it must be the best. But here comes the Thanksgiving season, and just the time of the year when we should take a look over the results of the past year's work. What shall we be thankful for and how shall we express our appreciation for our present blessings? Perhaps we will realize the importance of our blessings more if we will take the pains to measure ourselves with what we were one year ago today. How much have we gained during the last year? Are our finances in a better shape than they were a year ago, or have we squandered the harvest which has been ours during the past few months? Are we any wiser than we were and have we learned some lessons that will remain with us for future years? Have we grown to be more appreciative of good books, beautiful pictures and inspiring music? Have our eyes and ears been trained to see and hear more than we could a year ago? Have we learned a deeper meaning of friendship and have we added new friends to our circle? Have we learned to be more sympathetic toward our friends and found that they deserve credit for what they think and what they do as well as we? Have we found a larger and richer religious experience and have our souls been made more sensitive to the good around us? Have we found any closer relationships with God by opening our minds and hearts for new revelations from him? The degree in which we have made any advancement or gain in these respects depends entirely upon our own application to them. All of our efforts have been spent on any one of them our blessings must all be found in that field and likely we will be poverty stricken in the rest, not because the opportunities were not afforded but because we did not make any effort toward applying ourselves in that direction. If we have made no ad-

vancement in any respect it must be due to our own stubbornness and indifference. The opportunities have been abundant and God has blessed richly where we have allowed him to bless. Now let our songs of thanksgiving be made real by blessing others with what has been brought into our lives. Let our present season of thanksgiving be an occasion for a larger outlook for next year that we may realize more keenly the possibility of a richer life than we have had during the past.



Never Seek Pity.

It is a contemptible thing for a man or woman to seek the pity of friends. It is an evidence of weakness and an indication of lack of courage to make the best of a situation in the one who is always soliciting the pity of acquaintances. Any one is likely to meet business reverses, losses, disappointment or sorrow. Such a one always deserves our sympathies, and none but a cold-hearted wretch would ever fail to extend the hand of sympathy to one so situated. Our interest, sympathy and coöperation will do much toward helping such a one to tide over the trying moments. But for one to solicit our pity is an indication of weakness and utter helplessness. We pity a man who has failed to do his part in making a wholesome relationship with the source of his suffering, but we admire and sympathize with the man who has done everything in his power to avoid his losses, but they came in spite of all that he could do. He suffered because he was entirely helpless and could do no more, while the other man suffered because he made no attempt to avoid a misfortune. All healthy minded people welcome sympathy and interest but they despise pity and look upon it as a thing disgraceful when it is offered to them. The strong, healthy mind triumphs in the midst of its losses and at once looks with a hopeful anticipation toward that something better which must evolve from the misfortune itself. The ruins must necessarily become the soil for the success which is to follow.



Danger Ahead.

Some people are forever fretting and worrying about what lies ahead of them. They are always in fear of some unknown thing turning up in the tomorrow which will mean ruin and disaster for their career. They anticipate danger and are disappointed if they do not find it. They never stop to realize that the danger lies not ahead of them so much as within them. The engineer on a fast express never fears about the obstacles that

are on the track ahead of him so much as about the control of his engine. So long as he is sure the engine is completely under his control he knows that he can stop it the moment there is any sign of danger ahead. The minute he loses control, however, he needs to be alarmed because he knows that any obstacle on the track will mean disaster for his train. If men would give the matter a moment's thought they would discover that the danger of a wrecked career is seldom on the track ahead but it lies within the man himself. So long as he dissipates his energies and wastes his ability in looking for obstacles he is in danger of losing complete control and bringing disaster upon himself. That same energy might profitably be spent in getting acquainted with the mechanism of the man's own life, in learning how to guide, direct and manipulate his affairs so that when there is an indication of an obstacle ahead he will be able to avoid a wreck by a proper adjustment of himself. He himself must be master of himself and know that ruin will only come by some fault in his own judgment. Let him develop his judgment and by continual training discipline himself so that he will be sure of his stroke and there will be little occasion for him to rush into danger ahead. Of course it is necessary for a man to keep an intelligent eye on what lies ahead of him, but he must distinguish between keeping an intelligent watch and indulging in foolish fear.

Cordiality.

The frank cordiality of a skillful politician for six weeks before the election has a magnetic effect upon all his voters. Even his strongest enemies are often won by his genial smiles and warm handshake. They forget all the mean things they have ever said about him and look upon him as a good fellow and a desirable man as a candidate for office. The pity of it is that this politician is not seeking an office all the time instead of for the short space of a month or two preceding the election. But perhaps the greatest pity of all is that we are not all politicians seeking for a position all the time. That cordiality, even though it is only an external veneer for the occasion, has a very wholesome effect upon a community. It hushes a good many whispers, quiets numerous rumors and soothes a large number of wounded feelings. If it could be made permanent and lasting instead of only being put on it would become the community soothing syrup which would quiet all community disturbances. It would deal a death blow to all suspicion which would destroy

every occasion for ill feelings. It would renew friendships that have long been severed between people who if asked for a reason for their attitude could give no reasonable excuse for their enmity. It would unite families where sons and daughters have long refused to speak to each other because of a slight misunderstanding. It would reunite the husband and wife who have never been able to agree as to the management of their children. The cordial smile and the genial handshake are the bonds that tie lasting friendships, and push discord into oblivion. Practice it until you have developed a cordial disposition and see how welcome you will be made by every one you meet. You will feel much better and find your circle of friends increase by geometrical proportion.

The Friend Who Sticks.

Emerson said, "Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue there is in us. He flings wide open the door of existence. What questions we ask of him. What an understanding we have. How few words are needed. It is the only real society. A real friend doubles my possibilities, adds his strength to mine, and makes a well-nigh irresistible force possible to me." The example of encouragement of a friend has been the turning point in many a life. Dull boys and girls have been saved from failure and unhappiness by wise teachers or friends who saw in the possibilities that no one else could see, and which they themselves were entirely unconscious. Those who appreciate us help us to build up instead of destroy our self-confidence and they spur us on to double our power of accomplishment. There is no other stimulant and joy-giver like a true friend. Cicero said "They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; if we have received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful. Friendship is not a one-sided affair. There can be no friendship without reciprocal action. One cannot receive all and give nothing nor give all and receive nothing, and expect to enjoy the pleasures of friendship. Those who would make friends must cultivate the qualities which are admired and which attract. If you are mean, stingy and selfish no one will admire you. You must be kind, thoughtful, open-hearted and generous. You must have courage and believe in yourself and in your friends. No one admires a coward and no one will be the friend of a coward. Make a friend

cial effort to give to others that which you like to receive from them and friendship will naturally grow up.

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Austin, Texas, October 30, 1911.

Editor *The Inglenook*,

Elgin, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

Please accept thanks for the three copies of

The Inglenook. It was the first time I have had the pleasure of reading this excellent weekly, and I realize what a treat I have been missing. It is certainly a timely magazine, and one that should be in the hands of every teacher, preacher, and mother. Every one to whom I have shown same, have praised it highly, and rightly.

Very truly yours,

R. P. BABCOCK,

Sec. Texas State Board of Health.

THE PREVENTION OF TYPHOID

R. P. Babcock

LORD BEACONSFIELD once said, "The public health is the foundation upon which repose the happiness of the people and the power of a country."

The magnitude of the American life-waste is daily being brought to the attention of the great American public, and it is being made clear that much of this sickness and mortality could be avoided by the intelligent application of the science of sanitation and disease prevention, which has made marvelous advances in recent years. With this idea in view, and because we are accustomed to look upon this waste of life as dispensations of Providence, this little chat upon the prevention of typhoid fever may not come amiss, for in the mad rush of life, we little realize the many possible preventive measures, measures that a child can observe.

Typhoid fever is a preventable disease. It is a disgrace to any community for the reason that it is a result of ignorance or wilful carelessness. It can be made to disappear completely from the earth.

Typhoid fever, to be prevented, must be dealt with by both individual and united, untiring effort on the part of citizens, based upon careful and accurate knowledge of the disease, its causes, effects, etc.

Typhoid fever is caused by a germ which originates solely in a previous case of the disease and like many other disease germs, it gets into the mouth from the fingers or on something we eat or drink; growing in the body like a small plant, and by its growth and action, gives rise to the disease.

The germs are deposited in food by flies which have come in contact with discharges of a typhoid patient. The fly has small feet, but he can easily "tote" a million typhoid germs upon each foot. Flies are dirty, filthy

insects and spread many diseases. Screen them out of the kitchen, catch or kill all those who get in, and religiously keep them from all food, especially milk.

Another preventive of typhoid fever at home, is to keep the well in good condition. See that it is covered with a sound top, close-fitting, with a closed-in pump. A leaky-top well, or a well with holes around the sides, is quite likely to yield its share of typhoid fever. Beware of the "Old Oaken Bucket." It is touched by everyone, clean hands, soiled hands, dirty mouths and clean. Its good old days are past. Sing of it, if you will, paint it, dream over it,—but never, never drink from it.

Water has long been known as one of the most important carriers of typhoid fever. In cities and towns, water from a river often receives sewage from cities and towns further up stream; such a community is very likely to have many cases of typhoid among its citizens. A case of typhoid from a river or creek may affect a whole town. Ordinary branch water or creek water, even water from the friendly spring, is dangerous, as it often becomes contaminated by receiving human filth in one way or another. Limestone springs are very dangerous and hard to overcome, as it is impossible to ascertain from whence comes their supply. On top or on the sides of hills there may be, and oftentimes are, small houses; the excrement therein easily may be washed by rains into the springs, creeks, branch or river; therefore it is ever to be borne in mind that "good water is more to be prized than rubies, and food, untouched by flies is better than much fine gold."

Milk often causes typhoid, when infected with germs from human excrement. They may implant themselves into milk in several ways. Persons nursing typhoid fever may do the

milking, and more than likely fail to disinfect the hands before going into the dairy, or before handling the milk or vessels used. Adding water to milk may plant the germs, or even the water in which the vessels are washed.

Uncooked vegetables or fruit may be infected from being handled by dirty hands or from soil pollution.

It will readily be seen that the means by which typhoid is spread, by the same means, it may be prevented.

By washing the hands before eating; by

avoiding placing the hands in the mouth; by not drinking water that you know does not come from a good source, and that is rigidly protected from sewage contamination, unless it has been previously boiled; by not drinking milk without knowing where it comes from, by "swatting the fly," by seeing to it that all the stables and outhouses are kept perfectly clean and constructed in such a manner as to exclude flies—by these general precautions and the exercise of good common sense, the appearance of the dreaded typhoid fever germ can be prevented.

IS THIS THE REASON?

M. Elizabeth Binns

THERE has been much said of late years as to the reason for there being more unmarried men and women than there used to be. It is also said that those who do marry do so later in life than formerly. This may be true, apparently it is quite true. There must be a reason.

Nine men out of ten approached upon the subject will tell you that they cannot afford to marry. If they are asked how much is earned per month you will find it anywhere from fifty dollars to one hundred and fifty, and the hundred-fifty-dollar-man will be more emphatic about not being able to afford it than the fifty dollar man. They will tell you that women are too extravagant nowadays, that they want, and in many cases must have, entertainment tickets, silk stockings and fine clothes, that they cannot cook and will not keep house, and couldn't keep one if they would. This is the kind of women who are most heard about.

Among people of modest circumstances, where all the work must be done without hired help, the mother, in the effort to make her daughter attractive, in many cases has done the work herself, while the daughter took music lessons and learned other accomplishments, and so did not learn to do the many things needful if the machinery of a home is to run smoothly.

It is lamentably true that many young women, if they can keep house well, choose to hide that light under some more "fashionable" accomplishment, and keep from their friends the fact that they can skillfully do anything so common as housework.

Unfortunately much of the work about the house does not admit of the housekeeper being as attractively dressed as many young

women wish to be. By attractively is meant in the pretty aprons and dresses that can be worn when no work is to be done. To keep always clean and neat, and at the same time dainty, means a great amount of work and laborious work at that; while to remain otherwise than neat means to be unattractive. The dishwater makes the hands red, the cooking is hot work, particularly in summer, and the cook has a hard time trying to keep herself pleasant to look upon.

There is a feeling that these conditions detract from the attractiveness of the individual, consequently they are shunned where they can be, for the divine law has it that each individual instinctively desires to be as perfect as possible in the eyes of every other. That law will be obeyed as long as the world stands for it is at the very foundation of the human race, and in the divine plan is meant to be so. In obedience to this law, young women make every effort to make themselves attractive and in order to succeed they shun many of those things which men by their actions have given evidence of disliking.

Men will tell you that they have no objection to necessary untidiness in the cook, or the homely way in which she must dress, but very often the girl who can cook and keep house well, necessarily spending much time at the task, does not receive as much attention as the girl who does none of these things, and so has time to be daintily dressed and at leisure to entertain any one who will be entertained.

The old rule used to be that the young woman was to be sought in the home, but that way now seems a little bit old-fashioned and if she does not wish to remain in her father's household, she feels that she must make herself much in evidence. If she remains quietly

at home, dressing modestly, perhaps in garments of her own fashioning, she is often allowed to remain there, and it takes a brave mother, indeed, to insist that her daughter spend her time learning home-making tasks, well knowing that her daughter may be passed by for the more "accomplished" and stylishly dressed girls to whom many young men seem inclined to pay their attentions.

Most men should have no complaint in this direction, for usually as young men they shower their favors upon the more extravagant girls, each preferring to be seen out with one they term a "good dresser," while the quiet home girl is allowed to go home unattended.

Now they are complaining that they cannot afford to marry, or after marriage their wives cannot keep house. Is it not possible that if they will try seeking out the quiet, home-loving girls (and there still are a few) and paying attention to them, they may see a change? The men will have to do the seeking for that kind of girls won't do it.

At present there are hundreds of girls who feel that they must be seen and heard some-

what publicly, or they will remain to be reproached as "old maids," and are they to blame for this feeling when they can see the fate of so many of their more quiet sisters? Most mothers wish their daughters to marry and know they must attract attention to do so. Under present conditions each to outshine the other seems to be necessary, consequently there is extravagance in dress and show of leisure or accomplishments before marriage, which cannot be changed immediately after marriage to habits of economy and thriftiness. The bad habits have been some years in growing and can only be changed by effort, experience and time.

If men will show by their actions that they prefer those home-making girls, more girls will learn to be home-makers, knowing that they will be in demand, while at present they feel rather neglected for their more frivolous neighbors.

I hear some one say that girls should not plan their lives with a view to marrying only, but is that not a natural and divine law from which there is frequently no desire to escape? Oh, yes, many are independent, but not by any means all.

HUMIDITY IN LIVING ROOMS

Lillian S. Loveland

WE modern Americans, when we build a new home, have it back-plastered, or build it of brick or stone, equip it with storm windows and weather strips, lay double floors, and in every way strive to keep out the cold. Then we put in the very newest and best heating apparatus to be had, and attach a thermostat to insure even temperature; we keep our living rooms at whatever temperature we choose and think we have solved the matter. But in shutting out the cold, we also shut out the moisture in the outside air, and then we proceed to dry out what moisture does get in by our various heating appliances.

The houses in which we live are dryer in winter than the driest desert regions of the globe. For instance, the average humidity at Yuma, Ariz., is 42.9 per cent; at Santa Fe, N. M., 44.8 per cent; in the Punjab and northwestern India, 31 per cent; and in the deserts of Africa it averages from 27 to 33 per cent. The humidity of our living rooms in winter is from 15 to 36 per cent, where no effective effort has been made to raise the humidity. The average outdoor humidity in the United States

is from 60 to 70 per cent; therefore the change from indoor to outdoor humidity is very great. By relative humidity is meant, the ratio of the amount of moisture present to the amount necessary for saturation; that is: if we say the relative humidity is 50 per cent, we mean that the air contains one half as much moisture as it would if it were saturated.

In the old days when the houses were heated by fireplaces, the occupants probably suffered much discomfort from cold, but their methods of heating did not dry out the moisture in the air of their houses as is done in ours.

There are numberless ill effects which result from the extremely dry air of our living rooms; our furniture checks and cracks and falls to pieces; our pianos lose their tune; house plants get brown and wither up; our skin becomes parched, and we women, without knowing why we have to do it, apply cold cream, glycerin and the like to keep our skin moist; our throats become sore and our voices more and more harsh and scratchy. Possibly this explains the "American voice," which is such a source of ridicule among Europeans. They

do not keep their houses hot and dry as we do, because their mild climate does not require our modern heating methods. Even in northern Europe, where the cold is severe, their method of heating is primitive like that of our forefathers in this country, and they do not dry out the air as we do with our furnaces, steam and hot water heating. The dry atmosphere also acts as a stimulant to the nervous system; our sleep becomes restless and broken and we become more and more conscious that we have "nerves." The change in going from our dry living rooms to the moister air of outdoors, also makes us more subject to colds.

Furnace makers realize this state of affairs to some extent, as most furnaces are equipped with a cast-iron pan holding about twelve quarts, from which to evaporate water into the house.

During the winter of 1901, my husband, who is a meteorologist, and myself tested this furnace plan quite thoroughly. We lived in the north half of a double house, both parts being practically alike and equipped with furnaces of the same size and make. We used the water pan in our furnace, while that in our neighbor's was not used. Each day at noon for a period of three weeks, I took the humidity observations in both houses. We evaporated about two quarts of water a day from our pan, and the result was only about one per cent higher humidity in our house; a difference so slight, that it seems probable that such a small pan in a furnace is of little or no value.

Many people put small pails or pans of water just inside the registers, and I have known physicians to recommend this practice in cases of catarrh or throat troubles. We tried placing pans of water in four of the registers in addition to the pan in the furnace, and increased the evaporation to 5.9 quarts per day; when the humidity was 2.4 per cent higher in our house than our neighbor's.

From observations taken in steam and hot water heated houses, we find that there is practically no difference in the relative humidity of the air, between them and furnace-heated houses. Many people believe that hot water heating gives a moister atmosphere in the house; it does give a more even, uniform heat, but none of the moisture from the hot water itself can get into the house. The only way to raise the humidity is by the actual introduction of moisture into the house.

My husband felt that a humidity of 50 per cent in our living rooms was the correct standard to be striven for, so when, two years later, we built a modern, eight-room house, he had that in mind in planning the heating appar-

atus. We put in a regular hot air furnace, but when it was being set up he had one large galvanized iron pan and one smaller cast-iron pan fitted around the firepot, inside of the jacket of the furnace and under the radiator, so that the moisture evaporated went directly into the hot air pipes and then into the living rooms. These are in addition to the one furnished by the furnace maker, and the three pans, all told, hold seventy-two quarts of water.

In severe winter weather, when there is a hot fire in the furnace, we evaporate from 20 to 24 quarts of water in 24 hours. Ordinarily, when the thermometer is from 20 to 30 degrees outdoors, we evaporate from 12 to 15 quarts per day, and raise the humidity in the house up to 35 or 40 per cent. If we evaporated more than that, the extra moisture in the air would condense on the windows, forming steam or frost and would be a nuisance in many ways.

In a laundry with the washing going on, the humidity is probably over 90 per cent, and we know how wet and steamy the walls and ceilings are, as well as the windows. If, however, all the windows in the house were equipped with storm windows, we could keep the humidity at 50 per cent without any inconvenience, as the air space between the double windows acts as a non-conductor of cold, keeping the inner window warm and thus the moisture would not condense upon it.

To summarize, we find that evaporating 12 to 15 quarts of water daily, during average winter weather, is about the right amount for a house like ours, only partially equipped with storm windows. This keeps the humidity at 35 to 40 per cent, which is certainly a big improvement over the humidity in the average home, which is probably below 25 per cent. In steam or hot water heated houses, some definite plan could be arranged to evaporate water into the living rooms.

I wish I might say that the raising of the humidity in living rooms is a saving of fuel. One naturally thinks that since one feels the warmth more in a moist atmosphere, it would not be necessary to keep the temperature so high and therefore less coal would be required. But it requires coal to evaporate water; to evaporate 20 quarts of water requires 43,000 thermal units, or approximately three and one-half pounds of anthracite coal. This number of heat units would be sufficient to raise the actual temperature in a dwelling house, containing 14,000 cubic feet, two degrees; thus it takes as much fuel to keep a house at 68 degrees temperature and 40 per cent humidity as at 70 degrees temperature and 30 per cent

humidity. However, the lower temperature as well as the higher humidity increase our comfort and health, because the change to outside conditions is not quite so great.

We find the results well worth all the trouble and effort they cost. Our furniture does not become cracked, split or checked; the boards in the floors do not shrink and leave unsightly cracks; the woodwork keeps its form and position; our piano remains in tune very much longer; our ferns and palms grow luxuriantly (we do not have flowering plants, because we use gas for lighting, but "that's another story"); our skin feels moist and comfortable, though sometimes if my husband forgets to fill the pans and they get nearly empty, I am in great distress with a feeling of dryness in the palms of my hands, lips and nostrils, and I hasten to apply glycerin, cold

cream or something of the sort till the pans are in working order again. I think we all have better complexions. (Everyone knows the moist air of Ireland and England tends to make their women have lovely complexions); I know the condition of our hair is better than it has ever been; we have fewer colds, almost none in fact; "nerves" are practically unknown with us, and we are all remarkably good sleepers.

Our friends notice the difference in our house when they come to visit us, and speak of "the mildness of our climate," the "soft, gentle heat," the "restful and soothing atmosphere," the "pleasant feel to the air," the "sense of comfort and well-being," etc. Many of them have been inspired to make their own homes less like deserts because of our example.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

A TRIP TO CHINA

Geo. W. Hilton

Through the Rocky Mountains.

No. 2.

THE last three days on the plain it rained almost continually, but up in the mountains the rain turned to snow, and in the morning the whole range of mountains was dressed in white. Already we were beginning to pass through the great snow sheds placed here to protect the tracks from the great mountain avalanches. They are boxlike structures made a great deal like a tunnel out of extra heavy planks, then when warm weather comes and the snow loosens from the mountains and starts on its downward slide, it passes over these sheds without doing any damage to the tracks or to passing trains.

As I got my first glimpse of those majestic hills I thought of the words of the psalmist in the one hundred and twenty-first psalm. His picture is a heathen one for they looked to the hills and high places for their help and strength for that was the dwelling place of their gods. But David says, "Shall I lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength?" and his answer, "My strength cometh from Jehovah who made the heavens and the earth." His help came from God in contrast to the heathen whose help came from the hills; and as I looked at those hills I was reminded of him who is even stronger than they. "The Lord is the strength of thy life, of whom shall I be afraid?"



A Tunnel in the Rocky Mountains.

We then passed through a part of the district that suffered so severely from the great forest fires about a year ago. The gaunt old pines and cedars stripped of most of their limbs still stretch forth barren arms like grim spectres of the night. Some logging camps are still found there where they are cutting out ties for the railroad. The railroad after much winding around and doubling back almost over the same ground, reaches the little station at the top of the mountain called Summit, where I got off the train and took a picture and gathered snow for a snowball. When I think of the obstacles that had to be met and overcome to get this railroad through the mountains, and see the vast cuts, tunnels and trestles that have been made, I am

reminded that man is not mindful of the obstacles he must encounter if the money consideration is large enough.

A fellow passenger said to me yesterday "Yours is a great undertaking," and it is, but ought we not to undertake great things for the Master? The Orient is full of men who are willing to face the pneumonic plague, the trying climate, and the separation from loved ones, all for financial gain.

Why should not the followers of Christ be willing to put up with these things because of their love for souls? As we went down the mountain we followed one of those beautiful trout streams fed from the snow-capped mountains, and one can hardly keep from wishing that he might try his luck with the rod.

As we neared the Glacier National Park, a number of the higher mountains had their summits covered with clouds. If you were on the summit of one of them and were to look below all would be blackness, but to look above you would see the brightest sunshine. Things look different, according to the viewpoint of the beholder. From below all looks threatening and in a turmoil; from above all is peaceful and serene. Too many of us are living in the valley of gloom when we ought to be living among the mountain tops. We need the valleys to make us strong morally and spiritually, but the mountain-top experiences would help all of us to be stronger men and women.

At Belton, Montana, is the gateway to the new National Park. It contains 1,400 square miles of mountain peaks, lakes, streams, and glaciers. This is a great hunting and fishing resort. A short distance from Belton lies the city of Columbia Falls. This is a misnomer, however, as the city is nothing but a small village of four hundred people and the falls only a few rapids in

the river. It lies in a very fertile valley where farming is carried on quite extensively. We saw on exhibition at the station wheat and oats that were six or seven feet tall and the wheat had six rows of grain and heads nearly six inches long. Of course, we cannot judge the products from some exceptionally fine samples. Down the valley about fourteen miles lies the city of Kalispel, the only real city in the Flat head Valley. It has about seven thousand inhabitants. Near the town of White Fish which is also in this valley, are a number of large sawmills. This valley also has the reputation of being a fine fruit country.

After leaving Columbia Falls they attached a pusher engine to the train to take us over the second range of the Rocky Mountains. Here the timber had not suffered so much from fires as on the other range, and there are sawmills at every station.

Then we followed the Kootnie River, a very beautiful stream cutting its way in many places through the solid rock, and falling over numberless rapids into the deep, dark pools where the wary trout make his home. The water has that dark green color due to its depth and the reflection of the evergreen clad hills that line its banks. It seems that the pine trees take root here wherever a pine cone can get earth enough to germinate and grow. These trees clinging to the rock remind me of a famous picture of the Rock of Ages. The artist saw in his vision a great rock in the midst of a stormy sea, a shipwrecked vessel near by and a young girl clinging to the rock. And as he looked, behold a cross appeared out of the rock, dimly at first, then it grew brighter and the girl was seen clinging to the cross of Christ. "O Rock of Ages, cleave for me, let me hide myself in thee." In my next article I will tell you of our stay in the Wenatchee Valley in Washington.

"THANKSGIVING DAY"

Jos. A. Gault

A GAIN the season is approaching when a day is set aside for special thanksgiving for past blessings, a day when our nation sends up a mighty voice of appreciation for benefits received. A time when one's mind is carried back to more happy days, that are passed never to return, fond memories of our visit to the parental roof, to help eat of the many good things pre-

pared by loving hands for the especial occasion. That is what we usually think of first when Thanksgiving Day approaches. We think of a joyful reunion with loved ones, of nice brown roasts, steaming puddings, and delicious pumpkin pies, that only mother knows how to make taste the best, of groaning tables and very hungry boys and girls, who often have disagreeable feelings after eating so

heartily. But grandma's never-failing remedies for just such emergencies are always at hand.

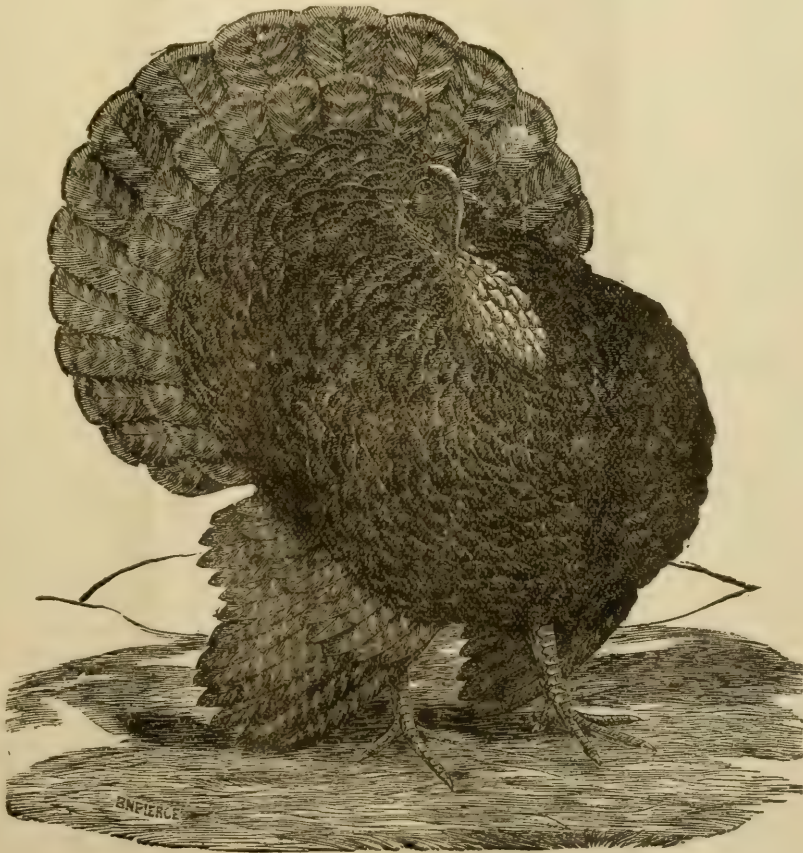
In the evening the custom of popping corn, nut cracking, and a good-night story is enjoyed by the little ones, then "hurray" for bed and dreamland. An ideal time is enjoyed by all.

But dear reader, this is just a pleasure for a few. Many, many, do not know the pleasures of a Thanksgiving Day. It is just like other days to the poor, who cannot afford such luxuries, but must spend their money for the plain, meager necessities of life. We could enjoy our own dainties more and be so much happier by making our poor happy. Let us try it this Thanksgiving Day, by making up boxes and baskets of the same good things we have ourselves and distribute them to the needy in our neighborhood, carrying smiles and good cheer into many a lonely home. Think you not, that a special prayer will ascend wishing you Godspeed, in your mission of kindness

and good cheer? We should not feel that it is a great burden, or to expect praises of men for such helping deeds, but to enter into it heart and soul, feeling it your duty, for "if you did it unto the least of these my children, you did it unto me." I wonder if you would not enjoy your Thanksgiving Day so much more in making some one else happy, and helping to lighten another's burden.

How lonely it must be for father and mother whose children are all grown, and having moved to a distant place cannot come home to cheer the lonely old parents.

If it is not possible to be home on Thanksgiving Day, write them a nice long letter of heartfelt words of good cheer. You will make the wrinkled face to smile, tears of joy to flow in fond memories of an absent one. If you know of a neglectful one who never writes home speak a kindly word to such, ask him to write to his mother, who probably thinks him dead. Oh, what joy such a letter would convey! Can you not speak a word to make another happy? Try it.



WITH THE COMING OF THANKSGIVING DAY

Jane Crane

WHAT a world of memories the coming of Thanksgiving Day brings back, from childhood to old age, of the home comings, when, as Whittier puts it in his beautiful poem:

"From East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrims and guests;
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored."

But though we are accustomed to think of the day as an essentially American institution, from the very earliest times the harvest has had its celebration; even in biblical days there were the feasts of the ingathering, and in all lands we find holidays peculiar to the season. And yet, for our own particular celebration, we keep customs with the hall-mark of New England upon them. As Christmas has its plum pudding, so Thanksgiving has its pumpkin pie.

In all the poems ever written and the stories told of this day, the table is the conspicuous feature. But is it not a mistake to overdo this? Why, for a family party, should there be overelaboration? Especially in the decorations of the table for the

feast good taste suggests simplicity, and instead of ordinary centerpieces or roses and ferns, a suggestion of the overflowing bounty of rich fruits of the harvest is the better choice: the purple and white of grapes, the red of apples and the gold of pears give the color that is needed indoors, to repeat Nature's outdoor color scheme for this season.

But better even than the dinner is the bringing together of those persons bound by ties of blood or affection. In these days of specialization is there not a danger that the very family circle may fall a victim? Sister has her friends and their functions; John's college chums claim him; even father is wanted away from home. But all this is a mistake. How jealously the old-time custom of the family reunion should be guarded, even at the expense of sacrificing for this one time the call of separate interests, "spending the time," as somebody says, "in a strain of rational goodwill and cheerfulness, doing more to awaken the sympathies of every member of the party in behalf of his neighbor during the ensuing year than half the homilies that have ever been written by half the divines that ever lived."

This is as Thanksgiving Day should be celebrated.

WONDERS OF THE BODY

MAN is the acme of the world—the masterpiece of time. In all the world there is no mechanical device which is not found in the human body. The pulley, the lever, the inclined plane, the hinge, the scissors, the grindstone, the "universal" joint, valves, filters, trapdoors, a bellows, a pump, a camera—each of these mechanical devices invented by man is merely a repetition of some part of his own body.

No waterway on earth is as perfect in design, as commodious or as populous as that great thoroughfare of the body, the blood stream. No sewerage system known to man begins to equal the ingenious methods by which the body disposes of its waste. The irrigation plants of which we are so proud are crude and simple in com-

parison with the great tubular system by which the digested food is conveyed into the blood.

The violin, the Aeolian harp, the organ—these and many other musical instruments are constructed upon principles utilized in the human body. The electric telegraph is amusingly crude compared to the nervous system of man. And even Marconi with his wireless telegraphy is merely copying the action of the individual cells of his own wonderful brain and nerve.

The far-off human, or subtler human, being, more ingenious than his fellows, was utilizing a device now known to engineers as a lever of the first class. In the strictest sense, man is the mechanical microcosm of the universe.

MILLY BROWN'S THANKSGIVING

A. M. Gillispie

MILLY BROWN gazed out of the window at the fields of ripening corn, where also pumpkins, which later were to be transformed into luscious pies, gleamed like great golden globes, in all their richness of color. There was a look of dissatisfaction on the girl's fair face, and the expression of her deep-blue eyes showed she was engrossed in serious thought. It lacked only a few weeks till Thanksgiving, and although the Brown home was always a scene of joyfulness and contented thankfulness that day, still the approaching time was sorely forgotten by the girl now standing by the window.

The fact of the case was Milly Brown had always had so much to be thankful for that it had come to accept her blessings in a matter-of-course sort of way; and, instead of the wholesome pleasures permeating her whole being, and radiating in sunny smiles from her bright young face, it had come to a place where those blessings looked quite commonplace to the pretty girl.

"I suppose I ought to be thankful for what I have," thought Milly, discontentedly, "but when my lot is compared with some other lot of my acquaintance, my blessings really are insignificant. Our home is comfortable, but not elegant. Oh, if I could live in a magnificent mansion like Hope Wethersby does, with a splendid span of horses and carriage and a Nettie Lee, or could spend my winters in California, as the Andersons do; but no, I must remain on the farm here, where one's life is an endless routine of sameness—no variety, by way of spice to one's life. Oh, how I long for excitement!" and hot, rebellious tears rolled over her rounded cheeks and splashed into the window sill, where both of her plump arms were rested. Then a sudden decision came to her. "I will do it!" she murmured, with new-born energy. "I know my mother does not think it advisable, and she possibly objects openly, but if the other girls are satisfied with this humdrum life, I am not, and I think I have arrived at an age where I am justified to think and act for myself. When a girl has arrived at an age when she has attained an age where she must decide for herself, to a great extent. Now, Aunt Sarah surely must have a liking to me, and has undoubtedly seen my hidden talents, which are, apparently, quite

overlooked by the other members of my family, or she would not have offered me a home with her, and her aristocratic daughter, Lois; and I don't believe mother appreciates Aunt Sarah, for she has always seemed to object to us girls associating with her very much. Well, I am going to have a talk with mother, and frankly tell her just what I think of the matter;" and entering the kitchen where her mother was taking great loaves of beautiful brown bread from the oven, she began the subject at once:

"Mother, I have been thinking things over, and have decided that I shall accept Aunt Sarah's offer."

Mrs. Brown quickly set the hot loaves down, and looked up at her daughter, while her cheeks flushed with excitement, as she replied:

"Oh, Milly, I am so sorry!"

"Why, mother, what possible objection can you have?"

"Well, in the first place, I truly believe a girl's first duty is to her own home. We have ample means to provide for you, Milly."

"I know, but, mother, you will have Sister Bessie left. She is of the same mind as you, and will doubtless always comply with your wishes. Bessie likes farm life, but I—well, I have higher ambitions, and Aunt Sarah is quick to note it, I think."

Mrs. Brown's cheeks flushed in deeper tint, while her eyes grew very sad, but Milly did not seem to notice it. Then the mother said, as she looked at her daughter, affectionately:

"Milly, there is another thing: Aunt Sarah and Lois are not the kind of people I would wish you to intimately associate with. You know Aunt Sarah is not your own aunt, but the widow of your Uncle John; and much as I regret to say it, she is not the type of a woman that serious-minded people like. She is shallow, and very proud. Her only ambition seems to be to dress richly, and show her elegant plumage to the world. She has no high motives, and her life, with all her wealth, must be very unsatisfactory; and such a one, as I hope, dear daughter, you will never live."

But Milly was not easily convinced. The vision of Aunt Sarah's and Lois' life of luxury had evidently greatly attracted her; and when Mrs. Brown saw that protestations were useless, she gave a reluctant consent, secretly wishing that Milly was more like the younger sister, Bessie.

From that on Milly's discontent vanished, and she grew so happy dispositioned that her mother began to think everything would be satisfactory after all.

When Milly began life in her new home, she was so dazed by the glitter of everything about her that her old life was, for the time, forgotten. Lois, though less intellectual than herself, possessed a certain society air which Milly was unacquainted with, and which she deemed was quite the proper thing. Being a close observer, she soon copied the languid airs, exactly, and was soon spoken of as the aristocratic Miss Brown. But perhaps it was owing to the girl's quick wits that, after the first excitement had worn off, her keen eyes penetrated the artificial glitter, and saw the emptiness beneath. The constant round of parties, entertainments and late suppers, where wine was served, became revolting to her really upright mind; and one evening, when a reception was in progress at her aunt's home, she became disgusted with the meaningless conversation about her. Numerous compliments were showered upon her, which she had learned by experience were very few of them sincere. She was thoroughly sick of life, which once to her inexperienced eyes seemed so rose colored.

Stealing away from the gay throng, she threw a light wrap about her and left the room, heavy with warm, perfumed air, and stepped into the outer world, which was crisply cold, and lighted by thousands of bright, twinkling stars.

She drew a breath of relief, and the pure, fresh air surging about her, reminded her of her far-away home. Then, in the stillness of the night, beneath the great star-gemmed canopy above, she compared that home, with its atmosphere of wholesomeness, with her present home where false pride and insincerity were mingled.

There was a church close by, and she knew that a choir practice was in progress. Suddenly a well-remembered Thanksgiving anthem came swelling out in musical melody. Milly, herself, had been one of a choir that had rendered that very anthem the previous Thanksgiving. The home church, the beloved pastor, and the tender associations connected with Thanksgiving services of the past came up before her, as she stood listening. In a moment she found herself humming in unison the well-remembered words of the anthem, and when it ceased she turned with a start. Present things had been entirely forgotten, and when she was suddenly brought back to them, they seemed more distasteful than ever to her, as with reluctant feet, she reëntered the

apartments, where, look which way she would, not one person could be found that her parents, or the dear old pastor of her home church would approve of.

The following morning Milly electrified her aunt with the intelligence that she was going to return home. Her only reason was that she was homesick, and wanted to spend Thanksgiving at home.

"Oh, my dear!" wailed the aunt, "I read had hopes of you, for you seemed to make such an impression on your fashionable friends." Milly's lips curled, but she answered not a word as she walked from the room, and began packing her clothes preparatory to her home-going.

There were tears of real thanksgiving in her eyes when, two days later, she leaned from the car window and let her gaze wander eagerly over fields which were now bare, but only a short time before had borne their rich load of corn and pumpkins. And when at last she was folded in her mother's protecting arms, she understood, as never before, the spirit of thanksgiving—the spirit that sees cause for thankfulness in all the countless blessings which are constantly bestowed by our Father above," who knoweth and doeth things well." ❀ ❀ ❀

THANKSGIVING DECORATIONS.

WE know of one city church that has made it a custom for many years to hold a thanksgiving service on Thanksgiving Day with peculiar and appropriate decorations. Instead of flowers, leaves, oats, corn, and the like for decoration, the church has set out a soliciting committee for contractions of food supplies to be given to the poor. As a result, on Thanksgiving Day the platform of the pulpit is laden with sorts of vegetables, arranged in artistic fashion. These things are a substantial reminder of the causes for gratitude to God, the Giver of all good gifts, as the people assemble to worship. Then in the afternoon the supplies are sent out to the poor in the care of the church.

Would not this be a good custom many churches to adopt? It serves a double purpose of suitable decoration for a special occasion and of supplying food for the hungry. It is a simple method and one that will appeal to generous-hearted people and their sons. ❀ ❀ ❀

Along the road of life the virtuous toil;
On that same road the sinful easier fleet
But at the last foreign goals are gained
Each:

For as they were in traveling, so in end

THE WEEKLY CHAT

Conducted by Shepard King.

MY son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

On every side we come in contact with those already enticed, and who, in turn, seek to entice.

A comrade may say: "Come, let's have gamel!" and insist upon your accompanying him to a poolroom or a card table. Will you go merely to keep his mechanical friendship? You are master of yourself, your own actions are in your power,—because he insists, will you go?

If a comrade came to you and said: Here, jump down into that pit!"—it is a deep pit, with rocky sides and stern shadows, at the bottom a black pool crawling with vile reptiles and hideous life; to jump to a terrible death,—would you do it because some one asked you to? Will you jump into evil because one says "Come"? We are besieged by "Come along!" and "Join in!" and all manner of entreating phrase calling to evil, must we go? We are masters of ourselves, let us be masters of ourselves!

The wiles of the tempter and the enticer are often cleverly concealed beneath seeming innocence: "Why, there's nothing in

Only a little harmless fun, come on!" and the outsider is drawn in by protestations of "innocence," and "harmlessness," until finally he doesn't have to be coaxed. His scruples are destroyed; and he is one of them. We are seldom tempted to outright wickedness at first,—but by the wiles of the tempter gradually merging from seeming innocence to positive evil; moving slowly,—that his victim may move as he moves; going gradually from innocence to degeneracy. So gradually that one does not note the changing stages until he is in the last ones!

Henry Ward Beecher shows us the importance of shunning such people completely, not allowing ourselves to mingle with them in the least:

"When wicked men mean to seduce a young man, so tremendous are the odds in favor of practiced experience against innocence, that there is not one chance in a thousand if the young man lets them approach him. Let every young man remember: he carries, by nature, a breast of passions just such as bad men have. With such they slumber, but temptation can

wake them, bad men can influence them; they know how to serenade the heart, raise the sash, and elope with each passion. There is but one resource for innocence among men and women, and that is, an embargo upon all commerce with bad men. Bar the window!—bolt the door!—nor answer their strain if they charm never so wisely! In no other way can you be safe, So well am I assured of the power of bad men to seduce the erring purity of man, that I pronounce it next to impossible to escape, if we permit bad men to approach and dally with us. Oh! there is more than magic in temptation when it beams down upon the heart of man like the sun upon a swamp! At the noontide hour of purity, the mists may rise and wreath a thousand fantastic forms of delusion; and a sudden freak of passion, a single gleam of the imagination, one sudden rush of the capricious heart, and the resistance of years may be prostrated in a moment, the heart entered by the besieging enemy,—its rooms sought out, and every lovely affection rudely seized and given to ravishment and ruin!" and all because that person allowed himself to mingle, even for a very brief while, with tempters and enticers to evil.

But why allow ourselves to mingle with them? Are there not higher companionships, nobler friendships, and higher society in which to mingle? Why seek ruin when seeking betterment is as easy? Why jump into the pit of shadows when it is but foolishly throwing your life away for naught? "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." That is a divine injunction; to disregard it is to toy with evil,—a darkened life, and a darker death.

Be not dragged into the nets of gambling, lying, vice and crime; stealing and deceit,—smoking, gaming or drink: nets which seek persistently,—drag closely,—and take in those who are indifferent as to whether they fall in or stay out. You are master of yourself,—are you going to let that mastery be overthrown and weakened by an evil which a stern eye, a strong heart, and fixed, manly principles could easily overthrow? God's help is with those who try to overthrow evil, who work against it, and who try to keep it from their hearts. With his help alone all things are accomplished.

Will you cast yourself into the pit because a "friend" asked? No! You must not. To do so is ruin. Assert your mastery of self; if your own attempts are real,—the Helper of helpers will come to your aid, and from the struggle the tempter and the enticer will flee.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

RUTH.

Professor Charles R. Erdman, D. D.

There is one book in the Bible which always takes us, in thought, out into the fields, and meadows under the summer skies. It is the little book of Ruth, which embodies a story as exquisitely beautiful as it is familiar. The story is also intensely practical. No matter in what light it is reviewed, it offers some definite message for our lives.

For instance, we might find here a striking picture of piety. We know that the word piety has fallen on evil days. Men do not like to be called pious. It suggests something of insincerity, of weakness or pretense. It is, however, a valuable word if it expresses the character of a life lived in right relation to those near of kin to God.

Filial piety is strikingly set forth in the first dramatic situation of the story. Ruth is leaving her home, and the hills of Moab are growing blue in the distance. She is urged by Naomi to turn back, but replies in words which have become proverbial as an expression of devoted loyalty:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also if aught but death part thee and me." This is very beautiful but it is also intensely practical. Are we true to those in the home circle who love us, and are we ever careful to show our appreciation of their affection and their sacrifice? Let us not delay until it is forever too late.

"A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given, before
The hungering spirit has fled.
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."

But piety is more definitely suggestive of lives lived in right relation to God. It is a picture of such lives which this book contains. The name of "the Lord" is continually upon the lips of the actors; they move through the scenes as men and women who are ever conscious of the presence

of God, and are ever seeking to please him. When, at the same time, we remember background against which the picture drawn, we are impressed with the striking message of the book. The background is "in the days when the judges ruled." And dark days they were; days of cruelty, crime and bloodshed; days so dark that godliness seems to be unknown in the land. Then Ruth lived, and Naomi, and Boaz. And this is the message, that life of truest piety can be lived wherever the Lord may lead us. We sometimes feel that true Christian lives might be possible for us, if we could continue in the spiritual atmosphere of a summer conference; but can we go back to the circle we have left or out into the spheres of our usual experience, and can we there be absolutely loyal to Christ? Let this picture give us new courage. Let us believe that the ideals we are here seeing, have been granted, and that we may be turned, as Ruth was turned towards a larger, truer life, towards the Land of Promise, and the City of God.

Or, in the second place, we might read this story as containing a romance of providence. It is a romance in the sense of the word which is most familiar; it is a love story with its fascinating dialogues, its skillfully drawn characters, and its unfolding plot. But it is also a romance of providence, for through all the scenes God is working out his gracious purpose. Of course, we might read the story differently. We might say that these things merely happened. It is true that the historian himself once uses the word at a significant crisis in the plot. He says of Ruth: "He happened to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz." So we might say that each event in the story, "It happened," we might read the book of life; and that many do. Naomi, from the first, seems to see the hand of God, but does not realize that he is acting in love. Only when the last chapter is read do we see how God is working out his gracious purpose; and possibly, only when we have read the last page in the book of life, shall we realize that God has ever been dealing with us in love, and that all things have been working together for good. We may not realize that last page until we stand in the light of the yonder land; but then we shall know that each life has been a love story, a story of the love of God.

"Our times are in his hand
Who saith: 'A whole I planned';
Trust God, see all, be not afraid."

Or, thirdly, we may read this story as containing a prophecy of redemption. Ruth is peculiarly the book of the "kinsman-redeemer." It is upon the work of the redeemer that the plot of the story turns. It will be remembered that, according to Hebrew law, no land could be permanently alienated from a family; therefore, when a piece of property was offered for sale, it was the duty of the kinsman-redeemer to purchase the land. In process of time, another custom came to be united with this, whereby, in case the land was offered for sale by a childless widow, it was expected that the purchaser would marry the widow. You will recall how Boaz, the hero of this story, illustrates the three qualifications of such a redeemer: he was not only near of kin, but also rich enough and willing to redeem; how fully he suggests the Redeemer, who for our sakes became man, who alone could "pay the price of sin," who "laid down his life for us." All that is thus symbolized of redemption we may fully understand, but such knowledge avails us little unless each one shall claim him as a personal Redeemer. It is just here the story becomes difficult,—when Ruth is sent alone, at night, to ask Boaz to perform for her the kinsman's part. We do not know enough of the customs of the time to suggest that there was aught of indelicacy in the act. It must have been difficult; but we know how certain Ruth felt of the honor and love of that kinsman; and we remember that she came out from his presence with a heart leaping with hope and joy.

It may be difficult for each one of us to go into the presence of our Lord, to surrender to him life and will and self,—to claim him as Redeemer and Savior and Lord; but no one ever comes forth from such a meeting without a new gladness, and a peace which is not of earth. To so claim a Redeemer is to give a new meaning to the book of life, even as it brings to its climax this story of Ruth. Only as we know Christ as Savior and Lord, can we experience true "piety," and only as we so live, can we be sure that "all things work together for good."

"Oh! dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too;
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do."

—Record of Christian Work.

To the man of wide, varied interests and sympathies, of true culture, of wisdom and benevolence retirement spells not "rejection" but opportunity—opportunity for the enjoyment of the nobler pleasures of life, opportunity for study, observation, disinterested social ministration. Many need rest and recreation at the age of 70, after forty-five or fifty years of toil, self-denial and sacrifice. These surely deserve the easy chair, the sense of freedom, the modest reward of merit involved in a pension and re-



THE HOE-MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

Edwin Markham, Author of "The Man With the Hoe, and Other Poems."

I count up in this song of cheer
The blessings of a busy year:

A roof so low I lose no strain,
No ripple of the friendly rain;
A chimney where all winter long
The logs give back the wild bird's song.

A field, a neighborly old ground,
Which year by year, without a sound,
Lifts bread to me and roses sweet
From out the dark below my feet.

The tree-toad that is first to cheer
With crinkling flute the green o' the year;
The cricket on the garden mound,
Stitching the dark with threads of sound.

The wind that cools my hidden spring
And sets my corn-field whispering;
And shades across, to lightly blow
Green ripples down the apple row.

The shy paths darting through the wheat,
Marked by the prints of little feet—
Gray squirrels on their thrifty round,
Crows condescending to the ground.

That leafy hollow that was stirred
A hundred mornings by a bird
That sang at daybreak on a brier,
Setting the gray of dawn afire!

The lone star and the shadowed hush
That come at evening, when the thrush
Ravels the day, so worn and long,
Into the silver of a song.

The tender sorrow, too, that came
To leave me nevermore the same;
The love and memories, and the wild
Light laughter of a little child.

Thoughts of the Wonder that awaits
The soul beyond the Darkened Gates,
That old, old Mystery that springs
Deathless, behind the veil of things.

This is my rosary of hours, inwoven of the
snows and flowers—

The year that runs from young to old,
a glint of green, a glow of gold.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING DISHES.

GIVE us something new for Thanksgiving dinner!" begs the housewife each year. Here are some suggestions, beginning with the turkey:

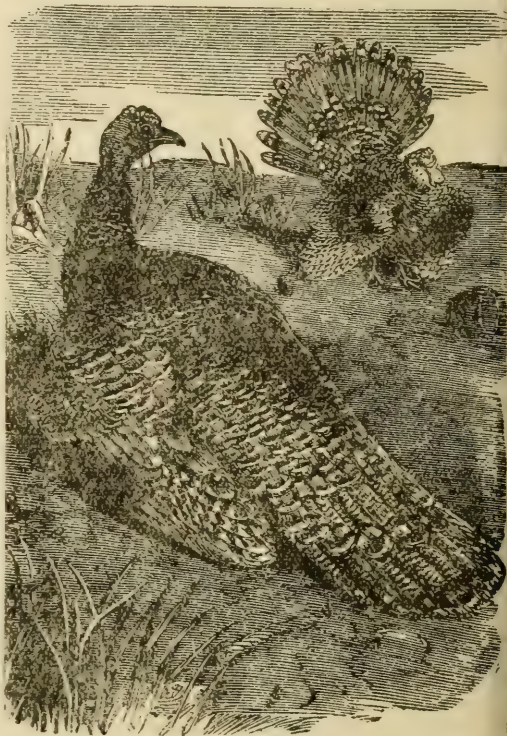
Chestnut Stuffing.—Shell a quart of French chestnuts or two quarts of the native nuts; put them in hot water and simmer until the skins can be scraped off easily; return to the water and cook till they are very soft; press a few at a time, while very hot, through a sieve, add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper; have the turkey well wiped out, fill with the stuffing and sew up.

Small Chicken Pies.—The day before Thanksgiving stew a large fowl till very tender; pick the meat off the bones and cut into even pieces; put these in baking dishes, thicken the gravy a little and pour over; on top lay a rich pie crust with a hole for the steam to escape; bake till brown and serve hot.

Macaroni and Cheese.—Cook the macaroni in salted water till it is very soft; hold the dish under the cold water faucet and let the water run on it, lifting and turning the macaroni till the outer paste which covers it is washed off. Put a layer in a very shallow baking dish and cover with a rich white sauce, made with a cup of thin cream, one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour; season with salt and pepper and cover with grated cheese. Add a second layer of macaroni and the sauce and cheese, but do not put on a third; bake till the cheese is brown. Use twice as much cheese as usual.

Stuffed Onions.—Get Bermuda onions if you can; if not, select the largest white onions you can find. Put a cup of bread crumbs in the frying-pan with a large tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper, and toss till they are brown; cut the tops off the onions and remove some of the inside with a small, sharp knife, leaving a cup; fill with the crumbs, arrange the onions in a deep dish and bake, basting frequently with mixed hot water and melted butter.

Whole Tomato Salad.—Get a can of the whole tomatoes and drain off the juice; arrange the solid part in a tin mold, preferably a circle; season well with salt and pepper; heat the juice and measure it; add water, if necessary. To a cupful add a



heaping tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in cold water; pour over the tomatoes and set on ice. Shred some celery and make a cupful of mayonnaise. Turn out the ring of tomatoes on a cold dish and surround with white celery tips; fill the inside with the crisp shredded celery and serve with the mayonnaise.

Grape and Celery Salad.—Select fine white grapes and take out the seeds by opening each one on the side and using a small, sharp knife. Put some crisp white lettuce leaves on a dish, cover with shredded celery mixed with a cup of English walnut meats and lay the grapes in a pile in the middle; put on ice till very cold and cover with French dressing.

After the main courses at a Thanksgiving dinner, pie is usually served; it is so heavy, however, that a light course of ice may make a welcome change. Here are three good cold desserts:

Plum Coupe.—Make a plain lemon ice first. Boil a pint of water with a cup and a quarter of sugar for ten minutes; add the juice of three lemons, strain and cool;

freeze very solid and dip out into glasses; on top of each one put a preserved plum, and a few canned or preserved cherries around the edge; then put a thin half slice of lemon on the edge of the glass.

Maple Cream.—Scald a pint of milk and melt in it a heaping cup of scraped maple sugar; when it is smooth, cool and add a pint of cream, whipped stiff; freeze and serve in glasses.

Peach Cream.—Mash some rich preserved peaches till you have a heaping cupful; heat, add a half cup of sugar and pour into a pint of scalded milk; cool, strain, add a cup of whipped cream and freeze.



How to Cook Potatoes.

Potatoes are low in protein and should be eaten with meat, fish and eggs.

The mineral matter lies next the skin and is quite largely lost when the potatoes are pared.

The starch of new potatoes has not reached its maturity, so they are not so easily digested as old potatoes.

Potatoes have no pronounced flavor, as may be combined with many other foods.

A peck of potatoes weighs fifteen pounds and will average from fifty to sixty potatoes. One pound may be about four potatoes of medium size. One pound may cost from one to five cents in the cities.

If pared and all bad places removed the average loss is 25 per cent. The government experts report a loss of 11 per cent. Potatoes used were unusually good and great care given to removing as little of the potato as possible.

Soak old potatoes in water.

Change the water while cooking, if strong.

Never allow potatoes to stand in the sun.

Always pour off the water as soon as done and remove the cover to allow the steam to escape.

Potatoes cooked in their jackets should be pierced to allow the steam to escape.

Baked potatoes should be rolled in a cloth till the skins burst. This prevents the potatoes from cooking too long, which makes them sticky and soggy.

Potatoes should be simmered (not boiled). It is a waste of fuel and spoils the potatoes. The rapid boiling makes them a solid paste, which is both unpalatable and indigestible.

IN THE POULTRY YARD

When you "set table" for your hens give them elbow room enough. Don't crowd them so that they have to push and work to get a mouthful.

Shape the turks up right away, ready for market. Lots of hungry folks waiting for them, and they are ready to pay a good, fair price for all you have to spare.

Turkeys can't stand confinement very well, but they will gather in every night to roost. Then is the time to give them all the corn, buckwheat and wheat they will eat.

It never seemed to me that hens running at large need anything in the way of pepper or other tonics in their food. They will pepper their own feed if you give them a chance.

A little colder weather calls for a little heavier feed.

Corn is the standby for winter feed, but it ought to be well cured.

Some folks spoil the looks of ducks and geese when dressing them by singeing the fine feathers off. Makes them look greasy and dauby.

Let dressed poultry of all kinds be cool clear through before offering it for sale. Limp poultry does not sell so well as that which is good and stiff.

Some little striped hens, with no big blood back of them at all, do wonderful things for some men. But these men know how to feed and take care of them. It certainly makes a difference.

A hen will eat at least a bushel of corn a year if she can get it. Put aside that amount for each one, and see that each one gets her share.

You can tell by the way a hen caws and looks happy that she likes a nest box supplied with good, clean-cut hay.

When hens are permitted to run on the barn floor and pick up seeds, they will not need quite so much grain. But don't think they will get all they need in that way.

It starts the biddies out good for the day to give them a breakfast of warm wheat. Corn is the best to go to bed on, and I would give that, say a full hour before dark.

Eggs in winter can only be had by good care, clean houses and a well-varied and all-round ration. With these things given, if you fail, chop the heads off your hens. They're no good.—Farm Journal.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—What is the best way to treat a fifteen year old child that talks back, or what is usually called sassing its parents? C. W.

Answer.—The treatment for such a child should have been started long ago. It is bad for any child to speak back to its parents and the practice should be curbed when the child first begins even if it is very small. Kind, firm training early in life will save many heartaches for the parents when the child gets to be fifteen years old. But the question now is, what is to be done with the child which already is fifteen years old and sasses its parents. There is no use so far as this case is concerned to tell what should have been done to avoid its present attitude toward its parents. First, we must recognize that this child is no longer a mere babe nor a young urchin with no ability to think for itself. It is in the adolescent period and is rapidly approaching maturity. We must now treat it as an intelligent, thinking human being and we must expect it to use that intelligence in its attitude towards us. Our demands upon this child must be reasonable and sensible but they must be firm. This child is likely to think that it is one of the important factors in the running of the world, a very worthy ambition but one that age and experience will temper a good deal. Give it an opportunity to think and act and to realize some of its ambitions, but also by your own dignity as parents impress upon its mind that the father and the mother are the head of the house. The child owes respect to its parents and this child must learn that it is beneath the dignity of a young gentleman or a young lady to sass parents. Appeal to the child's honor of manhood or womanhood. Be firm and reasonable with the child and be such an example of manhood as you should wish the child to imitate.

Question.—Which is the best, to be right in a wrong way or to be wrong in a right way?—J. V. F.

Answer.—Answering this question is something like whipping the devil around a stump. He is always ready to get a fellow into the wrong if there is any possibility to do so. To be right in a wrong way is in the end disastrous, so it is not a desirable position to hold. To be wrong in a right way has a disastrous effect upon

the man who holds the wrong view, so it is not a desirable position to hold. The only safe criterion for a man to follow is to always be open to new light and be willing to accept what he finds to be true. The trouble with so many of us is that we make up our minds upon a question and we are dead sure that we are right even if we are entirely in the wrong and we are not willing to admit it after we find out that we are in the wrong. Our decision should be made in view of all the light that can be thrown upon a question and if later additional light is thrown upon it we should in no way be bound to our former decision but should act in accordance with the light which we then have. What we think is right today we may learn to be wrong tomorrow and the only safe policy is for us to immediately get on the right side. There is no best in the wrong.

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Question.—What is the effect of moving pictures on children?—O. C.

Answer.—If the pictures are good the effect will be good and if the pictures are bad the effect will be bad. Not all moving pictures are bad, any more than all books are bad.

There are some which are used in displaying the sanitary or unsanitary conditions of the town or city. Some are used for the purpose of teaching children lessons in kindness, usefulness, etc. Sometimes they are used to inspire an interest in gardening, agriculture or some other occupation. A large number are used to illustrate life in other lands. All of these purposes and many more are a good thing and serve a valuable purpose in the education and development of the child. On the other hand, however, there are pictures that are positively vicious and immoral and should not be displayed either before children or grown people. The trouble lies entirely in the kind of a picture that is thrown on the canvas. Many cities and a large number of the States have laws forbidding the use of moving pictures that are in any way suggestive of immorality. So far, so good. But here is where the trouble comes in. Most of the citizens are content to elect public officers who do not have a very high standard of morality and naturally they allow many pictures to be shown that are positively immoral. If you have such a law in your State or town it is your business to see that it is enforced and to see that no unwholesome pictures are allowed to be displayed. If you do not have such a law it is your business to work until you get one. The moving pictures are being

displayed everywhere and it is our duty not to get cold feet about it but to see that the bad ones are destroyed, and that their place is filled by something good. So long as we only wish there were no moving pictures to degrade morals and wish only on general principles we will not accomplish much by our wishing. What is needed is that we wish hard enough to put our wish to positive effect.

AMONG THE BOOKS

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A man can skin 50 cats per day for ten dollars (\$2.00). It will take 100 men to operate the ranch, the net profit will therefore be about nine thousand eight hundred dollars (\$9,800) a day.

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Now, then, we will feed the rats on the carcasses of the cats, from which the skins have been taken, giving each rat a fourth of a cat.

It will thus be seen that the business will be self-supporting and automatic all the way through. The cats will eat the rats and the rats will eat the cats, and we get the skins.

Awaiting your prompt reply, and trusting that you appreciate the opportunity that I give you and which will get you rich quick, I remain.—The American College of Dream Making.

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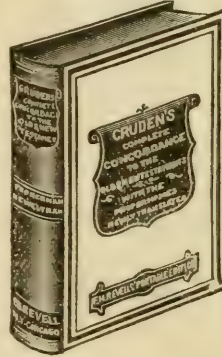
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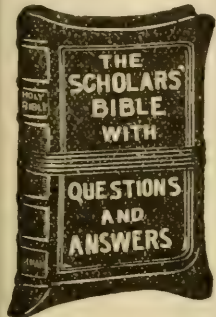
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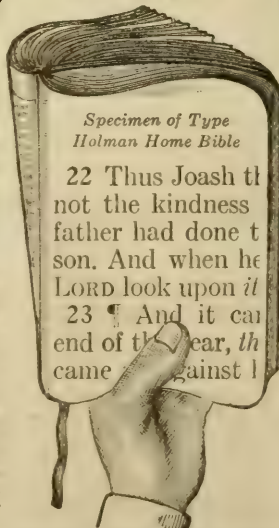
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AND DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruits, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 5.
1911.

Vol. XIII.
No. 49.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

December 5, 1911.

No. 49.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Changing Attitude Toward the Farmer.

IT is said that twenty years ago the agricultural students of Cornell University were subjected to all kinds of discourtesies and ridicule, but the attitude is a different one today. Few men enjoy the reputation of Dean Bailey. Now, the agricultural department is considered one of the most refined and cultured departments of the university. This is only a fair example of the changing attitude towards the farmer everywhere. The farmer deserves it, too. He has worked hard amidst every kind of privation, he has developed the great West, not by idle speculation but by hard work, and now he is able to live a life of culture as well as work. The farmer is taking an interest in politics and reformation. At the thirty-first annual convention of the Farmers' National Congress, held this year at Columbus, Ohio, the following resolutions were adopted, which show that some farmers are scholars as well as plowmen. Resolutions were passed in favor of the parcels post in the country, encouraging the teaching of agriculture in our public schools, a pure seed law, the discontinuance of the distribution of free seeds by members of Congress, and of the direct election of Senators. Numerous conventions pass resolutions from time to time in favor of progressive legislation but few are so inclusive in their interest. When the young men who are now in college return to the farms we can expect still better conditions than we are enjoying at present. In most communities there are yet a few people who scoff at the idea of a man with a college degree digging in the ground, just as if it is a shame for a young man to wear overalls who has secured a "B. S." or an "A. B." or even a Master's degree from some university. The rapid growth of agri-

cultural schools is telling another story.

Minnesota is one of the most progressive States in agricultural education. There are eighty-seven high schools which have agricultural departments and in almost every case the teachers are university graduates. Extension work is also done. Prof. Holden, who has charge of the extension work in Iowa, uses a method that appears to be a success. The courses are short and last for only one or two weeks. Before the courses are offered in any town the signatures of 100 business men and of 100 farmers are required who will guarantee the running expenses. This insures success to the undertaking.

Agricultural contests are becoming a feature in the United States in the improvement of life on the farm, but we shall discuss them in another issue.

Jewish Farmers.

It may seem strange to some that the Jews are becoming farmers but such is the case nevertheless. There are several settlements of Jews in the United States—the Jews like other foreigners prefer to live in communities of their own. Near the village of Ellington, Conn., and not many miles from Hartford there is a settlement of Jews who are making a success of farming. Most of the land was purchased at a low figure since the former owners neglected the farms or moved to town. Some purchases were made for \$15 an acre in tracts of 100 to 150 acres. The Jews saw a bargain in these farms and picked up every piece of land that could be bought. By careful cultivation and fertilizing these farms have been made to yield a good income. It is said that the Jews stand high in the estimation of the community, and that their moral life is above reproach. This is nothing new to students of the subject. Wherever we find the Jew, we find a

high standard of morals and refined homes.

On Nov. 12 Rev. Millar, a Universalist minister of Chicago, spoke of the Jews in his sermon. "All lovers of humanity are indebted to our Jewish brethren for the eminently practical and up-to-date method of attempting to solve the difficult problem of caring for the poor of their race.

"These philanthropists have subscribed the large sum of \$450,000 to purchase land in Wyoming, on which are to be placed 450 families, each receiving 160 acres. A loan of \$1,000 without interest, is granted each family to meet current pressing needs, and fifteen years given in which to pay for their farms.

"This new philanthropy undertakes to remove the cause of poverty by furnishing means through which each family may become self-supporting. Migration from the city is urged on all who understand farming. The time has come when men should follow the pursuits for which they are best fitted.

"This latest method furnishes an economic basis for the development of the individual. It is democratic and industrial."

There is one characteristic about the Jewish farmers that is peculiar and also significant. They usually spend their resources in developing the land and neglect the buildings. For that reason many of their homes do not show much prosperity unless one looks farther than the buildings.

The Long Road to Justice.

There is a question in the minds of many people as to whether we have the same respect for our courts and methods of legal procedure that our fathers had. Every day we hear of poor, helpless men going to some penitentiary for a minor offense, while those with money are given their liberty. But that always has been the way of the world so that such a condition now does not necessarily signify a backward movement. The thing which the public is becoming tired of is the tiresome and antiquated method of setting aside verdicts on account of technical errors; and also the ridiculous circumlocution in the statement of simple facts. We sometimes think that the language in which some legal papers are written does not deserve the name of English. Here is an example of what we as busy American people are frequently required to plod through: "That G. W. and C. W., late of the county of P. and State of Missouri, on the 16th day of January, 1904, at the county of P. and State of Missouri, did then and there, in and upon the body of one E. P., then and there being,

unlawfully, willfully, feloniously, premeditatedly, on purpose and of malice aforethought, make an assault, and with a dangerous and deadly weapon, to wit, a club, which said club was then and there of the length of four feet and of the breadth of two inches, and of weight of ten pounds, and which said club the said G. W. and C. W., then and there in the hands had and held, the said G. W. and C. W. did then and there unlawfully, willingly, feloniously, premeditatedly, on purpose and of their malice aforethought, strike and beat him, the said E. P., at and upon the right of the head of him, the said E. P., with the club aforesaid, and inflicting on and giving to him, the said E. P., in and upon the right side of the head of him, the said E. P., one mortal wound, which said mortal wound was of the length of four inches and of the breadth of two inches, of which said mortal wound, the said E. P. from said 16th of January, 1904, the year aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, until the 18th day of January, in the year aforesaid, in the county aforesaid did languish and languishing did live, on which said 18th day of January, in the year aforesaid, the said E. P., in the county and State aforesaid, of the mortal wound died. And so L. L. C., prosecuting attorney, upon his official oath as aforesaid doth say that the said G. W. and C. W., him the said E. P., in the manner and by the means aforesaid, willfully, unlawfully, feloniously, premeditatedly, on purpose and of malice aforethought, did kill and murder, against the peace and dignity of the State." In this case the jury found the defendants guilty of murder on evidence that was fully established, but the Supreme Court set aside the verdict on the ground that the indictment did not clearly tell whether the mortal wound was inflicted with the club. Do such actions teach the public to respect the courts, President Taft and other prominent jurists have been advocating a radical reform in court procedure, and we can hope for some change in the future.

Indiana Charitable Associations.

At the convention of the Indiana Charitable Associations, held at Indianapolis recently, many things were said that will arouse a greater interest in the charitable work of the State. Prof. Weatherly of the State University urged that some central organization be formed to handle such interests as better child labor legislation, better school attendance laws, medical inspection of schools, public support of play-

grounds, State workhouses for misdemeanants, better divorce legislation and other reforms of like nature. Governor Marshall said that our county jails should be used as places of temporary detention only and that we should have a State penal farm where prisoners could be given profitable employment. Several other speakers agreed with him and it is probable that the next legislature may be asked to do something with the matter. In his address, "Education for Country Life," Prof. Christie of

Purdue, said, "No man is closer to nature and has greater opportunity to work hand in hand with God than the farmer. Therefore every community should support a church which can be dedicated to the service of Christ and from which should come those influences which will make for a pure, healthy social atmosphere in the home and community." He also advocated courses of agriculture in the public schools, which he said would give more dignity to farming.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Lorimer Investigation.

The Lorimer investigating committee had heard 2,500,000 words of testimony up to October 29, and no end is in sight. While it continued sitting in Chicago, the expense was about \$750 daily. Mr. Lorimer is to be denied service upon the Republican national committee.



Leading Men for Peace Treaties.

Cardinal Gibbons has unreservedly indorsed the "unlimited" arbitration treaties with England and France and warmly urges their early ratification. The world's greatest need, he justly says, is "a breakwater against temporary passions," for nations, like individuals, will not fight in our day if they have time to think, cool and weigh consequences. No exception need be made of questions of interest, honor or sovereignty. Truly judicial arbitration can settle these better than the sword can.



Down With the Middleman.

Dr. Wiley, the government pure-food guardian, is making himself popular with the farmers. Speaking at a land convention in New York he declared: "The cry should not be back to the farms; but more compensation to the farmer. The farmer is playing a losing game, not because he does not farm well, but because he can't raise crops at a profit." In another address, in Washington, he said: "There is no need to blame the farmer for the high cost of living, for the farmer is not getting his share. He does not count the cost of his own labor or that of his family, in balancing up his accounts. It is the middleman who is making the big profit. What shall we do about it? Well, let the State and city step in if need be."

Child Labor Is Denounced.

Denouncing the greed which is responsible for child labor, Harry A. Wheler, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, urged legislation against premature employment of children before the Chicago Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in Assembly Hall, Fine Arts Building.

He appealed for some action to help children in poor families to a proper training in life and suggested that such pupils be instructed in studies that would prove useful in life.

"Every child has a right to be well environed, to happiness, to useful education and to progress. To deny those rights endangers civilization," he said. "You should consider it your duty to child life in Chicago to take up the work of caring for some one, not charity, but giving aid which will enable the recipients to help themselves."



Prevention of Tuberculosis.

The most effective work against tuberculosis in the history of Illinois will be accomplished next year by the Illinois State Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. This is indicated by promises of a record breaking sale this year over the State, of the Red Cross Christmas Seals, which provide the revenue for the war on "the great white plague." Yearly, Illinois loses about 8,000 of its men, women and children through death by tuberculosis. When such staggering figures are presented it seems incredible that by buying a little green and red sticker, no larger than an ordinary postage stamp, one has actually done an important part in checking this onslaught of death. Yet, such is the truth. For every penny derived from the sale of

these Red Cross Christmas' Seals goes to the great fight now being waged on tuberculosis by the Illinois State Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.



The Revolution in China.

The cause of the revolution in China continually gains. Canton, the largest city in China, lying opposite Hongkong in the great harbor on the south coast, formally declared its adhesion to the revolution on November 9. Nanking, besieged by the revolutionists, fell prey to the Manchu authorities within its walls. Seventy thousand Chinese fled the city with such of their belongings as they could carry, while men, women and children were being slaughtered in the streets and in their homes as revolutionists—being regarded as such if they chanced to be wearing the least touch of white (the revolutionary color) or were without queues. The number of the massacred is put at a thousand. Thirteen warships of the Imperial fleet at Shanghai went over to the revolutionists on the 14th, and it was reported on the same day at Shanghai that 2,000 Imperialists at Hankow had joined the revolution, and that the remaining Imperial gunboats at that port had also gone over.



Italian Reverses in Tripoli.

Under new and more efficient leadership the Turkish troops in Tripoli are driving the Italians back. The city of Tripoli, the especially glorious first prize of the Italian raid, is closely hemmed in by the Turks. One of the English correspondents has thus described the present situation at the city of Tripoli: "Now, 35,000 soldiers find themselves with their backs to the sea, cramped and confined, with an active enemy within a few yards of them and with cholera raging among them, for despite official efforts to conceal the truth there have been many cases among the troops and the civil population is suffering so much that whole streets in Tripoli have been closed by armed sentries. The Turks and Arabs hold the oasis [where the massacres of the Arabs mostly occurred, just before the Italians had to retreat within the inner defenses], which is fifteen miles long and from two to five miles deep, where they can subsist on dates and olives until April 1, meantime harassing the Italians by nightly raids. Every yard of the oasis forms a natural defense, which must be fought for."

For Better Rural Schools.

No more important work can be done by educators than to raise the rural schools to a higher standard of efficiency. The committee of the National Educational Association which is investigating these schools with the purpose of recommending far-reaching remedial measures should receive all the aid that can be given it by those who wish to see country boys and girls given a better education.

"The little red schoolhouse" of pioneer days did much good. It taught the rudiments of knowledge to many who became intelligent men and women, but something more than the rudiments is demanded now, in the country as well as in the city. If dwellers in the country are to be made satisfied with their environment, and the boys and girls kept on the farm, they must be given education that will open their eyes to the whole world of knowledge.

The committee will try to devise plans for uniform school laws in the different States, for State aid to weak districts and State supervision of schools for better teachers and for uniform courses. Enumeration of these principal needs shows how deficient our present rural schools are and how great a reform may be accomplished through the adoption of a general, adequate plan.



Revolt in Paraguay.

It is reported that a revolution has begun in Paraguay. Little news of recent events in Paraguay has escaped the official censor. The last previous reports from that country said that officers of the army were accused of being involved in a plot with the radicals to overthrow the government, but that the conspiracy had failed and the leaders had been arrested. Dr. Rojas is provisional president of the republic.



Persia Gives In to Russia.

The Persian government officially notified the British government that, acting under the latter's advice, it would comply with the demands of the Russian ultimatum. Gendarmes sent by W. Morgan Shuster, the Persian treasurer general, at the instance of the national council to seize the property of Shua-es-Sultaneb, a brother of the ex-Shah of Persia, will be withdrawn. The Persian government will apologize to Russia. A new Persian cabinet will be formed.

EDITORIALS

Lost in the Woods.

Have you ever been out on the prairies or in the woods where you could not tell the directions? Generally a compass is reliable at such times providing you do not have any iron about you. In the absence of a compass one can get quite reliable information from a watch if the sun is shining. If the watch is running on correct time, point the hour hand to the sun and half way between that and twelve is south. Stand facing the sun and hold a pencil perpendicularly at the side of your watch so the shadow of the pencil falls along the hour-hand. Then take a line from the central point of the dial to a point half-way between the hour-hand and twelve, and you will have a line running north and south as near as most men would get with a compass, and will be sufficiently correct for practical purposes in getting one's bearings.



The Tipping Nuisance.

The practice of tipping waiters and porters has grown to be a nuisance to every one who travels. Railroads and hotels publish their rates and never make any mention of the extra fees expected by those who are supposed to serve you. The entire system is a well-planned hold-up, practiced by waiters both white and black. A person entering a Pullman or even a tourist sleeper is never sure of getting out whole because of the porter who invariably indicates that he is the king of the situation. Fail to fee him liberally and you get absolutely no service, no matter what you may reasonably expect. Of course it is not fair to expect the waiters to abolish this system because in most cases that is their main support. In several cases waiters are obliged to pay the proprietors for the privilege of waiting on customers and in many places they are compelled to pay a premium to the head waiter. The remedy must come from another source. The manager of the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago said, "Tipping is a necessary evil," and no doubt such it will remain so long as the public submits to it. So long as the managers of the hotels hold this position there is only one other source from which a reform can come, and that must be from the public itself. If every one who travels and all patrons of public hostleries will refuse to give tips to the servants the evil will necessarily come

to an end. Of course we would be without service for a year or two because the waiters and porters could not serve without pay, which would mean that they would leave their employers. But on the other hand the employers could not accommodate their guests without servants, so the responsibility would be shifted upon the managers. If they cannot afford to pay their help, the public would be better pleased to pay a higher rate than to be held up by the servants, and forced to pay a high rate before they get away.



Strokes that Count.

There are two types of energetic men: those who transmit their energy into work through others and those who try to do everything themselves until they collapse under a nervous strain. Perhaps at some time in your life you have visited a business concern or even a farm where the hired help were listless and shuffled about in an indifferent sort of a way as if they were being paid for the amount of time they could kill. After a long search and a great deal of inconvenience you learn where to find the man himself and as you approach his desk you are impressed with a feeling of hurry-up in the atmosphere. He is trying to dictate letters, answer insignificant questions from two or three employés and talk on the telephone all at the same time. That man has energy and a lot of it but it is all bottled up in himself and he has not learned how to transmit it through others and produce systematic work. You may visit another institution just across the street where everything indicates system and order. There is an indication of energy and life all being directed towards the best interests of that institution. All the employés from the office boy to the superintendent show that their whole interest lies in the welfare of that institution. Visit the president of that institution and you will see in him the same keen interest that was found in the other man but it is expressed in a different way. His energy is all utilized and is multiplied a hundredfold by the energy of his helpers. He has learned how to fire the interest of his employés and get results from them instead of trying to be office boy, clerk and stenographer all at the same time in connection with his work as president of the institution. These same conditions may be found on the farm or in the berry patch or in any place where there are a number of helpers employed to execute a piece of work. The former no doubt

works much harder and puts in longer hours but the latter gets far better results. Every force of workers must be energized by good executive ability or the expense of the institution will be greater than the income.



The Value of Being Ill.

Have you ever stopped to consider what a wonderful blessing disease is to the human family? Without any sickness we would all become so selfish and cold that we would have no interest whatever in anyone but ourselves. Sickness and disease is a very fruitful topic of conversation. A cold in the head, a weak heart or the stomach ache are all wonderfully successful as humanizing agents. The minute you find some one with the same ailing that you have there is a bond of unity which draws you toward that one. It gives you an opportunity to recite all your good virtues through your ailment and every one is ready to listen to you, with a whole heart full of sympathy, and at the same time filled with admiration for all your desirable traits of heroism in suffering. Of course, I am only speaking of those chronic diseases which are so prevalent everywhere. That form of illness which permits one to enjoy the distinction which it brings, is what is secretly coveted by so many people. The average man or woman who fails to be distinguished in any other way seldom sneezes at the opportunity afforded by some peculiar ailment. A very popular form of gaining notoriety today is by having your appendix cut out. The principal objection to that, is the fact that it does not last very long and the next time you take a notion to have any illness the doctors will not be able to find anything to cut out. Still, it serves very well as a topic of conversation, as you can always tell about what you had to go through with in getting rid of that appendix. A disease in common makes friends where an ambition in common invariably makes enemies. The minute you speak of your hopes or ambitions your listeners get curls in their noses and a knowing look in their eyes, but tell them the same things through a recital of your ills and they listen with eagerness and give vent to their surprises with many an "Oh!" or "You don't say." Universal health would leave half the world with nothing to talk about and the other half would speedily be reduced to nervous prostration by the necessity of supplying all the conversation. We are a funny bunch, aren't we?

We are fearfully and wonderfully made and the part of ourselves that we had any hand in making is of a very peculiar get-up.



Undeveloped Life.

It has been said, "Our earth is a treasure-house full of all good things." Perhaps it would be better to say the earth is full of things out of which all good may be led forth. Thousands of people are daily living in poverty on the very banks of prosperity. The fields are full of black clods but man must toil to get those clods to yield his crops of wheat, corn and clover. Success and abundance are in the way a man handles what he has. If he is wise he can change his rags into linen, weeds into cloth and rust into steel. The past centuries tried to learn how to get the least possible out of life. Our generation asks how we can get the most possible out of our brief career. Our years are neither too many nor too long, but our allotment is large enough for each one to extract many forms of rich treasures. No matter how modest the talent, nor how obscure the position, life is an estate holding every form of good, and every day should reveal some valuable treasure. A prominent cabinet minister at the end of seventy years said, the two outstanding days in his career were his wedding day and his first day in Athens. But as for Athens he forgot that each new daybreak makes it possible for us to see about us a thousand cities of more importance than Athens, and as for his wedding day, he had failed to learn that each day after his wedding day could have made love a deeper and a sweeter draught. He found all his blessings in the past. Some foolish people talk about killing time, and others try to cut life short by suicide. Yet the world is overflowing with good things. However, they can only be realized by living a well planned life. It is a peculiar truth that all young people wish to be older and old people wish to be young, and both by neglecting their present to gaze into a far-off realm, fling their opportunity away. Old men know that if there were some fountain of perpetual youth they would spend their whole life in search for it. If then experienced men have learned to place a true and high value upon youth, why should not young men take their youth at the estimate that old men with wisdom place upon it? There is nothing that has ever been done that youth could not do. But the life must be planned and laid out just as an architect lays out the blue-print for his building. It is the growing life that gets the

most treasure out of the days. The mind is the eye of the soul, but the eye must be trained and educated. It must be disciplined by careful training.

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Swedona, Ill., Nov. 4, 1911.

Editor Inglenook Magazine.

Dear Editor—

The **Inglenook** is becoming dearer to me all the time, and I hope it will meet the success it deserves.

Yours very respectfully,

Ada Van Sickle Baker.
Swedona, Ill.

HUMAN HORIZONS

J. A. Clement, Ph. D.

SOME years ago, during the winter months there happened day after day in a chosen corner of the dining-room what has probably happened in every home that has been blessed with children. Three little ones playing. That was their occupation. It was their recreation. It was the most natural sort of outlet to their busy little lives. They played vigorously because they couldn't help it. Usually they played what they wanted to play.

Sometimes they did what they saw other children do. Sometimes they did what they saw their elders do. Sometimes they said what they thought. Sometimes they said what they heard their playmates say. And very often they were heard to say what their fathers and mothers had said.

These prattling children often laughed heartily as all healthy children do. Sometimes they whined and pouted and fretted just as you used to do. When one of them rejoiced they usually all rejoiced. When one of them wept frequently they all wept, so close did their sympathies and joys run with each other. Each day brought both pleasure and pain. Yes, sometimes each hour was fraught with both joy and sorrow. Some days were full of victory, other days seemed to be loaded down with defeat. All this early life was mingled with tears of sadness and tears of gladness.

Within the limits of one single year, all the occupations of the community were

staged in this cherished corner. It was a large enough place in which to exhibit the full harvest season, the fields were tilled, the seed was sown, the sheaves were gathered, the grain was garnered.

Without any inconsistency and without any delay the whole scene could be changed and shifted to a complete staging of Buffalo Bill's show. The same faithful horses which had been worked in the harvest fields were used to represent the best trained steeds on the track. The driver could instantly swing from the seat of the machine to the back of the finest prancing steeds in the whole show.

What is all this display, but the dramatization of life as it had been viewed about them? They were catching the spirit of their neighborhood surroundings. The movement of the scene had fascinated them. Their play was varied because the copy which they were following was continually changing. For them all the world was an interesting stage, and it was as easy for them to participate in this great exhibition of life.

They entered the business world as easily as they enter into the show exhibits. Sometimes they sold sand from the brook-side for sugar. Sometimes they exchanged beech-bark for little white pebbles. For beech-bark could be beef as easily as it could be money. Pebbles too could suggest cows as easily as they could suggest sheep. This unbridled imagination and fancy has no boundaries in childhood.

POLITENESS IS TO DO AND SAY

Anne Warner

WHEN one takes to analyzing oneself the results are often surprising. If we are sufficiently detached in our standpoint to be able to really analyze ourselves thoroughly the results are almost invariably most surprising. I do not know whether

I can say that I am altogether detached in my standpoint as yet, but I am quite positive that I can say that I am near enough to be very much interested in the component parts of that conglomeration of feelings, scenery and incidents that—skillfully mingled—make up my personal existence.

I like to experiment with my component atoms. I like to pull the whole slow-moving train up short occasionally with a sharp question, just to see what answer my spirit—which is trying hard to learn to answer me truthfully—will give.

It is truly remarkable to note the answers that one gives oneself. One wonders where they can originate. Frequently my own replies to my own questions come as a fierce shock. Sometimes they flame out with a heat that sears and brands forever. As for instance, the other day, when I put the question abruptly:

"What incident of this summer made the greatest impression on you?"

When I asked that question I fully expected to have to consider many things and weigh the answer with care, for the summer had been full of happenings. But I did not have a second for any kind of reflective back-glances, the answer flying forth and almost causing me to start in a kind of fright, so distinct and striking was its message. Up before my eyes sprang a road—a lovely, wide, smooth road—a road which runs in picturesque turns and twists through the New Forest. It runs from Landford, and it runs to Lyndhurst, and it passes through Bramshaw, and Brook, and by the Rufus Stone with its tale of the killing of the Red King. It runs over commons where horses and cows and pigs graze in the open, and it runs beneath long arching lines of beeches and oaks and elms, which make a pleasant shade for man and beast alike. I suppose that there are ways lovelier than that road, but I choose not to remember such as I have seen. I am a character so cosmopolitan as to become fervently patriotic anywhere. I lived on the road to Lyndhurst, and saw in it at once the Appian Way of England. When I had guests we made up walking parties and followed it as far as the guests had strength to keep up. Thus it was that one morning we found ourselves returning from an extra breakfast at the Bell Inn, and then it was that I learned my lesson—the lesson that sprang forth when I demanded the summer's deepest-cut memory. Katherine Bishop and myself were well ahead. The others were such stragglers as to be really out of sight. The road lifts itself just where we were, and in front is the blue of a valley, and on either side are gorgeous old trees. From time to time we said to each other, "Isn't it too lovely?" with a fervor as if we had never made the remark before. It was indeed lovely, and when a human touch came to illumine the Nature-picture it was still more perfect—still richer in En-

glish beauty. The human touch was one of those indescribably clever bits, that when we see done in oils we secretly believe to have been all the artist's doing. Over under a large group of especially splendid oaks was drawn up a canvas-topped wagon, the canvas just old enough and dirty enough to harmonize with a forest laid out in the eleventh century. Near by a horse, picturesquely thin, was eating grass. A very few feet away from wagon and horse a camp fire had been kindled, and a woman with a tattered, patched dress and loosened gray hair, was stirring something in the pot that hung above it. A man and a boy were picking up sticks in the further edge of the opening. It was all simply charming. I was enraptured. "They're gypsies," I declared to my companion, "oh, what fun! We have them in Germany and they tell fortunes. Let's have our fortunes told."

I rarely ever have time to think twice about anything, so if I ever had that habit I've lost it now. I started across the grass, and long before I was within speaking distance I cried out, "Oh, are you gypsies? Will you tell our fortunes, please?"

I have a clear and carrying voice, and the woman turned towards me at once. She was not very old, and, as she faced us, we could see that she had the kindest look and the friendliest smile imaginable. Anything more unlike the German gypsies one could not hope to encounter, and I saw my mistake instantly, but seeing our mistakes is rarely ever the end of their story. As her gentle eyes met mine she said—and I shall never forget either her words or her manner of slow, low-toned, pleasant speech:

"No, dearie, we're not gypsies, we're home bodies just like yourselves, only a little bit poor."

She spoke with rare dignity and with such real courtesy and innate self-respect, that I stood there before her stricken dumb by the depth of my blunder—by the egregious rudeness of which I had been guilty. "Home bodies just like yourselves, only a little bit poor." Can you call up a simile for what I felt? "Home bodies like yourselves!" Suppose some one bolted through my front gate all of a sudden and cried out gleefully, "What sport, here's an author! Oh, tell us a story, please?" I do wonder if I should answer with a sweet smile, and in a tone of gentle, courteous consideration. And yet in my case the accusation would be absolute truth—a fact impossible to deny.

Well, I drew back and begged her pardon most sincerely. And she smiled and said she was sure if she had been a gypsy, that

she would have been only too pleased to tell our fortunes. And then we recrossed the grass, and went on towards home, but I couldn't stop thinking, "Home bodies like yourselves, only a little bit poor." How many who want to be kind to a less fortunate brother or sister ever remember common courtesy, or how much it might do to salve all the rough edges of all the sharp corners and heavy loads in life? Classes are classes, and their foundations lie too deep to be obliterated. The world is here and we are here on it, some of us rich and some of us poor, some of us even very poor indeed,—but how much of the grinding edge of the difference could be dulled if courtesy, kindness, true consideration, such as makes life worth living, all these were shown by the more fortunate to those beneath.

We have terrible need of this lesson, so little as many of us make of the ten thousand tiny acts of consideration which might sprinkle every day of dusty trial with the dew of sympathetic understanding. There is an innate politeness which should be drilled into rich and poor alike, and which no one should ever feel able to forego. "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way." We all—or at least I hope that we all—learn that as babies, and then we grow up and rush in upon strangers in the New Forest with the cheerful greeting, "Oh, are you gypsies?" What is courtesy if it be not that which I lacked so utterly? I have thought of the contrast between my rudeness and that dear, kind-faced, old woman's reply a thousand times, but it is only now that I have realized the full depth of the impression which both our speeches made upon me.

I have thought of it and thought of it, and it stands out before me with ever increasing clarity.

I believe that it is this lack of the true politeness that makes work among the poor and unfortunate often so very, very difficult for my kind to carry on. We mean to be kind, we desire to aid, but we do not think anything at all about the need for just the

same courtesy which we should show to an equal. Those beneath are just as sensitive as any of us—indeed far more so than many of us—and yet they are often treated as if they had no feelings. And to be sensitive is such a good gift. As soon as a man, woman or child ceases to be sensitive the best and finest part of their whole make-up is forever gone. "Hardened" may well become one of the saddest words in the English language, for very few human beings harden through their own actions. They harden through the rough treatment of some one harder than they themselves were by nature, and that some one is usually some one of a rank above them. My own theory of the whole universe is that good rises and raises, and that evil sinks. It is a philosophy too great to expound in these limits, but when one studies the true sources of crime and degradation, one is forced to admit it as true. Most misery has come filtering down through. The man or woman who suffers most received either the suffering or the capacity to suffer from some one who, under other circumstances, might have flung down joy—instead of pain. The pain is the blunder, a blundering analogous to mine in the New Forest. Because I might have come with a smile and a cheery word,—I did to every later one who chanced in my forest-way this happy summer.

So when I demanded what stood forth boldest among my souvenirs, this was my answer. This was the big lesson that I was called upon to learn,—there were many others, to be sure, but that was the biggest. "Just home bodies like yourself, only a little bit poor." There are so many of them, and we could meet in such a pleasant, friendly way, and be so mutually helpful if those of us who are the most stable at the present day would show themselves, not heedless and brusque as I was, but full of the sweet courtesy of that poor woman. I wish that I knew her name. I wish that I might write and thank her for what she taught me. I wish that in the kaleidoscope of the future the New Forest might bring us to meet again.—The Nautilus.

The Slaughter of the Innocents

R. P. Babcock

THE prevention of excessive infant mortality is a serious matter; so serious in fact that the attention of the municipal authorities in almost all of the larger cities of the nation has been

engaged. Even the great problem of the white plague takes second place, when this great sacrifice of life is taken into consideration.

The stupendous number of deaths of chil-



"You shudder as you think of your own playing the open."

dren under three or four years of age is, indeed, a pitiful state of affairs, and a reproach upon every individual who comes in contact with or assists in the birth, nursing and caring for these poor, unfortunate little babies. The infants of this generation are the citizens of the next. A baby born into this world of ours is entitled to and should receive every consideration possible relating to its welfare, and pertaining to its possibilities as an individual, or in fact an embryo citizen. Too great emphasis cannot be placed upon this point.

A large portion of this frightful waste of life is absolutely unnecessary; it could easily be prevented by proper care and management. Nor as some seem to think, is all the blame to be placed upon improper legislation, nor should it be laid on the profession, but on the very members of the home in which these babies are born, carelessly or, more to the point, ignorantly cared for and irregularly nourished. This positive statement may at first appear unkind, but it is a fact, and might be stated far more severely, and still fall far short of the mark.

An appeal is made to the mother on whom, we all know, the salvation of the baby rests, to familiarize herself with all the important life-saving, nation-building methods of child hygiene made known by modern science, and to apply each point learned faithfully, conscientiously and carefully.

How often when the death of a child occurs, we can readily see, right in the household, the direct cause. We need not go outside the home to find the one directly responsible. Ofttimes, the unsanitary condition of the house itself proclaims only too loudly why this life was snuffed out. For instance, we note that not a single door nor window is screened. Flies greet us, buzz-

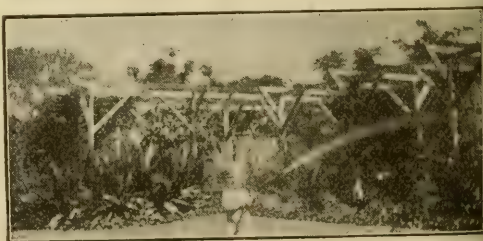
ing contentedly—for are not their stomachs full?—as we enter the door. A glance out a side window shows the stable, built carelessly close to the house and nearby a pile of manure,—the flies' first home.

A dripping hydrant—some one was too shiftless to put in a new washer—stands near the pile, a yellowish pool of water lies between and affords a fountain of life for the flies. Not many feet away stands a little house, the back of which is all open. The flies seem to be having a banquet.

You are very thirsty, and ask for a glass of water. You are told by a member of the family that they keep no ice, but if you will step back to the kitchen, there you will find a hydrant. On the way, you pass through the dining room. The table is set, the butter uncovered, several flies sit comfortably therein, tickling themselves first with one foot and then another; on the edges of plates and glasses others are noticed wiping their feet, feeling very much at home.

You reach the kitchen door, and by the vigorous use of your handkerchief, succeed in carving out for yourself an opening through the flies. Another dripping hydrant, a wet, soggy floor, caused by the overflow of the dirt-stopped drain, and a rusty drinking cup. But your attention is attracted mostly by a half-filled pitcher of milk, with several flies floating therein and two or three nursing bottles on the table, some of them partly full. One has a nipple with a long tube. You wonder when and how this nipple was ever cleaned. Of course, the flies had overlooked no seats there.

A small porch is just off the kitchen, and as you step out upon it in order to escape the odor of cooking and much frying, your foot strikes a pile of soiled diapers. With some surprise you note that there must be fully two dozen, all soiled. What a time the flies are having there! Hastily beating a retreat, you again enter the death chamber, noting that, although it is the heat of summer, there is only one window open. Baby clothes scattered here, there and every-



"Good pure air will cure more children's ills than medicine."

where; flannels, most of them and thick stockings. With a shudder, you think of your own little one at home, playing out in the open, in his thin shirt and diaper, and sometimes, only his diaper. There is no crib for the baby but it must sleep in the bed with his parents. On a table stands a vast array of soothing syrups, cordials, anodyne and paregoric. Upon inquiry, you discover that baby was fed whenever he cried, or whenever the busy mother could find the time. The poor, tired, grief-stricken soul tells you, between heart-breaking sobs, that she had done all in her power to save the little one's life, that she had done everything the neighborhood grandmothers and old maids had told her to do, not thinking at first, to call the doctor, as it cost so much.

And now here is the solution of the whole matter. The life-saving of the dear little babies is practically a matter of feeding and

general care, and rests almost entirely upon the mothers and nurses of the infants. The laws of life are the eternal truths and woe be unto him that heedeth them not. Pure milk, good air, cleanliness and fair surroundings will prevent about 80 per cent of the deaths of children. Good pure air and its natural accompaniments will cure as many ills among children as medicine; it is the freest thing in the world, and often needlessly denied children, particularly delicate children.

The question is asked, "When will we get busy?" Stop this ignorantly and resignedly sitting still, hands meekly folded, eyes cast down, listening to and saying: "God, in his infinite wisdom, hath taken away—" Rather should we be up and doing, acting upon the suggestion: "Investigate the causes of infantile deaths, and resolve to overcome ignorance, neglect and lack of care, and place the blame where it belongs."

CRANBERRY CULTURE

Henry M. Spickler

IT is always a thrilling experience with me when I happen to discover, in the immediate locality where I may be visiting, some industry little known to me, except by its products. Such has been the culture of the cranberry, that tartly, delicious fruit known to many people, only on Thanksgiving and the holidays.

Already in September the cranberries were beginning to turn red and the owners of the marshes were around town gathering scores of men, women and children to harvest their big crop of berries. These marshes lie in western central Wisconsin, not many miles from Black River Falls, the town of 2,000 people that was almost completely washed away by the breaking of the dam during a flood.

Just a few miles out of Tomah, Wis., I looked for the first time upon a cranberry marsh. It was owned by my friend, Dr. Johnson, who told me how the berries must grow in the water and how, during the winter, they must be flooded to keep them from freezing. I wondered how they could grow in water, or rather how the water could be gotten to them and kept around and above them. What startled me the most was, what he said about his marsh being a wild marsh, and when I left the wagon road and waded a half mile of bog, some of it consisting of peat and some of it merely ordi-



Indian Chief.

Indian Women.

Mr. Day.

nary swamp land, there lay level before me forty acres of grassy, boggy marsh. At the edge of this marsh and running back into it for many rods, could be seen the little red cranberries, growing low or lying right upon the ground. I could hardly wait till I ate several of them, sour as they were, for it was a novelty to be able to pick them and eat them without buying them at the store.

I picked a bushel of these wild cranberries in less than half a day, for which the doctor paid me \$1, the price for picking the wild berries when they are somewhat thin on the ground. It was very tiresome, for as it was not good to get down on my knees



Flooding Ditch.

in the water that filled the bogs, it was necessary to bend my back at an angle that made my spinal column conscious of some new form of exercise to which I was subjecting it. My feet got wet,—soaking wet,—and the water was cold. It took me a week to get the rheumatism out of my left leg, and while my enthusiasm about cranberry culture was at high flood, I began to see, from my own experience, the difficulties and dangers of the work. Although my back ached terribly, the fun of pulling off the berries by the handful was great. The berries grew on a vinelike stalk, much as a strawberry, and the berries hung or lay two to six feet deep. Sometimes I got as many as fifteen to twenty in my hands at one raking. The fingers of both hands are outstretched and opened, then touching at the tips, the hands are drawn up from below the berries, as the vines and grasses slip through them. You simply rake the berries off, and a steel rake or scoop is used sometimes with very good results. The two serious objections to this rake are that the vines are pulled up and the berries become mixed with much moss and grass.

At the edge of this wild or natural cranberry marsh was a much more extensive tame marsh owned and cultured by a Mr. Day. Many pickers were in the field,—probably fifty of them, in a row, all kneeling and crawling and bending low to gather as rapidly as possible the berries into the peck and half-bushel crates.

Many of the pickers were Indians. The little boy in the picture is a full-blooded Indian, who is proud to wear suspenders and other clothing just like the pale faces. His mother was picking, with a score of other Indian women, enough berries each day to earn two and three dollars at fifty and sixty cents a bushel, the price paid for picking the productive tame berries. Thicker on the ground, these tame berries are also

much larger, and more easily picked, because of fewer weeds, moss, and slough-grass among them.

One of the girls in the picture is holding some bunches and vines of the berries in her gloved hands. You can easily see a few of the slender vines. The vegetation growing around these girls is mostly grass. Mixed with it are the berry vines and berries, the berries being heavy, for so frail stems and vines easily drop down and lie upon the ground, dragging down with them the stems on which they grew. The berries pull off quite easily, many of them dropping off before they can be securely grasped in the hands.

These girls are all soaked wet up to and above the knees, and some of them must spend some money in a doctor bill this winter, because of the continuous toil in the cold water. On some days there was no water over the pond, due to one of two causes. Either the weather was warm at night so that there was no frost, or there had been no rain for several days. At the first intimation of a frost during the picking season, the boss remains up all night and when the mercury gives the warning of the coming of that which would ruin the whole crop in five minutes he goes to the reservoir and turns on the water that completely floods his whole marsh in an incredibly short time. Under water the fruit is saved, and the next day when the temperature is safe, the water has most all been drained off, so that the pickers can work. In the picture you see the water going down one of the ditches throughout the entire length of the marsh. Just in front of the woman at the post is a second or lateral ditch, conveying the water to one of the smaller patches, say an acre or more. It is simply a system of irrigation, only that the water can be placed in any one of twenty ditches, or in all of them, to a depth of six inches or more and held there, for a longer



Berry Pickers.

or shorter time, by means of embankments or sides to these pan-like fields.

The crop this year has been unusually large. Some of the marshes alone have yielded eleven hundred barrels of the sauce that goes with the turkey. It is cold weather now, although but a small part of the whole crop has been shipped to the cities, and then distributed by ten thousand grocers at ten or fifteen cents a quart. The question of saving the valuable crop from

a sudden frost or freeze is one that has been queerly solved. How to keep it, and where to keep it, until it is sold and delivered is considered a still more serious problem.

Just how this is done, as also how the fruit is cleaned so that you see it entirely free from weeds and grasses, I will tell in another letter, if my picture proves successful.

A TRIP TO CHINA

Geo. W. Hilton

Our Stay in the Wenatchee Valley.

ABOUT midnight of our second day from home, we awaken to find ourselves in the Columbia River Valley.

We could see the river winding along the track like a gleam of silvery light. At one o'clock in the morning the porter called out Wenatchee, and we got our numerous bundles together and got off the train to be met at the station by Brother Hastings, who lives about two blocks from the station. We were soon in his home and in bed once more, getting a much needed rest. Brother D. L. Miller joined our party at Spokane, Wash. So about ten o'clock Saturday morning Brother Amos Peters came in and took Brother Miller and Brother Hutchison out to his place, while his son John, who is also a minister, took us out to Sunny Slope about four miles from town. There we met with a hearty welcome, and after spending the day very pleasantly, we met in the evening at the church, which is only a short distance from Brother Peters' home, for a love feast.

Brother Hutchison officiated, and I, for one, thought it one of the most spiritual feasts I ever attended. Our little son John took his first communion at that time which happened to be on his seventh birthday.

On Sunday we were taken across the river to East Wenatchee, where I spoke both morning and evening, while Brethren Hutchison and Miller filled the appointments at Sunny Slope. On Monday we again crossed the Columbia River and I preached at Sunny Slope in the evening, Brother Hutchison filling the pulpit at East Wenatchee.

Tuesday was spent in looking over the large orchards, and visiting among the Brethren. On Wednesday about one o'clock we bade farewell to the large group of brethren and sisters who went with us to the station, and took the Oriental Limited

train for Seattle. On the train we met the rest of our party of China workers, and it was quite a family reunion: Brother and Sister Bright and their two little girls, Esther and Katherine, Brother and Sister Heckman and two little girls, Esther and Lois, also Sister Winnie Cripe and Sister Anna Hutchison. This completed our China party. Eight grown people and five children. When we were finally settled in the train and took a sort of invoice of our baggage, we found that our friends who had met the train, had left as tokens of their love, seven boxes, five baskets and two suit cases full of fruit, also a large watermelon.

Now a little about this valley where our Brethren live. The name Wenatchee Valley is in a sense misleading, as a larger part of the fruit district is in the Columbia River Valley. Although the Wenatchee River joins the Columbia River at this place, and the water for irrigating both valleys is brought from the Wenatchee River, it is taken from the river some twenty miles or more from the city and is carried in large wooden flumes and ditches built and dug along the mountain side.

The fruit valley is about thirty miles long and from one to six miles wide, although I wondered when I got off the train where the valley was. There are at the present time about 4,000 acres of fruit trees in bearing, and about 4,000 acres more planted in trees that are too young to bear yet.

This valley last year supplied our large cities with 3,000 cars of fruit; 2,000 cars of apples and 1,000 of summer fruit and berries.

A fruit ranch there consists of from five to twenty acres, although there are a few that are much larger than this. Ten acres makes about all a man and wife care to handle without hiring help. About 70 to 108 trees are planted to the acre, and it is five to six years before they come into full

bearing, although peaches, apricots, plums, etc., bear quite heavily the third year; the husbandman must wait patiently for the fruits of his labor.

However, the beginner generally plants his ground between the tree rows to melons, garden truck or alfalfa which brings him in quite a little income during his time of waiting. I notice, however, that those brethren who did a lot of trucking when we were there three years ago have almost quit gardening since their trees are in full bearing, as their time is largely taken up with the care of their orchards, budding, pruning, spraying, irrigating and cultivating their trees. Don't think that apples grow without care. To get apples that are first class and not wormy, one must work at the business. And don't think that the country has no drawbacks, for among the greatest I think are the sand storms that come quite often. The soil there is a sort of volcanic ash I am told, and before water is put on the land so it becomes thoroughly wet it blows around like a Dakota snow storm. When we were there three years ago and crossed the river to the East Side, our brethren had just started their orchards and things did not look good to me. The sand in the roads was a foot deep and it was all two horses cared to do to pull a two-seated carriage through it. Then there was no sign of fruit, but this time the trees were full of peaches and plums and the apple trees were bearing a bushel or two of fruit. On our first trip the irrigation sys-

tem was the ditch system alone, but this time we were surprised to find that a number of pumping stations have been put in on the West Side and they are now irrigating what is called the second bench land. Three years ago this land was all sand and sagebrush.

Wenatchee fruit generally brings the highest prices. Apples are graded as follows: Extra fancy, fancy and C grade, and the price ranges according to variety and grades. The delicious Spitzenburgh and wine sap bring the highest price. Apples bring from 75c to \$3.00 a box, peaches 40c to 60c, plums and grapes 60c to 75c a crate. One of the latest improvements there is a large canning factory to take care of the fruit that does not find a ready market abroad. The brethren first settled there in 1903 and now they have two congregations, two churchhouses, several preaching points and about 180 members.

Land that was set to trees then is now worth from \$1,000 to \$3,000 an acre. If it had not been that some of our people made a mistake and planted the wrong varieties at first, some of them say they would hardly know how to use their income. Many planted peaches and other small fruit but are now cutting them out and planting the best grades of apples. It seems too bad to us Dakota people to see them cutting down peach orchards that bring an income of several hundred dollars an acre to plant apples, but they say they bring much more and are easier taken care of.

PICKING HUCKLEBERRIES ABOVE THE CLOUDS

J. W. Harshbarger

READING Brother Sharp's article in the Inglenook of Oct. 10 on "Picking Huckleberries," brought vividly to my mind an incident which occurred about sixty-five years ago, in Rockingham County, Va., five miles from the town of Port Republic, in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Several of the neighbor boys and myself had gone to pick huckleberries, about ten miles distant from our home. The place selected was the highest peak in many miles, which was said to be the best berry patch in the mountains. We reached the mountain in the early dawn, and rode up the deep gulch as far as we could, tied our horses, and then prepared for a long

trip up the side of the mountain. After we had gone some distance, we came across some very nice berries, but nothing unusual, whereupon some of the party began picking, with the idea that this is good enough. "Come on," said another. "Don't stop here. We decided to go to the top of the mountain, and we are going." So the line of march was taken up in earnest, which landed our party on the top of the mountain. There our expectations were more than realized, in finding the large quantity of fine berries which could be seen in every direction. Soon every one was busily engaged in gathering the luscious fruit. By this time it was getting rather

warm and sultry, which indicated a shower. In a very short time the shower came on, in a way that had never been seen before by any of us. I can give but a very faint idea of what we saw and heard on that occasion, while picking huckleberries above the clouds. Our attention was called to a distant thunder, but we could not locate it, as no cloud was to be seen anywhere. Soon, however, a black cloud rose far down the gulch, accompanied by thunder and lightning, filling the gulch below. This was the strangest sight that I had ever seen. Being entirely above the clouds and the sun shin-

ing all the time, with the peals of thunder and flashes of lightning skipping over the clouds below, we fully realized the fact we were picking huckleberries above the clouds and a heavy shower of rain. As we came down the mountain side we found wet bushes and a rapid rise in the stream below. The day was one of wonder and surprise, beyond our comprehension and understanding of such incidents. Perhaps some other readers of the *Inglenook* have had similar experiences, and could give us an explanation of the phenomenal incident.

COURAGE ILLUSTRATED

Joseph A. Gault

HOW essential is that which we call courage to our life and existence. The man or woman who has great courage will always win out in the end, over the one who has not that brave inward feeling,—that something within us which knows no fear.

The Western man calls it "grit" or "sand." It is that something that can not be expressed in words, but felt in the inner self. Let us see if we can illustrate courage. As a painter, who must scale a perpendicular wall by means of rope, swing or ladder, whose safety is at times very uncertain, I have many times been called upon to exercise courage. You have seen the gilt ball on the topmost point of a church steeple. It needs to be regilted. Who will volunteer to go up and do the work? I volunteered to go up if the boss would hold the rope, which needs a strong and steady arm. I secured paintpot and brush, climbed in the swing and was hoisted up steadily to the bell tower sixty feet from the ground. That is as far as the rope stage would take me. I sent down the swing, and another man was sent up with a thirty foot ladder, so that I could ascend the slip pole of the steeple. We raised the ladder and lashed it fast by ropes across the bell room.

The ladder was ready. I tested it again, and steadily stepped from one rung to the other, up and up till I reached that ball which was to be painted. I was ninety feet up in the air, a dizzy height with just one small piece of wood one inch thick, one ladder rung between me and destruction. Ah! now was when courage was needed most. I dared not look down but absorbed all my thoughts on my work, so that I could not think of my perilous position. I finished my task and got down again, feel-

ing a great relief that the danger was past. Looking up I saw the golden ball glisten in the sunlight, with a feeling of satisfaction that I had the courage to do what I did.

That is only one instance where great courage is essential to success. To test your "grit," boys, try this: Lay a 2x6 plank on the ground and walk across on it. That is easy. Raise it ten feet high. Be sure it is safe then walk across on it. The plank should be ten feet long. That may not be quite so easy. Then raise it fifteen feet from the ground. Walk across the length of the plank without a handhold. If you can do that then you have enough courage to pass the test. Can you do it? Try it when a house or barn is being built in your vicinity. If you should ever become a carpenter or painter you would have to perform such a courageous act many times.

Has a woman the courage of a man? This was a disputed question. The courage of woman is in a different sphere from man's courage. She may not have the courage to walk on a plank, but she must at times have greater courage than that requires.

Take the nurse in our emergency hospitals where, at any moment, they may be called upon to help in some operation, to help to revive a bleeding and mangled human body. It takes great courage to endure such a sight.

How about the courage of the young lady who is listening to the tender entreaties of her lover, who is pleading and expectant of hearing that magical word, "yes," from the one that is to make him so happy? She would like to say the word, but courage has deserted her. Speech is gone. It is utterly impossible to speak. She makes her wishes known by falling into his outstretched arms, and shedding tears of joy on his coat lapel.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHORTY

Edith Brubaker

WHILE riding across the country from Moneta, Wyoming, to Lost Cabin, an old man past the prime of life hailed the stage driver for a ride. He was below the average in size, with long hair in curls falling around his bent shoulders. His face was thin and pale. He wore a long, heavy beard, making his face seem more drawn. He talked constantly and to the point most of the time. We soon learned that Rocky Mountain Shorty was one of the oldtimers of the country. Some of his comrades were Wild Bill, Old Grizzly, Texas Jack, California Joe, Dick Simmons and Buffalo Bill, all of whom we have read about. A greater part of his life has been spent with the Indians, sometimes in war with them, and at other times sitting around their campfires, smoking the pipe of peace with the great chiefs.

He gave an interesting story of an encounter with the Indians in Arizona, while prospecting in that State. It was as follows: A party of thirty-one, all prospectors, were camping one day on Snake Creek. At the noon hour, while eating dinner, to their great surprise, they were surrounded by five hundred Indians. The red men at once opened fire, while the prospectors fell back to a clump of trees on the bank of the stream. For two hours they fought in the timber. At the end of that time there were thirteen white men missing and seventeen dead. The Indians, thinking all were dead, left the spot without scalping the white men, because their heads had been shaven as a protection against the Indians as they will not scalp a man unless he has hair.

In the evening Rocky Mountain Shorty became conscious and crawled to the stream for a drink. "I shall never forget the face which was mirrored in the water," he said,—"so bruised and bleeding." He was so weak and so disheartened by the sight of his sixteen dead companions and his own face that he could neither drink nor eat. Wearily he dragged himself back into some bushes to wait the call of death. Again he fell into an unconscious state, and it was morning before he was awakened.

A rescuing party was sent out at once to find the men. Only Shorty responded to their call. They at once gave him food and drink and dressed his wounds, which were many. Three bullets had pierced his limbs, an arrow shot into his neck, and a

tomahawk had almost scalped him. On the battle ground three hundred Indians were found dead. The thirteen missing men were never heard of, and only Shorty was left to tell the story. Pushing back his long locks, he showed the ugly scar of the tomahawk, and many others about his hands, head and neck that he had received in war.

After the uprising of the Indians Shorty often figured in war. In 1873 to 1876 he engaged in the Sioux War, and said he was glad that he had the pleasure of scalping fourteen Indians, but was sorry it was not fourteen hundred. He hated them so. Not only did he fight with the Indians, but was one of the soldiers of the Rebellion. A number of times he came forth and did some deed which made him worthy of promotion, but by some unwise act would be made private again.

During the battle of Gettysburg, in 1863, Rocky Mountain Shorty was present. It was during Pickett's charge that he did the one thing that he has always been sorry for. As Armistead, one of Pickett's generals, leaped over the fence and shouted: "Give them the cold steel, boys!" meaning the Union men, he was shot down. Shorty and his companions fired at the general and witnessed him fall to the ground just as he laid his hand upon a Union gun to capture it. They both looked at each other and turned away. Armistead was a brave general, and it was hard to believe that they had killed him.

After leaving the war Shorty became engineer for the N. P. 1886. This position he held until the A. R. U. strike of 1894, where he lost out like many other good railroad men. Later he became guide through the Yellowstone National Park; but he was soon tired of that, and for the past several years has spent his time prospecting and tramping through the rugged Rockies of Wyoming.

We were told that Rocky Mountain Shorty had acquired the habit of drink in youth, and his advice to young men everywhere is: "Don't touch it, boys; it means ruin, ruin!"

The stage ride came to an end. We gave our old friend good-bye. As we watched him slowly walk away, our hearts were made sad, to see life spent in drink and wanderings.

NO PLACE FOR BOYS.

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here, and he must not stand
there.

The cushions that cover that fine rocking-
chair

Were put there, of course, to be seen and ad-
mired;

And a boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate
room

Are not made to walk on, at least not for
boys;

The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere, and what if
their feet,

Sent out of our house, sent into the street,
Should step round the corner and pause at the
door,

Where other boys' feet have paused oft
before,

Should pass through the gateway of glittering
light,

Where jokes that are merry, and songs that
are bright,

Ring out a warm welcome with flattering
voice,

And temptingly say, "Here's a place for the
boys"?

Ah! what if they should? What if your boy
or mine

Should cross o'er the threshold that marks
out the line

'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and
sin,

And leave all his innocent boyhood within?

O, what if they should, because you and I,

While the days and the months and the years
hurry by,

Are too busy with cares and with life's fleet-
ing joys

To make round our hearthstones a place for
the boys?

There's a place for the boys. They will find
it somewhere;

And if our homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of
their feet,

They'll find it, and find it, alas, in the street
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of
vice;

And with heartaches and longings we pay a
dear price

For the getting of gain that our lifetime em-
ploys,

If we fail in providing a place for the boys.

A place for the boys—dear mothers, I pray,
As cares settled down round our short earth-
ly way,

Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and
needs,

Though our souls may be vexed with the prob-
lems of life,

And worn with besetments and toiling and
strife.

Our hearts will keep younger—your tired
heart and mine—

If we give them a place in their innermost
shrine;

And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our
joys

That we keep a small corner, a place for the
boys.



IF WE COULD KNOW.

Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

If only we could know

The pathway that our loved ones go

When they depart from here,

Perhaps it would not grieve us so;

We might not shed a tear.

If we could realize

The blessedness of Paradise

That greets each soul new born,

There'd be no weeping, tear-stained eyes;

We should forget to mourn.

If only they could speak

One word to us who vainly seek,

What peace that word might bring;

Revive our courage, grown so weak;

Make life a fairer thing!

But, oh, they are so still!

Calm silence crowns the lips so chill—

Sealed fast by Death's cold hand.

And we must serve our time until

Death bids us understand.



"Shine yer boots, sir?"

"No!" snapped the man.

"Shine 'em so's yer can see yer face in
'em," urged the bootblack.

"No, I tell you!"

"Coward!" hissed the bootblack.—Ladies'
Home Journal.



"You'd better fumigate these bills before
you go home. They may be covered with
microbes," said the druggist one Saturday
evening as he handed a few faded, worn,
and soiled silver certificates to his clerk.

"No danger from that source," respon-
ded the latter, "a microbe could not live on
a drug-clerk's salary."—National Monthly.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

EGYPT AND MICROBES.

THERE'S scarcely a house in Egypt without some one needing medical help. I told the doctor I thought the microbe theory was a mistake or there wouldn't be so many people. There are about ten million people living here in a country one-fourth the size of Ohio. He said: "When you remember that 75 per cent die before they reach the age of five years, you'll see there's some ground for the microbe theory." "Well," I said, "suppose they all lived, what would happen?" His reply was that in twenty years there would scarcely be standing room in the Nile Valley. In families of perhaps thirteen children, but one or two survive. The children are unwashed and of course unfit to touch.

I went to a mud-village for an afternoon service with the women last Sabbath. Mud and brick walls were all about us and dust under our feet. There was a roof over part of the shed, but I was most thankful to see blue sky and have some fresh air. There were rough benches to sit on. About forty women were there. There were six nursing babies about me. They were nursed each time they whimpered, some of them six times during the hour. Flies were thick—all over the children's faces, and no attempt was made to keep them off. Flies help to carry eye diseases, and it does seem dreadful to see a helpless baby's eyes covered thick with flies. There are 30 times as many blind people proportionately here as at home. There were two blind women, several with one eye, others with cross-eyes and sore eyes in that little company. Of course the sun's glare here, where it is nearly always shining, and the sand and dust which are nearly always flying, are in part responsible. Well, I kept the flies off with my handkerchief, though you almost have to hit them to make them move. But I couldn't keep the flies from investigating parts of my anatomy which I was unable to reach, so they had their way.

An Armenian girl—educated in the American Mission School of Mardin, Turkey—explained to the women the story of Elijah on Mt. Carmel, which they received with many oh's and ah's and grunts.

These people live in mud houses, with no furniture to speak of. They sleep on a piece of matting on the ground. A Dutch mud-oven is built in some corner, and the smoke escapes by the door. I saw little

flat layers of bread like a thick pancake set in the narrow street in the sun to rise. The dust and dirt were flying and flies were thick. They buy beans cooked and hot. This with some dates or cheese or onions gives them all they need or expect.

We went to see a sick boy. We entered by the alley-way, where the donkey was tied. The boy, perhaps fourteen years old, was in a room which had no light except through the low door. He was on the ground on a heap of rags with a black blanket over him. I could see no boy there. The doctor called me in and pulled down the blanket. The child was black with dirt, and will die unless they will let him go to the hospital, where he can have care, but his sad mother said her heart would not let him go.

Well, I have told you enough of the conditions of the poor—Moslems and Copts alike. There are others. Mrs. A—took me to call upon a family of Protestants, residing in a beautiful home. It would compare very favorably with any home I have ever visited in New York or elsewhere. The little black-eyed lady—for a lady she is—was educated in the mission school, has been in Europe a number of times, speaks English and French, and was charming. The missionaries are on the best of terms with the extremes of society in this region, for they have educated the one and cared for the other.—The Bible Record.



A HUSBAND'S DEBT TO HIS WIFE.

Happy marriages outnumber the unhappy by ten to one—ay, a hundred to one; yet we hear more about the marriages that fail than we do of the successful ones. Occasionally, however, the public is permitted to know something of the marriages that have not failed. A notable case in point was a recent celebration by an aged couple of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. It was a festival occasion and the husband paid this beautiful and no doubt well-deserved tribute to his wife, in presence of the assembled company:

"During my married life of fifty years I have been blessed by having a companion such as a man rarely finds—a pure, good, big-souled woman, always cheerful and hopeful, always tender and wise, always thoughtful of others. She has been untiring in her devotion to her family, yet

she has found time to bring sunshine into the lives of multitudes of unfortunate people. All came to her as to a mother, sure of her deep sympathy and ready assistance, and she never failed them. Her first thought has always been for others; her last for herself. One finds few people so loved and respected. She represents the highest type of true, noble womanhood, and my success in life is mainly due to her untiring support."

The influence of such a wife on a man's career is hardly to be estimated. The most fitting description is that in Proverbs, 31st chapter, which shows that a good wife has the same characteristic virtues in all ages and that her price is indeed "above rubies."



PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending basket, counts the hours until he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak and childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife, who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood under the tonic and the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion.

In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives or division of interest. The husband and wife are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door as it is hers to garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with something like heavenly benediction.—The Mennonite.



LIVING CLOSE TO NATURE.

IN an isolated part of the upper Rio Grande border region of Mexico is located a remarkable group of thermal springs, the waters of which are said to contain wonderful medicinal properties. Although the springs are visited by many health-seekers annually there is an entire absence of hotel and living accommodations

at the place or within a distance of fifty miles of it. The nearest railroad point is fifty miles away. The visitors must provide their own tents unless they sleep upon the bare ground with the canopy of heaven for a covering, as most of them do. They must all shift for themselves when it comes to cooking and eating. The cooking is done almost exclusively in the hot water that comes from the springs. There are hundreds of the little streams of water trickling from the rock formation and forming pools in the arroyo. The temperature of the water ranges from 75 to 188 degrees Fahrenheit. In the absence of modern bathing accommodations the water is utilized for that purpose by shoveling out a hollow in the earth and using it for a bathtub. The efficacy of these thermal springs was known to the Indians as far back as there is any historical record of the upper border region. In the early days many of the tribes of the Southwest used the hot water as a remedy for various kinds of physical ills. The nearest town to the springs is Candelaria, six miles distant, on the Texas side of the Rio Grande.—Technical World.



THE GUN TOTER.

He's sitting in prison and sorrow is his'n, he's wishing he never had carried a gun, he thought it was clever to pack one forever, and aim it at people in spirit of fun. And it, one fine morning, went off without warning, and plugged a bystander, who turned up his toes, and now he is wailin', the wearisome jail in, and no one has pity for him in his woes. The boneyards are crowded with gentlemen shrouded, and sleeping in boxes, the victims of fools, of pin-headed varmints who loaded their garments with all kinds of deadly and murderous tools. And widows are sighing and orphans are crying all over this country because of the blokes who always are plannin' to spring a big cannon and brandish it gaily till somebody croaks. Oh, let the law step on the fool with a weapon, and bury him deeply and load him with chains. No lunatic's greater, it seems the Creator in building forgot to equip him with brains.—Walt Mason.



On a very wet day in the west of Scotland, an English traveler inquired peevishly of a native whether it always rained in that country. "No," replied the Highlander dryly, "it sometimes snows."

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

Mrs. Frances Bell.

CANDY of the better grade is very largely made up of sugar with the addition of various coloring matters and flavors, nuts, fruits, etc. Sometimes fat, starch and glucose are used. The food value of candy is determined by the amount of sugar it contains,—seventy-two to ninety-six per cent—but the wholesomeness of the other ingredients must also be taken into account. Some of the coloring matters and flavors used in cheap candies have been shown to be harmful; therefore great caution should be taken that children be allowed to partake very sparingly of such unknown compounds. The safest and best way is to make your own candy, then you know what it contains.

The Making of Candy.

The different stages of sugar cookery in candy making are soft ball, hard ball, cracks, hard cracks. The different stages may be easily determined by the use of the thermometer, but may also be determined by physical tests.

Sugar and water boiled together reach the soft ball stage when a portion dropped into cold water can be gathered up with the fingers into a soft ball. At this stage the thermometer registers 113° to 117° Centigrade, or 236° to 242° Fahrenheit.

The hard ball stage is reached when the portion tested forms a firm, compact ball. At this stage the thermometer registers 123° Centigrade or 254° Fahrenheit.

At the crack degree the portion tested becomes slightly brittle and can no longer be moulded into a ball. The thermometer registers 127° to 135° Centigrade, or 260° to 275° Fahrenheit. At the hard crack stage the portion tested becomes hard and brittle. The thermometer then registers 143° Centigrade or 290° Fahrenheit.

After the hard crack stage is passed, the syrup gradually changes color, becoming first light-yellow, deep-yellow, brown, and finally a deep red. These represent the different stages of caramelization. At the caramel stage for candy the thermometer

registers 149° to 176° Centigrade or 300° to 350° Fahrenheit. At the intermediate stage it is used for flavoring ice creams and custard. At the last stage the sugar has lost its sweet taste, and is used for coloring soups and gravies.

Soft Ball Candies.

1 Fondant.

Five cups (2½ lbs.) sugar, 2½ cups water, ¼ of a level teaspoon cream of tartar. Place in a saucepan and stir till dissolved. Boil without stirring to the soft ball stage 114½° centigrade or 238° Fahrenheit, if soft fondant is desired, or 116⅔° centigrade or 242° Fahrenheit for harder fondant. To prevent crystallization, either boil for the first ten minutes with the cover on, or from time to time wash down the sides of the pan with a swab of cloth wet in hot water. When cooked to stage desired, pour on an oiled platter and cool till it can be handled. Beat with a knife or wooden spoon till creamy, then gather into the hands and knead till soft and velvety. Keep in a cooled jar at least twenty-four hours before using; or proceed as before, but cool in a platter to 90° Fahrenheit or 32° centigrade, and beat till creamy and pour into a jar. When wanted for use, melt in a double boiler over hot water.

Candies Made From Fondant.

Cream Mints.

Melt fondant over hot water, flavor with a few drops of oil of peppermint, wintergreen, clove, cinnamon or orange and color, if desired. Drop from a spoon on oiled paper.

Cocoanut Bars.

Beat into one cup of fondant, melted, ½ cup of shredded cocoanut, and drop from a spoon on oiled paper or pour into an oiled pan, and when cool cut in bars.

Cream Loaf.

Melt a cup of fondant over hot water. To one-third, add a few drops of vanilla, color another third a delicate pink, and to the rest add two tablespoons of melted chocolate. Pour this in layers into a shallow box lined with oiled paper, and allow it to stand until firm, but not hard. Then break away the sides of the box and cut the loaf into slices or small pieces, and roll each piece in granulated sugar.

Many different combinations can be made.

Note.—The recipes given above were prepared by the Home Economics Department of the University of Chicago, and are therefore reliable.

The chocolate may be omitted, and chopped nuts, figs or cherries may be substituted. Two layers instead of three may be made, or the fondant left from the clipping of bonbons may have nuts or fruit stirred on and be poured into boxes.

Bonbons.

Centers.—Prepare centers for the bonbons by adding the fondant, chopped nuts, candy fruit, or any coloring or flavoring desired, and forming this into balls. Or, make the centers in the following way: Grate the rind from an orange, add two tablespoons orange juice and enough confectioners' sugar to make a stiff mixture. Make into tiny balls and drop on sugared plates. Set away to harden before using. Lemon juice and rind or a tablespoon of strained raspberry jam may be substituted for the orange. Nuts, candied cherries, or white grapes may also be used as centers.

Covering.—Melt fondant over hot water, and add any coloring or flavor desired. Dip the centers by using a two-tined fork, or a chocolate cream dipper and drop them upon a paper sprinkled lightly with confectioners' sugar. A second dipping may be necessary to give proper shape and size. A small portion of nut or candied fruit may be placed upon the top before the coating hardens.

Chocolate Creams.

5 cups sugar,
½ teaspoon glycerine,
Whites of 2 eggs,
2½ cups water,
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar,
1 pound dipping chocolate.

Bring sugar and water to a boil, add glycerine and cream of tartar, and cook ten minutes, covered. Uncover and cook to 113° centigrade or 236° Fahrenheit, when it will form a soft ball, tried in cold water. Cool on moist platters. Pour carefully and do not scrape syrup from the pan. When the bottoms of the platters no longer feel hot to the hand, merely warm, add the beaten whites and beat until creamy and stiff. Flavor, knead if necessary, and form for dipping. Melt the chocolate over steam, beat until sufficiently thick to coat centers. Dip with a fork, new hat pin or chocolate dipper and place on oiled paper.

Cream Cherries, Nuts.

Cut the top of a candied cherry into points with scissors; make a small ball of fondant, and press into the center of the cherry. Roll in fine granulated sugar.

For creamed nuts make a ball of fondant and press it between two halves of nuts.

This fondant may be flavored with chocolate or coffee, or colored delicately. Fill the center of a pulled fig solidly with fondant, cut in thin slices and roll in sugar. Remove stones carefully from dates and put into their place a roll of fondant. This fondant may be mixed with chopped nuts.

Chocolate Fudge.

2 cups sugar,
2 squares Baker's chocolate,
1 cup milk,
1 tablespoon butter,
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Note.—The squares of chocolate used are two of the small squares marked on each bar of Baker's chocolate; not two of the whole bars.

Boil all the ingredients together, except the vanilla, to the soft boil stage, 114½° centigrade or 238° Fahrenheit. Then add the vanilla, and when cool beat until it begins to stiffen. Shape in pans and cut in squares.

Penocha.

1 cup milk,
2 cups light-brown sugar,
1 tablespoon butter,
½ cup nuts.

Prepare as chocolate fudge, adding the nuts with the vanilla.

Maple Fudge.

1 cup brown sugar,
1¼ cups milk,
1½ cups maple sugar,
2 tablespoons butter,
1 tablespoon vanilla.

Prepare as chocolate fudge.

Recipes for hard-boiled candies, crack-degree candies, and hard-crack candies will be given next week.

Renovating Things.

There are few things that are more useful in the home than a varnish brush and a good quality of varnish. A coat of varnish—two coats, if necessary—will freshen up things wonderfully. Old trunks, suit-cases, bread boxes, flour cans, old, rusty pails, baskets, wooden boxes, clothes baskets, water pails, trays, and dozens of other belongings that are getting to show their age in shabbiness. All kinds of furniture are given renewed life, if well tightened up with screws, glue, nails, and then varnished. Old, disreputable chairs, tables, benches, bureaus, and bedsteads should be "gone over" regularly, twice a year. If the old paint and varnish make it unsightly, get a varnish-remover at the paint store, or make a kettle of caustic soda yourself, with a bit of lime and sal soda, and when the article is thoroughly cleaned, try the varnish brush.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Is it allowable for church people to read the ordinary newspaper on Sunday?—C. W.

Answer.—During week days the average man does not spend more than ten or fifteen minutes with the ordinary newspaper, in which time he can get about all the news that is worth getting. For him to spend that amount of time on Sunday morning for the same purpose is not wrong providing he gets to Sunday-school on time. In fact it is his religious duty, as a man, to keep abreast with the times through the news reports given every day. But it is absolutely wrong for him to take advantage of his Sunday morning and sit down and read all the sporting columns and to hunt up every inch of sensational trash that is printed in the paper just because he is not rushed by his work of the week. His business on Sunday is to spend the day in soul refreshment, by attending public worship, in prayer and meditation and in wholesome reading. The newspaper is an important factor in our present civilization but to give it preëminence on Sunday is entirely out of place. If a man is interested in spending more than ten or fifteen minutes with the paper let him take some time from his work during the week when he is real busy and read his paper. If he does not consider it worth while to leave his work for that during the week when he is busy making money, why should he take the time on Sunday when he should be engaged in other affairs? A valuable asset to a home is consistent Christian living, and we surely are not consistent when we become overzealous about temporal affairs during the week and keep ourselves so busy that we do not have any time for mental development and for spiritual growth and then on Sunday take the liberty of setting aside our work and neglect the opportunity of both mental and spiritual advancement and use our time in reading sensationalism. A newspaper should be read for the news but it should not be read so religiously that it takes a half day to get through with it. The Bible should be read every day but it should not be read in such a slipshod manner that what we read has no effect upon our personal lives. We must learn to place proper values upon our personal duties and live consistently in executing those duties.

Question.—How may we increase the attendance at our church services?—J. D. Haughtelin.

Answer.—To answer this question would mean to solve the problem that is confronting every church of our land. The facts of the case are I cannot answer the question, but perhaps I can make a few suggestions that will at least give us some encouragement. It is something of an inspiration to one to realize that there are more people interested in religion today and more people attending church services than ever in the history of the world. There are really more good people in this world than we generally give credit for. Perhaps sometimes it would be well to remind ourselves of the experience of Elijah when he wanted to die thinking he was the only one living who served Jehovah, but he was promptly informed that there were still seven thousand who had not yet bowed their knees to Baal. Let us be encouraged by the tremendous army that is seeking for the growth of the church. But now comes our problem, how may we increase our attendance? First, what is our attendance? If it is fifteen we should strive for thirty. If it is a hundred we should strive for two hundred. If it is five hundred we should strive for a thousand. Or let us put it in another way, since figures often don't mean much to us. We should strive for all the available material in our community. Please be cautious about that word available because so much of the material which we think is not available at all, the Lord can use as the chief cornerstone. But how shall we go about it and what shall we do? That depends entirely on the conditions of the local congregation and the community. No two places can do it alike. The people who are to be induced to attend our services must be visited and must be invited. Quit nursing little troubles in the church and use that energy in making the church the biggest thing and the most important thing in the community, so that if the church were to be picked up and carried away the entire community would have to be taken along. Do as Jesus did, study the situation and then adapt the means and methods to suit the situation. Place God and men first and means and methods second.

We must get genuinely in earnest about getting people to attend, and then let our eagerness be directed by intelligence. Very often we wish there would be more people attending church services, but we do not wish it enough to put ourselves out a great deal to get them to attend. We must put our wish into effect by positive action.

AMONG THE BOOKS

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"The Fourth Physician," by Montgomery B. Pickett, is a Christmas story of a new and distinct type. The story has a human touch which strikes deep into the emotions of the reader. Its setting is in the slum districts of Chicago, where the skill of three eminent physicians failed in bringing the recovery of a suffering child. The faith of the colored minister, in its simplicity and primitive hope, clung to the power of the Fourth Great Physician, who can heal diseases. The story points toward the place of duty, which lies in the path of men. Col. Bedford, in speaking with one of the physicians, in the story, said: "For many generations my ancestors, and doubtless yours as well, have fought their country's battles in one way or another, but none of them ever had a greater privilege than yours and mine—a part in the hardest and best fight of all, the struggles of man to raise his fellow-men." The story is based upon the actual experiences of life. Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago. Price \$1 net.



The Modern Man and the Church.

"The Modern Man and the Church," by John F. Dobbs, is a timely work on this subject. Every churchman has been impressed with the need of united effort to place the church upon its true basis in the lives of men. This author presents the problems in a definite manner and states them clearly. He shows deep insight into the present-day conditions, both within and without the church. It is entirely in harmony with the plan and program of the Man and Religion Forward Movement. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Price \$1.25 net.



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Mr. Fred B. Smith, in "Men Wanted," presents in a very graphic manner the needs of the world for men on the one hand, and the loss of able life in young men who drift into cities on the other. The purpose of the book is to awaken within the young man a realization of the possibilities of the opportunities presented to him on every hand. It is a readable little book, which should be in the hands of all young men

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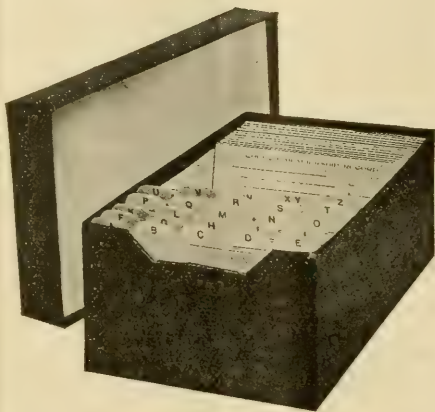
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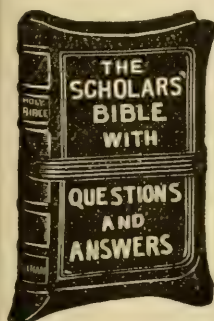
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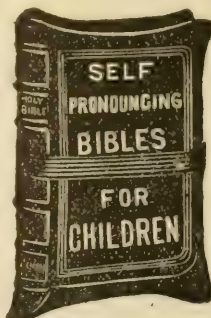
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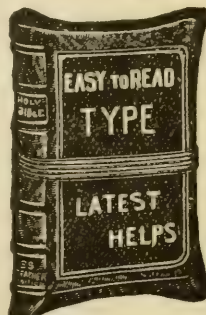
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the priests, the Le'vites, the the singers, the Ne'th'i-nims, they that had separated then

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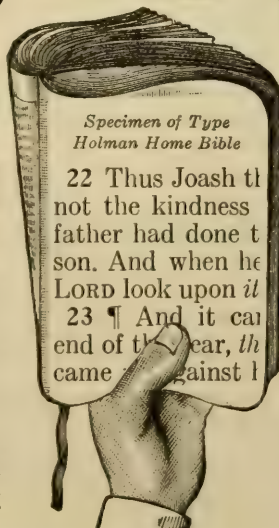
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AND

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Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruit, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

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THE INGLENOOK

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 12,
1911.

Vol. XIII.
No. 50.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

December 12, 1911.

No. 50.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Improving the Country Schools.

AT the meeting of the National Educational Association last July, there was a committee appointed to investigate the conditions of the country schools. The chairman of this committee is Supt. E. T. Fairchild of Kansas, and other prominent members are, L. H. Bailey, Dr. E. C. Elliot, L. L. Wright, Edward Hyatt, the latter two being State superintendents.

Some of the most important phases which will be investigated are:

The organization unit with a view of finding the most efficient one.

The centralization or consolidation of the rural schools.

The compulsory school laws of the various States, with a purpose of recommending a uniform law.

The preliminary training of teachers, and the requirements for a teacher's certificate.

Benefits of township high schools.

Concerning the work of the committee. Chairman Fairchild says: "It is conceded that the rural school is the one laggard on the educational procession. The conditions governing these schools and the lack of adequate results are well known. It would, therefore, appear that the problem to which this committee can with the greatest advantage address itself is that of suggesting ways and means for the betterment of these schools and for the awakening of the public to a definite sense of their needs.

"In the view of the general recognition of the need of a certain reorganization and redirection of the courses of study in our rural schools, special instructors in the vocational work, particularly as it relates to agriculture, should be provided at county expense.

"All of the interests of the people seems to have been centered about the city



The Little Red Schoolhouse.

schools and the colleges. The rural districts, which form the best raw material, are neglected. The class of teachers who are allowed to instruct our farmer boys and girls are lamentably untrained and wanting in both years and experience."

If we read the signs of the times correctly, we feel assured that there are better days in store for the farmer boys and girls. We shall have grade schools and high schools for the rural districts, as good as those provided for the cities, and adapted to local needs. The chief difficulty in the way of securing teachers of agriculture in the already established agricultural high schools is the expense. The supply of properly prepared teachers is small and high salaries must be paid in order to meet the inducements offered by large farms and ranches. This difficulty will be overcome in the future when there is more interest in agricultural education.

Jail or Outdoor Life for the Drunkard.

We have referred to this subject in former issues, showing how inebriates have been successfully treated by giving them outdoor work. Much interest is being manifested in various parts of the country. In a clipping from the Jacksonville, Fla., Metropolis, we read something on the subject: "The question is: What shall be done with this large and ever-increasing body of men who are a menace to the public at large and an enormous expense if arrested and kept confined? They cannot be taken out in the pine woods and shot, as we would do with a lot of worn-out horses to save the city the expense of keeping them. Chronic drunkenness is not a thing that can be stopped at will. Occasionally there is a patient who can stop drinking at will, but most of these unfortunates have an overwhelming craving for liquor seize them, which overcomes all their power of resistance. They are as helpless as a rowboat before a gale. When this mad craving sets in they drink because they must do so to relieve its overwhelming power. . . . They cannot be cured by prison bars. They need medical care. They should be treated at least as humanely as we would treat a sick mule. We would not think of placing a man in jail for having typhoid fever, epilepsy, or malaria, but we do place the chronic alcoholic in prison, the same as the heathen in dark ages placed a man in prison for having epilepsy."

The writer also shows that the city of Jacksonville, which has ninety-five policemen, paid out \$33,000 last year to arrest its drunks. There were on the average eight arrests made every day, and the city contains approximately 500 "rounders." The above sentiment is another of the many signs that the South is awakening to her numerous social problems.

The same conclusions were arrived at by the speakers at the International Congress against Alcoholism which met at The Hague during the month of September. In the discussions it was assumed that severe cases of alcoholism should be treated as a disease and should be given institutional care. Germany has several institutions for inebriates and they have been a success.

Activities of the Young Women's Christian Association.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Woodford County, Ill., has been hard at work during the past year. A success was made of cooking classes. The class met at the homes of the members in turns

and the hostess was held responsible for a demonstration of some kind. At roll call the members responded with a recipe or household hint, and the program consisted of papers on subjects of interest as well as other entertainment. It is said that seventy-five women and girls were active in the work and one of the chief results of the classes was that the girls took more interest in the home kitchen than before, which was appreciated by their mothers.

The University of Illinois coöperated in conducting a school of domestic science in Minonk during October. The subjects studied were: Body Requirements; Demonstration of Vegetables; Cost of Living; Waste in the Kitchen; Study of Textiles, Silk and Wool; Care of Clothing; Nitrogenous Foods; Demonstration of Meats; Textiles Study, Linen and Cotton; Cleansing Agents. There was a nominal charge of one dollar for the whole course of eleven sessions, and fifteen cents was the single admission.

A rest-room has been opened in the town of Eureka. It is attractively furnished and contains a library, reading tables and magazines. This room is also a meeting place for musical clubs and similar organizations.

In this connection we may mention some of the things which the U. S. Department of Agriculture is doing for the girls. As a result of Dr. Knapp's most valuable work in the department a new line of activity has been begun—girls' demonstration. We can describe it no better than by quoting from one of the workers, Miss Ella S. Agnew, who has charge of the work in Virginia: "Our plan of entering a community is first, to go to that most important member of a rural community—the school teacher. . . . The whole plan is explained to the teacher and pupils, and the question is left for the teacher to develop. Every girl must discuss the matter with her parents before giving in her name. Then begins the lesson in agriculture, teaching the preparation of the hot-bed, cold frame and plot in which vegetables are to be planted.

"Then comes the practical work. Each girl takes one-tenth of an acre to cultivate. It is not necessary that she do all the work herself, but she must manage it and she must keep a strict account of everything, including the cost. The first year the study of the tomato is emphasized and a few snaps and cucumbers are raised. During the growing time the county worker visits the home of every girl at least once a month, giving her suggestions about the cultivation of the land, lessons in sewing, selection of material, color, etc., personal hygiene, home sanitation and innumerable

other things are discussed and suggestions given.

"When fruit is fully developed and ready for use the county worker puts a small canner in the back of her buggy and goes sometimes to the schoolhouse where the girls, friends and parents meet, sometimes to private homes. First, a home is provided for and all mother's vegetables, as well as those of the girl's are put up ready for winter use; after that, tin cans are bought, labels provided, and most attractive work is done for market—and right here we meet a need about which comparatively little is said. Every farmer boy has some means of making money of his very own; he has either pigs, a cow, a colt, or raises some crop, the proceeds of which are his own. Every girl needs the same consideration but few have it.

"In Virginia at the beginning of the sum-

mer we had 275 girls cultivating one-tenth of an acre each. . . . When canning time came and beautifully labeled tin cans appeared on pantry shelves and bottles of chow-chow, catsup, preserves, pickles and jellies were made for home as well as market by girls who had never been interested in home and home work, then it was most encouraging and interesting to see fathers and mothers and brothers waking up. Every single girl I know of has been promised a better piece of land for next year and subsoil plowing for this fall. The girls themselves have found out at their canning parties that caring for a home is not all drudgery, as they had thought."

These demonstrations are to the girls what the short institute courses, corn contests and special trains are to the boys and their fathers.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Agricultural Education in Korea.

One example of the enlightened policy of the Japanese in dealing with their new possession, Korea, now officially called Chosen, is seen in the great progress of agricultural education in that country. Since 1906 the authorities have established thirteen agricultural schools and fifteen model experimental farms, the oldest and most important being the station at Suwon (Sui-gen), which is excellently equipped and managed, and compares favorably with some of the best institutions of this character in the United States. From this school there are 98 graduates who have taken the full three years' course while 37 students have taken special shorter courses.



Wisconsin Rich in Furs.

That trapping of fur-bearing animals is still an industry of much magnitude in Wisconsin is shown by a statement given out by the State fish and game department. The sales of pelts average \$2,000,000 a year.

Seven hundred and fifty thousand muskrats, it is estimated, are trapped in a year, and at 45 cents per rat are worth \$337,500.

Three hundred thousand skunk skins a year are sold for an average of \$1.50, or a total of \$450,000. One hundred thousand mink are caught annually. These are worth on an average \$4.50 each, or a total of \$450,000. It is estimated that other fur-bearing animals bring the hunters and trappers at least \$100,000 a year.

European Beet Sugar Production.

According to the figures of the International Association for Sugar Statistics the total production of sugar in the beet growing countries of Europe for 1911-12 will aggregate 6,034,100 metrical tons, as against 8,010,365 tons for the preceding season. This loss of nearly 2,000,000 tons is shared in by nearly every country, the most pronounced decrease, however, occurring in Germany, which country's crop amounts to only 1,418,500 tons, against 2,574,116 the previous season. Other leading countries showing loss were Austria-Hungary, 1,125,200 against 1,522,785; France, 549,100 against 711,172; Belgium, 220,000 against 283,222, and Russia, 1,961,100 against 2,108,760.—Dun's Review.



Imports and Exports of Farmers' Materials.

The agricultural interests of foreign countries buy nearly \$100,000,000 worth of American manufactures and other products for use in cultivating the soil, while about \$50,000,000 worth of foreign products are annually imported into the United States for use upon American farms. The foregoing summarizes certain information recently compiled by the Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor, in response to an inquiry upon that subject received from a representative newspaper located in the great farming area of the Middle West, and refers more especially to those classes of merchandise having their

chief, if not exclusive, use in the farming industry and does not include articles in general use, such as clothing, furniture, and miscellaneous manufactures.



Robinson's Flight Down the Mississippi.

After a week's delay owing to stormy weather, Hugh Robinson, with his Curtiss hydro-aeroplane, ascended from the surface of Lake Calhoun at Minneapolis on October 17, and started on his proposed flight to New Orleans. With the wind behind him, he flew 110 miles to Winona, Minn., in 1: 28, or at the rate of 88 miles an hour, where he landed in the Mississippi River. In landing he struck a snag and damaged his hydroplane float. On October 19 he covered 91 miles in 83 minutes—an average speed of 65¾ miles an hour. His flight down the river was terminated at Rock Island, Ill., the next day, as the different cities which had given him guarantees withdrew them when they found he would probably make the flight without. He set a new record in that he carried mail for over 300 miles and collected and dropped off letters at the various towns at which he stopped. His flight is the longest ever accomplished with a hydro-aeroplane.



Dresden Exhibition of Hygiene.

At the International Exhibition of Hygiene in Dresden, the brewers became greatly alarmed at the evident influence of the antialcoholic exhibits and in order to neutralize their effect upon the convictions of the people, posted statements and figures designed to create the impression that beer is a healthful, nourishing beverage. As usual, their statements were incorrect and the temperance people appealed to the directors of the exhibition to hear argument for and against their accuracy. Upon investigation, the directors decided that the 'brewers' placards were false and deceptive and ordered them withdrawn. This the brewers refused to do, whereupon the directors of the exposition prepared posters stating the facts and caused them to be prominently displayed near the misleading placards of the brewers. The incident is considered by European prohibitionists to have had a most wholesome effect upon the popular mind, as it exposed, in such a sensational way, the unscrupulous nature of the brewing propaganda.



A New Chinese Cabinet Named.

To stay the revolution which has been

making progress during the week, Premier Yuan Shi Kai, on behalf of the throne named a new cabinet. The new members comprise some of the most zealous reformers in the empire and some of them are already acting with the new republic. It is questionable whether any of those appointed will qualify for services as the end of monarchical rule seems near at hand and the new republic is continually gathering strength and prestige.



The United States of China.

Hail to the Republic of China! Hail to the world's progress everywhere! This is an age worth living in. It is a period of transition, from tyranny to freedom; from despotism to justice; from caste to brotherhood; from slavery to equality. One hundred years ago Napoleon predicted that within 50 years the world would be all Republican or all Cossack. The change did not come as soon as he predicted, but it has come. The world is all Republican.

The debris of fallen empires and kingdoms, in the form of pensioned kings and emperors and nobles, still encumbers the earth and unduly burdens the people who pay their pensions, but, with the exceptions of Russia, Japan, Spain, Italy and Turkey, there is no country in which a king or an emperor exercises any of the essential or any substantial powers of government, and, in all of these, representative legislatures, largely, if not wholly, control the national purse-strings—the sinews of war—without which kings and emperors are but objects of scorn and laughter.

Imperialism has been banished from the Western hemisphere, since Mexico and Brazil have become republics.

Europe is practically Republican, for her constitutional monarchies are controlled by, and are responsive to, the will of the people. Some of them, notably England, are more democratic than our own Republic. Now, two-thirds of Asia is Republican and all of Africa, except Tripoli, which is in dispute, is controlled by Republicans and constitutional monarchies. China is already a republic. Fourteen of her 18 provinces have given their adhesion to the Provisional government, and the other four will speedily follow their example.—San Francisco Star.



First Bridesmaid—"They are well matched, don't you think?"

Second Bridesmaid—"Rather; she's a grass widow and he's a vegetarian."

EDITORIALS

Some Timely Suggestions.

Dr. Yereman's article on "Colds" in this issue of the Inglenook is the first of a series of two articles on that subject by him. The second will appear in our next week's issue. These articles are full of valuable information and timely suggestions. Dr. Yereman is a successful physician in Kansas City and is well known among our readers.



The Christmas Present Problem.

Have you settled the Christmas present problem yet for this year? Many mothers go to town with bright anticipations to do their shopping for the children without knowing just what to get and after a weary day both for themselves and for the clerks they end up by purchasing some breakable trinket which lasts only a few days, or by buying something to eat which satisfies the palate only a few minutes. Why not give them something that will not break and instead of pleasing their palates please their minds? Here is what some of the mothers who have children away from home are doing: They give them a year's subscription to the Inglenook and the Cook Book. In that way the children will have something new every week from the Inglenook and they can use the Cook Book in making something good to eat which will be much more wholesome than any of the purchased eatables. By sending them the Inglenook they can at least feel sure that their children are getting good, wholesome reading.



To Our Readers.

This is the time of the year when the renewals for the Inglenook are made. Many of them have already come in and others are coming in every day. If you will notice the date on the wrapper of your Inglenook you can tell when your subscription expires. Be sure you send in your renewal before the subscription expires so that you will not miss any of the numbers. If you will attend to this matter at once it will be done, and will save you the trouble later on. We have three offers to make this year. The Inglenook alone is \$1.00, the same price that it has always been and has practically the same amount of reading matter that it has always had. The Inglenook and the Cook Book are \$1.25. The Inglenook, the Mother's Magazine and the National Farmer, which if taken separately would cost \$2.25,

we give you for \$1.40. Any of these opportunities are good. Decide which you want for yourself and send in your order. If you want the Inglenook alone just slip a one dollar bill into an envelope, give us your name and address and state whether it is a renewal or a new subscription. If you want the Inglenook and the Cook Book, wrap a twenty-five cent piece in a scrap of paper and place it, and a one dollar bill, into a letter and send it to us with your name and address. If you want the three magazines, the Inglenook, the Mother's Magazine and the National Farmer, send us \$1.40. In any of these cases our circulation manager will give the matter prompt attention. See our offers on pages 1344 and 1345. The stamping outfit offered there, may be secured by sending us one new subscription. This outfit will be useful in your own home, or will make a nice Christmas present.



Community Laundry.

Over in Kansas the housewives believe in economy of labor. In Allen County, a community laundry has been established where the farmers own the machinery. They hire some one to run the laundry and divide the expenses among themselves. If these farmers can agree among themselves there is no reason why such a move would not be a success. If the housewife can get her washing done at a reasonable figure, which will be the case if these farmers all work together, it will lift a heavy burden from her shoulders. It is absurd to insist that the wife must spend her time in pressing the wrinkles out of the children's clothes into her face. She is getting older every day and the wrinkles will come early enough. If your neighborhood does not have a community laundry, relieve your wife of some of the heavy work by providing a gasoline engine to do her washing.



Who Is Married in Illinois?

A recent decision of the Appellate Court in southern Illinois has made it necessary for some of the people of that State to stop and find out whether or not they have been legally married. This decision has declared it unlawful for any one to get married within one year after a divorce has been granted, even if the ceremony would be performed in another State. The decision annuls all marriages of this kind within the State, and it is as if they had never been married the second time. Children born of such marriages would occupy the same po-

sition in court as those born out of wedlock. They would not be permitted to inherit property and would have no standing before the law. One can readily see the seriousness of such a situation, as it affects both the adults and the children. However, this decision is not in any way too sweeping nor too severe. It should be just seventy-five times as severe as it now stands. That is, it should be made illegal for a divorced party to remarry for seventy-five years after the divorce has been granted. If such were the case, it would be only a matter of a few years until the divorce courts would be forced to go out of business, and people who are subjects for the divorce courts would make a more strenuous effort to make themselves agreeable to each other.



Age and Responsibility.

"He is of age, ask him," said the parents of a blind man to the city authorities. There is a time when the father can speak for the son and the son can, in a measure, lean upon his father's reputation in the community. As the son gets older, however, he is obliged more and more to stand upon his own feet. Ask the boy a question and he will at once give you his father's opinion as final authority, but as he gets older he learns that when he is asked a question, it is not his father's opinion that is wanted but his own. He must have learned to think for himself and to depend upon his own judgment in deciding between right and wrong. If when he was a boy the parents did all the thinking for him without giving him any responsibility the boy must necessarily be helpless when he grows to maturity. If such is the case he will at some time take his conduct into his own hands and place the parents into an embarrassing position, because of a faulty judgment brought by lack of responsibility. The time must come when the parents can say, "He is of age, ask him," and the time should come when the parents can say this with a full trust, feeling that what the son says will be all right. As he gets older increased responsibility will be placed upon him and his judgment between right and wrong must become keener with every year's experience. The sharpening of this judgment should be started early in life so that the metal itself may be properly tempered by the time the boy reaches maturity.



A Decalogue.

Many times the ambition of a girl unbal-

ances her better judgment and she goes in pursuit of what she counts for the moment as pleasure. In nine cases out of ten she finds sorrow and regret instead of the pleasures that she was seeking. Eagerness to keep up appearances often leads a girl to coax for expensive clothes and ornaments to the extent of impoverishing the rest of the family. No true-hearted girl will see the rest of the family pinched to the point of privation that she may pose as a child of luxury. The path to happiness is not found by way of frivolity but through usefulness, culture and service. A few weeks ago a Chicago minister in speaking to a number of girls gave them the following decalogue:

1. Thou shalt not deceive thy mother.
2. Thou shalt not exchange the bloom of innocence for the favor and contempt of any man.
3. Thou shalt not esteem silk petticoats and diamond rings as of greater value than the family's welfare.
4. Thou shalt not regard flattery and false pretense as the highway to popularity.
5. Thou shalt not gossip.
6. Thou shalt not use loud speech, nor bold manner to attract attention.
7. Thou shalt not think more of the culture of thy heels than of thy head.
8. Thou shalt not hold the cup to thy brother's lips, much less to the lips of the brother of another.
9. Thou shalt not imitate the fine lady's languor while thy mother washes dishes and sweeps the house.
10. Thou shalt find joy in the service of God who created thee.



Beauty Versus Ugliness.

Some people have a very remarkable ability in detecting that which to them is inharmonious. A patched garment, a crushed rose, a deformed hand, an untuneful voice, an inappropriate gesture, a violation of the laws of grammar, or any incident that calls attention to an error in form, style or manner, is an occasion for a criticism from them. They keep the world ringing with their own criticisms which often are more incongruous than the thing criticised by them. Miserable themselves they try to make every one else miserable by pointing out defects, and they are generally successful in creating an atmosphere of misery about them. The author of "Characteristics" remarks: "The detestable habit of fault-finding—too common in this world, as all good-natured people know—was once, we remember, most effectually rebuked by

Crabb Robinson. It was during one of his visits to Paris. A great part of the day had been spent in sight-seeing with a London acquaintance, who said to him at parting, 'I will call for you tomorrow.' 'I will thank you not to call,' replied the kindly and philosophic barrister. 'I would rather not see anything else with you, and I will tell you frankly why. I came to Paris to enjoy myself, and that enjoyment needs the accompaniment of sympathy with others. You see nothing which you do not find inferior to what you have seen before. This may be very true, but it makes me very uncomfortable. I believe if I were forced to live with you, I should kill myself. So I shall be glad to see you in London, but no more in Paris.'



Push to the Front.

No man has a right to be less than the best within his reach. If he is a doctor, he should plan to be the best doctor in the history of medicine. If he is a farmer, he should make his farm yield better returns than any other farm in the community. If he is a preacher, he should declare God's truth as no other ever did. Whatever the vocation, the best should be the underlying motive if the most is to be realized in life. If a man seeks to be of ever increasing worth initiative must be given a place of prominence in his everyday life. Tens of

thousands of men, after doing their tasks mechanically for years lack originality enough to advance and become utterly void of adding anything of improved methods in their place of service, and finally in middle life are left stranded and become a care to society. They lacked initiative and originality. Doing the same old thing in the same old way, brings stagnation, not only to the business itself but to the man who does the work. The man who will spend fifteen minutes every day in working out some improvements in doing his work will show marvelous results by the end of the year. He will not only have made improvements in his work, but he will have saved himself from stagnation. The minute a man becomes satisfied with his work, whether on the farm, at law, in medicine, or in the pulpit, his possibilities for enlargement cease. He becomes a mere tool, limited by his own indifference. There can be no great accomplishment without an aggressive initiative disposition. The young man must make it the practice of his life to keep his eyes open, learn to see a situation in its true perspective and then act. He must reach beyond what he has been told to do by any one else. He must strike out and make some experiments by his own initiative. It is the man who is willing to fail nine times that he may succeed the tenth time, who is really worth while.

COLDS

Dr. O. H. Yereman

No. I.

IS there anything that makes you feel meaner than a cold in the head? You are not sick enough to go to bed, and yet not well enough to enjoy your work; and between the paroxysms of sneezing and the dive into your pockets to find the driest one of your many handkerchiefs to absorb the scalding stream of salty fluid pouring from your nose, you find your spirits getting as blue as indigo and your temper as snappy as an angry cat. The full heavy feeling in your head does not indicate that your brain cells are anxious for vigorous exercise, nor does the stopped up condition of your respiratory passages make you feel like engaging in a heated debate. In short you feel out of sorts with yourself and everybody else.

However, notwithstanding their undesirability, colds are exceedingly common in civ-

ilized countries and particularly in cities and larger centers of population. They are more common in the cold season and in the temperate zones. Hardly a person who does not have one or more colds during each winter season, especially if he lives in the Middle States or those surrounding the great lakes.

You may be surprised to know that colds are not as common in cold climates as in more temperate regions; that the inhabitants of Canada, North Dakota and Minnesota do not suffer with colds, nearly as often as those of us who live farther south, such as Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. The reason for this is obvious. In the latter named States, atmospheric conditions change with such suddenness and frequency, that one often passes from chilliness to a feeling of sweltering heat within the same day; while in the North weather conditions are more constant.

It will be news to some of you that the poorer and less cultured classes are freer from colds than the rich and highly educated. The reasons for this are twofold. The poverty of the poor necessitates their going out and working in spite of the weather, and the exercise in the open air keeps their bodily functions in good order, and develops a ruggedness which helps to keep them from catching cold. Furthermore their homes are automatically ventilated by means of cracks in their doors and windows, which gives them fresh air to breathe, purifying their blood and keeping up their vital resistance against disease. The rich on the other hand keep themselves in hot, stuffy apartments, poison their blood by breathing vitiated air, clog up their system by eating highly seasoned, indigestible foods, and by dissipations of various sorts get their nervous equilibrium so unbalanced that they are easy victims for a cold.

You are now wondering where the harm of being highly educated comes in. Our present methods of education very frequently produce an unsteady nerve balance. The overstimulation of the brain cells, aided by the neglect of physical exercise, concentrates the balance of nerve power in the region of the brain, at the expense of the other organs of the body. These other organs, being deprived of their reserve nerve force, succumb to the least overtaxation and derange the nerve balance of the system. This condition is so common that it has come to be recognized as the nervous diathesis by many scientists. The sedentary habits which such individuals have to lead, further add to this condition, and the equalization of their circulation and nerve action is easily disturbed by any trivial cause so that colds are readily contracted by them. Of course there are many exceptions to this rule.

It is fashionable nowadays to make fun of the idea that colds are due to exposure. The modern faddist boasts of his daily cold bath and open windowed sleeping room, and ridicules the precautions of his elderly mother, that exposure to inclement weather is likely to result in a cold. Although the benefits of the cold bath and the open window, as a preventive to catching cold cannot be gainsaid, still there is a great deal of truth in the old fashioned advice; and the indiscriminate exposure of bare neck and thinly clad ankles cannot be censured too strongly.

As a physician I have often refused to undertake the treatment of throat and lung troubles in persons who would not consent to abandon the foolish custom of wearing

low necked dresses and other apparel which did not afford sufficient protection to their bodies against inclement weather, because it is almost impossible to cure them when they are constantly wearing out their reserve power by exposure to cold.

Sudden changes of weather and exposure of unprotected portions of the body to the same are conducive to colds. The sudden chilling of these exposed surfaces deranges the circulation and the action of the nerves of the parts, producing congestion and predisposing to infections of various kinds. If the entire body is thinly clad, and the constitution is rugged there is not nearly as much danger of contracting a cold as when small portions of the body are insufficiently protected against cold. The apparel of the sailor illustrates this well.

I admit that it is the lowering of the vitality and the resisting power of the individual that predisposes him to catching cold. If it were not for the exposure there would not be a lowered vitality. A cold draught will disturb the lining membranes of the nose, throat, and respiratory passages, and thus make it possible for the germs to light on them. For as you know —(or didn't you know it?)—even colds are due to germs.

As a people we have about passed the stage where we object to fresh air. It used to be thought positively cruel to allow fresh air to come into a sick room, and it was not uncommon to have people stuff even the key-hole to avoid the entrance of cold air. But we know now that fresh air is not only good but essential to health, and specially so during sickness, when the blood needs to be as thoroughly purified and rejuvenated as possible.

The most dangerous feature about a draught, is that it is laden with dust and all the germs which float therein. If you have ever looked at a beam of light coming through a small aperture, such as a crack, you know that it is full of all kinds of diminutive bodies, which float and dance in it. When a single beam in a clean room where the air is tranquil is thus laden with dust and germs, how great must be the load when it blows across dusty streets and over smoky factories?

Do you know what makes you sneeze? It is not the cold air, for you often sneeze while hugging a hot stove, but it is the dust and germs floating all around you that, lodging on the lining membranes of your nose, produce sufficient irritation to cause your nostrils to try to flood them out by a paroxysm of sneezes.

Another cause for a cold which must not

be lost sight of is a clogging of the system. We all know from personal experience that often we catch cold when we can hardly imagine how it was done, as we had not exposed ourselves, while at other times we pass through most trying exposures to inclement weather and come out unscathed. The explanation is easy. If the action of the secretory and excretory organs of the body is impaired your resisting power against disease, or your defenses against the attack of the millions of germs which are constantly prowling around, are so weakened, that you are liable to fall prey to any strong invading enemy. It does not always need to be a cold—it may be pneumonia, tonsillitis, rheumatism, typhoid fever, or any other disease whose germs may be in evidence at the time.

But you will ask which are the secretory and excretory organs of the body. Since freedom from cold and general diseases depends on their free action, you should know which these organs are, and how to keep them active. I put first on the list the liver, then the kidneys, bowels, skin and lungs. These are the principal ones. Scientists have found that there is an excess of bile retained in the system when you have a cold. This is a condition similar to the old-fashioned biliousness, which is only a next door neighbor to a cold. At the door of the kidneys, they lay uric acid; for the bowels, constipation; and for the lungs and skin, insufficient elimination. And by the way, elimination is the key-note of the treatment of a cold. That is why the doc-

tor prescribes for you a physic, the hydro-path a hot bath, and grandmother insists that you drink a whole quart of hot ginger tea. They all work on these organs of elimination.

The common cold is not only a germ disease, but it is also contagious. Every time you cough or sneeze you drive a volley of bacteria a distance of three or four feet in front of you. Any person within reach has thus thrust upon him these germs, and even if there is no other person in the room, the germs find lodgment on the furniture and the rug and wait for a current of air to lift them up and lodge them on some one's nose, throat, or lungs. This is why physicians and hygienists insist that a handkerchief be held before the mouth during a paroxysm of sneezing or coughing.

This also explains why, when one member of a family has a cold, several others are sure to follow suit. The same is observed in offices. Where one of the clerks contracts a cold, a number of the persons working with him will suffer from the same. Colds spread through schools and institutions, where large numbers of people are thrown together. In other words, you catch cold from the crowd, on the train, in the street car, at the church or theatre,—in other words, at places where you are exposed to the emanations from the breath of others.

The care and treatment of a present cold, and the precautions to observe to prevent a future cold will be the subject of our next article.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

Fred G. Kaessmann

THE father I had known for years. Today for the first time I saw his boy. It was as if a dagger had been stuck into my heart. Terrible—terrible—only that, and nothing else could be said. They sat there on the wagon seat, father like son, son like father—and such a father. You have seen grouches—but, no, you never saw such a grouch as this father. Never. It was this fact that emphasized the fact.

This man never laughs. His face is a continual advertisement to this effect. To boot, misfortune brought to him a sickness which marred his face. The summing up spells about as dampening an individual as one anywhere to be found. And the boy, poor lad, is the pattern of his father, result

of a lifetime of association. At fourteen or fifteen he carries a load which would bow down nine out of ten strong men. It may be habitual—but then—think of what he is being defrauded!

If the fathers and mothers who read this could see this father and his lad, they would be very careful indeed as to what a pattern they set for their loved ones. Undoubtedly they have read many articles covering just this particular phase of development, but often the full value of such articles can be realized only by seeing actual examples.

The father who shows his boy how to give short weight is preparing his son, perhaps, for the wide open prison door. The mother who tells another woman before

her children, "Your dress is lovely, Mary. It is wonderfully becoming. It is really beautiful. You must wear it to church"—and then comes into the house to say, "Say, isn't it a fright! Did you ever see such a combination of colors? How can anyone show such taste?"—is little short of a fool. Does she not know that such words and deeds either mar the characters of her children—or cause them such feelings of revulsion that never again can they look upon the one who should be most dear to them with the respect they had for her before?

Think it over—you fathers and mothers.

Reckon well—before you show an unlovely side to precious young souls.

Smile with the little ones. Counsel with the older ones. Always, though, play the game of life honestly and squarely. Boys

and girls will sometimes go wrong despite the most loving and efficient care of capable parents—but such cases are truly rare. Efficient parentage, efficient children—that's the rule. Just look around. Weigh the fathers and mothers you know. Weigh them carefully without prejudice. The result will satisfy you that you can lead the child—plant aright or awrong.

When the world weighs your son as against you—what shall it say—what shall it think—of his inherited characteristics—of his acquired characteristics—because of close association with you?

Shall it say "a stiff like his father"? "a grafter like his father"? "a rake like his father"?

Upon the answer "the world" depends.

Let us hope that the answer will be "A man—like his father."—The Nautilus.

A THIN SKIN

W. R. Gilbert

The Woes of the Sensitive.

TO be sure, who would have a thick skin? The thick-skinned individual, invulnerable to hints, impervious to rebuffs, unsusceptible of mental atmosphere, is a nuisance we all know too well. Such a one never seems to be aware that "two's company, three's none;" never supposes that an abrupt entrance on a scene at a crucial moment may be unwelcome; never knows what it means to feel snubbed or shunned; but, on the other hand, the luckless possessor of a skin too fine and delicate for everyday use, may be the worse person of the two to live with.

For you know at any rate what to expect of the former, usually a cheerful, optimistic, hearty mortal, with whom the thick skin, skin though it be, is "bred in the bone," and not consciously and wantonly fostered—whereas the latter, piquing himself—or herself—on that very hypersensitivity which renders him well-nigh intolerable to friends and relations, is for ever on the watch for new grievances, new slights, new indignities, new torments.

Once upon a time there came to an old Scottish country house, as tutor to the sons, a student from the Edinburgh University—one who had taken the highest honors there and who despite humble parentage, was in many ways one of "Nature's gentlemen." But, alas! he was both intensely shy and intensely proud, the combined product

of a too thin skin, a skin so painfully attenuated that in plain terms you never knew where you were with him. In company he underwent agonies if noticed, yet strange to say, also if unnoticed, each alternative being equally fruitful of affront. If left out of a festivity, for which he had previously expressed distaste he was still "left out" and miserable.

"Mr. B., would you do a message for me at the shop, as you are goin' to the town this mornin'?" the old Scottish housekeeper would ask—easily enough at first, for everyone who went to the "town" three miles off, did her messages, or those of others—but she soon learned better. "Mrs. A., I am not an errand boy," would be the haughty retort, while for days afterwards pupils in the schoolroom heard of the "insult." It was the same with everything, for the unfortunate victim of this terribly thin skin honestly believed in his own distortions and misinterpretations. There was no convincing him that a possibly ill-timed inquiry into his prowess with rod or gun did not convey a covert sneer, nor a request for his company an intention to make him "of use." Finally, the position grew intolerable; and proud as all were of the young man's talents, and valued for much that was admirable in his character, he had to go—all because of a too-thin skin.

Again, two girls, whom we will call Anne and Emily, had been neighbors from child-

hood, and were sincerely attached to each other—each suffered from the alliance. Anne's affection was of the kind which caused her perpetually to imagine Emily's lack of it, while Emily, as a fact, had a life-long struggle to satisfy Anne's demands. Did the former put on a new frock—woe betide the latter if she failed to notice and admire in the instant. Her mind might be running on other matters, far more important matters, but this would avail her nothing, since Anne, nervously self-engrossed, would see only that her appearance was nothing to her friend, etc., etc. Did Emily make a new acquaintance, and be pleased and interested—Anne, with bitter tears, would declare herself at once and forever supplanted in the heart of her own, her beloved Emily. And so on, till the latter, the sweetest-tempered girl imaginable, grew so afraid of saying or doing anything without asking herself in what light it would be looked upon by her troublesome friend, that all free and happy intercourse was at an end, and when at last, by a turn of events, separation came, it came as a relief. Now in many ways these two were suited to each other; they had tastes and pursuits in common; their childhood having been passed much together, yielded fond memories which might have formed the basis of a life-long friendship, but a thin skin, for all its thinness, crept between and spoiled all.

Moreover, the possessor of such a skin is its chief sufferer. Let no one think otherwise. Readers of Anthony Trollope will recall the agonies self-inflicted by the hypersensitive Mr. Crawley, whose real sorrows were nothing to his imaginary ones; and how one feels for him and—longs to shake him. Poor Mr. Crawley, his skin was thin indeed!—far, far above him towers the nobler spirit of his wife, who could endure to be befriended in her hour of need. Can anything be finer than the gentle dignity with which she received plain food and clothing, stripping off pretence with her "We have got beyond all that," while her husband, had he known what was going on, would have flung the baskets back in the donor's face, though like the Spartan boy a very fox were gnawing at his vitals.

The worst of a thin skin is that it is seldom, if ever, recognized as an infirmity, but rather as a possession to be cherished and vaunted; this breeds most of the mischief. You may begin by having a commendable delicacy of feeling which is shocked at rough-and-ready methods, and repelled by honesty of speech bordering on tactlessness—but plume yourself upon it, foster it, unduly exalt it, and you are in danger of de-

teriorating into a feeling of superiority over your fellow-creatures, and again into a sense of general injury at their hands. If you lamented instead of encouraged the whispers of your thin skin, your eyes would open to the fact that you cannot be always right and the world always wrong. Those about you cannot be forever wounding your spirit, without that spirit's being unhealthily and morbidly acute to feel the wound. May you not misconstrue a remark? May you not sometimes see a look of intelligence, a meaning smile pass which had no reference to you? It might, and very likely could be, explained to your perfect satisfaction. If you would only wait patiently, or forget good-humoredly,—but if your thin skin is tingling all over with irritation and mortification, you are in no state to believe this, and perhaps others, reacted upon, are loth to comfort you.

And how about exaggerations? A thin skin is a gross exaggerator; its achievements in that line are almost incredible.

So-and-So said such-and-such a thing. Well, perhaps So-and-So did. But, was it possible that a casual remark, accompanied by a smile and intended for a jest, could be magnified into an accusation? The thin skin will obstinately adhere to the letter of the law, the words were spoken, and "there is an end of it." Or a story is told whereat the lips of the thin skin purse up. It is a harmless little tale of a harmless little episode; but it puffs like the puff-adder when retold by a narrator quivering with pique and resentment.

The thin skin finds the soil of inferiority so congenial that it ramps there. The humble companion, the subordinate, anyone in a lowly or dependent position knows too well, were the truth acknowledged, that this is so; and also that the sins of omission outnumber the sins of commission when reckoned by a lynx eye on the lookout for them.

A trifling neglect which would pass unnoticed between equals, a mere nothing, due to absence of mind or preoccupation with weightier matters, will be brooded over and twisted this way and that, till it is worn to threads by the thin-skinned underling. Even if it be not altogether fancy which tells the latter that he or she is ill-used, have not heads of departments, authorities, powers that be, their varying moods and humors as well as meaner mortals, and should not some allowance be made for this in the fierce light which beats upon them? But the thin skin makes no allowance, can only see one side of the question, and the lapse of memory or trivial injustice looms

gigantic before a distempered imagination.

"Is Miss So-and-So unwell?" inquires another Miss So-and-So having unwittingly trod on the toes of the former, whilst herself smarting beneath some passing vexation. Preoccupied with this, she has been unaware of outraging the sensibilities of another. She may have spoken quickly, or dismissed her employé with what is felt to be scant ceremony, but she meant no harm, and the matter passed instantly from her mind. Ah! but she also forgot that she had to deal with a thin skin! The subsequent inquiry is repeated, and galls to the quick. It will be many a day before that deeply-injured spirit, whose woeful demeanor has been attributed to bodily rather

than mental ailment, ceases to brood over her wrongs, or to allege that the iron has entered into her soul.

One word more. The thin skin has a favorite formula, "I may forgive, but I can never forget." Now, while the conviction is cherished that it is the sign of a superior temperament to be forgiving while yet retentive, there is nothing to be done. If such are your sentiments, dear reader, beware of them. You must learn to laugh at yourself and your demons. Take things more lightly. Be more self-reflecting. Do not depend for your happiness on the breath of others. A too-thin skin argues in reality a weak, not a strong nature.—Health.

A TRIP TO CHINA

Geo. W. Hilton



Our Party and Friends Who Bade Us Farewell.

Across the Cascades to Seattle.

No. 4.

ABOUT two o'clock Wednesday afternoon we took the train from Wenatchee, Wash., for Seattle. There we met the rest of the party and we had many experiences to tell each other, as some of us had not met for several months.

Our train followed the Wenatchee River for many miles. In fact, we followed it until it became nothing but a mountain brook. About twenty or twenty-five miles up the river we came to the place where the large irrigation dam is located, which holds the water and turns it into the great boiler-like flumes that carry it to the valley below, where it makes the desert bloom like the rose. These flumes are made of wood, like a large tunnel, and then they are bound with iron bands. A man could easily walk upright in one of them.

The Wenatchee River is a beautiful stream, with a number of small falls and rapids that are very beautiful. The timber on the Cascades is much larger and more beautiful than that in the Rockies near the railroad.

At one of the larger towns called Leavenworth they put a pusher engine onto our train, to help us up the mountain. After climbing for some time we made another stop and replaced the pusher engine with an electric motor to take us through the Cascade tunnel, which is three miles long, running through the heart of the mountain. This tunnel cost a great deal of money, and it took several years to complete it, yet it has shortened the route by several miles. It took us just seven minutes to go through the tunnel.

After we came out at the other end we found ourselves on a track several hundred feet high, and by looking below, two other tracks could be seen. This is near the place



Loading Our Baggage at the Dock.

where the great passenger wreck occurred a year ago. We then came to the horse-shoe tunnel, another great feat of engineering. We crossed Tumwater Canyon and entered the tunnel from the east, then turned around in the mountain and came out within a few hundred feet of the place where we entered.

Soon after this we passed the Scenic Hot Springs, a very famous summer resort. About six o'clock in the evening we came to Everett, Wash., and got our first glimpse of Puget Sound. Then we followed the sound until we got nearly to Seattle. Here we were met at the station by Bro. Maust, who took us at once to his home on the north side, where we spent the next few days very pleasantly. While there, we did some last shopping and made our final arrangements for sailing. A great many of

our brethren and sisters from western Washington came there to see the missionaries off on the boat. We enjoyed a splendid love feast together on Saturday evening, and on Sunday we had a Sunday-school and missionary meeting together. On Monday, Sept. 18, about ten o'clock, we all went to the dock to get ready for sailing at noon.

On account of some extra loading we did not get ready to leave Seattle until about two in the afternoon, but before we left, our friends came on board to see our home and we went on deck and had a season of worship together. Then I took our pictures and after many fond farewells and best wishes, we found ourselves bound for China on the steamship "Minnesota," which will be our home for about eighteen days. In our next article I will tell you of our boat and our ocean trip.

KEEPING WARM IN WINTER

KEEP yourself warm in the winter. Don't get the notion that by being uncomfortably cold about half the time will harden your body and make you stronger. It will do nothing of the kind. Cold hands and cold feet and a chilly backbone will deplete your vitality more rapidly than nutritious food and all sorts of physical culture and hygienic rules can possibly build it up.

Keep yourself warm. We do not mean that you should swaddle your body in heavy clothing and shut yourself up in a close, hot, unventilated room and never step outdoors in cold weather. We don't mean that at all.

We do mean, however, that you should keep your house comfortably warm all the time and well ventilated. Not overheated, but use a thermometer and keep your rooms somewhere between sixty-five and seventy. If you can manage it keep the halls warm, too, the same temperature as the room. Many a cold is taken by going from a warm room into a cold hall. Having the house only about half warm, shivering around through the morning hours, sitting by a little fire roasting your face while the chills are running up and down your spine, this may save fuel, but what you save in fuel will doubtless be spent in doctor bills.

While in the house wear light weight but warm clothing. If the house is heated properly you will not need heavy clothing at all. But when you go outdoors put on heavier clothing. Put on sufficient clothing to pro-

tect yourself from the cold. Exercise and deep breathing while outdoors will do much to keep the body warm, but do not depend too much on this. Rapid walking and deep breathing will not protect you from taking cold, if you wear low shoes, or light dresses and expose the body to the cold.

Wear low shoes in the house if you want or a light dress, that is, if the house is warm enough to permit you to do it with comfort. But when you go outdoors put on high shoes and be sure they are heavy enough to keep out the cold. If you must go in light dresses, be sure to provide some extra covering for the chest and shoulders and wear a warm wrap or coat.

Now we don't mean by this that you should coddle yourself, until your body will lose all resistance to cold. Take a cold bath in the morning if you are vigorous enough to stand it. Or take a rough towel rub in a cold room. Exposing the whole body to cold at the time you are exercising will not do any harm, but will strengthen the resisting powers of the body. Take a walk every day, twice a day is better. Walk rapidly and breathe deeply. Drink in the cold air. It will warm and revitalize your body.

But don't think that sitting in a cold room or wearing so little clothing that when you step outdoors your teeth chatter and your toes freeze is going to make you strong and healthy. It is far more liable to give you bronchitis or pneumonia. Warm rooms with pure air, light clothing in the house, sufficient clothing outdoors to protect the

body from cold, at night an open window and plenty of warm bedclothes—these are the things that will do much to keep the body strong and well in the winter time. Needless exposure to the cold air for the sake of hardening the body is foolish. A half-warm body requires more food, puts a greater work on the digestive organs, saps the vitality, and keeps one on the ragged edge of depletion. But a body well clothed and warmed will in the winter time put on extra flesh, gather greater vitality, and be

filled with vigor and life and energy.

Keep yourself warm in the winter time. Eat nourishing food. Take a bath, warm or cold, once a day. Keep the rooms well ventilated, day and night. Take a walk in the crisp, cold air every day, or a good, brisk run is better yet, breathing through the nose. Don't get the notion that to be chilly and cold will strengthen the resisting power of your body, for it will not; it will simply keep your vitality at the lowest ebb.—Cooking Club Magazine.

THE SHY CHILD

Fannie M. Pendleton

THERE is probably no greater cause of child misery than diffidence, and it is usually accounted for by extreme self-consciousness or by lack of self-esteem. Sometimes it lasts for a lifetime and even mars success in a chosen line of work. It is therefore a mistake to reason that an extreme case—even in early youth—will take care of itself, as the child grows older and becomes adjusted to his or her place in the world.

There is a certain degree of shyness in childhood and youth that, in this day of self-assertive children, has its charm. But if it goes deep, if it is morbid and springs from an over-sensitive, self-analytic nature, then there is danger, and it can not be trusted to right itself. In this age of ambitious striving, the world holds no crown of success for the timid, distrustful soul.

There are many ways in which to combat shyness. Teach the child to forget himself. To do this, be sure that his clothing is suitable and that it satisfies the child. Do not allow a sensitive child to get the idea that he is very homely or unattractive. There is quite as much danger in this as there is in his becoming vain, and ever so much more misery. Give the child wholesome praise, and lead him to feel in harmony with his surroundings as well as with life in general.

Parents often accentuate the awkwardness of their children by calling attention to it before them and in the presence of other people. Just because a child is a child is no reason that he should be insulted or wounded in the family or before strangers.

Teach a child to reason by telling him the why of commands and restrictions. Ap-

peal to his sense of the fitness of things, and you give him self-respect. A reason, properly stated, enforces a command or request, and throws a certain amount of responsibility upon the child with regard to future conduct.

If the child is to forget himself, help him kindly to overcome his physical shortcomings. Out of door sports that bring not only health and strength but grace and poise will aid. Let him attend a physical culture class.

If his sensitiveness has become morbid, talk to him kindly and tell him that he must not think about himself, that in this great rushing world people are too busy to think of him or to remember any blunders that he has made. Lead him to exert himself for some one who is shyer than he. Teach him that people are not half as harsh critics toward him as he is toward himself.

To give the child self-confidence, develops any talent he may possess.

Talk the matter over with his teacher. She can be a wonderful help to you, and perhaps is working with the same end in view that you have. The child who trembles before his classmates may be encouraged by his teacher until he forgets his shyness in interest in his work. Here is the solution to the difficulty, give him interest in something outside himself, and your cause is won.

Some of the greatest men and women of history were shy, awkward children, but there was the germ of greatness in them that enabled them to rise above any disadvantage and to overcome any obstacle. And in every case this was accomplished because they forgot themselves in some absorbing interest.—American Motherhood.

CHRISTMAS IS THE BIRTHDAY OF ONE WHO NEVER GAVE TO THE WORLD A DOLLAR.

In the December Woman's Home Companion, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York, writes a great Christmas sermon. One of the eloquent passages in it follows:

"It is worth remembering that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, the Man who never gave the world a dollar. He bestowed upon mankind not a solitary material gift. He carved no statue, painted no picture, wrote no poem, composed no song, fashioned no piece of jewelry, built no edifice, founded no city, erected no triumphal arch; but he stands in history as the great Giver. Silver and gold he had none, but such as he had he gave to men, the gentle touch of a sympathetic hand, the golden glow of a genial mind, the healing love of a generous heart, the bracing energy of a courageous spirit. Paul calls him God's 'Unspeakable Gift.' The best thing God is able to give us is not gold or silver, or costly stones, but himself.

"It is when we give of the things of the spirit that we escape from the realm of embarrassments and burdens. Into a spiritualized Christmas we everyone can enter, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the small and the great.

"In preparing, then, our Christmas presents, let us get ready to give some of the things which Jesus gave. Along with the many gifts which have prices, let us give a few which are priceless, let us give thought to someone who needs it, sympathy to someone who craves it, praise to someone who deserves it but does not get it, kindness to someone whom the world has overlooked, affection to someone who is starving for it, inspiration to someone who is fainting because of the lack of it. One's Christmas does not consist in the abundance of the things which he receives or gives away, but in the spirit of good will which fills his heart."



NAGGING.

"Stop standing in the aisle," "Sit down on this seat," "Not here, the one in front," "Don't stand upon the seat," "Keep your feet off the lady's dress," "Don't put your head out of the window," "Put your cap on your head, we get out in a minute," "Stop that noise," "Put on your cap," "Look out, you will get jerked over," "Come, quick now!" This is almost an exact reproduction of part of a series of orders and instructions fired at the head of a

bright six-year-old child by a mother on a street car the other day. It continued unceasingly until they left the car, and as they disappeared around a corner, the mother's lips could be seen still moving, as she dragged the girl along by the arm. It is a safe bet that her tongue is going yet. Poor child! At first she nervously tried to obey; then, giving up all hope, she sensibly sank into a state of oblivion as far as orders were concerned, and did as she pleased.

A famous horse trainer states you should never say "Whoa" to a colt except when you want him to stop. To steady or quiet him, select some other word, and always use it. But when you would have him stop, say "Whoa" and make him mind. A few well selected commands, to which implicit obedience is always required, are what is needed. A constant stream of mixed and useless orders makes the animal either indifferent or nervous. But he was talking of horses, and some people train a horse or a dog in a much more sensible way than they do their own offspring.

The little girl in the street car was well dressed, intelligent, and evidently naturally of a good disposition, but there were traces of lines around the eyes and in the forehead, out of place in one so young, and she plainly felt bothered, nagged and weary. Many a teacher could give this mother valuable pointers on child training, and any one who is in the habit of using similar methods in the schoolroom, would promise herself never to do so again if she could have heard and seen this mother and child. —American Journal of Education.



A PRAYER.

Heavenly Father come to me,
Who so little merit thee,
Let thy Spirit's touch impart
Solace to my weary heart.

Lead me in my path of pain
Upward to my Cross again.
Help me bear it, bravely still
In submission to thy will.

Give me patience, make me strong,
Even though the path be long.
Jesus trod the thorny way,
Why should I halt in dismay?

I will trust in thy good grace
Even where I cannot trace,
For thy promise will not cease
Till it gird my soul with peace.

—A. Alphonse Dayton, Albany, N. Y.

THE FAIRY OF BOBBY'S HOME

G. W. Wellsburg

THE little figure on the bed gazed through the semidarkness of the room at the white-robed girl bending over him; then, lifting his eyes to her, he asked solemnly: "Is you a fairy?"

The girl paused in her arrangement of the pillows, and with her calm, cool hand smoothed the thick, dark hair away from the boy's white forehead.

"No, dear," she answered, "I am just Mary, the one who keeps house for you and your papa, and poor, big sister Alice, who was almost mother to you, and who kept house so beautifully till the pains came in her limbs and confined her to her wheel chair."

"But fairies have golden hair and big, blue eyes like yours, and smooth folks' pillows, and put nice, soft hands on aching heads, to drive away the pains, don't they?"

"Fairies are supposed to be very kind and good, dear Bobby. Now you had better close your eyes and try to sleep, little one."

"But you are kind and good, Mary," persisted Bobby,—"kinder than any one has ever been since mother went to heaven so many years ago, and I guess that's why father said it."

"Said what, Bobby?"

"Why, that ever since you came here our home has been so happy, and fairies make everything so lovely; so you must be one. Anyway, you look like the picture I once saw of a fairy, and I guess that's what you are," continued the child, unmindful of the flush that had mounted to the very roots of the girl's light hair, at mention of Bobby's father.

A great smothering pain serged through her heart, as she recalled a time, not long ago, when that great-hearted man had told her of his love, and had besought her to make their cheerless home what it should be. But she had refused, and when she saw the look of sorrow that overspread his countenance, and listened to his voice, still calm, but with all its joyous ring gone, a great sadness had come to her, in the knowledge that she must bring more sorrow into the life of the over-burdened man. Then he said: "Can you give me a reason, Mary, why you cannot take charge of this home as a wife to me, and mother to my children?"

Then she had told him in childlike trust of another who would soon have the privilege of claiming her as his own; and now, sitting by Bobby's bed, she wondered at the look of pain that had shadowed the man's face, when she had confided her future husband's name.

It was only a short time till she would depart for her new home, where she would be married; but she vowed to herself that if little Bobby were not better from the fever that was now fairly consuming him, the wedding would have to be postponed, for Mary Winthrop was not one to desert a post of duty, even when she had no ties of affection binding her. But such was not the case in this instance, for the child with his large, dark eyes, and slow, sweet smile strongly appealed to the girl, and she had learned to love him dearly. But youth often rallies very quickly, and so it was with Bobby. When the fever wore away it left him very weak, but on the road to a rapid recovery.

With a mingling of joyous anticipation for the future, and sorrowful regret for the present, Mary Winthrop prepared to go to the distant city, where she would become the wife of the man to whom she had promised herself. It was a sad farewell, when she bade Bobby's father good-bye, for beneath his calm exterior she saw a great soul struggle, as the man, white to the lips, and fearful for the future of the woman he loved, clung to her hand in parting and said: "If there ever should come a time when you need the sympathy and help of a friend, Mary, remember I am ready to aid you in any possible way."

Then she was whirled away through the inky darkness of the night, to the new life, which was to prove no less dark than the night itself; for as soon as the words were spoken that made Clem Davis and Mary Winthrop man and wife she was taken to a lumber camp, where he owned an interest. His violent temper soon asserted itself, and the bride, suffering in spirit, with the last fragment of respect gone for the man she had married, learned the mistake she had made in wedding him. The months that followed were full of bitterness, and the only happiness she had was in the knowledge that she was in no way to blame, that she had fulfilled all her duties to the best of her ability.

The words of her old friend, offering her assistance, should she ever need it, came to her mind; but this was a case where even his great-hearted sympathy would be of little avail. Her husband had fallen far short of the man she had believed him to be, but her loyal heart forbade her to leave him, hoping that even yet she might help redeem him to a better life. But her hopes were not to be fulfilled; for suddenly, after a week of debauchery, the life of Clem Davis was crushed. As the fast express rounded a curve, the whistle shrieked forth its warning, but the man could not get his dazed faculties into working order, and as he stupidly gazed at the iron monster, it bore down upon him. The engineer applied the brakes, but too late. The great wheels crushed the life out of the man who had crushed the spirit of others.

When Mary was left a widow, she at first thought she would notify her old friend, Bobby's father, but pride forbade her. She had once refused him; perhaps his interest in her had all vanished, so she resolved to get a good position somewhere.

She made her home with an elderly couple, who treated her as though she were their own daughter, and the two years that followed were not unpleasant ones, for whenever one's brain and hands are employed in a good, wholesome way, satisfactory results are bound to come in no small degree.

One morning when she was in the garden, adjoining the yard, a well-known voice sounded in her ears. She sprang to the side gate, and extended both hands in greeting to Bobby's father.

Looking up in his face, where nobility and strength of character were clearly written, the woman somehow felt a great flood of peace pour into her soul, while a mist of happiness dimmed her eyes. When that mist cleared away she plainly saw another look in the great, brown eyes that seemed as in other days to search her very soul—a look of undying tenderness and love.

"Mary," he softly said, "there is a little boy waiting back home. His daddy told him, maybe our golden-haired fairy would return, and he asked me in all sincerity if it would be like fairy-land in our home again. Do not disappoint us, Mary, for both my heart and the boy's are set on having you back in our home. Will you come, Mary?"

"For Bobby's sake and yours," she said softly.

"Not for your own sake, Mary?"

"For Bobby's sake and yours and mine," she answered, as a rosy blush came to her cheeks.

A few weeks later a little dark-eyed boy climbed into his father's lap. "Do you know," said he, "I used to think there could be nothing as nice as a fairy. Now, I know that a mother, a real, true mother, is the best thing on this earth for little boys like me."



PAY OR DIE.

THE physicians in a southern city, according to the news dispatches, have gone on a strike against patients who fail to pay their bills. This is but another sign of the commercialization of the professions.

In the olden days the doctor, the lawyer, the preacher, were supposed to be on a somewhat higher plane than the ordinary run of humanity, in that their code of ethics recognized something higher than the matter of dollars and cents. They were to be paid for their services, of course; for "the laborer is worthy of his hire." We have Holy Writ as authority for that. But the best services of the men of these three great professions were at the command, theoretically at least, even of those who could not pay.

The oldtime doctor found his reward in the victory over pain, disease, and death itself, if the patient was not in a position to offer a more material reward. To the credit of the profession this same spirit actuates many of the greatest and most successful practitioners today.

But there is unfortunately a growing element who are doctors for revenue only; who, unlike those mentioned above, will do nothing to relieve pain, to fight off death, unless an ample honorarium is in hand—or at least in sight.

In a recent address to students one of the leading physicians in New York, Dr. Abraham Jacobi, spoke with great feeling on the evils of commercialized medicine. He gave specific instances where doctors of standing had departed a long way from the old high standards of medical ethics for the sake of money. He declared with emphasis: "And, above all things, bear in mind that medicine, your choice of a walk in life, is the most honorable and most punctilious of professions, and not a mean, money-grabbing trade."

While a physician might be justified in refusing to treat a patient who is able to, but will not pay, it is awful to think of a member of this great profession permitting human beings to suffer and die when they might be saved merely because they are not able to pay his fee."

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

INTRODUCTORY COMMENTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

J. C. Flora.

WHEN we begin the study of the Lord's Prayer we turn our faces to an old path, well-worn by the feet of many incurious worshippers and many devout interpreters. It is the old roads that offer fair prospects and that lead to pleasant places, where the hedgerows every year are sweet with blossoms and musical with birds.

The prayer that Christ taught his disciples is not a threadbare formula; it is as full as ever it was of fresh and vital truth. And now while we dwell and expand upon its familiar phrases may we trust that his own Spirit will dwell with us, and make it plain to us and that we may evermore devoutly and trustfully use the petitions grouped in this simple form of words.

The first thing singular about this prayer is its brevity. But even this strangeness is accounted for when we take into account the connection. The Savior had just been teaching that "when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be ye not therefore like unto them." In most of other religions the efficacy of the prayer was determined by its length. It was the notion that they must tease the gods before they would hear the supplications of men. Long prayers were quite common among the Jews. So it was not the Gentiles alone that Jesus was rebuking for long prayers, but his own people as well. This model prayer is so short that one who utters it very slowly will finish it in one minute. Although we may not be able to say all the things we desire to say to our Father in the space of one minute, neither may we be able to relieve our burdened hearts of their wants, yet many of our prayers, no doubt, in church services and at prayer meetings would be more effective if they were not so voluminous and composed of so many vain repetitions.

How is the prayer to be used? Was it to be used exclusively? Some have so concluded from the Savior's words as recorded by Luke when he says "When ye pray, say, 'Our Father who art in heaven,'" etc. It has been inferred that he meant to give them a form of words that they were to use and to use no others in prayer. But it is plain

that this can not be true for we have a record of several prayers in the Acts of the Apostles in which he did not follow this form of words, yet they were truly answered. We thus conclude that we are at liberty to use other words in connection with the Lord's prayer. But, on the other hand, are we justified in formulating our own prayer to the exclusion of the Lord's prayer? I do not think that the Lord means to require it, but I do think it is a most excellent prayer and we can not use it too much if we use it sincerely, and if we fully comprehend its depth and beauty. In Matthew our Lord begins by saying: "After this manner, therefore, pray ye." The prayer is at least a very excellent model, in its simplicity, its brevity, and its directness. I suggest that, if we always use it, or if we do not always use it, we may be very careful that even this model prayer may not become a vain repetition.

Did the Master intend that we should use this prayer, or, indeed, any prayer publicly? Some things that are said in the Sermon on the Mount would cause us to answer this question negatively. "When thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and on the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." This certainly does not mean that we shall never pray in public. If we should take that one passage only and interpret it literally we should never pray in the synagogues but always enter into our closet and shut the door. Yet we know that our Lord himself prayed in the presence of others. He prayed at the tomb of Lazarus; he prayed in the upper room at the last supper with his disciples. We know too that when the disciples were together, in one accord, in one place, and there lifted up their supplications, that they were richly answered. So then why should we take this preface to the Lord's prayer literally? Are we to conclude that we are restricted to it, or rather, are we to conclude that we should not use vain repetitions nor pray for show?

I look upon prayer as a sincere and earnest petition, from the hearts of children

to a loving Father for the things for which our souls are in anguish. In a sense it is impossible for us to pray in public, for, if we have our minds absorbed in what we are asking for, we ourselves are not conscious of our surroundings, whether we be alone or in the midst of a mighty throng. May God give us sufficient grace and faith,

that when we pray we may not be restricted to a certain model, or restrained by surroundings, but may we be lifted above things material and pray as though we were entirely unconscious of surroundings or of literary composition, and feel as though we were associated with angels and in the very presence of Almighty God.

A PRAYER

Almighty God, do thou come to us, in all the beauty of light, in all the tenderness of love, and encourage us in every holy work and every sacred enterprise. Give us the spirit of thy Son Jesus Christ, that we may pity the world, that we may see it in its right relation to thyself, and earnestly desire that it may be recovered and set in the liberty of truth and love. We bless thee that thy Son, our Savior, came to deliver the world from the thralldom of sin, and from all the grief and misery of guilt: may we receive him into our hearts, and answer all his love by sweet and perpetual

obedience; may there be no reluctance in our love; may our affection towards him be a complete and burning sacrifice; then shall we work as he worked; we shall go about doing good; we shall weep over the city that is lost, and seek them which are gone astray. The Lord look upon us in all the struggle of life—so long, so painful, sometimes so uncertain; now, as if Satan would triumph, and, again as if Christ would crush the serpent's head. Help us, we beseech thee, to believe that all things work together for good to them that love God.

THE SOULS OF FLOWERS

Sanford Filmore Bennett

I have wondered and wondered all my life,
At the beautiful love of God,
In making the flowers to grow therein,
As well as the mold and sod.

And the sweetest record of all I find,
As the scroll of love unrolls,
Was made when his loving kindness gave
To the flowers immortal souls.

Of mortals, few had the secret found,
Which the timid flowers concealed
And then, to the poet's heart alone,
Was the mystery revealed.

But the angels knew the secret long,
In truth since the world was young,

And they knew the speech of their prose
and verse
And the notes that the lilies sung.

And 'tis said, in an ancient book 'twas writ
In mystic signs of gold,
By one whom the gentle Buddha loved,
With a love that was manifold.

And the good disciple sealed the book,
Till the world should better grow
Lest one unworthy the Buddha's trust
The beautiful truth should know.

And now that his love hath revealed to me,
This miracle of the flowers,
I know why they always brought to my life,
The sweets of its holiest hours.

—Cooking Club Magazine.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

CHRISTMAS CANDIES CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Frances Bell.

Hard Ball Candies.

1. Chocolate Caramels.

2 cups (1 lb.) brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chocolate
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk or cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 1 teaspoon vanilla

1 cup chopped nuts if desired.

Boil all the ingredients together, except the vanilla and nuts, to the hard ball degree, $123\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ C. (254° F.). Add the vanilla and nuts and pour into buttered pans. When cool, cut in squares; shape with two knives into cubes. With the large amount of butter, the candy may be stirred to keep it from burning. With the small amount there is more danger of graining.

2. Chocolate Caramels.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chocolate
 1 cup molasses
 1 scant cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 Speck of salt

Make as No. 1.

3. Vanilla Caramels.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water

Flavor with vanilla.

Make as Chocolate Caramels.

4. Maple Caramels.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
 1 cup maple syrup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water

Make as Chocolate Caramels.

5. Plantation Drops.

1 cup golden drip syrup or 1 cup sorghum
 1 cup granulated sugar
 1 cup chopped peanuts
 2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon almond extract

Boil all the ingredients together, except nuts and flavoring, to the hard boil degree,

$123\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ C. (254° F.). Add the flavoring and a few grains of soda. Pour over chopped nuts and when cool, pull, cut in small pieces, and roll in powdered sugar.

Crack Degree Candies.

1. Toffee.

2 cups (1 lb.) light brown sugar
 4 teaspoons vinegar, or the juice of one lemon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 English walnuts cut in halves

Heat sugar, butter and acid over a moderate heat and stir till the sugar dissolves. Then boil without stirring to 132° C. (270° F.), that is, to the crack degree. Pour carefully around and over the nuts, which have been arranged in rows in buttered or oiled pans. Cut into squares, leaving one nut in the center of each.

2. Butter Scotch.

1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 2 teaspoons boiling water
 2 teaspoons vinegar or lemon juice

Boil the ingredients together to the crack degree, 132° C. (270° F.), when it becomes brittle when dropped into cold water. Turn into an oiled pan; when slightly cool mark with a sharp pointed knife in squares.

3. Vinegar Candy.

2 cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar
 2 teaspoons butter

Boil together till it becomes brittle when dropped into cold water, 132° C. (270° F.). When cool, pull and cut into pieces. This may be cooked to 143° C. (290° F.), pound into pans, and cut into squares.

4. Ice Cream Candy.

3 cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vinegar

Boil together without stirring till it will become brittle in cold water, 132° C. (270° F.), cool and pull till white and glossy, adding flavoring while pulling. Cut into pieces.

5. Velvet Molasses Candy.

1 cup molasses
 3 cups sugar
 1 cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda

- 3 teaspoons vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook together the first four ingredients (molasses, sugar, vinegar and cream of tartar), adding the cream of tartar when it boils. When nearly done add the butter and soda. Boil until the mixture becomes brittle in cold water, 132° C. (270° F.). Pour into buttered pans, cool, and pull as molasses candy. While pulling, add the vanilla.

6. Divinity Creams—I.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
- White of 1 egg

Boil sugar, corn syrup and water together to 135° C. (275° F.). Pour over the beaten white of egg and beat rapidly. As it thickens add vanilla and nuts and continue beating till stiff. Mold in a box lined with oiled paper. Cut in slices when cool.

7. Divinity Creams—II.

- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup corn syrup
- 3 egg whites
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 1 cup nut meats

Make as Divinity Creams—I.

8. Popcorn balls.

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 teaspoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of molasses
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water

Cook the ingredients together to crack degree, 132° C. (265° F.), pour over the freshly popped, salted corn, and form into balls as quickly as possible.

9. Crackerjacks.

The same dressing may be used as for popcorn balls but cool to 135° C. (275° F.), also melted sugar plus a few grains of salt may be used for the dressing. Treat the corn as for popcorn balls, and press into buttered pans. Cut into squares desired.

Hard Crack Candies.

1. Glace Fruit.

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar or $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Prepare material and utensils, oiling plat-

ters, and fork. Boil the sugar and water a few minutes, then add the vinegar or cream of tartar, and boil to $143\frac{1}{3}^{\circ}$ C. (290° F.). Place the saucepan in a pan of boiling water and begin to dip fruit, using a fork or a chocolate dipper or a new hatpin. Drain as free as possible from the syrup and drop upon an oiled platter. When the syrup becomes too thick, reheat, repeating the work. If necessary reheat the second time. Work carefully but quickly. Avoid discoloring the syrup by too much reheating. Remove the glaze fruit from the platter as soon as hard and keep in a cool place. Nuts, stoned raisins, candied cherries and candied pineapples, figs cut in small pieces, are most suitable for glacing. White grapes and orange-sections are delicious, but must be used immediately.

2. Barley Candy.

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water

Stir till the sugar dissolves, then boil without stirring till the syrup becomes a light yellow color, 149° C. (300° F.). Add a few drops of lemon extract or other flavoring. Pour a thin layer into an oiled pan and cut into small squares as soon as it is sufficiently cool.

3. Hoarhound Candy.

- 3 cups sugar
- 2 cups boiling water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ square inch pressed hoarhound
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar

Pour the boiling water over the hoarhound and let it stand one minute, then strain. Add the sugar and cream of tartar to the water, and after the sugar has dissolved boil without stirring till a portion tried in water becomes brittle and is slightly yellow, 149° C. (300° F.). Cool slightly and cut into squares.

4. Peanut Candy.

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup shelled and chopped peanuts

Put the sugar into a smooth frying pan and stir with the bowl of the spoon till melted, keeping the spoon flat. Remove immediately from the fire as soon as the sugar is all melted and stir in the nuts. When it begins to stiffen pour over the oiled bottom of an inverted pan, shape with knives and cut into small squares.



The Marketer—"Aren't you wasting a good deal of that steak trimming it?"

The Butcher—"No, ma'am; I weighed it first."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Is local option a good thing?
—D. R.

Answer.—It is better than nothing, but State prohibition is the only way the liquor problem will ever be solved. The State must forbid the sale of liquors and it must see that its laws are enforced. If they are not enforced see that men are placed into office who will enforce the laws. There are plenty of men who will do it if they only get a chance, and it is the voters' duty to see that they get a chance.



Question.—Does the Bible in any way approve of war?—G. H. E.

Answer.—No. It gives many accounts of wars, but it does not in any way sanction or approve of them. Conditions had to be taken as they were found and the records had to be written, giving accurate facts about the wars which existed. Wars were an evil when the Bible was written just as they are an evil now, and God was not any more pleased with them then than he is now. In many cases the condition of the people brought on wars but God did not send them for the purpose of destroying his people. In the cases where the people were destroyed, it was due to the fact that they had disobeyed God and brought the wars upon themselves.



Question.—Are there as many opportunities for young people to start and build up a home as there were in the past?—H. L.

Answer.—Yes, more. The people of the past generation were obliged to face all the hardships of frontier life. They were able to get land cheaper than that same land could now be bought. However, while that land increased in value the land of the East which is now thought to be worn out has depreciated in value so that it can be bought almost as cheaply as the land of the West could have been purchased a few years ago. That Eastern land is not really worn out, but needs to be farmed scientifically. If the young man of today will take the pains of learning scientific farming he will find far greater opportunities than the young men of the last generation had.



Question.—Has Western migration been a benefit to our country?—H. B. E.

Answer.—Surely. The Western movement has meant much to our country. Some of the people who have gone West failed in their undertaking of getting a home of their own, but the majority of them have made good. Had they remained where they formerly were located and given all the profits of their labors to others who had the upper hand of them, they would always have been obliged to live from hand to mouth and perhaps in their old age been brought to want, whereas, by taking opportunity by the forelock, they ventured into untried territory and secured homes for themselves. The great West has been developed by those who were willing to risk all they had for a foothold.



Question.—What effect will the Scout Movement have on the Peace Movement?
—O. P.

Answer.—The Scout Movement will have a tendency to counteract the Peace Movement. It is in direct opposition to the Peace Movement and when you set two movements in direct opposition to each other they necessarily will counteract each other's influence. What is the use of teaching men not to fight so long as we teach boys that army life is a desirable thing? Many of the admirers of the Scout Movement tell us that the intention of the movement is purely to make boys chivalrous and gallant. Perhaps that is the intention of the movement but the means used to accomplish that end places an attractive glamour on army life in the eyes of the boys, and will have a tendency to lead them towards the army. If you don't believe that army life is rotten, just spend a week in one of their encampments and see for yourself.



Question.—What is the relation of plain dress to salvation?—B. Y.

Answer.—They hold something of the same relation toward each other that the blossom bears toward the fruit. What would you think of an apple tree that would expend all of its energy in producing gorgeous blossoms and would never bear any fruit? After a few years of that sort of living you would conclude there is something wrong with the tree. On the other hand, you would never expect to get any apples from that tree unless it did produce some beautiful fragrant blossoms. The blossom is an outward expression of the life which is unfolding within. You do not eat the blossom nor even sell it, but you surely would be disappointed if there were no

blossom at all. If it is all blossom and no apples, however, there is something wrong with the tree. Salvation implies a wholesome relation of the individual with God. This relationship vitalizes the man or the woman. There is life within, which comes from the hidden spring of God. That life within will manifest itself in many outward expressions. Among these expressions, dress is one of them. Now, if all that life and energy is expended in dress so there is nothing left for fruits you can see for yourself what the result will be. If the relationship of the individual toward God is normal, in which case we have salvation, the expression in dress will be beautiful. When we say beautiful, we must remember that beauty lies always in simplicity. Gaudy extravagance, not only in dress but in all manner of living, draws upon the reserve energy which should be expressed in fruit. Consequently the fruit is stunted, full of worms and often drops from the tree long before it reaches maturity. Dress is an outward expression of the graces within. Gaudy dress on the outside is a pretty sure index of poverty within. The soul that is rich in salvation gives an outward expression of beauty and simplicity. Dress is merely an expression of the state within.

AMONG THE BOOKS

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BRAIN LUBRICATORS

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," cried one, "you can walk and run as well as a man!"

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse and swim, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be as strong as a man!"

"I am."

"And you wouldn't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?"

"Indeed I wouldn't," the missionary said.

The mandarin's eight wives looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said, softly:

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid!"—Unidentified.



An absent-minded professor came home one evening triumphantly waving his umbrella to his wife.

"Well, my dear," he said, "you see I didn't leave it anywhere today."

"I see, dear," said his wife; "the only trouble is that you didn't take one from home this morning."

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Mr. J. H. Hauschildt says: "I came to the San Joaquin Valley in 1906 and purchased 80 acres of fruit land. The first crop paid me a rental of \$1,850.00. I then rented it for three years at \$1,700.00 per year cash rent. I now own a 20 acre dairy ranch in addition to the 80 acre fruit ranch, on which I am keeping 12 to 15 cows, 3 horses and 500 hens, and raising all the feed. Last year my crop values and returns from cows and chickens on the 20 acres were \$1,500.00. This year they will be \$1,500.00 to \$1,700.00."

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which is in the very best part of the San Joaquin Valley, and in less than three years has grown into a large community with nearly 200 members of the Brethren Church. Write us about Empire Colony and also about our plans for another church colony near Empire, under our coöperative plan.—**THE POOR MAN'S CHANCE.**

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Forty-three miscellaneous items.

A table of measures.

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There are given 30 ways for using stale bread, and 24 ways for using leftovers, or in other words, 54 ways for using leftovers.

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MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruit, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

GLASS BROS. LAND CO.

BIG TIMBER, MONT.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 19,
1911.

Vol. XIII.
No. 51.

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New Mexico

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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is a romance almost beyond belief, based on the legitimate harvesting of dollars from the dimes invested. The Snake River Valley, with its tributaries, is among the greatest and richest valleys of the Northwest. From it radiate a vast system of irrigation canals and laterals carrying life and productivity to green fields of alfalfa, sugar beets and grain; to areas of the finest potatoes in the land, as well as to great sections of fruit laden orchards.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

December 19, 1911.

No. 51.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Marie Samuella Cromer.

Girls' Tomato Clubs.

LAST week we spoke about the work of Miss Agnew, in Virginia, who has been interesting the girls in canning fruit and raising poultry. Miss Marie Samuella Cromer is doing a similar work in South Carolina under the direction of Farm Demonstration Service of the Department of Agriculture. Previous to her present undertaking Miss Cromer was a Southern school teacher. She saw the boys being interested in corn clubs and contests of various kinds, and thought that the girls ought to have a share of the attention of the United States Government. The opportunity to put her ideas into prac-

tice came when she was appointed to take charge of the work among the girls in her community.

This is how her appointment came about: In the winter of 1910 she formed a club of forty-six girls in her county (Aiken) who promised to raise one-tenth of an acre of tomatoes the following summer. There was a great deal of enthusiasm in the club, the girls being determined to show the boys that they were not the only ones who could win prize money. A member of the Farm Demonstration Service happened to hear of Miss Cromer's club and its results, and Miss Cromer was asked to continue the enterprise under the direction of the Department of Agriculture which has been trying to increase the interest for farming in the South.

Here is an illustration of the work as conducted by Miss Cromer: One of her girls, Miss Katie Gunter, put up 512 cans of tomatoes from her tenth of an acre. After she had paid all of her expenses there was a net profit of something over \$40. That, you see, is no small item. It is equivalent to a net profit of \$400 per acre. It is an easy matter to sell the tomatoes since the canning is done much better than that of the factories. The cans are labeled as tomatoes usually are, and the following is printed on each label: "Put up by the Girls' Tomato Club of Aiken County." Each girl writes her name on the can which she puts up and this adds a personal interest to the value of the tomatoes.

Since the winter of 1910 the work of Miss Gromer has grown wonderfully. Within the past year five Southern States have taken up the growing and canning of tomatoes. Miss Cromer now has charge of 3,000 girls who are doing club work. The original appropriation for the enterprise was \$5,000 but to this sum the General Education Board of New York City has added \$25,000 to meet the expenses. The United

States Department of Agriculture is pushing the work all over the South and besides the canning of tomatoes other things will be taken up later on. The accompanying photograph shows Miss Cromer at work with the girls. It is taken from the American Magazine from which we have taken much of the above information.

Music School Settlements.

Mr. David Mannes of New York City is the originator of the Music School Settlement idea. In the issue for Aug. 15 we had something to say concerning his Music School in the East Side. There are about eighteen music school settlements scattered throughout the Eastern States. Boston has two, and others are found in Albany, Brooklyn, New Rochelle, Pittsfield and Providence. The teachers of these music schools have formed an organization known as the Society of the Music School Settlement, and Mrs. Howard Mansfield, the president, states the purpose of the society as follows: "The purpose of the society is to provide instruction at the least possible cost to the children of the East Side. Formerly such instruction as was available had been eagerly sought, often from teachers whose demands were out of all proportion to their ability. The children, being chiefly of foreign parentage, have an inherent love of music, and only those to whom music is a necessity can appreciate the part it plays in these people. While a small charge is made to all those who can pay, there are scholarships and free tuition where payment is not possible." The Music School Settlement does not aim to train children to be professional musicians; instead, Mr. Mannes wishes to have the East Side homes full of amateurs and to develop a love for music. Last spring the teachers of all the Music School Settlements that have been in operation held a conference, at which many interesting anecdotes were told. A father wanted his little girl to have a violin but was not able to buy one. When spring came he pawned his overcoat and bought the violin for her. There was a little boy who was so pleased with his violin lessons that he taught his father in the evening after working hours. The little fellow described the situation thus: "Father and I help mother wash the dishes and then we get out our violins and have a fine time with our lessons. Father is getting along nicely." The family is Russian.

Last spring Mr. Mannes started a music school for negroes in New York City. The school has proven to be a success and is

filling a deeply felt want among the colored people. At one of the evening classes Mr. Mannes saw a negro washwoman patiently trying to move her stiff fingers over the keys. Being touched by the sincerity of the woman he asked her why she came for instruction and what she expected to do. She replied, "If I could only play, 'Nearer My God, to Thee' I would be perfectly happy." In speaking of this school for the negroes a writer in the Craftsman relates an incident which happened at the Hampton Institute in Virginia: "One evening as we sat in the hall, Dr. Frissell, the principal of the school, announced that after the singing some of the visitors would address the students and a famous musician from New York would play for them. Then Dr. Felix Adler, who was present told this story: 'There was once a negro named Douglas, who, like most of the negro race, was filled with a love of music. After the war, when the negroes were freed, he returned to this country after having been abroad studying the violin, filled with ambition and with love for his art. But he found that every door was closed to him, no orchestra would admit him because of his race, and so, crushed with disappointment, he was forced to earn his living by common fiddling. One day as he was passing through a crowded street in New York, he heard the tones of a violin floating out from a basement window. He stopped and listened. It was evidently a child's hand that drew the bow across the strings. At last, impelled by some strange inner attraction, he spoke to the mother of the little boy. Recognizing the talent of the child, Douglas offered to give him lessons; then into the soul of that little white boy, who was denied all larger opportunity for study, the negro musician poured his own soul, giving the child all that he had himself learned. Douglas died, but the little boy became an artist.'" The little boy was David Mannes, who is the inspiration of all the musicians who are working in the settlement schools. Is it any wonder that Mannes is trying to brighten the homes of the East Side as he is?

The Strike of the Street Cleaners.

On Nov. 8 the employés of the Street Cleaning Department of New York went on a strike. The men objected to the night work which was instituted last April. It was not so bad during the hot summer months but when cold weather came the men encountered many difficulties which they did not experience during the summer. The department promised to aban-

don the night work on the first of November and when it failed to live up to its promise the strike followed immediately. According to reports the men gave sufficient warning and offered to put the matter in the hands of an arbitration board. Here is a portion of the letter which Mayor Gaynor sent to the department, which clearly explains his attitude: "In regard to the threatened strike of the drivers and garbage collectors of your department, be so good as to notify them at once by general order to strike just as soon as they see fit. And see to it that not one of the strikers gets back into the city employment again. We can get along without them. . . . The city pays the men of your department the highest wages for the shortest hours; and in addition a pension law was passed for them last winter. If they think they can make the city conform to their dictation by striking, they will find themselves grievously mistaken."

The other side of the question is lucidly told by one of the night drivers: "You go down to the stable for roll-call at ten o'clock at night. Your horse and cart are hitched up for you, and you go out on your route. Quitting time is supposed to be four o'clock in the morning, but you got

to clean up every thing in your district before you quit. See? Well maybe everything goes along all right for a while. You got to make two trips; first for ashes and then for garbage. The rules of the department is that you can't mix 'em. The people ain't supposed to mix 'em in the can either, but sometimes they do. In the daytime it's easy enough to tell what's in a can but at night it's different. . . . When it comes winter, and there's two or three inches of ice or snow over the top of the can, a man'll have to ram his hand down in the mess to tell what's there. And if you mix 'em in the cart you get called.

"In the dark, if the cans ain't sitting out on the curb you have to hunt them. There's a lantern strapped to the cart, but you can't carry that and the cans too. You grope around in black areaways, and if you miss a can a kick is sent in and you get suspended. You pick up a can with a big jag in the top rim. It cuts and you drop the can. Maybe it's two o'clock in the morning and some grouch reports you for making a noise. I've had things thrown at me out of the windows. The cold weather this fall gave us a hunch how things would be later on. Size up what a blizzard in the dark would put us up against."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

American Coffee Drinkers.

Americans are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world, the English are the greatest tea drinkers. The United States stood first in 1910, as it has for many years in the matter of coffee consumption, the total amount being over 860,414,000 pounds, or an average of 9.33 per individual.



Brewers Furnish Livelihood.

"Brewers and distillers furnish a livelihood for upwards of two and one-half millions of people." "What's your answer?"

The answer is very simple—the statement is grossly inaccurate. According to the United States Census of Manufactures, the brewers and distillers furnish employment to 57,461 people and return in wages only \$90.00 for every million of capital, whereas the average for other industries is \$450.00 for every million invested.



Dynamite for Farming.

Experiments were recently made in New

Jersey to demonstrate the efficacy of a low-freezing explosive in aerating the subsoil and digging a hole for tree-planting. The discharge breaks up the adjacent ground and renders tenacious subsoil porous and sponge-like, thereby favoring a conservation of the moisture. It is claimed that a deeper root penetration becomes possible, and that the crops are not so sensitive to spells of dry, hot weather.



Bomb-dropping from Aeroplanes in Actual Warfare.

According to the latest report from Tripoli an Italian military aviator succeeded in dropping four bombs into the Turkish encampment on November 1. The bombs, which contained picric acid, exploded, and a few hours later an aerial reconnoiter showed the Turks had vacated the spot. Flying over the desert is quite similar to flying over the sea, according to the experience of the Italian aviators; but while at

a height of 1,000 feet a fine view is obtained, if the aviator ascends 300 feet farther even, the earth is generally concealed by a blanket of fog. It is therefore difficult to reconnoiter at a safe elevation. The aviator who dropped the bombs also found it difficult to determine what damage had been done.



The Brewers' Statement.

The brewers are fond of stating that Thomas Jefferson, George Washington and John Adams, together with hundreds of others whose names we revere, drank beer, ale and wine.

The fact is not easily established, if fact it is. But presuming that they did, if we were to trace our ancestry a little further back, we would find plural wives and other social customs which would be classed as indiscretions today. Was there in Washington's day a vicious whisky and beer trust, throttling morality, raging rampant over law, corrupting legislatures, debasing politics, and fathering every villainy known under high heaven? Will any man dare to say that the greatest American could calmly contemplate the present day ravages of commercialized, politicized beer and not raise his voice and hand for its utter annihilation? Can one conceive of Thomas Jefferson consuming beer today and thus lending countenance to its debauchery of the nation? Hardly.



The New Illuminant.

A German named Blau has invented an illuminant which is said to be much better than gas, and fully as effective for lighting purposes. The invention has provoked much discussion and experimenting in Europe but had received little attention in this country until a few weeks ago when a San Francisco company was organized with a capital stock running up into the millions for the manufacture and marketing of this product.

The peculiar feature of the new gas is that it is sold in bottles so that neither mains nor meters are required. It is manufactured from gas oil, a by-product of gasoline, which may be had cheaply. The liquefied gas is delivered to consumers in steel bottles and is connected with the house gas pipes through an apparatus in which the liquefied gas is expanded into a condition ready for use. It is said that the new product will lessen by half the cost of illumination.

Our First Industrial Town.

To the South belongs the praise for the building of the first real industrial town in the United States. Corey, Ala., is model in every respect. It is built after the best plans for the workmen in the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Co. It has all possible modern improvements for health, convenience, and cleanliness; the arrangement of the town in zones or districts—some of them for business houses, and others for various types of residences, ranging from a minimum of \$1,250 to a maximum of \$5,000; a system of streets, sidewalks and boulevards, artistically arranged with regard to each other and the elaborate planting of every street and avenue with many varieties of trees, shrubs, and flowers; and crowning all, a large central portion of many acres to be devoted to a plaza, a civic center including the municipal building, school, public library, and Y. M. C. A. building, and a large central park with provisions for outdoor athletics of every kind and for recreation and amusements.—World's Work.



Areas and Production of Cereals.

The United States Department of Agriculture recently published the following estimates received from the International Institute of Agriculture, Rome, Italy, under date of November 18, 1911, as to the areas planted and the production this year of the crops specified in the most important countries of the Northern Hemisphere and in the countries named the conditions attending the planting of the cereal crops. The production of wheat is placed at 100.2 per cent of last year's crop, or a total of 3,055,000,000 bushels of 60 pounds each; rye, 99.4 per cent, or 1,324,000,000 bushels of 56 pounds; barley, 99.4 per cent, or 1,208,667,000 bushels of 48 pounds; oats, 90.8 per cent, or 3,384,500,000 bushels of 32 pounds; corn production of Hungary is placed at 138,064,000 bushels of 56 pounds. The area of rice harvested in British India is 52,792,000 acres; the estimated area planted to cotton in British India is 17,331,000 acres; the estimated area sown to wheat in Argentina is 17,043,000 acres; in Chili 1,853,000 acres and in Australia 7,905,000 acres; the estimated area sown to oats in Argentina, is 2,547,000 acres and in Australia 689,000 acres. In the Northern Hemisphere the sowing of the winter cereal crops is about completed; the work was accomplished under satisfactory conditions, and germination is regular.—Dun's Review.

EDITORIALS

The National League for Medical Freedom.

A National League for Medical Freedom has been organized in America by the various schools of medicine for the purpose of counteracting the monopolizing tendencies of the American Medical Association. The movement is working for freedom of all schools of medicine, and for the opportunity of individuals to select physicians from any school they choose to treat their cases. As has been mentioned in these columns before there should be freedom for all schools that prove themselves efficient in the protection of public health. For any one school or any one organization to monopolize all the practice and restrain others from practicing is just as wrong as for the Standard Oil Company to restrain the trade of other oil companies which has been declared illegal by the Supreme Court. It is a cowardly trick for a big brother to thrash his little brothers because they are getting to be as big as he is, and perhaps may outgrow him. The American Medical Association has a right to exist so long as its united power is used to provide a better protection for public health, but when that power is used for the restraint of other competent schools it becomes illegal. Competency and efficiency in protecting public health should be the test applied to every school of medicine. If any one of them proves to be inefficient, the State should not allow that one to practice. If it is successful in curing diseases and protecting public health, neither the American Medical Association nor any other organization has any right to interfere in its work.

Healthy Thinking.

A man will find that every time he gets out of sorts, flies into a rage, or goes all to pieces, when things go wrong, is injuring both his health and his business. He makes himself repellent and drives success from his very door. He loses a certain amount of power, of self-respect, and of uplifting character force. A man who wants to do his best must keep himself in good mental trim. If he would achieve success he must be a correct thinker. He cannot think discord and bring harmonious conditions into his work. His thinking must be constructive and upbuilding before he can make his work turn out successfully. Lack of self-control and habitual indulgence in violent passions shatter the nervous system, lessen the will power, and induce grave disorders,

all of which must be rearranged before success will turn our way.

Grouches.

Did you ever have a grouch, and feel snappy and saucy toward everybody that came within speaking distance? Then when it was all over, and you found that after all the whole fault was yours, do you remember how cheap you felt, and how you wished you might sink down through the floor and out of sight forever? One of the problems of life is to reduce that grouchy feeling to a minimum, to learn how to change such a feeling into a smile of welcome and congeniality. Whenever you see anyone who has a grouchy disposition you may know that that person has not yet learned the fine art of living, and if anybody ever sees you with that kind of a disposition they, of course, must conclude that you have not yet learned the fine art of living. Such a disposition is rude, uncultured and unchristian. It places one into the lower ranks of civilization, somewhere near the plane of the untutored heathen. Just watch for traces of that snappy feeling and when you find any indications of it quickly nip it in the bud and both you and your friends will feel better.

Do It Right.

Thackeray says, "Every man has a letter of credit written on his face." We are our own advertisements and if we appear to disadvantage in any particular, our standard in the estimate of others is cut down. The great majority of people who come in contact with us do not see us in our homes; they may never see our houses nor lands nor stocks nor bonds. They know nothing of us except it be by reputation save what they see of our personality, and they judge us accordingly. They take it for granted that our general appearance is a sample of what we are and what we can do and, if we are slovenly in dress and in personal habits, they naturally think that our work and our lives will correspond. They are right. It does not matter where the slackness may manifest itself nor what its nature may be, it will reappear in our work, in our manner, in our person. Many people form a careless habit of neglecting some part of their toilet, as when they black only the front part of their shoes, leaving the heels untouched. The same incompleteness and lack of finish is likely to appear in every letter they write and in every piece of work they attempt to do. It will prove a detri-

ment to character-growth. The consciousness of incompleteness tends to destroy self-respect, to lessen energy and to detract from one's general ability.



Grasping Ideals.

This is an age of reason when men boast of calmness and deliberation, but the deliberation appears most prominently when men are called upon to follow ideals. When there is an opportunity to respond to self-indulgence or to follow some deceptive pleasures there is no evidence of either calmness or deliberation. Men move cautiously toward the good but plunge recklessly when questionable practices are concerned. A man thumbs the pennies he is about to give to a good cause but tosses the bills when making an investment. He counts the cost when there is an appeal to stand for the right but throws caution to the wind when he is under the call of temptation. When things appear with only a possible tint of wrong there should be careful deliberation before any action is taken. When the call comes for a higher or purer life there should be immediate and straightforward action. We must learn to know ideals that are of real worth, grasp them while they are fitting by and change them into realities. A man who is tempering a blade alternately heats and cools it until at one instant there shines out the right glow and immediately he plunges it into the water. He has caught and held the best moment. Had he waited a moment longer the blade would have been ruined. Ideals flit by only occasionally and must be caught at the opportune time.



Gather and Serve.

"Whosoever would become great among you shall be your servant, and whosoever would be first among you shall be your bondservant." The time was when a man's greatness was measured by his ability to gather and accumulate. The more he possessed of money or of education or of spiritual blessings the greater he was, in the eyes of his fellows. But the author of the words above placed emphasis upon the fact that greatness lies not in gathering alone, but in serving. He says, he who serves most shall be greatest, but he does not in any way minimize the gathering. When a man accumulates much money, men say he is great, but Jesus said he is not great until he has used that money in serving. When a man acquires an education, men say he is great, but the Master said he cannot be

great until he has used what he has acquired in serving the world. When a man's soul is filled with the riches of heaven, men say he is great, but the Great Teacher of men said he is not great until he has enriched the lives of others with those blessings. Man comes into this world empty handed, and if he has nothing, he cannot serve the world with nothing. You cannot use a man on your farm who has no hands, nor feet, nor ears, nor eyes. He must have something with which to serve, else he will be an extra care and an expense on your hands. Neither can the Lord use a servant who has nothing with which to serve. One who has never taken any pains to accumulate any means, nor to develop his talent by careful training, nor to enrich his soul by close communion with him, can be nothing more than an expense and an extra care on the Father's hands. He who has neither money, nor an education, nor a rich soul is bankrupt, indeed. Every man must gather something, but having gathered something he must serve others with that something.



What Would You Do?

What would you do if you had the running of this world for one year? If you had charge of all the trusts, and all the railroads, and all the business combines, would you see that everybody would get a square deal? If you had charge of all the government affairs, would you crush out all graft and corruption, and see that all the necessary laws would be made and properly enforced? If you had to hire all the help for all the factories, and for all the mines, and for all the farms, and for all other enterprises where hired help is needed would you see that every employé would be properly paid and that he would be given his full rights of living? If you had charge of all the prisons, and all the asylums, and all the reform schools, would you see to it that every inmate would get justice and be given a fighting chance for his character? If you had charge of all the churches and could do with them just as you pleased, what would you do? Would you have a larger membership at the end of the year or would you have a smaller membership? Would you have the churches served by better preachers or poorer ones? Would you have the members more spiritual or less so than they now are? If you could have your way about running the church, would it be easier for people to do right or would it be harder? If you were at the head of all the charitable institutions, would you see that all the needy people would be properly provid-

ed for? Would you provide all the comforts, physically, mentally and spiritually, for those who would belong under your care? If you had the making of the weather for one year, how would you make it? Would you give us a lovely, dreamy sunshine, gentle breezes and comfort all the year, or would you fill some days with bluster and storm and cold? If you were the boss of your community, what changes would you make? Would you see that your neighbors would all get fair treatment, or are there some that you would have to move out of the community? Really, if you had the running of this world for one year,

do you suppose you would want to live in it?



Auburn, Nebr., Nov. 16, 1911.

Brethren Pub. Co.

Dear Editor of Inglenook: I wish to say the Inglenook is growing better in my estimation. The last few numbers contain some good strong reading, and that is what our young people, as well as we older ones need. There is so much trashy literature scattered abroad nowadays. Wishing all success

Yours,

Mrs. D. Maxcy Quellhorst.

COLDS

Dr. O. H. Yereman

No. II.

IN my last article I said that colds were a germ disease. That microbes and bacteria were found in the system, and were the exciting cause for the train of disagreeable symptoms which constitute a cold.

In most germ diseases, nature sets to work and manufactures a substance to neutralize the poison generated by said germs, and there does not only result a cure, but also an immunity against that particular breed of germs and the disease they produce. For instance, when you have the smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, and such epidemic diseases, nature produces an antitoxin and keeps it in stock, so that you do not have those diseases any more. At least, that is the general rule, and it is very seldom that you hear of persons having those diseases more than once. But it is not so with colds. You are not only deprived of immunity, but if anything, one attack predisposes you to another.

Having discovered the germ origin of colds, bacteriologists went on to classify them into four kinds. And now they tell us, that a cold may be due to any one or more of these four different kinds of germs. Going one step further, they tried to come to the aid of nature, when she seems unable to manufacture the needed antitoxin to neutralize the poison of these germs. And thus there was developed the latest remedy for the treatment of colds—viz., the antitoxin treatment.

Even though this treatment is only used by high priced specialists, and on New Yorkers and millionaires of various shades of the larger cities, still it is interesting to

know what it consists of, for it may get within the reach of even our old country doctors some of these days.

The scientist takes some of the particular strain of germs which are causing your cold, and grows them in pure culture in a test tube. When they are full grown, he kills them by heat. Then he draws them up into a hypodermic syringe, and injects them into your system, for the purpose of inciting your sluggish blood to manufacture more antitoxin, and neutralizing the poisons of the germs, cure your cold. No living germs are injected into your arm. Only dead ones. But these dead germs seem to have enough power in them to stir up your blood cells to greater activity.

To what extent this method of treatment will become common, remains to be seen, but its use has been encouragingly successful thus far.

Before we consider the more prevalent methods of treating a cold, we must differentiate between the two varieties of colds. From their location, colds are divided into "cold in the head" and "cold on the chest." The doctors have other names for them, but these will serve our purpose well enough.

A "cold in the head" affects the mucous linings of the nose and upper throat until they are inflamed, red, hot, and swollen. At first these passages seem rather dry. There is an aching of the head, and as a rule, occasional chilly sensations, followed by attacks of sneezing. Then the swelling becomes so great that the openings in the nose for the passage of air are obstructed and breathing has to be carried on through the mouth. As the battle between nature

and the germs goes on, the serous or watery portion of the blood is poured out on the battlefield, and runs from the nostrils as a scalding, salty stream. If one does not add a new supply of germs,—in the form of a fresh cold,—on top of what he already has, the secretion gradually becomes thicker, being composed of the epithelial cells of the lining membranes of the nose. In other words, the dead bodies of the soldiers who fell in battle, change the stream from a colorless, thin, scalding, salty, watery substance, to a thicker, yellowish mucus, which, increasing in thickness, finally ends in crusts located on the inner lateral surfaces of the nose.

For such an array of symptoms, the natural treatment would be an effort to assist nature to relieve the swelling, and prevent the extravasation of serum from the blood. Hence the first thing your physician recommends is for you to abstain from taking liquids for twenty-four hours. This helps to check that running at your nose. In the meanwhile he prescribes some remedies to thoroughly evacuate your bowels, to eliminate the excess of bile which is present in your system, and to coax the kidneys to work a little harder at their task. The remedies which would probably be employed would be Epsom Salts for the bowels, May-apple for the bile and Corn Silk, Couch Grass, or some of the Lithium salts for the kidneys. I say these would be the probable remedies, for you must remember that the human body is very delicate and intricate, and as the remedy must be suited to the case, rather than the patient to the remedy, a thorough knowledge of the person's constitution, and the peculiarities of the particular attack are absolutely necessary before an intelligent selection of the proper remedies can be made. And as it is advisable to take your watch to a watchmaker to be fixed rather than to tinker with it yourself; it is much more important that you entrust the care of your diseased body into the hands of one who has spent years in the study of its peculiar intricacies, than to experiment with it yourself.

Aside from these, the toilet of the nose is attended to more vigorously than usual. Some bland alkaline antiseptic douche is held in each nostril, long enough for it to detach mucous secretions and crusts from the surface of the nasal tissues. Then some healing antiseptic, oily solution is placed in a smoking machine, and the fumes from it inhaled, so that by crystallization in the nose, a thin even coating of this remedy covers the tissues of the entire respiratory tract. This is repeated several times a day;

the frequency depending on the severity of the case.

Thus fortified by a local as well as a systemic treatment, complications are prevented and the recovery of the case materially hurried.

In a "cold on the chest," the inflammatory processes affect the lower respiratory tract, viz., the throat and bronchial tubes, and may even extend into the air cells, or lung tissue proper. If we could see the inside of these passages, we would find them to be red and swollen; the passage of air being attended with some difficulty, and causing such a roughness of the surface of their lining membranes, that there is a rasping sound heard during the ingress and egress of air.

In attempting to get rid of this accumulation of secretion from these passages, nature sets up an expulsive effort which we call a cough. At first this is dry and grating like a bark, later there is expectoration or bringing up of some moist, whitish mucus, which gradually increases in consistency until it becomes yellow and sticky. And should the inflammation extend into the air cells, and be of such a severe type as to affect the integrity of the delicate capillaries, which pass through these air cells, there is an extravasation of blood, and the coughed up sputum is streaked with blood, or has a rusty color.

The treatment of such a condition, aside from the help given the bowels and kidneys in discharging their arduous duties, would call for stimulation to the glands of the respiratory system so as to help them keep the secretions loose, and the irritation at the minimal point. This would call for copious drink of liquids,—which is the opposite of what is indicated in a "cold in the head."

Medically, ammonium chloride, licorice, blood-root, hoarhound, and such remedies would be indicated. All these are given very sweet. They are either given in teas, with plenty of sugar, or else put up in syrups with honey and glycerine in them. The reason for this is that you want plenty of liquids in the system to assist elimination, and as sweets increase the desire for drinks, they are universally employed in cough remedies. Nothing loosens a cough like plenty of liquids in the system.

Many people utilize some one of the many advertised remedies, which, containing opium or one of its derivatives, stops their cough. But it is a great mistake to do so, as aside from their habit forming tendency, which in itself is sufficient cause for their condemnation, these drugs retard reaction and resolution, which is essential for the

proper healing of the diseased tissues. If anything, a cough should be stimulated, rather than checked by deadening the sensibilities with opiates. The coughing is nature's method of conservation. It is trying to expel material which should not remain in the system. When you take these opiates, instead of helping nature, you are blocking her way.

Recognizing the harmfulness of opium, morphine, codeine, chloroform, cannabis indica, and similar substances used in advertised cough mixtures, our government took steps whereby manufacturers of medicines are compelled to state on the label of every bottle, the quantity of all the injurious drugs which are contained in it.

In conclusion I wish to give some general directions which are useful in all kinds of colds. The very best remedy is to care for the patient in the truest sense of the word. There is a fight going on in his system, and his system should have all the help he can give it. Every exertion uses up that much strength, which his system could use in its fight. Hence, rest is emphatically indicated. Where complete rest cannot be secured, at least two or three hours should be added to the daily sleeping period. This, with the limiting of exertion as much as possible, is one of the best measures which can be employed in combating a cold.

As elimination is the cornerstone of the treatment, it should be hurried along as fast as possible, and aside from flushing the bowels and kidneys, the skin and lungs should also be utilized in helping to rid the system of the toxic material which encumbers it.

Nothing opens the pores of the skin so well as a good sweat bath. I care not what means you employ to produce the sweat, so it is thorough and copious. But I must caution you, in this connection, of two things. First, a person with a weak heart

cannot stand much sweating. So if you have a weak heart, better leave strictly alone all artificial means for producing a sweat. Too many persons have died in sweating cabinets. You cannot afford to run the risk. In the second place a cold shower or sponge bath should follow the sweating, so as to contract the pores of the skin, and prevent the further catching of cold.

Elimination through the lungs calls for plenty of fresh air. As a rule fresh air means also cold air, for the air of a living room is, generally, neither pure nor fresh. If the proper clothing is worn, and the precautions given in the former paper faithfully followed, there is no reason why you should entertain the fear of catching cold from fresh air.

Although colds are generally simple ailments, serious diseases sometimes masquerade under their guise. Very frequently the foundation of tuberculosis is laid in a neglected cold among the young; and chronic bronchitis, asthma, and similar diseases, result among those past middle life. If simple home measures and hygienic precautions do not benefit your cold, better consult a physician. Often people use home remedies, and keep trying friendly suggestions, until their health is greatly undermined. But you will excuse yourself by saying that you are not sick enough to consult a doctor. In that event, neither are you sick enough to take medicine.

In a nutshell: The best way to prevent colds is to wear a sufficient quantity of the proper clothing, to breathe plenty of fresh air, and to keep the emunctories of the system in good working order. The best way to cure a cold is to assist nature to open all the eliminating organs, to desist from exertion as much as possible, and to fill up on pure fresh air. These, and not drugging and dosing, are the best home measures for curing a cold.

THE COURAGE OF THE LOSING FIGHTER

Lilian Bell

SUCCESS does not interest me at all. I have come to this conclusion reluctantly and after years of patient investigation. My acquaintances are all successful, but I find them smug, and I do abominate the smug so thoroughly that

I drop all such as softly and unobtrusively as possible and cling to my friends—the losing fighters.

Though I call them my friends it does not follow that I know them personally. Some I hear of; others I have seen. Some

I know to bow to. Yet, whether I know them to speak to or not, they are my friends and I love them for fighting their desperate, losing fight.

By a losing fight I do not mean that my men and women must be frayed at the edges, carry baggy umbrellas, and owe the butcher. No, most of those I love best present to the world a surface success which is honorable and true. They are neither hypocrites nor fakers. But they are bearing up under untold difficulties. They are fighting as valiantly today as they fought in the beginning—and the beginning for some was long ago—yet the cruelty of life is daily and hourly driving them back step by step. But the glory of it to me is the unfaltering courage with which they covet and contest each inch.

Many persons claim to have a heart because when they are witnesses to a fight their sympathy is always with the under dog. But did you ever stop to think that possibly the upper dog is the loser after all? That possibly his is the courage of desperation; that his is the nobler cause, and that he conquers greed or treachery or masked cowardice at the expense of his strength? That, perhaps, this is his last fight?

Then, too, sex shows up unerringly in the manner in which these losing battles are fought. A man, when he fully realizes that he is a loser, that, even if he wins one thing he is losing the greatest, the best, and the only thing he cares for, generally puts his back against the wall and fights to a finish. He faces death courageously but he wants it to come quickly.

A woman—a woman who knows that her best is lost to her, faces not death, but life, courageously, and fights continuously, patiently, bravely, not to a finish, but to an end not yet in sight. There are the women who, after the husband has fallen, are keeping the home together for the sake of the children, fighting a courageous fight with the goal already hopelessly lost.

I know a woman who writes. She writes gaily, blithely, helpfully. Thousands regard her as the apotheosis of easy success and envy her position and the happiness which must accompany her supremacy. Yet I happen to know that the one she loves best on earth is dying a lingering death of an illness which neither money nor human skill may even subdue the pain thereof.

She is both nurse and breadwinner, and doing the work of two is robbing her of health and strength, yet not one complaint ever passes her lips. With her back against

the wall she fights her losing fight, which, though won each day, yet loses, loses to her all that she loves best. Such courage as is in her little, slender frame and blazes from her dauntless eyes! Yet her success—even though she daily wins her losing fight—brings tears to my eyes.

The woman who scrubs, earning her dollar and a half a day on her knees, is kneeling, not only to her work, but before an altar whereon lies the crippled child she adores. He can never grow up—she must know this in her heart, even though we talk of what he will do when he grows strong and well—he is failing daily, and her eyes know the truth though her lips still speak brave lies. He will live, he is eating better, his lips have more color, his eyes are brighter! Yet as she lifts him in her arms at night she feels that his little frame is daily growing lighter and his feeble clutch on life is nightly growing looser. She talks to me—this poor mother! this brave, losing fighter!—of the time when he will walk, well knowing that the first step his poor little crippled feet will take will be in another world. Oh, the poor souls on this earth who fight blindly against the ever-dancing, grimly stalking Death!

It is hard enough for the grown-ups to fight, when, for each step forward their souls are driven two paces backward, but when you think of the children—the little, little children, whose heritage is sunshine and flowers and song of birds yet who are forced to live within brick walls and do the work of men and women! Their fight is losing them health and strength and good blood and sound bodies and strong nerves, and leaving them alive, to be sure, but crippled in mind, dwarfed in body, and stunted in hope.

You who are successful in that you are not fighting your battle of life against hopeless disease or a nearby approaching death; you whose wage is equal to your necessities; you who lay by a little each month for a rainy-day fund, or you who count your wealth by thousands, will you not give the right hand of fellowship, share your sympathy, or in some manner cheer the heart of some proud, courageous, silent-lipped, losing fighter of your acquaintance?—grip the hand of some man struggling with increasing expense and dwindling wage?—write a note of gratitude to some one whose work has inspired you?

Best of all, won't you pause long enough each day to bestow a helpful thought on the great and noble army of losing fighters in this world?

REFLECTIONS OF A GEOLOGIST

T. Nelson Dale

HOWEVER much scientific men may differ as to the exact nature of the difference between man and the higher vertebrates, and as to whether men and animals are under laws made by a divine person, they all agree in asserting man's mental superiority over the animal world and in claiming for him sufficient intelligence to decipher little by little the laws of the physical universe.

The superiority of man would alone seem to impose upon him certain duties toward his inferiors. But we shall not make much headway in making men humane until we admit that man, besides possessing this intellectual superiority, is also endowed with great moral capabilities; for it is that moral nature that is chiefly concerned in his relations to animals. If man is merely an extremely intelligent animal it may not signify whether he abuses beings less intelligent than himself, but if there be an undying moral element in man it signifies greatly whether he is humane or cruel to animals. The worst evil of human slavery was perhaps not the lot of the slave, but the reaction upon the slave owner. Likewise the worst part of man's cruelty to animals is the effect upon the nature of the man who practices the cruelty.

One of the evidences of the moral capability of man is the fact that when that moral nature is perverted he may sink to a lower level than that of the animal. He may do things to injure his body which the instinct of self-preservation will keep an animal from doing. While it is generally assumed that animals have no moral nature, some animals develop such an attachment to their masters and such fidelity to their wishes as to rise above many human beings who are untrue to their moral nature. That excellent and beautiful poem of Bishop Doane on the dog, brings out the contrast between the dog's fidelity to his master and the Christian's to his. This is akin also to the thought of Christ in the parable of the rich man and the beggar where he represents the dog as more pitiful to the beggar than was the rich man at whose gate he lay. "Moreover the dogs came and licked his sores." Certainly some dogs leave behind them when they die more beautiful memories than some men do.

The writer heard of a man in a village

who was always at church, but who often left his cows tied up in such a cruel way that his neighbors had to rescue them. This brings up a different aspect of the subject. Here a man was endeavoring to please God and yet was inhumane to God's helpless creatures. Evidently that man's religion was vain.

Traces of Savage Ancestry.

The desire to kill something which shows itself in little boys, particularly in the country, must be regarded as a trace of our savage ancestry. And to that same source should be assigned the passion for hunting which attends some men even down to old age. One might suppose that when the killing of animals became necessary to sustain human life men would resort to it reluctantly, but these hunters of birds and deer take the keenest delight in it and have no feeling for the sufferings they cause. Partners with them are those women who after being made aware of the cruelties practised upon birds in order to enable women to gratify their vanity, still persist in thus decorating themselves. To the same company belong horse-racers and people who have their horses' tails docked and those who in many other ways abuse horses.

In asserting man's mental superiority we may underestimate the intelligence of animals. They are generally more intelligent than we suppose. Some of these are endowed with an instinct of locality which we possess, but in very small measure. Many animals know enough to distinguish between their human friends and enemies. The writer heard of a case where all the horses in a livery-stable became so agitated by the mere presence of a man who was notoriously cruel to horses that the keeper had to ask him to leave the premises.

Language of the Dumb.

Animals are spoken of as "God's speechless creatures," and yet they do in various ways make known to us their likes and dislikes and their needs. Last summer while being driven on geological business the horse, which was checked, although the roads were quite hilly, kept turning his head to look at the driver. Evidently something was wrong. The driver was expostulated with and the checkrein removed.

Thereafter the horse increased his speed and never turned to look at his thoughtless driver. The writer had a pet dog which had acquired the habit, whenever any member of the family or visitors opened the front door, of upsetting the waste-paper basket, taking out of it any piece of paper, and walking about the incomer with it in his mouth. This was a dog's word of welcome. The same dog when out walking would ask to carry his master's rolled-up umbrella. During his last sickness when blind he refused to drink except out of the palm of his master's hand, to which he had been used on country walks, wherever the watering-troughs were beyond his reach.

These reflections may be briefly summarized: Man stands at the head of animal life by virtue of his intelligence. Because of this superiority alone he ought to

be considerate toward animals; but because he is also endowed with vast moral capacities he owes it to his higher nature to be thus considerate. The man who is cruel to animals has little more to expect from God than he who is cruel to man. The cruel instincts of men point to our savage descent. Some animals by their attachment and fidelity to their masters appear to rise higher than those men who are faithless to every trust. We generally underestimate the intelligence of animals. Although speechless they do try in various ways to communicate with us.

Finally, considerateness to animals is part of true character. Many people occupied with great things would become humanized by assuming the care of an animal and by personal attention to its lowly needs.—
Our Dumb Animals.

NERVES OR TEMPER

Virginia Terhune

ALL children have nerves, although they are not aware of them; most of them have tempers of various kinds. The mother of the restless, excitable child often lays undue stress on its peculiarities when a little gentle discipline would be the better treatment.

"May I ask what is to be done with a nervous child? I am sure I am not the only baffled, but still hopeful, mother. Are 'inherited nerves' to be humored, and always to be considered? We all recognize the fact that there are genuine nervous cases among children, some so serious that they demand medical attention, but what about encouraging displays of temper, or nerves, that must lead to wilfulness?"

I believe that the person possessing what is termed a "nervous temperament" should never be informed of the fact. Not only are children affected by the thought that they are peculiarly sensitive to adverse conditions, but grown people as well become more excitable as the fact of their symptoms are impressed upon them. The husband of a nervous woman asked her physician if she would ever be well and strong again. The doctor replied, bluntly:

"I doubt if we can ever make her forget her nerves. They have been talked about to her, she has been warned not to get nervous, and she has been told by well-meaning friends that she is in danger of a 'nervous breakdown' until she is actually suffering from the very trouble of which you are all

afraid and which you have precipitated by making her anticipate it. Had she never heard that she had nerves I would have more hope of her complete recovery."

Therefore, first of all, never let the child suspect that he is nervous. I know one little girl who, taking advantage of the fact that because of a weak heart she had been forbidden to scream or cry hard, held her ailment as a threat over her mother. "I will cry and faint!" the precocious youngster would say, warningly. And when she began to cry she was allowed her own way.

A mother was obliged to leave her small boy, aged six, with an elderly and adoring aunt for a month. The night after his mother's return, when the boy was told to go to bed, the tears rushed to his eyes.

"What is the matter, son?" queried the amazed parent.

"Auntie says I am too nervous to be left alone in the dark until I am asleep."

The mother lifted him to her knee.

"Now, Rob," she said, "the last time I saw you afraid to be alone in the dark was when you were a tiny baby in dresses. Little children of that age do not know any better. You must be one of two things—a baby in long skirts or a boy in trousers."

"But," insisted the little chap, "auntie says when I feel like crying it is because I am nervous."

"Auntie has taken care of you only for a short while and does not know you as well as your own mother does. She may call

your behavior nervousness because she has no little boys of her own and does not know their ways. I have, and I call it babyish!"

It is needless to state that the "nerves" were immediately discarded as infantile accessories.

Peevishness or irritability are so much like nervousness in their symptoms that a wise mother must think seriously before punishing one and humoring the other. To this end I would counsel her from the first to inculcate habits of self-control in the child.

Of course, there is always a cause for the exhibition of either nervousness or temper. It is not an easy task to discover it, but it is the mother's duty to do this. To say "Mamie is cross about something, so let her alone!" may be an easy way out of the trouble for those whose own the daughter is not. The conscientious mother will never be satisfied with this settlement of the difficulty. She will, perhaps, have to bide her time before ascertaining where the mischief or disorder lies, but she will learn it from Mamie herself. If the child is not well, and is really nervous, tell her of her physical indisposition but do not mention her nerves. These can be best treated without the knowledge of the possessor. Fresh air, simple food, an abundance of sleep, raw eggs, and fresh milk will all act directly upon these delicate instruments, and they will grow strong again.

But another mother writes, "What about

the cross child—the child that has a quick temper? My oldest girl has one of that kind."

If she is well, and still cross, the fault is with her training. Tell her frankly of your anxiety with regard to her failing. Ask her to be your coworker in correcting this. If you appeal to her love she will help you—and herself.

I remember one little daughter with a fiery temper and a dear mother. One day, after an outburst of irritability, the child had gone to her room to "cry it out" when a light tap came to her door and her mother entered. In her hand she carried a pretty illuminated card which she placed on the table, then putting her arms around the child as she kissed her she said:

"There is something to help my little girl to be good."

The card bore the text "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God." The mother explained simply what the words meant, adding, "I am sure that before long we shall have to get a companion card to put beside that one, and the new card will bear the text, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

That is the blessed thought I wish that every mother could instill into her child's mind—that together they are fighting for the child's triumph against the evil in his or her own nature and in the world, and that they are sure to win, as good must eventually triumph over all wrong.

WHEN EVENING COMES

M. Elizabeth Binns

"When evening comes, I want to go home,"

The words come straight from the
heart,

Of the man all toil-worn, weary and sore,
With struggle in the world's great
mart.

The struggle for bread, for money, for
fame,

For the needs of loved ones at home,
Is always hard, sometimes too hard,
But it never need be alone.

Alas, for the one with never a home,

To which to flee when done,

Weary with toil with the work of the day,
From dawn till set of sun.

For a home can be a sweet haven of rest,

From storm or struggle or strife,

A gathering place for the strength that
we need,

Each day as we go through life.

When evening comes, I want to go home,

To the loved ones gone before,

For over there I shall not be alone,

They are waiting close to the shore.

They are waiting and watching but not
alone,

For beyond them, a smiling face,

When evening comes, will welcome me
home,

My Lord, the giver of grace.

A TRIP TO CHINA

Geo. W. Hilton

From Yokohama to Kobe, Japan, by Rail.

SHORTLY after our arrival at Yokohama some of the firemen from the "Minnesota" went ashore to the Chinese Consul and brought charges of cruel and inhuman treatment against one of the ship's officers. Some sixty-eight of them deserted the ship and refused to go back to work until the officer in question would be discharged.

The captain and chief engineer have been ashore a large part of the time, trying to get the trouble straightened up in some way, while the passengers put in their time waiting on board for the boat to sail. The boat was to sail on Saturday morning, but the firemen did not come; so on Sunday morning we were allowed to go ashore once more, and the time of sailing was changed to Monday at 10 A. M. We took rikishas and went to the top of the bluff to the Union church services. When we came to the foot of the bluff we hired an extra man for each person to help push the rikishas up the hill. We enjoyed the services very much.

We went back to the boat in the evening, only to find that the proposed sailing had again been put off. They had hired Japanese firemen to take the place of the Chinese who had deserted us. One of the head men came out to the ship, and on going down in the boiler room and seeing how hot it was down there, said they could not work there. So neither he nor the men he represented came back to the boat. About this time the Chinese Consul was invited to some big function at Tokyo, so all court proceedings had to stop.

We had our passage all engaged from Kobe to Tien Tsin, so we had to get to Kobe in time to sail at 10 A. M., Thursday, Sept. 12. After finding that it was going to be impossible to get through by boat, we took the train for Kobe. On Tuesday evening we put in some time at the custom house, and after having our baggage passed, we took rikishas for the railroad station about two miles away. I then took the picture of our party in rikishas, and after looking after the checking of our baggage, which was no small job for a large party, we sat down to a three hours' wait for the express train. We had to pay fifty cents each, extra, to ride on the express train. The government also levies a tax of about twelve cents on each person going second-class. The railroad was a narrow gauge,

and the car simply had seats along the sides. These were already so full of Japanese and their baggage that our party had some difficulty getting any place to sit at all. After a great deal of moving people around, by the conductor, we all found seats, most of them in between the Japanese themselves. To ride second-class on trains like this is one of the luxuries of the missionary life that we sometimes hear about. Sister Hutchison was soon sick from the effects of the cigarette smoke that simply made the air blue. At one time during the night Bro. Heckman was sitting between two fires,—one cigarette going on each side of him,—while he kept blowing first one way and then the other to keep the smoke out of his face, and I remarked that this was another sample of the luxuries of the missionary life. Very few of the people got out of the train at eight o'clock which gave us room enough to make places for most of the children to lie down. Part of us had to hold our children all night in order to give them a place to sleep.

We passed through the beautiful rice fields and gardens, fields of millet, sweet potatoes, etc., the borders of each small patch marked with a row of small mulberry trees some five or six feet high. These are not allowed to grow bushy or high, as they are cultivated for the leaves, which are picked by hand and fed to the silk worms. The Imperial Railroad passes through a district where a great deal of silk is manufactured. During the night we passed some of the famous waterfalls of Japan. We also went very near the sacred Mount Fujiyama, worshiped by thousands of the Japanese as the dwelling place of their heathen gods. The night was too dark and stormy for us to be able to see the mountain which is 12,370 feet high. The party thought the night a very long one and all wished for the morning to come.

Near daylight we passed through Kyoto, a city of 380,000 people, and which until the year 1868 was the metropolis of the Empire until the court was removed to the present capital at Tokyo. It is noted for its porcelain and cloisonne ware, besides many other ancient and modern works of art. There are 800 Buddhist temples, and about eighty Shinto shrines in the city; and those buildings represent the architecture of every age.

The Imperial Railroad runs the entire

length of the mainland and follows the eastern coast very closely, so that we often caught glimpses of the sea from the train. About daylight we came to the city of Osaka with its 995,000 people. It is the most wealthy commercial and manufacturing city in the Empire. The Imperial Mint is located there, and the city is intersected by rivers and canals crossed by hundreds of

bridges. About seven-thirty in the morning our night's journey came to an end, and it was a thankful crowd that left the train with all its smoke and crowded quarters and alighted at the passenger station at Kobe where we were to meet our boat for Tien Tsin. I hardly think any of us will soon forget our first ride on a Japanese railroad.

HOW THE SAVINGS BANK STARTED

SAVINGS banks are just 101 years old, and when Rev. Henry Duncan, in the Scotch village of Ruthwell, started the first bank for small depositors, he little thought that he was founding an institution that would grow to its present huge proportions, and afford to millions an aid to thrift and an entrance to the field of investment.

The Rev. Mr. Duncan, before becoming a minister, had been a bank employé, and when he contemplated the distress of the poor in his parish, and the ineffectiveness of all measures towards relief, he determined to find a preventive rather than a cure. He got the idea—and a very curious idea it was considered in those days—that if he could teach wage-earners to save, and provide a safe place for their savings, he would be able to lead them up from poverty and eventually make them independent.

Being a conservative and prudent man, and realizing the prejudice of his neighbors in favor of hoarding money in secret places, and burying it under fence posts, he saw that safety must be his first consideration. So when he founded the first savings bank, he provided a great iron box to serve for its vaults. This box was locked with three locks, each having a different key, and each key was deposited with a different man—all three being men of standing and high repute in the community.

He preached his savings bank from the pulpit, he argued for it in town meetings, and he buttonholed his friends as he met them in the street and talked for his favorite project. Little by little, he won them over. Deposits began, in a small way at first, and then in larger and more frequent sums. The depositors found their savings bank paid them back their money promptly when they asked for it, and confidence grew and grew. Three per cent interest was paid on deposits, as is the case today with most banks, and the canny Scots, bringing in their pounds and shillings and

pence—but chiefly the shillings and pence—soon found it paid them to deposit in the bank, rather than hoard money away in some secret hiding place where it was drawing no interest.

The bank grew, and became more and more secure and solid as it grew. The idea spread to other Scottish towns, then to England, and now there are savings banks all over the world. If the Rev. Henry Duncan could return to earth, and see the immense development of his pet idea, observe how it has spread the doctrines of thrift and economy, and perceive what vast good it has done for mankind, he probably would be even more amazed than delighted. But he undoubtedly would be especially pleased to find that his idea of having three locks on his strong box is being followed by some of the most modern and up-to-date financial institutions, which divide the combinations of their huge steel safes up among three trusted officials, each of whom knows only his third of the combination and guards it rigorously from the knowledge of his two colleagues as well as from all others.

An interesting offspring of the savings bank is the small savings society, such as the Penny Provident Fund of New York. This is the savings bank reduced to its lowest terms, and deals with amounts as much smaller than those of the savings bank, as the latter does in comparison with the handlings of the great national banks.

The Penny Provident is practically an educational institution, intended to teach elementary thrift to the poorest of the poor. The Fund provides books and sells savings stamps in denominations of one cent to one dollar. Deposits draw no interest. When, however, an individual account reaches \$25, the depositor is requested to withdraw it and place it in a regular savings bank, where it will draw interest. It has grown in efficiency and usefulness, and a similar institution for Chicago has been discussed from time to time. There

is no doubt about the value of this bank in its influence on those who are most in need of saving a little for a "rainy day" and who have the least to save. Though it pays no interest, its deposits are loaned out, and sufficient interest is realized there-

on practically to meet expenses. It accomplishes a double good: it teaches the poorest to save, and holds out the additional incentive of saving enough money to put it out at interest so that it will earn more money.

FARMER WILSON'S PROTEGE

L. W. Hamlin

I DESIRE that you be back at that wood-pile in an hour," spoke farmer Wilson, gruffly, as the slim, round-shouldered youth walked towards the stately elms with his book.

For a time Wilbur Adams was engrossed in deep study. Laying the stained, torn book on the grass, he sat in deep thought. Again he saw his dear, sweet-faced mother; heard her kind words of encouragement as he recited his lessons at her side. Then came her fatal illness, the solemn march to the grave, the last sad look at the fair face, that was all there was in life for him. Under the shady maple where she rested in the village cemetery he spent many hours in bitter tears. Each Sunday he placed a new bunch of flowers on the mound. Next came the offer of Farmer Wilson to care for him, for what little he could help about the big farm. At first the work put before him was light and he amused himself among the chickens, calves and other inhabitants of the barnyard. Then slowly came the change. Farmer Wilson and his good wife had never been blessed with children of their own and having spent their lives in rural districts they naturally were accustomed to hard, manual labor. Little by little they added a task here a little more there until the strength of their little protege was taxed to its full capacity. They were kind in their way, but after months of tedious grind from early morn until late at night, the youth's genial disposition gradually disappeared, and he felt that there was but little left in life for him if this was the beginning of the end. With a sigh, he wiped his moist eyes just as the heavy voice again called.

"Come on there, boy. You'd better get busy with that wood."

The boy did not reply, but walked slowly to the wood and reluctantly began to fit it for the stove.

The long afternoon dragged tediously. With a troubled mind the lad gazed at the fitting birds, among the tinted autumn

leaves. He watched the chickens scampering about in happy unison among the grape vines. An automobile whirred by, its occupants laughing and jesting. All this and more only served to add to his already filled cup of bitterness.

Soon the first shades of an early autumn night began to gather. The glimmer of a lamp shone through the kitchen window, and the supper-bell called him to the evening meal.

But few words passed at the supper table. As Farmer Wilson arose, Wilbur spoke:

"Would I be asking too much were I to ask you to let me attend the village school this winter, Mr. Wilson?"

The farmer turned his gray, snapping eyes to those of the boy, who immediately read the answer about to fall.

"You better pay more attention to what you already have," began the man. "You don't appear to appreciate what we are doing for you now. You can already read and write better than I can—do you expect to ever gather more about you than I've got? You master the art of raising vegetables and stock—that's all the education you'll require. This 'ere book learning isn't what you need." Turning, he stalked heavily out to the barn.

Wilbur Adams' heart sank to bitter depths. He turned to Mrs. Wilson, but the look she gave him seemed to approve of what her lord had uttered, and he was silent.

He knew his help was expected at the barn and arose to follow Farmer Wilson, when a flash of flame and breaking glass attracted his attention. He turned to see Mrs. Wilson a mass of flame, while the broken lamp lay on the floor, shooting flames darting high toward the ceiling. With never a thought for his own safety he snatched a heavy rug and quickly wrapped it about the screaming woman, smothering the flames. Not heeding the shooting pains that darted through his eyes, he picked up the flaming lamp and bore it to the door,

threw it into the yard and slowly sank to the floor.

Heavy steps sounded, and Farmer Wilson came rushing in to find his wife wringing her hands, white and frantic.

"What's the trouble in here?" he inquired noisily, glancing at his wife, then at the limp form on the floor.

"Oh! I tipped over the lamp. Send for the doctor. Don't you see that Wilbur is burned!" But the farmer ignored his wife's nervous pleadings and walked slowly toward her to make sure she was unhurt.

"It's just the smoke, I guess," he said, applying water to the scorched face of the silent form.

"But don't you see his eyes are burned and red?" said the feeble voice of the woman, bending low and peering at the red, swollen eyes.

Farmer Wilson was finally persuaded to start for the doctor who arrived some four hours later. Long he administered to the suffering lad who bore his misfortune with fortitude.

"Mrs. Wilson, you were fortunate; but the boy's burns are very, very serious. He must have the best of care and attention. Keep him in a dark room until I inform you to let him come out into the light. Don't fail." The low, emphatic instructions from the lips of Doctor Henderson burned deep into the rude mind of Farmer Wilson. He tried to cough, but the attempt was a dismal failure.

"Guess he'll come out all right, doctor," he said, trying to shake off the feeling that clung to his heart like a malignant growth.

Many long, tedious days passed before Doctor Henderson spoke the words that allowed the patient sufferer to leave his darkened prison, and then only with thick, black glasses shading his red, watery eyes.

October came and went. Gray November was ushered in with its cold winds and rain, but still Wilbur Adams slowly and awkwardly groped about, brushing a cane before him.

"Oh, if I could but see the tinted leaves, the singing birds, the chickens and calves," he sadly murmured one day, while groping among the shady elms on the farm. Raising the darkened glasses, he endeavored to gaze on the desired scene, but a sharp, physical pain smote his eyes, and he quickly lowered the protecting lens.

"Do your eyes pain you today, dear?"

The query came in a tone the youth at first failed to recognize. Dimly through the glasses, he saw Farmer Wilson and wife gazing solemnly at him.

"Not very much," he assured them, won-

dering at their sweet, genial manner of late. "Just because I'm unfortunate," he answered himself. "They will be the same after I recover," he thought.

But Wilbur Adams was wrong. True, his sad accident was the means of placing before their crude minds life in a different light. As month after month dragged along and their charge still groped in darkness, they began to cast knowing glances that were answered in silence. Never a word of complaint fell from the pitiful figure. One day he endeavored to bring wood to the kitchen, but stumbling, fell heavily to the floor.

"I didn't realize the help Wilbur was to us," spoke Farmer Wilson early one Sunday morning before the boy came out of his bedroom.

"Nor I," replied his wife. "Think of what chores he performed just for me. He fed the chickens, the calves, the colt, milked the cows. We just gave the frail body too much to do, did you ever realize that?"

Farmer Wilson sat engrossed in deep study.

A slight noise; the youth slowly felt his way into the kitchen. He sat down at the table, bidding them good-morning.

With but a few words he ate his meal. In some mysterious manner, cup and saucer, numerous sweet dainties not customary, found their way under his hand. Instead of the helplessness and awkward movements of days before, searching the table for what he desired, they in some miraculous fashion were at his very finger-tips and he had but to reach forth and get them. He did not dream that two pairs of sad, alert, watchful, sympathetic eyes followed his every expression, anticipated his every movement.

"These little cakes are so good," he said, with a little tinge of pleasure in his calm voice.

"Here's your coffee, Wilbur," said Mrs. Wilson, guiding the little hand to the cup. "I'm so glad you like the cakes," she went on, filling his cup the second time with steaming coffee.

"I must be getting accustomed to the dark," he said, half laughingly, setting down his cup. "I seem to do better every day—but it's so lonesome. I can't see the birds, the trees, nor anything."

Farmer Wilson stared vacantly at the floor. The woman's lips slightly parted, but words failed to come. Glances that spoke volumes passed between them.

"God doesn't want me to be blind, does he?" came fervently from the little form at the table. "I don't want to be in the

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

"OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN" (MATT. 6: 9).

J. C. Flora.

DID the people to whom the Sermon on the Mount was spoken know before that God was their Father?

It is confessed that they had a clearer conception of God than any other people. But was the appellation, "Our Father," common among them? No, it was not. I think the word, Father, is only applied to God seven times in the Old Testament. There is no record of a prayer in the Old Testament where he is called Father.

It was then practically a new thought given by our Savior when he taught the disciples to call upon our Father. They had always known him as the Eternal, the Creator, the Supreme Ruler, the Judge, the Lord of Hosts. But this thought of him as the Father in heaven was not common among them. When they were given a prayer in which they were to call upon him as a Father and were to come to him with the freedom and confidence that a child comes to its earthly father it surely must have changed their religious ideas and feelings. This word took them into a new world. I do not think we can begin to comprehend what a change must have dawned upon them when they began to say "Our Father in Heaven" and to understand, though dimly, that he is not a personality that is away off some distant place in space, but that he is very near,—so near that we can talk to him as we can to an earthly parent. To them it had been as if they were on the outside of some massive castle wall crying to their Creator who was confined within, or thought they were on some mountain top, shouting up into the heavens as if they hope to make him hear from his mansions in the skies. But now they have the realization of knowing that the castle walls have swung open and that the skies have come down to kiss the earth; so they come to know as never before that God is everywhere, even in their very midst.

This new idea was not necessary for them to recognize God's personality, for they had appreciated this great truth long before. Today many people need a more sincere recognition of the great truth, than did the Jews. It is essential in all true worship and to all fruitful, religious thought that we keep hold of this idea—

that he is something more than a law or a system of laws, something better than a force or a universe of forces, something more divine than the order of nature.

Now, we can well afford to reaffirm this truth. For the study of physical sciences, which is simply a study of the physical laws of nature, has come to occupy so large a place in our thought, that it may be inclined to cause a hasty and foolish conclusion that there is no God but nature and its forces. This is pure Pantheism, and there are many forms of it. I only wish to point out that this word, by which our Lord teaches us to pray to his and our Father, is the very antithesis of Pantheism. If God is our Father he is surely a conscious person. No Pantheist can use the words of the Lord's Prayer in this natural meaning. No one who recognizes God as a Father can confound God and nature.

In the past, theologies have been built mainly upon the monarchical rather than the paternal idea of God. All Christians have kept hold of the idea that God is their Father, and in all their speculations they tread upon treacherous ground if they do not hold on tenaciously to the Father, a Divine Personality. The word, Father, is a reaffirmation of that primal that we find in the first book of the Bible that man is made in the image and likeness of God. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." He who was before all worlds, he whose will is the source of all laws, he who is the life of all that live, the Omnipotent, the All-Wise, the Eternal God, is our Father.

"Our Father," the word does not only lift up every human creature, however humble, but it binds together into one brotherhood, into one family, all that dwell on the earth. It lowers the hierarchies; it unites all into one great fraternity; it is the prophecy of peace and good will to men. When we say "Our Father," whom do we include? It takes us all in—the king and the beggar, the philosopher and the hind, the Hellenic and the Hottentot, the saint and the sinner; it acknowledges the parent, age and dignity of every human soul. What a prayer that is, that it reaches up so high and down so low and forth so far as to include everyone.

What inspiration ought to come to us when we think of the relationship,—God, our Father! We might have reason to

question the moral conduct of our earthly parents, but surely it is elevating and inspiring to think that God is "Our Father." You may conclude that you are trodden under the foot of man, that you have lost your self-respect. Lift yourself up. Let no man despise you! God is your Father. You may be in poverty and wretchedness, toil may be wearing you out, but do not lose heart. God is your Father. If other men seem to think that because you are poor you are therefore of little account, do not you believe it. Respect yourself for your Father's sake.

It may be you have slipped and sunken in the mire of some great wickedness, and that men have turned their backs upon you. It may be you are a young man just starting out in life and it seems to you that the greed and human selfishness are hard to overcome. It may be that you longingly wish for some friends who would rally to your support and help you to start up in business, but all seem to be absorbed and completely enshrouded in their own interests. You may not appreciate the fact, but you have such a Friend, one whose wisdom is infinite and whose resources are unfailing; One who believes in you and has confidence in every human soul; One who helps you do better when you are doing well, and One who helps to lift you up when you have fallen. "Our Father in Heaven!" Where it is, I know not; what it is, no man knows fully. But it is where our Father is. We may appreciate somewhat of its beauty and hear the melody of its music in our lonely walks through this lower world. It is no less sweet to walk with God along the humble paths of daily duty than to ride forth with his so royally, "Our cherub and cherubim." If we shall always hear and obey the will of "Our Father," we have the blessed assurance that we shall be changed into the likeness and that our spirits and glorified bodies shall dwell with him forever amid the riches of the New Jerusalem.



FARMER WILSON'S PROTEGE.

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dark all the time," he went on sadly. "I want to see you, and help you some more."

Farmer Wilson arose, walked to the door, wheeled, walked back and resumed his seat, his fingers jerking spasmodically. In vain endeavor he tried to shake off the clutching fear at his heart, and crush it like some live, loathsome thing. "I've got to be at the city tonight. I'll see the specialist while there and have him return with me." A

feeling of relief swept over Farmer Wilson as he went to the stable to prepare for his trip to town.

With trembling hands, Mrs. Wilson led the youth to his favorite window and took a seat by his side. Just a flicker of hope burned in her heart that her ward would yet recover his sight. The thoughts of the city specialist raised her hope from the ground where it had been trampled on. She bent every effort to patch up the little, frail hope, and fervently drew it to her heart, nourished it, and comforted it. Uttering a silent prayer, her eyes grew moist, but soon a glow of peace shone about her quiet mouth.

"Do you desire that I read to you, Wilbur?" she asked finally.

"Yes, if you please. No—I wish to go outside and hear the birds again, first." He arose, groped for his hat, and stumbled blindly for the door, and the saddened woman saw in this groping and stumbling, this departure, the fear that closed like a vise around her heart, and wrung it dry of hope.

"No, Wilbur! God doesn't want you to be blind," she cried to him in anguish, as he groped his way down the steps.

She followed him to the bench under the elms. The cool air tinted his cheeks with a glow that sent a feeling of gladness coursing through her heart. He leaned his head back against the tree. She saw his mouth tighten a little. He passed his hand wearily up over his forehead, dislodging as he did so, by the merest trifle, his colored glasses. His lashes lay quiet, even closed.

"What did you say, just as I came out of the door?" he spoke softly, almost uninterestedly.

"I said God did not want you to be blind," she answered so low that he heard only brokenly. "You are so brave, so resigned. I cannot believe you are doomed to that fate."

She saw another tightening about his lips. He said: "The specialist from the city can cure me. God will help him."

A curious pallor spread over his thin face; he lifted his head as though gazing toward the distant tree-tops. "I wish I could see those trees where the golden-robins used to build their nests."

She steadied her voice, her eyes filled with tears.

"You shall see them soon," she said, still carefully controlling her voice. "Mr. Wilson will bring the doctor from the city in the morning. He has made wonderful cures. You will soon be happy again."

As though he could see her, she tried to

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

SIMPLE TESTS FOR FOOD PURITY.

S. Leonard Bastin.

Testing Eggs.

FROM time immemorial the freshness or otherwise of an egg has been a perplexing problem to the housewife. Even at the present time it is probable that the majority of people do not know how to tell whether an egg is good enough until they have broken it. This is strange inasmuch as the method of finding out the condition of eggs is so simple that anyone can follow it; moreover, the test given is one which is relied upon by the trade and may therefore be taken with confidence. All that is necessary in order to carry out the experiment is a dark room in which a candle has been placed. Now take the egg and hold it up between the eye and the light. A new-laid or very fresh egg will show clearly an air space in the larger end between the shell and the lining membrane. If the egg is really new laid this should be very small, for it tends to increase as an egg is kept. All the rest of the surface shown should present a homogeneous and translucent appearance; if the article is positively bad, a number of dark spots will be visible. A glance at the accompanying photographs will readily give an idea of the two qualities. Once the test has been performed there is no reason why anyone should ever be taken in over the egg question.

Milk Tests.

There is little doubt that milk, especially in towns, is still subject to the time-worn practice of adulteration with water. If skillfully done this is not very easy to detect if the mere appearance of the liquid is considered. There is one very simple test which will tell us at once whether the milk is of a good quality and rich with a proper amount of cream. Take a sample of the milk and place it aside in a receptacle; a small tube is good for the purpose. Stir the milk well and then take a thick bright knitting needle. Plunge this to a depth of several inches into the milk and hold it steadily slanting downward. If the milk is of a rich quality the fluid will slowly gather in a drop at the end of the needle and this will remain, for rather a long time. On the other hand, supposing water has been added the drop will hardly form at all, and even if

it should it will not stay but will quickly fall. Poorly fed cows on occasion will give a milk which is so lacking in cream that it will not pass the test under mention. It cannot, therefore, always be said that the milk has been fraudulently watered, although in any case where the result of the experiment shows a poor article it would be well to change one's milkman.

Tests for Butter.

It is idle to deny that there is a great deal of "butter" sold which if it is not margarine, is an indifferent substitute of doubtful composition. Of course, pure margarine, made as it is from vegetable oils, is at any time better than poor quality butter, although there is of course nothing like the genuine article, on nutritive grounds. Happily it is not a difficult matter to distinguish between margarine and all other butter substitutes, and the pure article. The so-called "spoon" test has been commonly employed by analytical chemists for a long while, and is very reliable. A sample of butter two or three times the size of a pea is placed in a large spoon and heated over an alcohol burner, or if this is not available an ordinary lamp or gas burner will do as well. Good fresh butter will boil very quietly, producing a number of small foamy bubbles. On the other hand, margarine and most examples of made-up butter will crackle and splutter, making a noise very similar to that which is caused by the placing of a green stick on a hot fire. Still another point of distinction is to be noted if a portion of the sample be placed in a bottle and this is placed in water warm enough to melt the butter. If this is kept warm for half an hour the fat will either be cloudy or entirely clear. In the former case the material is certainly margarine or at any rate not pure butter; in the latter instance however, the article may be adjudged to be of a high standard of purity and freshness. Some of the cleverly made process-butters which are on the market do not always give very definite results but a little study of the matter will enable the experimenter to judge the extent of the adulteration of which he is the victim.

Coffee Tests.

Of the commonly used breakfast beverages there is little doubt that coffee is the most widely adulterated. Fortunately,

again, there are some simple tests by means of which anyone may determine the character of the article which he buys. When the admixture of foreign matter is carelessly done an examination of the grains with a powerful magnifying glass will be sufficient. Absolutely pure coffee should give an entirely uniform appearance, but the presence of adulterants which may take the form of ground peas, beans or a host of other articles is readily observed. Chicory, which of course may have been openly employed is recognized by its dark and gummy grain; this is very harmful if it is present in large quantities. Further, nearly all the adulterants employed present a shiny appearance, whereas coffee always looks somewhat dull. A more rapid way of testing any kind of ground coffee is that pictured in an accompanying illustration. Take a tumbler of water nearly full to the brim and scatter about half a teaspoonful of the grains upon the surface of the liquid. Pure coffee contains a large amount of oil and on this account the grains will float with a very few exceptions. Practically all the adulterants in use will sink to the bottom of the tumbler. The presence of chicory in the sample is at once known by the almost instant coloring of the water a deep brown shade. If the tinting is very intense chicory has been added to a positively unwholesome extent. Pure coffee grains will not color cold water, at any rate not until the passing of a considerable interval. In these experiments it is interesting to include a few samples of the so-called coffee substitutes, many of which will be shown to contain a large amount of coffee and this in spite of the assertions of the manufacturers.

Tea and Cocoa Tests.

The only means by which illicit additions to tea can be detected is by an examination of the dried leaves after one has become fully acquainted with the genuine article. Leaves of many kinds of plants have been employed in this connection, of which those of the wild plum are perhaps the most commonly used. Nowadays, however, at the place of its production tea is so cheap that it scarcely will pay the manufacturer to do much in the way of adulteration. Cocoa is rather different, however, and there is little doubt that huge quantities of this substance are sadly behind what they should be in the way of quality. Some form or other of starch is a very favorite adulterant with certain sections of the trade. This may be at once detected if about a teaspoonful of the powder is placed in a cup and boiling

water is added. If any starch is present the liquid shows a very marked thickening, a happening which should not be noticeable to any extent in the genuine cocoa essence. A much more harmful adulterant is the addition of cocoa shell; unfortunately the presence of this is not very easily discovered save by the help of a microscope. If the powder has been carelessly ground it may impart a slight grittiness to the mixture, though of course the skillful manufacturer will take great pains to avoid this. —Scientific American.



FARMER WILSON'S PROTEGE.

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smile a smile of hope. A pitiful smile it was, and as if suddenly aware of the usefulness of a smile to encourage him, she let it fade from her lips. Her mouth quivered, the tears she had endeavored to hold in check flowed over.

That evening he sat facing her by the open fire. The flickering blaze played on his pale face. Darkness crept in at the windows back of her and framed her head in shadows. For a long, silent spell he gazed reminiscently through the darkened glasses at her face outlined. Again there appeared the wraith of his dear mother. How sad she would be could she see him now. Suddenly he remembered the kind words uttered by the woman before him while under the trees. Quietly he spoke.

"Are you really anxious about me, Mrs. Wilson?" he asked contritely. She took his two hands.

"I am," she said softly. "I'm so sorry we've not been more like a father and mother to you; but childless people are so thoughtless regarding children. You must get well. Mr. Wilson will retain the services of the specialist until you are completely cured. He has consented for you to attend school in town just as long as you desire. Be happy, my boy." She caught him tenderly in her arms and just for a moment caught sight from under the dark glasses, a flicker of dark brown between Wilbur's lashes.

"I'm so happy. May I call you mother?"

For answer she drew him closer; hot, scalding tears dropped on his dark hair.

"No, mother, God doesn't want me to be blind; I can see more plainly now." He pressed his head closer to her heart.



Teacher—Who can tell what makes the ocean so salty?

Tommy—The codfish, I guess.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—What is meant by "the beast" in Rev. 13: 1-10?—G. B. Landis.

Answer.—This passage has a close resemblance to the seventh chapter of Daniel. Man becomes brutish when he severs himself from God, the true ideal, in whose image he was first made. Hence, the national powers, seeking their own glory, and not God's are represented as beasts. Here the one beast expresses the sum-total of the God-opposed world-power viewed in its universal development.

See: The American Commentary; Epistles of John to Revelation, P. 190 Matthew Henry's Commentary, Vol. VI; Jamieson-Fausset-Brown Commentary, page 582.



Question.—Please explain what kind of a mechanical device and where kept, in Washington, D. C., is used, to always give the correct standard time that is transmitted throughout the United States by telegraph wires.—L. W. H.

Answer.—This is done in the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., where high-grade clocks are carefully regulated by observations of the stars, by means of the transit instrument. For the five minutes preceding noon of each day, Eastern time, the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph Companies suspend all ordinary business and throw their lines into connection with the Washington observatory. It is so arranged that the sounders all over the lines make a stroke each second during the five minutes until noon, except the twenty-ninth of each minute, the last five seconds of each of the first four minutes, and the last ten seconds of the fifth minute; then follows the final stroke at exact noon. The Western Union Company operates a system of some 30,000 clocks, which automatically set themselves by the noon signal each day.

For further details see: Popular Science Monthly, Vol. XI, Page 174; Scientific American, Oct. 2, 1909, Page 240; Report of Naval Observatory, 1902.



Question.—Is there any way of taking the explosive properties from gasoline?

Answer.—Yes, the explosive properties can be removed from gasoline by distillation, but after they have been removed you

no longer have any gasoline. The boiling point of gasoline is from 70° to 90° Centigrade. By careful distillation the gasoline can be brought to a temperature of 70 Centigrade and a part of the explosive gases be removed leaving the product that is left less explosive than before distillation, but if it is distilled until all the explosive properties have been removed the gasoline itself is changed into another form of hydrocarbon.



Question.—My husband and I have different views about raising children. He believes in compelling them to accept his views about everything, and I feel that some of his views are not so important and should not be made a burden to the children. I fear the way he is going about it will turn the children against the very things that we want them to get. What can I do?—Mrs. G. H. R.

Answer.—This is an unfortunate situation, especially for your children. It is highly important that you and your husband spend some time alone and see that you understand each other. I have no doubt but that both of you are wanting to do your best for your children, but your methods of doing it are different. You will both accomplish more if you coöperate instead of each working independent of the other. When you are before your children you should always agree. When your husband speaks to the children you should support him and when you speak to them he should support you. If you have any differences of opinion discuss those differences in private and if you cannot agree, abandon them entirely and strike on something upon which you can agree. Your husband must remember that you are the mother of the children and that he cannot expect to have his own way in everything, and you must remember that he is the father of the children and that he should have a hand in their training. For your children's sake both of you should be reasonable in your demands, but you should both be firm, and each assist the other. Discuss your problems together, be frank in your statements to each other, and if you are both reasonable, which I hope you are, I am sure you will be able to understand each other and work together.



Question.—Is it safe for groups of young people to gather every night and spend their time away from home?—G. H. L.

Answer.—It is never a wise thing for the young people to be away from home every night. That breaks up the family circle,

leaves the parents lonesome and often leads the children into company that is undesirable. Many evenings should be spent in the home where the parents and all the children can unite in a little circle and talk over the happenings of the day. However, we must remember that young people will get together some time, so we had better make provisions for them to occasionally meet in groups under suitable conditions. It is far better for them to meet in a Christian home, once in a while and have a good social time, than for them to go off to the neighboring towns where you do not know where they are nor what they are doing. Invite the young people to your home some evening, give them a good time and see that they do not stay too late. The winter evenings are long and they can easily come to your home early, have a good time and get back to their home by ten o'clock. Be young with your children and they will remain under your roof much more than when you scold and nag them about everything that young people naturally want to do. Keep the respect and confidence of your young people and they will seek your company rather than that of the crowd.

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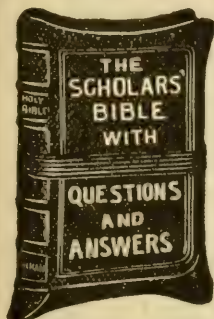
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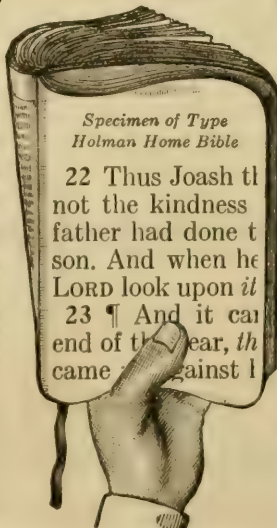
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XIII.

December 26, 1911.

No. 52.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

A Social Philosophy.

THE past is strewn with wrecks of philosophic systems, some having become almost completely covered up with the débris of later structures. The best thinkers have patiently tried to find the key to the universe and have failed. Yes, they have failed, but the failure was only partial because they explained the world as they saw things in their own age. The careful analytic reasoning of Kant marked an important step in philosophy even though modern psychology and logic have taken the place of the Critique. Today, many of us are not looking for a system that will explain the whole realm of activity. We are looking for explanations rather than for one explanation. There must be a division of labor. To the biologist we shall leave the problem of the origin of life, to the historian the problem of the growth of nations and their fall, believing that the answers to these problems are not exactly the same. Do you understand? We do not mean that the biologist should know biology alone, and the historian only history; but that each has a separate problem and that their labors even though coördinating are not the same.

For the same reason we believe that the student of the human sciences, and especially the social sciences, should be given the privilege of formulating some kind of an answer to the profound problems which confront him every day. Sociology is a new science, so new that it has not as yet developed philosophers, but why should it not? We are not going to say anything about pragmatism or any other modern "ism" that has been thrust upon us within the past few years, any more than this, that thus far they have not given a very sure foundation for the social worker. Some

are trying to explain the social activities of man in a way that makes one think that man is merely a machine. The same laws that hold good for the evolution of types may fall apart hopelessly when applied to the development of moral ideals.

We need a social philosophy, one that will explain the growth of the spirit of interdependence and helpfulness; and a philosophy that will treat us as social beings with ideals, a philosophy that will emphasize the here, now and future as well as past development. Most assuredly the fittest will survive, all conditions being favorable, but suppose an outside force changes the environment or sets a new type of fitness. Man not necessarily as he once was, but as he now is, is able to change his environment, and by means of his highly specialized nervous system he is able to form ideals, which when expressed change the surroundings. We were nearly "flunked" in a course of study once upon a time, because we constantly opposed the genetic method of approaching every subject. The instructor carefully tried to explain how a system of thought "might have developed" and there he stopped. The genetic method is very good, but it has its limits. The constant problem is what we are and what are the controlling factors about us now; as well as how we have come to be what we are. We repeat that there is a present and future as well as a past, and that it is not sufficient to say that the present and future are what they are because of the past, because they are not, at least with beings so highly rational as man. From this train of thought it is only natural that we turn to the Great Benefactor of man.

The Origin of Social Service.

When we say that Christ was the origi-

nator of social service we need to qualify the statement, but the qualification is a very small one. The social spirit had been developing for hundreds of years. In the writings of Confucius, who was born about 550 B. C., we find traces of this development: "Grieve not that men know not you; grieve that you know not men." And again, "A good man regards the root; he fixes the root, and all else flows out of it. The root is filial piety; the fruit brotherly love." Had we space we could refer to other early teachers as well as Confucius. However, just as we regard Thales as the father of philosophy, in like manner we can think of the life of Christ as being the source of modern social service. Brotherly love was developing previous to our Christian era, but Christ by his life gave it new meaning in such a remarkable way that it has been influencing men's lives ever since. He was the first social worker. He was the friend of the dependent, the helper of the sick and the inspiration of the student. We seldom think of Christ as being a philosopher, but I think he was. True, he formulated no "system" but he acted one out. By his own life he has shown us that the secret of human development is social service. He has clearly shown us that so far as the activities of life are concerned, man is something more than the birds of the air or the lilies in the field, that we are social beings interdependent and also independent. He has taught us by example that our social progress is marked by how we care for those who are not able to care for themselves, how we regard the fortunes of our neighbor as well as our own. Above everything else Christ emphasized the mental side of our life. The doctrine, "As man thinketh so he is," was no less true at the time of Christ than it is now. Yes, we believe that Christ was a philosopher and that his doctrines are not found in the debris and wreckage of the past. His doctrine of social service is yet with us, only enriched by the experiences of those who have tried to fathom it. At this season of the year let us be grateful that such a One has come among us and has expressed his doctrines in such simple terms. We are in the midst of Christmas celebrations. For what reason are most people grateful that Christ was born and lived among men? Perhaps there are as many reasons as there are individuals, but let us be thankful that he has taught us how to live a helpful religious life. He has given us new ideals and has set new standards of fitness for the race.

Two Centuries of Progress.

While thinking about Christmas and its meaning it may be well, by way of contrast, to picture before us a scene which happened in the city of Madrid, May 30, 1680. Mr. A. S. Goldenweiser, a member of the bar in Russia, has described it as follows: "On that day the marriage of King Charles II. to Mary Louise of Orleans was celebrated, and twelve heretics were publicly burned at the stake in the presence of the royal couple. To a modern observer the pageant would appear very imposing.

"At the head of the procession comes the chief inquisitor from Toledo. Behind him the choir of the royal chapel, singing the Miserere, then the chief of the Dominicans and the monks, followed by the emblem of the inquisition, the green cross covered with black crepe; members of the judiciary, and the censors, representatives of the learned classes, officials of the inquisition with lighted green candles, a white cross, the maiden attendants of the tribunal of the inquisition, carrying lighted white candles; after them come Inquisitors, Dominicans, Franciscans, Trinitarians, Brothers of Mercy, Barefooted Brothers, the Marquis de la Vega, knight of the Order of St. Jacob, and the Duke of Medinacelli; banners of the Inquisition; the Marquis of Cogulado; the orphans and the foundlings. The procession comprises seven hundred people and closes with five bearers of the stakes of the Inquisition.

"The market place is reached. The chief inquisitor descends from the covered seat on which he was carried and approaches the altar in the center of the place. He dons the raiment of sacred service. He reads a mass. Then a Dominican monk delivers a sermon on the text: 'Arise, O Lord, and destroy thine enemies!' Then the verdicts of the tribunal are read. Each prisoner as his name is called is led to the platform and locked in a separate cage. One man and one woman at the sound of their names loudly beg for mercy; they repent their sins and consent to all the demands of the tribunal; they are granted their lives, but are sentenced to life-long imprisonment. One by one the other unfortunates are taken out by the executioners and led to their pyres; they are fastened to the stakes by iron collars and the wood is piled around them. The first fire brand is thrown in the name of the king, and soon all the stakes and the victims are encircled by flames."

In the United States we have no such

scenes as the one depicted above. It was evil done in the name of religion. Today we are sacrificing lives for dollars instead of religion. The lives of children are being dwarfed in cotton mills and mines; railroads are taking the lives of their employes by the hundreds; penitentiaries and convict camps are killing the souls of men; and every year we have mine disasters and floods due to careless management or gross neglect. Thus you see we have made an advance during the two centuries gone by, we are not so brutally cruel as we once were; but we have many stages yet to go through before we reach the ideal of broth-

erly love set by Christ. As Tolstoi said: "The trouble is that people think that there are conditions under which one may treat man without love, whereas there are no such conditions. Things may be treated without love. One may chop wood, make bricks, forge iron, without love, but people can not be treated without love, just as one can not handle bees without care. If they are carelessly handled by a person, they hurt both themselves and him. Just so it is with people. This can not be otherwise, because mutual love between men is the fundamental law of human existence."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Congress Back at Work.

Like boys returning to school after the summer vacation, the solons of Senate and House gathered again at the capitol on Dec. 4, that being "the first Monday in December" laid down as the meeting day by the constitution unless they shall by law appoint a different day. This year their vacation was not so long though, for the special session called by President Taft to consider the reciprocity measure lasted till Aug. 23. This, please remember, is therefore the first regular session of the sixty-second Congress, but it is officially counted as the second session. As the first Congress met in 1789 and the present Congress will last till 1913, this makes 124 years elapsed, and as each Congress is two years long this makes this the sixty-second Congress. By this rule it is always easy to know the number of the existing Congress. This will be the "long session" and Speaker Clark thinks it will last well into next summer.—The Pathfinder.



A High Achievement.

It is beyond all doubt that the nations are moving toward world peace. Today it is the overshadowing theme among statesmen and thinkers. The conviction has taken deep root that war is an evil in any form and that to provoke war is a crime; that the resort to physical violence settles no principle, but leaves untouched the great questions at stake; that religion, civilization, and common sense demand the adjustment of international quarrels by the same ju-

dicial methods that apply to States and communities.

No achievement of American statesmanship has reached higher than this which, through our government's wise and courageous initiative, has given to the peace movement a vitality and substance it never yet possessed. It is no longer a dream; the "desire of the nations" is transformed into reality. By these new treaties of Washington the whole movement is taken out of the realm of distant and intangible things. It is stepping across the border line that divides the methods of barbarism from those of calm, judicial reason. We have established a precedent for the whole civilized world to follow, and under Divine guidance we believe it will be followed.—The Christian Herald.



Fishing With a Steam Pump.

One of the most singular fishing devices imaginable was discovered by accident in France. Though extremely simple, the system is revolutionary.

A pond on the farm of La Marlequette, bordered by rocky shores, was drained one year by the aid of a steam pump. Each stroke of the piston drew up twenty-five gallons of water and the pond was emptied in a few hours; and not only was the water drawn off, but all the fishes also were transferred to a new element.

This was a revolution. The owners of ponds in the neighborhood followed suit, and the proprietor of the pump made a specialty of this sort of work. He "let"

one of his pumps, modified for the purpose. The peasants of the region called it "the fish pump." Each stroke of the piston brought up torrents of water, in which were fish and crawfish, together with mud and débris.

One pond of several acres was cleared of fish at an expense of 36 francs, or \$7.20. The process was ingenious, but as one can not have his fish and eat it, too, and as such rapid consumption would have led to equally rapid extermination, the local authorities were obliged to take measures to stop the practice.



New Postal Stamp Designs.

Thirteen new postal stamp designs were put in circulation during the week beginning Dec. 4, by the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, according to a statement by Director Ralph. The issue amounted at the outset to 25,000,000 two-cent stamps and 12,000,000 one-cent stamps a day. In the new designs, instead of Franklin's face appearing on the one-cent stamp, as is the case now, the face of Washington is placed on all six of the stamps of the lowest denominations. The five highest denominations, being those of the eight, ten, fifteen, fifty-cent and \$1 varieties, bear the face of Franklin.

Besides the picture of Washington on the one-cent stamp, the numeral "1" is used. The present design has the "one" spelled out. The same is true of the two-cent which carries the numeral "2" in each of the lower corners. On the stamps of three, four, five and six-cent denominations, the wreath surrounding the head of Washington, as shown on the two-cent stamp, is eliminated, and the denomination printed in a curved line about the head.

The bureau is now delivering large numbers of new registry stamps to the post-office department. The original order is for 10,000,000. They are being distributed throughout the country.



Prohibition Conference.

The Prohibition Conference was held in Chicago, Dec. 5, 1911, in response to a call issued in which there had joined an extraordinary group of men and women distinguished for their prominence in every division of temperance and civic reform, including governors, United States senators, congressmen, judges, educators and representatives of every public interest and profession.

Although the promoters of the conference had neither urged nor expected a relatively large attendance, nearly three hundred men and women were present from at least thirty-three States of the Union, and they registered their affiliations with no less than twenty-two of the great denominational bodies of the Christian church in America.

The varied church affiliations may be appreciated when it is stated that there were present adherents of the following denominations: Adventist Christian; Baptist; Christian; Christian Science; Congregational; Disciple; Dunkard; Episcopal; Evangelical Association; Free Methodist; Friends; Lutheran; Mennonite; Methodist Episcopal; Pentecostal; Presbyterian; Seventh Day Baptist; United Brethren; United Presbyterian; Universalist; Zion.



Hoodwinked Americans.

There are several countries in Europe which an American traveler can neither enter nor leave without a properly viséd passport. These countries are Bulgaria, Roumania, Russia and Turkey. But there is only one country in the world whose representatives in the United States, at its Embassy and Consulates, cross-examine any American citizen who comes there to have his American passport viséd. That country is Russia.

If you wish to enter Russia, as a tourist, or a business man, you must submit to an inquisition at the Russian Embassy or Consulate before you get upon your American passport the Russian visé, without which you can not cross the frontier. It matters not whether your ancestors came on the Mayflower, whether you are a descendant of heroes who lived and died for this country, or whether you are only an humble, everyday American citizen, native born or naturalized, whether your ancestors fled from political or religious persecution centuries ago, or whether you yourself fled from political or religious persecution, in these days of civilization and culture, if you, an American citizen, wish to enter Russia, you must answer to the Russian Consul in this country the following question:

"What is your religion?"

If the American citizen, thus questioned, happens to be a Jew or an atheist, and he says so to the Russian Consul, or if he as an American declines to state what his religion is, the Russian Consul, in accordance with instructions from the Russian Govern-

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EDITORIALS

Christmas Spirit.

Once a year we find throughout our land a spirit of fellowship and good-will among men. Friends give gifts to their friends. Neighbors exchange greetings. Employers in a kindly spirit give money to their employees. Organized charities work untiringly during the Christmas season to make sure that every poor family is provided with at least one good meal. Churches send money, clothing and supplies to the city missions and see that they are properly distributed. On every hand we see a manifestation of the brotherly spirit reaching out to help some one less fortunate. All this is an expression of the Christ spirit. It is the leaven of good-will beginning in a small way to leaven the hearts of men in all walks of life. That, indeed, is a hopeful sign of our times. If such a spirit of kindliness can be so widely felt at Christmas time, there is some hope of after a while extending it throughout the whole year. If it has taken two thousand years for the world to grasp the spirit of Christ on his birthday, how long do you suppose it will take the world to catch that spirit and hold it throughout the entire year?



Christ's Gift to the World.

Christ gave to the world no money, no books, and no treasures; he gave neither silver nor gold nor diamonds; he brought no startling philosophies, no sensational teachings, nor even organized a single cult nor gave a single creed. What he gave was an humble life which started in a lowly manger. He gave to the world plain, common-sense methods of living, such as will appeal to any man with ordinary sense. He never asked anything unreasonable from his followers, but appealed to them to place life upon its highest level. Any one who will take the pains to make even a hasty study of what he has given to the world will be impressed with the simplicity of his message, and the sanity of his laws of living. He has summarized all the great principles of right living and has presented them to the world in a pleasing, intelligent and attractive manner. The man who refuses to conform to these simple laws of life loves darkness rather than light. He chooses the rough, unwholesome, destructive, rather than that which builds up and leads one to the highest planes. All reasonable men accept the teachings of Christ as the wisest,

sanest and safest manner of living. The reason they have not been more universally adopted is because of the ignorance of the world at large concerning his teachings. Some men have set themselves against all that came from him, only because of a misconception of what came from him. They have had some preconceived notions about his teachings and without taking the trouble of finding for themselves what he really taught have tried to turn away from everything that they thought came from him. No sane person who has ever acquainted himself with the real teachings of Christ has ever turned them aside as worthless.



Love and Suffering.

The measure of greatness in any living thing is sensitiveness to suffering. A stone never suffers at all, because it has no life. The oyster suffers a little because it has a single nerve. The bird is higher and suffers for two or three days when its nest is robbed. Higher still is the deer that goes everywhere moaning for its fawn, sometimes suffering for weeks. The Indian mother is higher, and remembers her babe through the summer and the winter. But what a wonderful sensitiveness we find when we come to the Christian mother. Her mother-love almost worships the babe. If unfortunately some night she wrestles with the death angel and is defeated, her wounded heart is almost beyond comfort. The years come and go, but yet the memory of the child is with her. But God's great sensitive heart is still more tender. He can never forget his sinning sons and daughters. He spends many days of patient waiting and tolerance with them, hoping and longing that they may turn to him. His love is keener and his suffering is more intense than that of any human being can ever be. There is no heartache, no pain, no cry of the transgressor that does not touch the strings of sensitiveness and sympathy in the mind of God. He beholds his children going across the years, stumbling, wandering, falling, bleeding, dying, and with infinite care and tenderness guards them in his love.



Seeing Pleasant Things.

Just seeing pleasant things is a powerful means of health. That is why cheerful people make such excellent visitors. Variety of pleasant things brings to the mind a restfulness and composure that give the body an opportunity to rebuild its worn and

hardened tissues. Monotony and dull routine destroy vigor, ambition and even life itself. Kipling's lighthouse man went crazy because the steamers made streaks in the water. When he got on the ship where the lines ran all kinds of ways, he began to feel better at once. When you have been in the city where everything goes at right angles, you can feel the vital life currents leap up again when you go out and see the rounded tree tops and sloping hills. The seashore is good if you don't take too much, but most people would die if they could not get where there is something besides gray colors and horizontal lines. They delight in that restfulness which comes from green trees, open fields and laughing waters. There is a healing balm in the beauty of every created object. God surely delighted in the well-being of men, because he created so many beautiful objects for us to rest our eyes upon. While we are in the hurry and turmoil of a busy life we seldom stop to even feed our minds upon the beautiful. After we become weary with the noise and strifes of men we seek the solitudes and there God rests our tired minds by directing our eyes toward the beautiful creations.

What Is the Work of the Church?

The work that is distinctly church work today, is to worship, to instruct, and to serve. The wide-awake church of today will be found active in these three fields of human activities. These are all equally important. Worship alone can become as sterile as the worship of the Mohammedans. Instruction alone will never move the heart toward God. Service alone will shear the heart of its highest passions and after a time will sever life itself from all moral obligation. The harmonious blending of the three will inspire the spirit, clarify the thinking, and sweeten the life of the world with exalted service. The church must inculcate a spirit of reverence. The busy man of today must learn the lesson of reverence and there is no other place for him to get it than the church. A feeling of respect is the first requirement for manhood everywhere, and the man who never worships is unable to have the proper respect for law and order. It is the business of the church to teach childhood to reverence and respect the things in life that are worthy. The worship in the church teaches this reverence but the pity is that not more men are found in regular worship. Our carelessness and unconcern for these things will bring many bitter lessons to our doors

at some other stage of our life. Children must be taught to worship and men must be induced to worship, but having done this there must still be rendered efficient service for full development of the men in the church.

Hard Work.

Steady, hard work brings a polish and stability that cannot be secured in any other way. A cold climate produces strong men. Young men who have an easy time in the beginning are not so sure to be on good terms with themselves near the end of their career. Pray that you may not be blest with easy circumstances until you are old enough to appreciate the blessing. A young man informed the superintendent of a railroad division that he would like to secure a position on the road where the hours were short, the work light, the occupation clean and the compensation good. The superintendent replied, "There is only one position of that sort on this road. I've got it, and I don't propose to resign." Railroad officials are not looking for men who want an easy place. Men who want hard work and can conquer difficulties are never out of work very long. Kingly men command the best. The hard grind makes a smooth surface. Rule and regulation lay the foundation for force and character. An easy time in youth, as a rule, means a hard time in old age. Be hard on yourself in the beginning and nature will be gracious to you in the end. Hard lessons well learned, mean certain results and gratifying rewards. Difficulties are stepping stones on which we may rise to something higher. A rich student in a theological seminary, having purchased a cord of wood, came to Moses Stuart to inquire whom he could get to saw it. The old professor said, "I happen to be out of a job of that sort just now; I'll saw it for you." The student took the hint.

Love the Spot Where You Are.

Most men fail to appreciate the advantages of the spot where they are. They think the difficulties facing them are not to be found in some other locality. Distant places seem lovely and attractive compared with the place where we now are. Emerson said, "Love the spot where you are." A real-estate agent tells of a wealthy merchant who became dissatisfied with his own home, a country residence, and decided to sell it. He called upon a successful real-estate agent and asked him to sell it. He gave him a careful description of the property

and told him to dispose of it as soon as possible. In a few days the wealthy merchant happened to see an advertisement of a country residence which pleased him very much. "See here," said he to his wife, "this is just the place we are looking for, and by the way it is in the hands of our own agent." That morning he called on the real-estate agent and informed him that if it were possible to dispose of his own house and secure for him the residence advertised in the morning paper, nothing would please him better. The agent burst into a hearty laugh, and informed him that the residence described in the paper was his own property, the very house in which

he was living. He went home, read the description of his own home the second time, thought of the grassy slopes, beautiful vistas, smooth lawn, and fine situation, and exclaimed: "Is it possible?" He paid the bill for advertising and remained just where he was. Love the spot where you are.



A Correction.

In our issue of December 5, on page 1311 we gave a review of "Men Wanted." We quoted the price of the book as fifty cents, which is a mistake. The price is seventy-five cents net.

BACK TO THE LAND

M. Elizabeth Binns

THERE are hundreds of advertisements of "Back to the Land," and "Back to the Farm." They tell us it is most natural to live upon the land, that the farmer is the most independent person possible, that he gets most of life's necessities at first cost, etc., etc.

How alluring are so many of their arguments and pictures! The illustrations are taken from all ages, from the pastoral days of Abraham, to the prosperous farmer or ranchman of today who is so fortunate in the raising and disposal of his crops, that he buys a piano for his daughter and an automobile for all the family.

The genius of scientific men has been employed to add to the farmer's household conveniences, all sorts of mechanical contrivances to lighten his labor have been invented, and government help has been asked, and is being given, to make his isolation more bearable. Men of science are employed to educate the farmer and his children in seed selection and treatment of seed and soil, in order that crops may be sure and as large as possible. Formulas are given out free for most of the solutions used in insect destruction.

The wives and daughters have not been forgotten in the inventions, and amusements and entertainments to lighten their monotonous days have at last been suggested. The farms with more intense cultivation are becoming smaller, so that the homes are not so far apart. Everything possible is being done or suggested, to make farm life more pleasant.

That it is attractive is shown by the numbers who are leaving the cities and purchas-

ing land already improved or taking up new and unimproved, perhaps government land. Each opening of government land to settlement is accompanied by more entries than their desirable allotments. Large estates are being divided and sold in small sections. In the West and in the Middle West large ranches and cattle ranges are being broken up by homesteads. In the East suburban car lines are making it possible for families to live out upon a small farm while one or more members work in the cities. Also some of the car lines are equipped for carrying produce quickly to market.

Is this movement going to have any influence upon the home life of the people?

Some one made a remark not long ago that "there are many lonely farmers." What does that mean? Is it not that a man can not well live on a farm without some one to attend to the comforts of a home? It has been lamented that congregating in large cities has made it possible for unmarried men to live in boarding houses, hotels and clubs. Married life in boarding houses and flats has not been a thing for poets to rave over and often it has been a source of such misery as to lead to condemning the marriage itself when it was the mode of life that was to blame.

Flats! Apartments! What pictures they bring to mind! Occasionally one will be found that is comparatively large, airy and light, but frequently what do we find? Three or four rooms, one behind the other, the front room containing two windows, the middle ones and often all but the front must be lighted by gas or electricity even in

daytime. And so tiny! Some one has attached the diminutive "ette" to the names as parlourette, kitchenette, bedroomette, and no term could be more fitting. Comfort in them is out of the question, because of the crowding and general stuffiness.

In such surroundings there are usually women who either must support themselves or help to increase the family earnings, and so are ready for a nominal sum to clean and put to right such apartments when occupied by men. Hotels and boarding houses are filled with men, mostly unmarried. Can the unmarried farmer do this? Not at all. He must either do his own cleaning up or leave it undone. Are there any nearby restaurants to which he may go for his meals? Oh, no, he must be his own cook, so what does he think of as a remedy, if he desires to stick to his farm? A housekeeper. A hired housekeeper does not prove satisfactory so he decides to look about for a wife.

One of the old statements in our school books said, "The home is the foundation of the state," and this back-to-the-farm movement must result in more real homes.

The women say that "woman's work" on the farm is hard work. No doubt it is, but ask a city woman who has to get up at five or six o'clock in the morning in order to get to work at seven or eight, then stand all day at that work. Is it hard? Stand behind a counter catering to the whims and fancies of hundreds of shoppers, few of whom exert themselves to be at all courteous and many being quite uncivil. Is it hard?

Live within brick walls, in close, stuffy stores, offices and rooms, with smoke, dust and rank odors everywhere. Even when at liberty nothing but brick to be seen, brick walls, brick pavements, with occasionally a

tiny strip of lawn, with a sign upon it, "Keep off the grass." Is all that hard?

Only those who have been for a time in the country can realize the contrast. Of course, many will wish to keep to the city for its constant excitement, and exciting amusements, but in increasing numbers the real lovers of nature and nature's God will find much to attract them to the country, now that it is becoming more and more possible to have the creature comforts.

The environs of so many cities are being cut up into one, two, five or ten acre tracts called farms, and how pleasant life can be upon them. This is made more than possible by the ever-increasing number of suburban and interurban street car lines. Only those who have such places, and have moved to them after living in a crowded city, can tell how pleasant life may be and many of them are so enthusiastic you are not quite sure you dare believe all they say. They are near enough to city advantages to enjoy them when they so desire, but really live in the country.

How delightful to smell the fragrance of the grass and the trees with the dew fresh upon them, to have fruits and vegetables fresh from the garden to the table. The relief from the buzz and clash of the city sounds rests the nerves, the clear atmosphere is itself a tonic.

The power and majesty of the storm, the beauties of the sunrise and sunset, the everyday happiness of everyday life, all bring the country dweller very near to the Supreme Being who created and controls these glories of the earth. Even the sky looks different for the city dweller who can not see the stars for the glare of the electric light and so misses one of the grandest wonders of the universe.

SHALL I TAKE A SHORT COURSE?

E. L. Craik, A. M.

PEOPLE like to do things quickly these days. It is the inevitable result of our unparalleled progress in invention. To do things the longest and hardest way would be to return to the ways of our fathers, and the man who would persist in doing things that way would use too much time to fit well into the complexity of our social life. This is the day of the "short cuts."

It seems that some things are often overlooked in studying this modern tendency.

Some have thought, possibly, that increased swiftness has been accompanied by diminution of quality, and this is perhaps in many instances true, since there are many more places for such. But we are hardly so pessimistic as to think that there is on the whole any less thoroughness expected today than was formerly required. The last few years have simply raised the standard of quality and we have not to search very far to become aware of this fact. He who desires to become a master of any

line of work will invariably find that the requirements are yearly growing stricter. The demand is for men and women who know something about everything and everything about some one thing. It is in the light of this statement that we want to discuss briefly the modern short course. The point of view is that of a young person who may to a reasonable degree choose what he will.

Summer schools, business schools, agricultural schools, etc., have done untold good by offering work which applies to the present need and promises quick returns. This appeals to the "quick return" spirit of the age. It affords great assistance to those who can ill afford to take off four years for intensive preparation. To such it may be a boon. If they use it to the best of their power they are doing all that can reasonably be expected. Not so with our young man: he has the most of life before him, and is practically independent as to his line of action. The very best is none too good for him. To him it is wrong to accept either the good or the better when the best can be attained. Still, the short course, whatever its nature, may help him in one way: it may teach him its own insufficiency, and for this it is to be commended. Many a boy has started out on a nine months' business course only to catch in the end a vision of a college education later to be realized. Unfortunate it is that so few have had this experience.

On the other hand the short course fails when it proposes to equip the graduate of a one year's course to cope with the man who knows other fields besides his own. The latter has more invested in both time

and money. Isn't it reasonable to expect him to reap larger returns? And then, too, one must be bigger than his business, whatever that may be. Only in that way can he really be charitable towards those following other lines.

The human mind cannot learn many things thoroughly in a short time. A long course makes allowance for this fact. A person must live within an atmosphere for a long time before he can imbibe much of what is offered. This secures a more varied experience, and hence a more thoroughly grounded mastery.

Perhaps, though, the chief evil connected with the short course is the fact that it may be substituted for a long one. This involves a moral consideration. It may beget the spirit of unwillingness to pay the price for the better things of life. That is always a tragedy. They can only be rightfully had by paying the price. Nothing really good in character or ability is given away; the desirable thing must be purchased. We must develop the doctrine of self-denial in order to effect a reform along this line. Only when the young man is actively willing to forego the good or better of today for the best of tomorrow and is willing to begin today to pay for that best can he hope to become a master.

The greatest life in the ages was not developed in a short time. The Great Teacher spent by far the greater part of his earthly life in preparation. The size of his work required it and he entered upon his duties with zest when once prepared. May we not from that life take the lesson of long preparation for the most useful and most complete living?

A TRIP TO CHINA

Geo. W. Hilton

No. 8.

ON our arrival at the station we were at a loss to know just where to go. I had learned of a good hotel at Kobe and had written to the manager that our party was coming on the "Minnesota," and for him to meet us at the boat. Then when the boat was delayed so long and we decided to go by train to Kobe, I thought I would send a telegram to the hotel man about our change of plans. But when I came to look for his address I found that it had been lost, and as we knew neither the man's name nor



Our Party at the Railway Station.

the name of his hotel we could send him no word.

I hired eleven rikishas to take us and our small baggage to an American hotel, but the head rikisha man wanted us to go to a Japanese hotel instead. I said: "No, we want to go to an American hotel," and the rikisha man said: "Kobe no got 'Merica hotel." This I knew was not the truth, but had no other way out, so I said: "Then take us to the docks." I knew that if I got there I could easily find the hotel we were looking for, as I knew its location from that point.

But instead of taking us to the docks they kept winding around through the crooked streets, getting further from the docks all the time. In spite of all my protest they kept stopping at Japanese hotels, hoping we would stop there; for the customs of this country, as well as China, are that the rikisha man who brings guests to the inn gets a percentage of the money received from them. Finally they saw that we were not to be influenced this way, so they took us to a French hotel. Here the accommodations were not so bad and the rates reasonable, so we thought it best to stay.

The same evening the hotel man to whom I had written came over to see us. He had heard that we had come by train, and he wanted us to come over to see his place. Some of us went after supper, and when we saw what we had missed we felt rather bad about it. It was more like a nice home than a hotel. It had very fine gardens with artificial lakes filled with goldfish. I took some of the children over the following morning to watch him feed his goldfish. He said there were two thousand of them.

There was quite a contrast from the place where we were stopping, for it was almost a grogshop at supper time. The patrons of the place were largely German and French, and most of them had drinks of some kind on their tables.

On Wednesday we put in the forenoon doing some banking and getting our tickets fixed up for our passage to Tien Tsin. Then in the afternoon we went around to see the city and do a little buying.

Kobe is a beautiful city of 285,000 people. It extends for nearly ten miles along the bay. It is very narrow, however, as the mountains rise behind the city. Along the foot of these hills are a number of European residences; also a number of mission schools and Kobe College for girls.

A number of times we met large bodies



Brother and Sister Hilton and Son John.

of school children marching two and two, either to or from school. The government has separate schools for girls and boys.

I visited Kobe College when I was here three years ago, and found it an up-to-date, well-equipped school in every respect. The young ladies were all very polite to us, and all seemed very eager for an education. We were told that some of the girls had sold themselves into slavery, in order to have means to finish their education.

The school girls all wear a red skirt over their Japanese kimono. This mark distinguishes them from the other women about them. The boys wear a soldier's cap and a skirt of light-colored cotton cloth. When I visited one of these boys' schools they were enjoying recess. Some were playing tennis; others, baseball; others fencing with swords, and still others were taking the regular soldiers' drill under one of the teachers. All the boys are trained for the army. We also saw a group of twenty or more boys who were learning the "jujitsu" or the art of wrestling, and it surprises one to see a little fellow, weighing eighty pounds, throw a man over his head who is much heavier than himself.

I think Kobe is a cleaner town than Yokohama, and in the native district I think the shops are nicer. We visited the large bazar,—a sort of department store,—and found it very interesting to wind in and out to right and left until one gets so mixed in the directions, and so absorbed in looking at the things for sale, that if it were not for the signs on the wall he could not find his way out again.

Back of Kobe in the edge of the hills are the Nunobiki Falls, two in number, which are very pretty, although the volume of water that falls over the cliff is not large.

Our stay at Kobe being so short, we did not get around to see as much as we should have liked. Kobe does a very large ship-

ping business and her port has been open since 1868.

In the next I will tell you of our trip through the inland sea of Japan.

MENTAL FRIENDS AND FOES

Orison Swett Marden

WE sometimes see the power of thought strikingly illustrated when a great sorrow or disappointment or a heavy financial loss in a short time so changes the personal appearances of a man that his friends scarcely recognize him. The cruel thought bleaches the hair and seems to laugh demoniacally from the wrinkles it has made in the face.

Worry thoughts, fear thoughts, selfish thoughts are so many malignant forces within us, poisoning the blood and brain, destroying harmony and ruining efficiency, while the opposite thoughts produce just the opposite result. They soothe instead of irritate, increase efficiency, multiply mental power. Five minutes of hot temper may make such a havoc in the delicate cell life of different parts of the body that it will take weeks or months to repair the injury, or it may never be repaired. Terror, horror, a great fear shock have many a time permanently whitened the coloring matter in the hair, and produced permanent aging marks on the face.

Why do we learn so quickly that on the physical plane hot things burn us, that sharp tools cut us, that bruises make us suffer, and endeavor to avoid the things which give pain and to use and enjoy the things that give pleasure and comfort, while in the mental realm we are constantly burning ourselves, gashing ourselves, poisoning our brain, our blood, our secretions with deadly, destructive thoughts? How we suffer from these thought lacerations, these mental bruises, these burnings of passion; and yet we do not learn to exclude the causes of all this suffering.

What fearful havoc jealousy will make in a life within a few days or weeks! How it ruins the digestion, dries up the very source of life, whittles down the vitality and warps the judgment! It poisons the very centers of life.

It is pitiful to see the wreckage of hopes and happiness and ambition in a life after hurricanes of passion have swept through the mental kingdom.

If the child were properly trained in the art of thinking, what an easy thing it would be for the grown person to avoid all this—to bring beauty poise and serenity to the mind, instead of the desolation wrought by the enemy thoughts, the thieves of joy, the burglars of happiness and contentment.

A thousand times better allow thieves to enter your home and steal your most valuable treasures, to rob you of money or property, than to allow the enemies of your success and happiness—discordant thoughts, disease thoughts, sick thoughts, morbid thoughts, jealous thoughts—to enter your mind and steal your comfort, rob you of that peace and serenity without which life is a living tomb.

A discordant thought, a morbid mood, when once harbored, breeds more discordant thoughts and more morbid moods. The moment you harbor the one or the other it will begin to multiply a thousandfold, and grow more formidable. Do not have anything to do with discord or error, or the brood of morbid moods. They spoil everything they touch. They leave their slimy trail on everything they do; they rob you of hope, happiness, and efficiency. Tear down all these sable pictures from your mind, all the black images. Clear them out. They only mean mischief, failure, paralysis of ambition, and the death of hope.

What a tremendous amount of wear and tear, wrenching, rasping, aging, friction we could prevent, if we had only been taught as children to shut the doors of our minds to all tearing down, destructive enemy thoughts, and to hold in the mind ideas that uplift and encourage, that cheer, gladden and refreshen, encourage and give hope! I have known instances where a fit of the "blues," depressing, gloomy, melancholy thoughts, sapped the life of more vitality and energy in a few hours than weeks of hard work would have taken out of the man.

Think of the possibilities of happiness, prosperity and long life could we all keep in the mind strong, vigorous, resourceful, productive thoughts.

It is impossible to entertain the thought of discord while the mind is dwelling upon harmony; of ugliness while beauty is reflected in the mental mirror; or of sorrow while joy and gladness predominate. Sadness and melancholy cannot outpicture themselves upon the body when good cheer, hope and joy live in the mind.

If you persistently keep these enemy thoughts, fear thoughts, anxious thoughts, disease thoughts, sick thoughts out of your mind a while, they will leave you forever; but if you entertain them, nourish them, they will keep returning for more nourishment, more encouragement. The way to do this is to kick them out and close the door of your mind against them. Have nothing to do with them, drop them, forget them. When things have gone against you, do not say, "That is just my luck. I am always getting into trouble. I knew it would be just so. It always is." Do not pity yourself. It is a dangerous habit. It is not a very difficult art to learn to keep the mind-slate clean; to erase unfortunate experiences, sad memories, recollections, memories which humiliate, pain us; to wipe them all out and keep a clean mental slate so far as the past is concerned.

You have no conception of the peace, comfort and happiness that will come to you after vigorously making up your mind and persistently carrying out your resolution never again to have anything to do with the things which have kept you back, have crippled, cramped, strangled your efforts; the things which have pained you and made you suffer bitter pangs.

Have nothing more to do with your mistakes, shortcomings. No matter how bitter they have been, blot them out, forget them and resolve never again to harbor them.

By persistency and determination and watchfulness one can gradually clear his mind of most of his enemies; and the best way to get unfortunate, bitter, cruel experiences out of the mind is fill it with good things, bright, cheerful, hopeful things.

Persistently keep the mind filled to overflowing with good thoughts, generous, magnanimous charity thoughts, love thoughts, truth thoughts, health thoughts, harmony thoughts,—and all the discordant thoughts will have to go. Two opposite thoughts cannot exist in the mind at the same moment. Truth thoughts are the antidote for error; harmony for discord; and good for evil.

You cannot affirm too often or too vigorously the idea that you were made in the image of perfection, love, beauty and truth,

made to express these qualities and not their opposites. Say to yourself: "Every time an idea of hatred, malice, revenge, discouragement or selfishness comes to my mind, I have done myself an injury. I have struck myself a blow that is fatal to my peace of mind, my happiness, my efficiency; all these enemy thoughts cripple my advance in life. I must destroy them immediately by neutralizing them with their opposites."

The time will come when we shall realize that even the temporary passing through the mind of the jarring and discordant thought,—that a fit of anger which racks and wrenches the delicate nervous system, that every touch of the hatred thought and revenge, every vibration of selfishness and fear, anxiety and worry,—will leave its indelible mark in the life and will mar the career.

When we learn, therefore, that these emotions and all forms of animal passion are debilitating, demoralizing, that they mar, scar and make fearful havoc in the mental realm, and that their hideousness is outpictured in the body in pain and suffering, in corresponding ugliness and deformities, we shall learn to avoid them as we would avoid physical pestilence.

Love, charity, benevolence, kindliness, good will towards others, all arouse the noblest feelings and sentiments within us. They are life-giving, uplifting.

If we can preserve the integrity of the mind and protect it from its enemies—evil and vicious thoughts and imaginings—we have solved the problem of scientific living. A well-trained mind is always able to furnish the harmonious note in any condition.

It was not intended that man should suffer, but rejoice and forever be happy, buoyant, jubilant and prosperous. It is the perverted thought habit that has deteriorated the race.

We are so constituted that we must do right, we must go straight, we must be clean and pure and true and unselfish, magnanimous and charitable and loving, or we cannot be really healthy, successful or happy. Perfect harmony of mind and body means a clean mentality.

Everybody ought to be happier than the happiest of us. This was the Divine plan. We might as well say that the maker of the most perfect watch that was ever constructed planned for and intended a certain amount of friction and imperfection as that the Creator who "doeth all things well" intended that man should have more or less suffering.—The Nautilus.



THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

DEARIE me," Grandma Duck looked up from her knitting with a worried expression, "if it won't be Christmas Day a week from tomorrow, and little Quacker will be just six months old. I really must have a party."

At that moment Quacker, himself, came running in to warm his toes, for he had been sliding on the ice with Sammy Bowser.

"Wouldn't you like to have a party, Quacker?" asked his grandmother.

"Oh, granny! granny! When?" And the little duck danced up and down excitedly. "Today?"

"Today! Listen to the child. As if I could give a party today when the house is in heaps, and Mr. Bowser hasn't brought the groceries I ordered yesterday."

Quacker's face fell. "But when, granny?"

"We'll have it Christmas Day. Who would you like to have, my dear?"

"Let's have Tommy and Sammy Bowser, and the four little Plymouths, and Mr. Bunny, and Miss Tabitha, and Johnny Squirrel, and—"

"That's enough, that's enough, child. How many do you want, for goodness' sake. Mrs. Plymouth will have to come too, for I wouldn't have those four mischievous youngsters of hers around unless she were here to look after them."

Preparations were begun at once, and the

invitations were delivered next day by a very important Quacker.

Christmas Day came almost before Grandma Duck was ready for it, and with it, at a most impolite hour, came the four little Plymouths, their mother following them proudly.

"I couldn't keep them home, Mrs. Duck," she said, "but I know you won't mind having the dears a little early. Such sweet children!" And she clucked indulgently at the "sweet children," who were making havoc with grandma's Christmas greens.

Such a success as that party was! Everybody came, dressed in their Sunday best, and everybody behaved beautifully except the little Plymouths, who kept things in a constant turmoil. Oh, the good things to eat! And right in the center of the table was a cake for Quacker, with six lovely pink candles on it. Johnny Squirrel offered to crack all the nuts as he could do it so much quicker than anyone else.

It was a tired but happy Quacker that Grandma Duck put to bed that night. "I wish Christmas came every day," he sighed.

"Well, I don't," answered his grandmother, "for you'll be as cross as two sticks tomorrow, you ate so much, and, besides, those rascally little Plymouths have torn nearly everything they could reach to pieces."—Maud Butler, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

HELPING MOTHER

Don L. Cash

I WONDER why it is that some girls don't or don't like to help mother. She cared for them when they were small, rocked them, fed them, clothed them,—and kept them neat and clean, never sparing pains nor trouble,—working unceasingly; I wonder, then, if they don't owe her something, now that they have grown to where they might start in to repay, in a measure, the debt every child owes mother?

Yet it's a fact, there are just lots and lots of girls who aren't trying in the least to repay mother; and lots of mothers, with their tenderness and forgiving spirit, who never ask the girls to try, and so they never do repay her even in the smallest sense. Young reader, are you helping mother as much as you could? Are you trying to repay her what you owe?

Nothing ever delighted me more than to help and to watch some little housewife, who was honestly trying to relieve mother of a little, at least, of the heavy burden that usually rests upon a mother's shoulders. I know one such little housewife well, and love to encourage her, and watch her in her work. She is ten years old, and as deft and quick and gentle and helpful as any other girl her age should and could be.

In the morning, she rises early and helps with the breakfast, dries the dishes, and then gets the younger children ready for school. She takes pride in that she is the last one off, having gotten little brother and sister all ready, first, and gets her little flock off with motherly care and watchfulness. Coming home at night, she helps brother and sister into their play clothes, and sends them off, keeping a friendly eye on them the while, and watchfully overseeing them like one three times her age. Donning her little apron, she helps get the supper things on the table, and with dozens of other little helpfulnesses her deft fingers lighten the household burdens. No wonder mother's tired eyes glisten with pride! and pride that is well excusable; she has a daughter such as she may well be proud of.

This little acquaintance of mine is not a rare, uncommon girl. She is just what a girl of her age or older should be; she does what she can, not any more than she should, and is deft and helpful because while working she really tries to see how well she can do things. That is just the thing, boys and girls, even if you cannot do but a little for

mother, do that well. A few things well done will help your tired mother much more than many things half done.

If you have smaller brothers or sisters, don't you think that by helping them out of their difficulties, and little troubles, and generally overseeing them, you can save your mother from a lot of care? If you set the table, or help to prepare the meals; tidy the house, and keep things straight all you can, you are helping mother a lot, perhaps more than it seems. If you can do more and larger things, and do them well, you have all the more reason to be proud of helping mother, and mother has all the more reason to be proud of her helpmate.

Now, if you don't help mother, whom do you help? Or are you really helping anyone? Did you ever think that when one doesn't help anyone in anything, that they can be called selfish and idle? Well, they can. Evenings, do you leave mother to do the after-supper work,—perhaps having your smaller brothers or sisters to watch and care for at the same time, and go down town, sometimes to parties, etc.? Or do you just leave her to do the work anyway, whether you go away or stay at home?

I wonder, girls, if you would make a sacrifice "merely" to help mother? Boys, would you? Do you? Ask yourselves this, answer it sincerely. But surely you love mother, but yet, if a time came, when you could do as you chose, would you sacrifice something or let some pleasure go by unenjoyed for mother's sake? There is a test, and a test that will tell whether or not you really love her and are trying to help her and lighten her cares.

I wonder how many a heart aches after mother is gone, when the thought that you didn't try to lessen her burdens, at the same time repaying her for labors in your behalf, pulls at the heart-strings when it will do no good? If you love mother, help her. Don't just merely love her—show her you do! Prove it to her by substantially loving her. Make her happy in the possession of a boy or girl such as she may well be proud of.

Remember, mother won't always be here for you to help and love,—we all owe her a very great debt; don't you think we had better commence now to repay it?

I wonder if mother wants you to do anything now? Hadn't you better help her?

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA

THANKS to modern science a man can enjoy all the delights of hunting nowadays without wetting his hands with blood. Equipped with a camera, a good lens and various helpful devices, in which he takes the same pride as a hunter does in his modern rifle, he can bring home magnificent trophies for the walls of his den without doing butcher's work to secure head or pelt. He can engage in a war of wits with the wild creatures, taking a little longer odds no doubt, for it is far easier to get within shooting distance of game than it is to get within camera range, and as for the danger, the man who goes after lions or other ferocious beasts with a camera surely requires as much nerve as the other man who takes an arsenal along and murders the unsuspecting brutes at long range. The hunt for dangerous animals need not be discussed, however, as the average man has no chance to indulge in that variety of sport. Few of us can afford the outlay of time and money required to reach the haunts of the jungle beasts, but all of us are near enough to some bit of woods or field to go camera hunting most any day.

That is one of the beauties of this coming sport, that all game is fair game for the camera. There is no close season for the man with the little black box and no limit to his bag. He requires no hunter's license, no membership in an expensive gun club and ordinarily no guide. In fact the amateur has a good chance to perfect himself in the sport without going very far afield and this practice, by the way, is an essential. Camera hunting must be learned just the same as hunting with shot gun or rifle. The beginner at the sport must learn how to judge distance even more accurately than the marksman. He must study the problems of light and speed if he is to catch his game on the wing or running. He must learn to think quickly and act promptly in focusing and regulating the stop, and



A Good Catch.

he will find camera target practice at the less shy and difficult subjects near home quite as fascinating as popping away at tin cans or clay pigeons with firearms.

Moreover he must study the ways of wild things quite as carefully as the man who means to kill them, and, approaching them with no murderous intent, he is more likely to learn intimately of their habits than the sportsman who is planning to destroy them.

One of the most fascinating of camera sports is a night hunt from a canoe. The problem is to ascertain by the tracks and other signs where game is in the habit of coming to the water's edge to drink. There, after dark, the approach is made to that spot very stealthily, without noise and, of course, with no light in the canoe. The hunter can be guided only by sounds, and must judge his distance by the slight noises made by the game, and when he believes himself within range and has the camera pointed, the flash is exploded and the whole water's edge with its background of forest is suddenly illuminated.

A good negative of such a scene with deer or moose starting at the flash makes an enlargement which is as beautiful a thing to hang upon the library wall as the branching antlers of the game itself and is quite as convincing a trophy of the owner's skill.—From "Camera vs. Rifle," in December Technical World Magazine.

ABOUT RAISING A BOY

ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, a boy was born and they named him Willie. It not being cultured nor fashionable, this boy's mother did not nurse him, but he was put on the bottle. Fortunately, a learned scientist had

discovered how to pasteurize milk, so that the boy did pretty well on most any old cow's milk.

When this boy was two years old he caught the whooping cough. Fortunately, Prof. Bordet, of Brussels, had discovered

that anti-toxin serum from a cat would cure whooping cough, and some cat serum was injected into Willie.

Soon after Willie got about again, he was taken with measles. Fortunately, Dr. John P. Anderson, of Washington, had discovered that anti-toxin serum from a monkey would cure measles. So they pumped monkey serum into the boy, and the measles didn't kill him.

One day Willie was playing with his pet terrier, when the dog scratched him. So his folks, fearing hydrophobia in its worst form, rushed him down to New Jersey, where there is a great institute in honor of Prof. Pasteur, who, fortunately, discovered that anti-toxin serum from a dog was a fine thing for rabies. They pumped dog serum into little Willie for two months.

Willie pulled through nicely, but on the way home rode in a Pullman sleeper in which a smallpox case had been discovered. Fortunately, Dr. Jenner had discovered that anti-toxin serum from a cow would cure smallpox, and so, on getting home, they pricked some cow serum into Willie's arm.

Well, Willie lived along until he was 10 years old when, one night, his folks were

sent into a panic by discovering that he had black diphtheria. Fortunately, a noted physician had discovered that anti-toxin serum from a horse would cure diphtheria, if anything would, and so they gave Willie some horse serum, hypodermically.

Finally, at 40 years of age, Willie was taken with a mysterious malady. None of the doctors could tell definitely what it was. At last, as Willie was very low, a very learned scientist from a great eastern institute visited him and pronounced it "general debility." "But cheer up, my man!" said the scientist, "I have here an anti-toxin from—"

"No more menagerie in mine," sighed Willie. "Life has just been but one serum after another." Whereupon he turned over and died, much to the regret of the scientist, who felt sure that he was about to enrich medical science with another great discovery, since he was about to try serum from a hen and from an alligator on "general debility."

We don't know that there's any moral to this story. There's a whole lot of truth to it, anyhow.—Exchange.

THE YULETIDE SPIRIT

Evelyn Trostle

CHRISTMAS is not a day, it is a mood." It has no relation to government nor even to race nor blood.

It is an institution which can be set on any soil and under the folds of any flag. Christmas is a spiritual creation and belongs to the kingdom of the heart. If it then be a mood it can be extended over a week, a month, a year, a lifetime. If you confine it to a day you miss the meaning of it. If you cram it into twenty-four hours, you crush it and lose the essence of it. The Christmas spirit is the only spirit by which men and women really live. The people who do not have Christ have no Christmas. Christ brought Christmas or rather he was God's present to us.

What a benediction of peace the advent of the Christ Child brought to the world. It began a slender rill but the rill was to become a river and then an ocean of peace to flood the whole earth. Those angels that filled the shepherds' ears and hearts with solemn rapture by their song, "Peace on earth, good will to men," sounded a louder cadence, heard the world around, calling Truth and Justice to descend and

dwell among men. Yet the world is still seeking peace with the sword. If the nations would listen to that song of the angels, they each would learn that the other can be trusted. Then shall we have the World's federation of Nations and Prince of Peace ruler of them all.

In this twentieth century how many think of the real meaning of Christmas? The first thought in most children's minds is Santa Claus or St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children whose good spirit puts presents in their stockings on Christmas eve. Should we let this Dutch and Flemish myth gain such a hold on our minds that the real saint is often put in the background or not thought of at all? If we could get a vision of the Christ we too would present our gifts and fall down and worship him. Christmas should mean more than the day we receive gifts or the day after Santa Claus comes. What would the world be without Christmas? Why do we say Merry Christmas? How much mirth, peace, love or cheer would we have if Christ had not been born, if he had not brought Christmas? So let us keep the Christmas spirit and bring

peace and good will to the world. Life is too sweet, too beautiful to nurse sorrow and keep a grudge alive till it becomes a companion. If all the people carrying around these polluting grudges would strangle them on Christmas eve and bury the remains in an unmarked grave, they would have such a Christmas as they have never known.

It is bitter irony which has made the great festival of God's love for his children a shopping season of such intensity that those who buy and those who sell are brought to the verge of exhaustion. In the jam and rush of a Christmas counter it is hard to "keep sweet." See the shop girl weeping with pain and weariness at night as she makes her counter attractive for the next day's brutal rush. Hear the little elevator boy sigh softly, "Oh my God I wish eleven o'clock would come." As the twenty-fifth approaches the rush increases with longer hours of service imposed. Is it a wonder that cheeks grow pale, and tempers a bit ruffled, that backs ache and fingers tremble, that the shop girl thinks of the day longingly as a day when she may sleep late in the morning and get away from the crowd, rather than as a dawning holiday full of delights? What right have we to spoil the blessed Yuletide for others, even though we do it unthinkingly? Who is responsible for such suffering? The thoughtless people who delay their Christmas shopping till the last minute and compel clerks and shopkeepers to keep open their stores in the evening.

How different this other side of Christmas! To many it means the sweetness of giving and receiving, happy planning, whispered mysteries, glad faces, the return of a blessed holy day, a renewal in our hearts of good will toward men and a sense of peace with all the world.

With what spirit do we give Christmas gifts? Is it mere exchange? Because some one else gave you something must you return the favor? Are we like the girl who said, when asked how many presents she gave, "I exchange with sixteen people"? No matter how costly the gift may be if given with such a spirit neither the giver nor the receiver will be blessed.

"Not what we give, but what we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare,

He, who gives himself with his gift, feeds three—

Himself, his hungry neighbor and me."

The simplest remembrance sent with the spirit of love often will be more appreciated than something far more valuable sent with-

out any personal sacrifice or love. Giving is the most precious privilege of life. It can be made but a hollow mockery. Christmas giving becomes a burden to some people. They give presents they can ill afford just because they feel they must, it will be expected of them. This destroys the real spirit of the time.

Do you think Christ brought Christmas to become a day of feasting,—nuts, candies and sweetmeats,—till it requires a week to recover from the effects of that one day? Do you think he feels miserable because he gave so much to the world and receives so little from it? Yet some people feel very bad because the present they received was not as nice as the one they gave. If you have the spirit of Christmas you will not think of a return. You give as an expression of love which the day commemorates. So let us make this Christmas the best time of the year. Let us get back to the true spirit that we may give as the wise men of old our most precious gifts. Let us not compress into a single short season the kindness and helpfulness which ought to touch the whole year with the Christmas spirit.



THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

Richard Braunstein.

"He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road."—Homer.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn in the place of their self-content; there are souls, like stars, that dwell apart, in a fellowless firmament; there are pioneer souls that blaze their paths where highways never run;—but let me live by the side of the road and be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road where the race of men go by—the men who are good and the men who are bad, as good and as bad as I. I would not sit in the scorner's seat, or hurl the cynic's ban;—let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road, by the side of the highway of life, the men who press with the ardor of hope, the men who are faint with the strife. But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—both parts of an infinite plan;—let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead and mountains of wearisome height; that the road passes on through

(Continued on Page 1402.)

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

HALLOWED BE THY NAME. Matt. 6:9.

J. C. Flora.

THE leading thought in this petition is reverence. In a very early period the sentiment of reverence was planted in a very sterile and unfriendly soil, and kept alive by many merely formal observances. Reverence had a small beginning; the fact that great things have a small beginning is as true in morals as it is in biology. Our early fathers had only a minute conception of genuine reverence. It was only a religious genius, like Abraham or Moses, who gained some insight into divine things. But what seems to us a superstitious treatment of a name, was, however, deepened into the hearts of the people, the sentiment of reverence. The Jews were thus from generation to generation taught to reverence the name of God; doing this they finally came to feel that the Person and character of God ought to be honored. The Person they could not see, but if they were instructed to be silent in the presence of the Name, they would learn that the Being, as well as the word, that it represented, was holy.

What name is this that he is teaching us to hallow in our prayers? God has been known by many names within his sacred Word. When we think of the meaning and import of the name in this petition, we do not restrict it to the narrow verbal sense, but in a wider and larger sense. It is not merely the syllables or the word that God wants us to sanctify here. I conclude that the name includes all the names by which God has revealed himself. There is no one word that conveys everything to the human understanding, that God wishes to convey, about himself. He must use different words to declare to men the different attributes and phases of his own character, and when all the words are uttered the half is not told. It is impossible to picture in words all the goodness and love of God.

It is not only by words that he has made himself known. In the order and beauty of nature he discloses himself. Signs of his presence and proofs of his power are shown us in the things he has made that no words could have ever given us. He also reveals himself in the movements of the race; in the unfolding plans of his loving Provi-

dence; in the increasing purpose that runs through the ages; in the Person of him who was the brightness of his glory and the express image of his Person, who is the Word that reveals God to men; in the heart of the humble and contrite believer, God reveals himself. Indeed we may say the whole of creation, the whole of Providence, the whole of history, is simply God's method of revealing himself. Then truly does the name of God include all by which he is or may be known to us. Now as I understand this first petition it implies that all these various revelations of God are to be revered. Whatever helps us to a fuller knowledge of him may be included in this name. Anyone who limits the name to the revelation of the Bible alone, to the exclusion of the facts of science, or of history, or of the witness of the Christian consciousness, cannot offer this prayer without restricting the work and influence of God. The name of God stands for God in all his different manifestations to humanity and he demands of us that they be reverently treated, not only in our prayers, but in our thoughts and conduct as well.

To hallow is either to make holy or to consider or recognize as holy. We can not by our words or deeds add any to the essential holiness of God, but we can think holy thoughts about him; we can praise him in our hearts.

God is one and the same at all times; but we, being constituted differently, have different conceptions of him. There is but one President Taft at Washington, but the President Taft of whom you think may be quite different from the one of whom I think, and both may be different from the real man. So it is with our various concepts of the most Holy One, and even more so, because the range of his thought is wider and because of the elements of mystery that enshroud his mechanism.

But how are we who are unholy to think holy thoughts of God? Must not the thought be like the thinker? How can a pure stream issue from an impure source? It is impossible for us to change the distorted images of God that fill our minds to those that more perfectly represent him. Hence the necessity of praying for divine illumination and cleansing so that the Spirit may reveal to us the deep things of God.

We do not only reverence the name of God by treating with reverence his revelations of himself, but by having others respect and honor his name. God's respect and reputation in the world will be determined by the respect that his children confer upon him. We ought to use our every effort to have men and women everywhere to hallow the name of God. Do we not all wish that our fathers may be respected? Every true son desires that his father may be an honored and good citizen. Every testimony of others to his father's worth fills him with thankfulness; any injury to his reputation causes him pain. So the true child of God desires that all men should love and revere him. We should not be satisfied with kings and rulers, priests and divines honoring God, but we should long that men everywhere should honor him, that earth as well as Heaven should be filled with the majesty of his glory; that not only by our own lips but by the lips of all to whom he has given breath his praises may be sung.

Can we help to answer our prayers? Assuredly we can and it is one of the duties of a child of God. We can do this by telling the truth about him. It is very easy for us to misrepresent things. So we need to be thoughtful about our words and never say anything about him that is untrue. We can help others to honor his name by doing it ourselves. We are imitators. We shed an influence. If we will love, serve and revere God, others will catch the same spirit and do likewise.

This first petition strikes a death blow on our selfishness. After recognizing "Our Father who art in Heaven," what is the first thing we shall ask for? For the easing of our pains, the supply of our wants, the pardon of our sins, the saving of our souls, the welfare of our friends? No. These are things to ask for but not first. "Hallowed be thy name." Away from ourselves—to God our thought is quickly turned. We are not to think primarily of ourselves. We must come to know that the universe does not center around our small personality. "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."



THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

The Day's supernal dawning pales o'er the Holy City

And lights with prescient glory the lowly cattle shed,

The Virgin Mother travailed; the lowing beast doth marvel

To see the infant stranger usurp her straw-lain bed.

The morning star hath faded; the crimson dawning breaketh;

Edisto's wave is ruffled; the rabbi calls to prayer.

Now Bethle'm's rabble stirreth; the way-worn magian neareth

The desert-pillowed cradle that bears Jehovah's Care.

By Bethle'm's lowly manger the magi kneel together

And gaze with adoration upon the holy sign;

A joyous morning zephyr steals through the stable casement,

And stirs the dewy lashes, with breath of tame-eyed kine.

The reign of darkness waneth; the beacon-moment lingers

To share the purer radiance that beameth from his hand.

A thrill of joy prophetic o'er Israel's valley stealeth;

A light from out the gloaming hath beamed upon the land.

—Richard Braunstein.



HOODWINKED AMERICANS.

(Continued from Page 1382.)

ment, refuses to honor the American passport which is signed by our Secretary of State.

The representatives of the Russian Government here do not ask the holder of an American passport about his political past or his honesty; they do not want to know whether the applicant has committed any crimes, wrecked any banks or human lives—they are concerned only with his religion. If the American's religion does not satisfy the Russian representative here he simply disregards the American passport which reads: "To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting: I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit So and So, a citizen of the United States, safely and freely to pass, and in case of need to give him all lawful aid and protection."



Old Doctor—(who has been gossiping for three-quarters of an hour)—"Well, well, I must be going. I've got to visit an old lady in a fit."

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Miss M. Andrews.

WHEN embroidering or doing any kind of needlework that requires one to keep the eyes on the work nearly all the time, try glancing at some bright colors for an instant now and then. If the eyes are weak you will find this a great help.

When you have buttonholed around your centerpiece, or whatever the article may be, cut the cloth away as closely as possible and rebuttonhole the edge, taking a short stitch. This gives a very neat finish which never frays or ravels and is much prettier too.

Here is a sewing room hint which has been found useful: For the treadle of your sewing machine make a flat pad of cretonne, Canton flannel or any similar material and fasten on with tapes. The pad should be of the same shape and just large enough to cover the treadle. It not only protects the enamel but makes the work of the person doing the stitching easier.

The best way to keep a blouse and skirt together is not to use safety pins but to sew hooks in the skirt and eyes to correspond on the back of the waist. If the waist is too thin and delicate in fabric, a strip of strong cloth or tape should be sewed to the back on which the eyes can be fastened.

If those who are troubled with buttonholes tearing out will, after cutting the buttonhole, run several strands of coarse thread around the hole near the edge, then work in the usual way over the strands they will find that the buttonhole will stand a far greater strain without tearing.

To those who embroider, a little sewing-apron, made as follows, will be found very convenient: Take a strip of India linen about twenty-seven inches long. Across the button sew a six inch strip and stitch through this from top to bottom to form small pockets. In these may be kept your thread, darning cotton, embroidery cotton, scissors or anything else required in your work which will be always handy.

When making tucks or seams stitch as usual, then turn the goods around and stitch back an inch or so. This makes all secure without the bother of tying ends of thread.

If the heels of new stockings are lined with soft cloth of the same color they will be pretty sure to wear nearly as long again

without darning. Mercerized cotton used for mending stockings wears much longer than ordinary darning cotton.

Try sewing a button on the back of a shirt waist neckband to button the collar to; you will find it much more comfortable, as it does not press into the neck as an ordinary collar button will do.

Never try to hem a silence cloth, either braid it or edge with buttonhole stitches, it is less clumsy so.

A home-made suitcase may be made of a pasteboard box which may be procured at a clothing store for the asking. Take a box about twenty inches long, twelve inches wide and four inches deep. Cover this with a good quality of brown dress linen, stretching as tightly as possible, and fastening the cloth under the edge of the box with a thick library paste. The corners were made secure with brass paper fasteners.

Both top and bottom were covered in this way, and after closing in telescope fashion, fasten together with a leather book-strap with handles at the side for carrying.

To make new window shades from old remove shade and roller from brackets, unroll and carefully take out tacks. Cut off or rip out, hem and attach this end to roller, hemming the other end on the sewing machine. This new hem end will be bright and whole, giving the appearance of a new shade.

When buying a petticoat let it be a little longer than required and make a tuck in it by hand. When the bottom of the petticoat becomes worn, trim it off and make a fresh hem, letting out the tuck to add the needed length.

The new ribbon slippers which are thought so pretty, and are so expensive when bought at the shops may easily be made at home with very little trouble and expense. Purchase a pair of soles the size of your shoe—in winter those of lambswool will be just right—choose a ribbon about four inches wide and first sew one edge all around the sole, commencing at the back and holding it rather full around the toe. Take short, close stitches and use a strong thread. Gather the upper edge of the ribbon across the front and draw it up to form the toe and fasten securely. From the gathers turn over the edge of the ribbon to inclose a narrow elastic which is fastened at each end where it meets the gathers and

so holds the slipper in place on the foot. Finish with a pretty bow of ribbon over the gathers.

These are pretty made of flowered ribbon and worn with a kimono of the same floral design and coloring.



ABOUT THE HOUSE.

If soot falls on the carpet, cover it thickly with salt, then sweep. It will be removed without damage to the carpet.

To remove the smell of onions or fish from a cooking utensil, put a little vinegar in, immediately after using, and put it over the fire for a few minutes. Then wash in warm soapy water.

A dainty pink color can be given faded-out lawns and cotton fabrics by coloring starch and rinsing waters with the petals of red artificial flowers, or a scrap of red crepe paper.

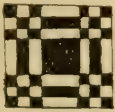
It is possible to freshen stale cake by steaming for about an hour, then leave it in a hot oven for a few minutes.

For discolored or specked gilt frames, apply the white of an egg with a camel's hair brush, and the marks will disappear.

Silverware can be brightened and cleansed by placing it in boiling water. Boil till the silver is bright. A pinch of soda is added by some housekeepers.

When packing silver knives, forks and spoons, which are to remain unused for a while, try packing them in flour. They will emerge bright and untarnished.

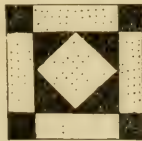
If one is fortunate enough to have a bathroom, he can easily eradicate wrinkles from heavy clothing. Hang the garments over the tub, close windows and door, turn on the hot water, and the steam will do the work. Allow garments to hang there for a few hours, then hang them in the fresh air for a while.



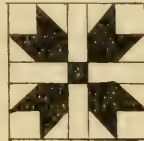
The New
Nine Patch.



The Necktie.



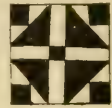
The New
Album.



Falling Leaves.



The Goblet.



Grandmother's
Choice.

QUILTS.

Jennie Neher.

Thinking that perhaps a few pretty quilt designs might be a help to those of our Inglenook readers, who are interested in the making of pretty quilts, I will send some that I have used and found them to be easily pieced. Do not think that the sewing must all be done by the seamstress, grown up daughters or mothers, for it is not that way. Little girls, if given encouragement, will soon become interested in fashioning their quilt blocks, if given some bright-colored patches and easy design to begin with. It is always with a pleased look of admiration that they behold their first quilt when completed. Oh, how many dear old grandmothers of today (as well as of old) are quietly sitting in their old arm chairs, piecing quilts for some loved son or daughter. About a year ago I was surprised to receive, through the mail, pieced blocks for a quilt, as a birthday gift from my dear aged mother, who is now over three-score years of age. Many times do I think

of the work mother has done for her family. So with a deep feeling of gratitude, mother is not forgotten. I call to mind a little incident which occurred a few years ago, of how we sisters in and near Mountain Grove planned to give our much-loved and aged elder in the church a little surprise, in the way of piecing a quilt for him. Each sister's name was to be sewed on the block she pieced. On receiving the quilt he was sick in bed, but he read the names and tears flowed down his cheeks as he said he thanked all the kind sisters from the very depths of his heart, that had helped to make the quilt. We, in turn, felt happy for the effort we had put forth. About a year ago he passed to his reward, and our loss was deeply felt. Just a few more words about quilts. When you have a few spare moments cut out pieces for your blocks, and with required number of pieces for each block with your needle and thread string them. By so doing it is very convenient, when wanted to work at, to just slip off as many as wanted. It saves time, worry and confusion.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Should young girls be compelled to do housework when their inclinations are in other directions? L. E.

Answer.—Every young girl should be taught to do housework, and should be taught to do it successfully. If she has a talent for music, develop it; if she has business ability, train it; or if she has inclinations in some other direction, find what they are and carefully cultivate them, but do not neglect her training for housework for any of these. The normal desire of every girl, is to some day have a home of her own. No man wants a wife who is not a competent housekeeper. Some men think they want a butterfly, but they always change their mind after they get one. If you expect your daughter to be happy in her own home, you must teach her how to do housework as well as how to manage a household. There are many other qualifications that she needs before she is ready to assume the responsibilities of a home, but these are some that dare not be neglected.



Question.—How long should the church tolerate the waywardness of her young people?—F. H. P.

Answer.—If you had a thoroughbred Hamiltonian colt, for which you paid a thousand dollars, in which you took much pride in training and caring for, and some day in its friskiness it received a deep cut on a barb-wire fence, what would you do? Would you kill the colt, or would you whip it, or would you jerk it, or would you even scold it? Or would you gently quiet the frightened animal, carefully cleanse the wound, apply an antiseptic, and protect it from the flies? Then after it were all healed up and the colt should cut himself again, would you get mad and thrash him, or would you gently apply your remedies again and be patient until your colt learned to know that barb-wires are dangerous? The young people of the church need something of the same care and tolerance. It would be very strange, indeed, if they never made any mistakes, but when they do make them they do not deserve having their ribs jolted by a quack horse-doctor so much as they need the kind counsel of a wise shepherd, who will protect their wound from all the pestering flies of the neighborhood. Once

let the flies get into the wound, and they will make it fester, and keep it sore for a long time, and perhaps the wound will never heal over entirely. Treat your young people with at least the same tenderness and care that you would show toward a dumb animal, and if you can find the grace in your heart to show them more, the Father will be better pleased. Indeed, Jesus said, "Seventy times seven." Be very cautious in whipping, jerking, and killing. Be very patient in teaching, soothing and healing.



Question.—How far should moral education extend in the public school?

Answer.—The true teacher must recognize that all education should be a moral training for the child. That teacher who imparts information purely for information's sake, has not caught the highest glimpse of the mission of the teacher. Every bit of knowledge acquired by the child should be a new unfolding of its moral nature. We teach the child reading that it may become familiar with the world of people in which it lives, and to find its relations to them. In its relations with these people there are certain moral obligations that must be observed and the child should be taught how to adjust itself to those people. This is moral instruction. We teach the child physiology that it may know its own physical makeup, and its relation to the Creator. We teach it geography that it may become acquainted with the physical world in which it lives. Every branch of knowledge in the curriculum must teach the child, from one point or another, that it holds a vital relation toward itself, toward its fellow-men, and toward its God, and every branch of instruction is intended to help the child find its relation toward these three factors. Moral education, then, is the base of every bit of instruction that is given by the true teacher, and the teacher who fails to realize the responsibility of moral instruction is not fitted to assume the work of educating any child.



Question.—In what way may morals be taught?

Answer.—Here the teacher's ingenuity must be brought into play. Moral truths must be presented in a way that will appeal to the child mind. Have you ever read a splendid article, in which the writer presented an exceedingly striking moral lesson, and then at the end preached a short sermonette, restating everything he had

said before, and the whole thing became trite? If he had only closed his article about four paragraphs from the end he would have given the world a splendid contribution. Teachers and parents often make the same mistake, not that the facts do not bear repeating but because the listener will not hear them. Moral training must be uppermost in the mind of the teacher, but the child dare not be told about it, else it will revolt. Every day presents opportunity for moral instruction, and the live, wide-awake teacher will snatch every one of them as they come along. If boys fight, appeal to their honor. "Suppose everybody in the world would fight about every little thing that did not suit them. How would you like to live in such a world?" If they lie or steal, see how they would like it if all the neighbors would tell lies about them or come in some night and steal everything they have. They must learn to live and let live. Swearing makes a man nervous and repulsive to others. Real men never swear. The responsibility toward parents, toward friends and toward neighbors must be presented in hundreds of different ways. See how they would like to live in a world where they were all alone. Not another person in all the world but themselves. That would be lonesome, indeed. Then if they want other people to live in the same world with them they must learn how to act toward those other people. We cannot always have our own way; many times we must grant the wishes of others. Back of all that we have, or see, or learn to do, is God. Isn't he kind in making so many beautiful things for us? Moral training should be the burden on the heart of every teacher, and the teacher must deal wisely with the little minds that are to be unfolded into a moral life.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Teacher (to class in geography)—"Johnny, the Hudson River flows into New York Bay. That is its mouth. Now where is its source?"

Johnny (after careful deliberation)—"At the other end, ma'am.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Ma," said the newspaperman's son, "I know why the editors call themselves 'we.'"

"Why?"

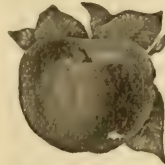
"So's the man that doesn't like the ar-

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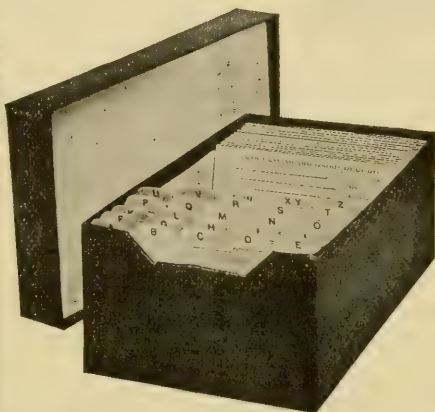
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title will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—Selected.

"Yes, these here colleges are great institutions," remarked Uncle Silas reflectively. "What with their baseball and football and rowin' of boats and their studies, I tell you a college course nowadays is as good's a lib'ral eddication."—Exchange.

A teacher was reading to her class and came across the word "unaware." She asked if any one knew its meaning.

One small girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition:

"'Unaware' is what you take off the last thing before you put your nightie on."—Harper's Monthly.

"Well," the doctor said, "I've paid off the mortgage on my home in Woodlawn."

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" exclaimed the professor.

"Now what do you mean by that?"

"Got your shanty clear, haven't you?"—Chicago Tribune.

At a lecture a well-known authority on economics mentioned the fact that in some parts of America the number of men was considerably larger than that of women, and he added humorously:

"I can, therefore, recommend the ladies to emigrate to that part."

A young woman seated in one of the last rows of the auditorium got up and, full of indignation, left the room rather noisily, whereupon the lecturer remarked:

"I did not mean that it should be done in such a hurry."—Tit-Bits.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

(Continued from Page 1395.)

long afternoon and stretches away to the night. But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice, and weep with the strangers that moan, nor live in my house by the side of the road like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road where the race of men go by—they are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong, wise, foolish—so am I. Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat or hurl the cynic's ban?—let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend to man.

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The interview of Archippus and his sister with Onesimus, their sympathy and decision to help him.

The account of Onesimus running away, and his voyage to Rome. His accidental meeting of Epaphrus, a minister from Colosse, through whom he finds Paul. His sister is sold to Philemon, how Onesimus becomes a useful member in Paul's home, who persuades him to return to his master. The answer of the prayer of Prudentia, his sister, for his return.

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A FINE picture, 18x24 inches, the principal part of it representing a baptismal scene. The applicant is kneeling in a stream of running water, the administrator standing beside him, ready to begin the sacred rite. On either side are men, women and children witnessing the performance. In each of the four corners of the main picture is a smaller one (7x3½) representing respectively the blood-stained cross, Mary Magdalene on her early run to the tomb, the women returning, each on their way to report to the disciples the empty tomb, and the door of the



tomb with the stone rolled away. At the top of the picture is represented a beautiful golden crown. The six-in-one picture is an interesting study. It portrays, graphically, the fulfillment of all righteousness in Christ's own baptism, the door by which man may enter the church, the way of the cross, and the crown as an emblem of the reward of the righteous. The picture is printed in colors, on heavy paper, and, if framed, will make an appropriate ornament for any Christian home. It will be a constant reminder of the Great Leader, of the sacrifice he made for our redemption, and a stimulus to right living.

Price, single picture,	50c
Three pictures,	\$1.00

Brethren Publishing House
Elgin, Illinois

MONTANA ORCHARD

AND

DIVERSIFIED FARMING LAND

Gold was once the magnet that attracted multitudes across the plains to the Northwest, but today the apple, the king of fruit, and the first tempter of man, is attracting the people to the Montana apple lands, and in a comparatively short time the fruit lands of the Northwest will be worth more than all the mines from Alaska to Mexico. - The Northwest has been referred to as "The World's Fruit Basket," and there is no land in the Northwest so perfectly adapted to the raising of apples as is to be found in the State of Montana.

SOIL

The soil of the Upper Yellowstone Valley has been submitted for analysis to the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station at Bozeman, Montana, and, upon examination by Prof. Alfred Atkinson, it is classified as silty clay. Prof. Atkinson says: "These soils are rich in plant food, and as the particles are somewhat fine, they have a large moisture capacity. If soils similar to this sample extend to a depth of three or four feet it ought to be well adapted to the growing of fruit trees." The depth of the soil in the Upper Yellowstone Valley is from ten to fifteen feet. It has never been leached by rains nor scattered its humus over the surface in floods to the river, but nature has added year by year for thousands of years, the vegetable matter and alluvial deposits particularly adapted for the raising of fruits. The Pomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture says that the loamy or silty clay soil will produce the hardest orchards and yield the best results. Such lands contain all the elements of plant food necessary to insure a good and sufficient wood growth and fruitfulness, and fruit grown on such lands takes first rank in size, quality and appearance.

CLIMATE

The long summers and the late falls give the apple an abundant opportunity to ripen and reach that rich stage of maturity attained only in the Upper Yellowstone Valley of Sweet Grass County, Montana. The climate is mild and there are more sunshiny days in Montana during the year than in any other State or country in the World. During the past year of 1910 there were two hundred and ninety-six days of sunshine and this is the average of sunshiny days in Montana. It is the sunshine that gives the apple the rich coloring and flavor and makes Montana apples command the top price.

The climate of Montana is unusually healthful. The air is pure and invigorating; its summers are not excessively hot because at night the cool air coming down from the mountain ranges lowers the temperature and makes sleep refreshing. Its winters are not extremely cold, because the prevailing winds convey the warm air of the Coast, tempered by the Japan current, across the mountain range, and thereby prevent the extreme cold that prevails in the same latitude farther inland.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

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